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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXVI.

THE GIFTS OF SCIENCE TO ART.

PART I.

STEAM—DAGUERRETYPE—LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS—THE SAFETY LAMP—ELECTRO-PLATING AND GILDING—THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

EACH succeeding age and generation leaves behind it a peculiar character, which stands out in relief upon its annals, and is associated with it for ever in the memory of posterity. One is signalised for the invention of gunpowder, another for that of printing; one is rendered memorable by the revival of letters, another by the reformation of religion; one epoch is rendered illustrious by the discoveries of Newton, another by the conquests of Napoleon. If we are asked by what characteristic the present age will be marked in the records of our successors, we answer, by the miracles which have been wrought in the subjugation of the powers of the material world to the uses of the human race. In this respect no former epoch can approach to competition with the present.

Although the credit of the invention of the steam-engine must be conceded to the generation which preceded us, its improvement and its most important applications are unquestionably due to our contemporaries. So little was the immortal Watt himself aware of the extent of the latent powers of that machine, that he declared, upon the occasion of his last visit to Cornwall, on ascertaining that a weight of twenty-seven millions of pounds had been raised one foot high by the combustion of a bushel of coals under one of his boilers, that the *ne plus ultra* was attained, and that the power of steam could no further go. Nevertheless the Patriarch of the steam-engine lived to see forty millions of pounds raised the same height by the same quantity of fuel. Had he sur-

vived only a few years longer, he would have seen even this performance doubled, and still more recently it has, under favourable circumstances, been increased in a threefold ratio.

But it is not in the mere elevation of mineral substances from the crust of the globe, nor in the drainage of the vast subterranean regions which have become the theatre of such extensive operations of industry and art, that steam has wrought its greatest miracles. By its agency coal is made to minister in an infinite variety of ways to the uses of society. Coals are by it taught to spin, weave, dye, print, and dress silks, cottons, woollens, and other cloths; to make paper, and print books on it when made; to convert corn into flour; to press oil from the olive, and wine from the grape; to draw up metal from the bowels of the earth; to pound and smelt it, to melt and mould it; to forge it; to roll it, and to fashion it into every form that the most wayward caprice can desire. Do we traverse the deep?—they lend wings to the ship, and bid defiance to the natural opponents, the winds and the tides. Does the wind-bound ship desire to get out of port to start on her voyage?—steam throws its arms round her, and places her on the open sea. Do we traverse the land?—steam is harnessed to our chariot, and we outstrip the flight of the swiftest bird, and equal the fury of the tempest.

It results, from the official returns of the Cornish authorities, that as much power is there obtained from a bushel of coals, as is equivalent to an average day's work of an hundred stage-coach horses.



The great pyramid of Egypt stands upon a base measuring seven hundred feet each way, and is five hundred feet high. According to Herodotus, its construction employed an hundred thousand labourers for twenty years. Now we know that the materials of this structure might be raised from the ground to their present position by the combustion of four hundred and eighty tons of coals.

The Menai Bridge consists of about two thousand tons of iron, and its height above the level of the water is one hundred and twenty feet. Its entire mass might be lifted from the level of the water to its present position by the combustion of four bushels of coal!

Marvellous as the uses are to which heat has been rendered subservient, those which have been obtained from light are not less so. Ready-made flame is fabricated in vast establishments, erected in the suburbs of cities and towns, and transmitted in subterranean pipes through the streets and buildings which it is desired to illuminate. It is supplied, according to individual wants, in measured quantity; and at every door an automaton is stationed, by whom a faithful register is kept of the quantity of flame supplied from hour to hour!

It resulted from scientific researches on the properties of solar light, that certain metallic preparations were affected in a peculiar manner by being exposed to various degrees of light and shade. This hint was not lost. An individual, whose name has since become memorable, M. Daguerre, thought that as engraving consisted of nothing but the representation of objects by means of incisions on a metallic plate, corresponding to the lights and shades of the object represented—and as these same lights and shades were shown by the discoveries of science to produce on metals specific effects, in the exact proportion of their intensities—there could be no reason why the objects to be represented should not be made to *engrave themselves* on plates properly prepared!! Hence arose the beautiful art now become so universally useful, and called after its inventor—**DAGUERROTYPE.**

The object of which it is desired to produce a representation, is placed be-

fore an optical instrument, with which every one is familiar as the camera-obscura. An exact representation of it, on a scale reduced in any required proportion, is thus formed upon a plate of ground glass, so that it may be viewed by the operator, who can thus adjust the instrument in such a manner as to obtain an exact picture of it. If it be desired to make a portrait, the effect of the posture of the sitter can thus be seen, and the most favourable position ascertained before the process is commenced.

When these arrangements have been made, the plate of ground glass, on which the picture was previously formed, is withdrawn, and the metallic plate, on which the picture is to be engraved, is substituted for it. This latter being placed in the groove from which the plate of ground glass has been withdrawn, the picture will be formed upon it with the same degree of precision, and in exactly the same position in which it was previously seen on the plate of ground glass.

When the light is favourable, four or five seconds are sufficient to complete the process. According as it is less intense, the necessary time may be greater, but never should exceed a minute. In general, the shorter the time in which a picture is made, the more perfect the picture will be, especially if it be a portrait, because the defects of the representation most commonly arise from the object represented, or some part of it, having shifted its position during the process. In that case, the picture presents the object as though it were seen through a mist. The best portraits we have ever seen produced by this art have been completed in four seconds!

It might be supposed, from what we have here said, that it would be almost impossible, in any case, to obtain a perfect representation of the eyes in a portrait, because of the difficulty of abstaining from winking. It happens, however, that winking being a change of position which is only continued for an inappreciable instant of time, the eye resuming its position immediately, is almost the only movement incidental to a sitter which does not affect the precision of the portrait; unless, indeed, the action of winking were to be continued in rapid succession, which, in practice, almost never occurs.

One of the defects of Daguerreotype, as applied to portraiture, arises from the impossibility of bringing the entire person of the sitter at once into focus. To render this possible, it would be necessary that every part of the person of the sitter should be at precisely the same distance from the lens of the camera obscura, a condition which obviously cannot be fulfilled. It happens, consequently, that those parts of the person of the sitter which are nearest to the lens, will be represented on a scale a little greater than those parts which are most distant; and if the instrument be adjusted so as to bring the nearer parts into very exact focus, the more distant parts will be proportionally out of focus.

These defects cannot be removed, but may be so much mitigated as to be imperceptible. By using larger lenses, the camera can be placed at a considerable distance from the sitter, without inconveniently diminishing the size of the picture. By this expedient, the difference between the distances of different points of the sitter from the lens, will bear so small a proportion to the whole distance, that the amount of distortion arising from the cause just mentioned may be rendered quite imperceptible. Large lenses, however, when good in quality, are expensive; and it is only the more extensively-employed practitioners in this business that can afford to use them.

The magnitude of these pictures will, in a great degree, depend on the magnitude of the lens. We have seen, lately, groups executed by a Parisian artist, on plates from fifteen to sixteen inches square.\*

The agency of light and shade has been successfully used, in the same manner, to produce pictures on paper, glass, wood, and other substances, chemically prepared, so as to be more or less impressed with some dark colour. The representations obtained in this manner have not, however, the precision and distinctness which are so universally characteristic of the Daguerreotype process.

Attempts have been recently made, with more or less success, to remove the metallic or *leaden* hue which has

been found disagreeable in Daguerreotype portraits. This is effected by colouring them by means of dry colours rubbed into the incisions made by the action of the light. These coloured Daguerreotypes, though more open to objection on artistical grounds, are, nevertheless, decidedly popular, when judiciously executed.

Artists, and especially miniature-painters, are naturally opposed to Daguerreotype. No miniature, however, will, so far as relates to mere resemblance, bear comparison to a Daguerreotype. *The artist* can soften down defects, and present the sitter under the most favourable aspect. *The sun*, however, is no flatterer, and gives the lineaments as they exist, with the most inexorable fidelity, and the most cruel precision.

Nevertheless, it is known that some of the most eminent portrait-painters—those whose productions have raised them above petty feelings—do avail themselves of the aid of Daguerreotypes, where well-executed representations of that kind are obtainable; and they see in this no more degradation of their art, than a sculptor finds in using a *cast* of the subject which his chisel is about to reproduce.

But of all the gifts which Science has presented to Art in these latter days, the most striking and magnificent are those in which the agency of electricity has been evoked.

From the moment electric phenomena attracted the attention of the scientific world, the means of applying them to the useful purposes of life were eagerly sought for. Although such applications had not yet entered into the spirit of the age as fully as they have since done, it so happened that, in this department of physics, a volunteer had enlisted in the army of science, the characteristic of whose genius was eminently practical, and soon achieved, by his discoveries, an eminence to which the world has since offered universal homage. Benjamin Franklin, a member of a literary society in Philadelphia, had his attention called to the then recent discovery, the phenomena of the Leyden Jar, which at that time astonished all

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\* The most successful practitioner in Daguerreotype now in Paris is Mr. W. Thompson, an American.

Europe. From that moment the views of Franklin were bent on the discovery of some useful purpose to which these discoveries could be applied. *Cui bono?* was a question never absent from his thoughts. After having made some of those great discoveries which have since formed the basis of electrical science, and have surrounded his name with unfading lustre, he expressed, in a letter to the secretary of the Royal Society of London, in his usual playful manner, his disappointment at not being yet able to find any application of the science beneficial to mankind:—

“Chagrined a little,” he wrote, “that we have hitherto been able to produce nothing in the way of use to mankind; and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for the season, somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure, on the banks of the Schuylkill.\* Spirits, at the same time, are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side, through the river, without any other conductor than the water; an experiment which we some time since performed to the amazement of many.† A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electrical shock, and roasted by the electrical jack, ‡ before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle” (since known as the Leyden phial), “when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electrical battery.”§

Although the application of the great principles of science to the practical uses of life cannot be too highly appreciated, it would be a great error to carry this enthusiasm for the useful to such an excess as to exclude a just admiration for those high abstract laws, the discovery of which had conferred lustre on the names of our greatest philosophers, and on none more justly than that of Franklin himself. It must be admitted, however, that this

craving after utility was the great characteristic of his mind, and may even be regarded as having been carried almost to a fault. It has been justly observed by a contemporary writer—

“That although the application of the properties of matter and the phenomena of nature to the uses of civilised life is undoubtedly one of the great incentives to the investigation of the laws of the material world, yet it is assuredly a great error to regard that either as the only or the principal motive to such inquiries. There is in the perception of truth itself—in the contemplation of connected propositions, leading by the mere operation of the intellectual faculties, exercised on individual physical facts, to the development of those great general laws by which the universe is maintained—an exalted pleasure, compared with which the mere attainment of convenience and utility in the economy of life is poor and mean. There is a nobleness in the power which the natural philosopher derives from the discovery of these laws, of raising the curtain of futurity and displaying the decrees of nature, so far as they affect the physical universe for countless ages to come, which is independent of, and above all, utility. While, however, we thus claim for truth and knowledge all the consideration to which, on their own account, they are entitled, let us not be misunderstood as disparaging the great benefactors of the human race, who have drawn from them those benefits which so much tend to the well-being of man. When we express the enjoyment which arises from the beauty and fragrance of the flower, we do not the less prize the honey which is extracted from it, or the medicinal virtues which it yields. That Franklin was accessible to such feelings, the enthusiasm with which he expresses himself throughout his writings, in regard to natural phenomena, abundantly proves. Nevertheless, *useful application* was undoubtedly ever uppermost in his thoughts; and he probably never witnessed a physical fact, or considered for a moment any law of nature, without inwardly proposing to himself the question, ‘In what way can this be made beneficial in the economy of life.’”||

After studying the properties of

\* A picturesque river which washes the Western suburbs of Philadelphia, and to the valley of which it is the custom of the citizens to make pic-nic parties. In the summer months, the temperature at Philadelphia is so high as to banish to the watering-places all who are not absolutely tied to the town by the exigencies of their business.

† This experiment has been recently reproduced in the investigations connected with the electric telegraph, but without giving credit to Franklin as its original author.

‡ It will be seen by this hint that the idea of applying electricity, as a moving power, had already occurred to Franklin.

§ Franklin's Works, vol. v. p. 210. Boston: 1837.

|| “Lardner on Electricity and Magnetism,” vol. i. p. 41.

metals, in virtue of which electricity runs along them in preference to other substances, and discovering the property of points to attract the electric fluid, Franklin proceeded at once to the discovery of conductors, or "lightning-rods," for the protection of buildings. "If these things be so," wrote he—

"May not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind in preserving houses, churches, ships, &c., from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix on the highest points of those edifices upright rods of iron made sharp as a needle, and gilt (at the points) to prevent rusting; and from the foot of these rods a wire down the outside of the building into the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electric fire out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?"\*

It is known to every one, that after this Franklin established his theory by the celebrated experiment of the kite, by which he literally drained a cloud of its lightning; but what is not so well known is, that when the paper written by Franklin, explaining his project of constructing lightning-conductors for the protection of buildings, was soon afterwards read before the Royal Society of London, it was received with peals of laughter, and was voted so absurd as to be deemed unworthy of being printed in the "Philosophical Transactions." It was, however, printed by an independent publisher, and has attained, as is well known, a world-wide celebrity.

Not long afterwards, the same members of the Royal Society who laughed at Franklin's project, were called upon to superintend the erection of conductors upon the royal palace, when, to gratify the royal spleen against the rebellious philosopher of the revolted colonies, they rejected the *pointed conductors* recommended by Franklin, and actually caused *blunt conductors* to be placed on the palace. Franklin, who held the office of American Minister in London (the independence of the United States being then recently acknowledged), on hear-

ing this, wrote to one of his friends in Philadelphia:—

"The king's changing his *pointed* conductors for *blunt* ones is a matter of small importance to me. If I had a wish about them it would be that he would reject them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and his family safe from the thunder of heaven that he has dared to use his own thunder in destroying his innocent subjects."†

Art often presses into its service the discoveries of Science, but it sometimes provokes them. Art surveys the fruit of the toil of the philosopher, and selects such as suits her purposes; but sometimes, not finding what is suitable to her wants, she makes an appeal to Science, whose votaries direct their researches accordingly towards the desired object, and rarely fail to attain them.

One of the most signal examples of the successful issue of such an appeal presents itself in the *safety-lamp*.

The same gas which is used for the purposes of illumination of our cities and towns (and which, as is well known, is obtained from coals by the process of baking in close retorts) is often spontaneously developed in the seams of coal which form the mines, and collects in large quantities in the galleries and workings where the coal-miners are employed. When this gas is mingled with common air, in a certain definite proportion, the moisture becomes highly explosive, and frequently catastrophes, attended with frightful loss of life, occurred in consequence of this in the mines. The prevalence of this evil at length became so great, that government called the attention of scientific men to the subject, and the late Sir Humphrey Davy engaged in a series of experimental researches with a view to the discovery of some efficient protection for the miner, the result of which was, the now celebrated safety-lamp.

Davy first directed his inquiries to the nature and properties of flame. What is flame? was a question which seems until then never to have been answered or even asked.

All known bodies, when heated to a

\* "Franklin's Works," vol. v. p. 235. Boston: 1837.

† "Franklin's Works," vol. v. p. 227.

certain intensity, become luminous. Thus iron, when its temperature is elevated first, gives a dull red light, which becomes more and more white as the temperature is increased, until at length it becomes as white as the sun. Davy showed that gaseous substances are not exempt from this law, and that flame is nothing more than gas rendered *white hot*.

He further showed that if the gas thus rendered white hot be cooled, it will cease to be luminous in the same manner, and from the same cause as would be the case with a red hot poker plunged in water.

He shewed that the gas which forms flame may be cooled by putting it in contact with any substance, such as metal, which, being a good conductor, would deprive it of so much of its caloric that it must cease to be luminous.

Thus, if a piece of wire net-work, with meshes sufficiently close, be held over the flame of a lamp or candle, it will be found that the flame will not pass through the meshes. The wire will become red hot, but no flame will appear above it.

It is not, in this case, that the gas which forms the flame does not pass through the meshes of the wire, but in doing so, it gives up so much of its heat to the metal, that when it escapes from the meshes above the wire, it is no longer hot enough to be luminous.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in the researches which he was called to make, discovered this important fact, which enabled him to explain the nature and properties of flame; and having so discovered it, he did not fail promptly to apply it to the solution of the practical problem with which he had to grapple.

This problem was to enable the miner to walk, lamp in hand, through an atmosphere of high explosive gas, without the possibility of producing explosion. It was, as though he were required to thrust a blazing torch through a mass of gunpowder without either extinguishing the flambeau or igniting the powder; with this difference, however, that the gaseous atmosphere to which the miner was often exposed was infinitely more explosive than gunpowder.

The instrument by which he accomplished this was as remarkable for its simplicity as for its perfect efficiency. A common lantern, containing a lamp

or candle, instead of being as usual enclosed by glass or horn, was enclosed by wire gauze of that degree of fineness in its meshes which experiment had proved to be impervious to flame. When such a lantern was carried into an atmosphere of explosive gas, the external atmosphere would enter freely through the wire gauze, and would burn quietly within the lantern; but the meshes which thus permitted the cold gas to enter, forbid the white-hot gas within to escape without parting with so much of its heat in the transit as to deprive it of the character and properties of flame; so that, although it passed into the external explosive atmosphere, it was no longer in a condition to inflame it.

The lamp thus serves a double purpose: it is at once a *protection* and a *warning*. It protects, because the flame within cannot ignite the gas outside the lantern. It warns, because the miner, seeing the gas burning within the lantern, is informed that he is enveloped by an explosive atmosphere, and takes measures accordingly to ventilate the gallery, and meanwhile to prevent unguarded lights from entering it.

Nothing can be imagined more triumphantly successful than this investigation of Sir Humphrey Davy. Some philosophers have the good fortune to arrive at great scientific discoveries in the prosecution of those researches to which the course of their labours leads them. Some are so happy as to make inventions of high importance in the arts, when such applications are suggested by the laws which govern the phenomena that have arisen in their experimental researches. But we cannot remember any other instance in which an object of research being proposed to an experimental philosopher, foreign to his habitual inquiries, having no associations with those trains of thought in which his mind has been previously involved, he has prosecuted the inquiry so as to arrive not only at the development of a natural law of the highest order, the fruitful parent of innumerable consequences of great general importance in physics, but has at the same time realised an invention of such immense utility as to form an epoch in the history of art, and to become the means of saving countless numbers of human lives.



As wire-gauze drains flame of its danger in the safety-lamp, it drains air of its poison by another felicitous application of a physical principle in the case of the needle-grinder's mask. In that department of industry, the health of the artisan was impaired, and the duration of his life abridged, by respiring continually, while at work, an atmosphere impregnated with steel-dust. A mask was invented composed of a gauze formed of magnetised wire, through which the artisan was to breathe. The air, in passing from the external atmosphere to the mouth and nostrils, left all the steel-dust which it held in suspension on the wire of the mask, from which, from time to time, it was wiped off as it accumulated.

Electricity has proved a fertile source of benefits conferred on Art by Science. When a galvanic current is passed through a fluid which holds in solution any substance which has the property of being attracted by one of the poles of the battery, such substance will desert the fluid, and collect upon any object, being a conductor, which may be used to form the attracting-pole.

This fact has been already variously applied in the arts, and in no case with greater felicity and success than in the process of gilding and silvering the baser metals.

The process of electro-gilding or plating, which now forms so important a department of industrial art, is easily described.

Let us suppose that it be required to gild an object formed of silver, copper, or any inferior metal. The object, being first fabricated in the form it is destined to have, is submerged in a fluid which holds gold in solution. It is then put in connexion with the attracting pole of the galvanic battery, while the solution of gold is put in connexion with the other pole. The galvanic current thus passing through the solution, will decompose it, and the gold will attach itself to the metallic object, which in a few seconds will be sensibly gilt.

Any quantity of gold which may be desired can thus be deposited on the surface of the object. This is accomplished merely by allowing it to remain for a longer period of time in the solution. Thus the gilding may be regulated with the utmost precision, and the quantity of gold which has been

deposited over the object to be gilt may always be known with perfect exactitude.

An object may be silvered in some parts and gilt in others, by a very simple expedient. Let the parts intended to be gilt be coated with some non-conducting substance not affected by the solution of silver, and let the object be then immersed in the solution, and put in connexion with the galvanic battery as already described. The parts not coated will then be plated. Let the parts thus plated be now coated with a non-conducting substance not affected by the solution of gold, the coating previously applied being removed, and let the object be immersed in the solution of gold, and being connected with the battery, the parts not coated will be gilt.

The result of the two operations will be, that the object will be plated on some parts and gilt on others.

In this manner, beautiful effects are produced on vessels used for domestic purposes, which are adorned with various designs expressed by such combinations of plating and gilding.

But of all the applications of electric agency to the uses of life, that which is transcendently the most admirable in its effects, and the most important in its consequences, is the electric telegraph. No force of habit, however long continued, no degree of familiarity can efface the sense of wonder which the effects of this most marvellous application of science excites. If any sanguine and far-seeing votary of science had ventured thirty years ago to prognosticate the events which are now daily and hourly witnessed in the Central Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, at the Ministry of the Interior in Paris, or in the Telegraphic Bureau at New York, he would have been pronounced insane by every sober-minded and calmly-judging person.

It is not many weeks since we, being in Paris, entered the Telegraphic Office, at the Ministry of the Interior, in the Rue Grenelle St. Germain. There we found ourselves in a room about twenty feet square, in the presence of some half-dozen persons seated at desks, employed in transmitting to, and receiving from various distant points of France, despatches. Being invited, we dictated a message, consisting of about forty

words, addressed to one of the clerks at the railway-station at Valenciennes, a distance of an hundred and sixty-eight miles from Paris. This message was transmitted in two minutes and an half. An interval of about five minutes elapsed, during which, as it afterwards appeared, the clerk to whom the message was addressed was sent for. At the expiration of this interval the telegraph began to express the answer, which, consisting of about thirty-five words, was delivered and written out by the agent at the desk, in my presence, in two minutes. Thus, forty words were sent an hundred and sixty-eight miles, and thirty-five words returned from the same distance, in the short space of four minutes and thirty seconds.

But surprising as this was, we soon afterwards witnessed, in the same room, a still more marvellous performance. A memoir on an improvement on the Electric Telegraph, by Mr. Alexander Bain, having been read before the Institute, and submitted to the Committee of the Legislative Assembly appointed to report on the project of law for opening the telegraphs to the use of the public, a series of experiments were ordered to be made, with the purpose of testing this alleged improvement. The Committee, among whom were M. Leverrier (celebrated for having discovered a planet before it was visible), M. Pouillet, professor of physics, and other distinguished persons desiring to submit the invention to a more severe test as to distance, than the existing telegraphs supplied the means of accomplishing, adopted the following expedient:—Two telegraphic wires, extending from the Ministry of the Interior to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire, extending from the Ministry to Lille, and back from Lille to the Ministry, making a total distance of three hundred and thirty-six miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several spiral coils of wire, wrapped in silk, were obtained, measuring in their total length seven hundred and forty-six

miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one continued wire measuring one thousand and eighty-two miles. A message consisting of two hundred and eighty-two words was now transmitted from one end of the wire. A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper, moved under it by a simple mechanism, and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the Committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgement, in *fifty-two seconds*, being at the average rate of *two words and four-tenths per second*!

By this instrument, therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upwards of a thousand miles, at the rate of nineteen thousand five hundred words per hour!

The instrument would, therefore, transmit to a distance of a thousand miles, in the space of an hour, the contents of twenty-six pages of the book now in the hands of the reader!!

But it must not be imagined, because we have here produced an example of the transmission of a despatch to a distance of a thousand miles, that any augmentation of that distance could cause any delay of practical importance. Assuming the common estimate of the velocity of electricity, the time which actually elapsed in the transition of the despatch in this case was the two-hundredth part of a second. If, therefore, instead of sending the despatch along a thousand miles of wire, we had sent it along a wire completely surrounding the globe, the time of its transmission would still be only the *eighth part of a second*.\*

Such a despatch would fly eight times round the earth between the two beats of a common clock, and would be written in full at the place of its destination more rapidly than it could be repeated by word of mouth. When such statements are made do we not feel disposed to exclaim—

"Are such things here as we do speak about?  
(Or have we eaten of the Inane root,  
That makes the reason prisoner."

The wildest flights of the most exalted

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\* We have here taken the usual estimate of the speed of an electric fluid; recent experiments render it probable that it is somewhat less, and depends on the conductivity of the wire. Thus copper and iron give different rates of transmission.



imagination would not have dared, even in fiction, to give utterance to these stubborn realities. Shakspeare only ventured to make his fairy

"Put a girdle round the earth  
In forty minutes!"

To have encircled it eight times in a second, would have seemed too monstrous, even for Robin Goodfellow.

The curious and intelligent reader of these pages will scarcely be content, after the statement of facts so extraordinary, to remain lost in vacant astonishment at the power of science, without seeking to be informed of the manner in which the phenomena of nature have been thus wonderfully subdued to the uses of man. A very brief exposition will be enough to render intelligible the manner in which these miracles of science are wrought.

The electric telegraph, whatever form it may assume, derives its efficiency from the three following conditions:—

1. A power to develop the electric fluid continuously, and in the necessary quantity.

2. A power to convey to it any required distance without being injuriously dissipated.

3. A power to cause it, after arriving at such distant point, to make written or printed characters, or some sensible signs, serving the purpose of such characters.

The apparatus used for producing the electric fluid consists of a series of plates of zinc and copper, united in pairs, and placed in a porcelain, or wooden trough. The zinc plates are previously rubbed with mercury, which, combining with the superficial part of the zinc, forms a coating of amalgam, which renders the development of the electricity more regular and uniform. The cells between the successive pairs of plates are filled with dry and perfectly clean sand, which is moistened with a solution consisting of eleven parts of water to one of strong sulphuric acid.\*

A series of troughs, thus arranged, are called a galvanic battery; and if they be united by metallic connexions—the series of plates following the same order, and their extremities being connected by a metallic bar or wire—a

continuous current of electricity will be propagated along such bar or wire, from one end of the battery to the other. Batteries of this kind are simple, cheap, steady, and continuous in their effects; their action being maintained during a period of four or five months, no other attention being required than to renew the acid solution from time to time, with which the sand is moistened.

Such an apparatus as that which we have here described, is to the electric telegraph what a boiler is to a steam engine. It is the generator of the fluid by which the action of the machine is produced and maintained.

We have next to explain how the electric fluid, generated in the apparatus just explained, can be transmitted to a distance without being wasted or dissipated in any injurious degree *en route*.

If tubes or pipes could be constructed with sufficient facility and cheapness, through which the subtle fluid could flow, and which would be capable of confining it during its transit, this object would be attained. As the galvanic battery is analogous to the boiler, such tubes would be analogous in their form and functions to the steam-pipe of a steam engine.

The construction of such means of transmission has been accomplished by means of two well-known properties of the electric fluid, in virtue of which it is capable of passing freely over a certain class of bodies called *conductors*, while its movement is arrested by another class called *non-conductors*, or *insulators*.

The most conspicuous examples of the former class are the metals; the most remarkable of the latter being resins, wax, glass, porcelain, silk, cotton, &c., &c.

Now, if a rod or wire of metal be coated with wax, resin, silk, cotton, or other *insulator*, the electric fluid will pass freely along the metal, in virtue of its character of a conductor; and its escape from the metal to any lateral object will be prevented by the coating, in virtue of its character of an insulator.

The insulator in such cases is, so far as relates to the electricity, a real

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\* Other combinations are occasionally used, but the principle is the same.

tube, inasmuch as the electric fluid passes through the metal included by the coating, in exactly the same manner as water or gas passes through the pipes which conduct it ; with this difference, however, that the electric fluid moves along the wire more freely, in an almost infinite proportion, than does either water or gas in the tubes which conduct them.

If, then, a wire, coated with a non-conducting substance, capable of resisting the vicissitudes of weather, were extended between any two distant points, one end of it being attached to one of the extremities of a galvanic battery, a stream of electricity would pass along the wire—*provided the other end of the wire were connected by a conductor with the other extremity of the battery.*

To fulfil this last condition, it was usual, when the electric telegraphs were first erected, to have a second wire extended from the distant point back to the battery in which the electricity was generated. But it was afterwards discovered that the EARTH ITSELF was the best and by far the cheapest and most convenient conductor which could be used for this returning stream of electricity. Instead, therefore, of a second wire, the extremity of the first, at the distant point to which the current is sent, is attached to a large metallic plate, measuring five or six square feet, which is buried in the earth. A similar plate, connected with the other extremity of the battery, at the station from which the current is transmitted, is likewise buried in the earth, and it is found that the returning current finds its way back through the earth from the one buried plate to the other buried plate.

Of all the miracles of science, surely this is the most marvellous. A stream of electric fluid has its source in the cellars of the Central Electric Telegraph Office, Lothbury, London. It flows under the streets of the great metropolis, and, passing along a zig-zag series of railways, reaches Edinburgh, where it dips into the earth, and diffuses itself upon the buried plate. From that it takes flight through the crust of the earth, and *finds its own way* back to the cellars at Lothbury!!

Instead of burying plates of metal,

it would be sufficient to connect the wires at each end with the gas or water pipes which, being conductors, would equally convey the fluid to the earth ; and in this case, every telegraphic despatch which flies to Edinburgh along the wires which border the railways, would fly back, rushing to the gas-pipes which illuminate Edinburgh—from them through the crust of the earth to the gas-pipes which illuminate London, and from them home to the batteries in the cellars at Lothbury.

The atmosphere, when dry, is a good non-conductor ; but this quality is impaired when it is moist. In ordinary weather, however, the air being a sufficiently good non-conductor, a metallic wire will, without any other insulating envelope except the air itself, conduct the stream of electricity to the necessary distances. It is true that a coated wire, such as we have already described, would be subject to less waste of the electric fluid *en route* ; but it is more economical to provide batteries sufficiently powerful to bear this waste, than to cover such extensive lengths of wire with cotton, or any other envelope.

The manner in which the conducting wires are carried from station to station is well known. Every railway traveller is familiar with the lines of wire extended along the side of the railways, which, when numerous, have been not unaptly compared to the series of lines on which the notes of music are written, and which are the metallic wires on which invisible messages are flying continually with a speed that surpasses imagination. These wires, in the case of the English telegraphs, are galvanised so as to resist oxydation, and are of sufficient thickness to bear the tension to which they are submitted. They are suspended on posts, erected at intervals of sixty yards, being at the rate of thirty to a mile. These posts, therefore, supply incidentally a convenient means by which a passenger can ascertain the speed of the train in which he travels. If he count the number of telegraph posts which pass his eye in two minutes, that number will express in miles per hour the speed of the train.

To each of these poles are attached as many tubes or rollers of porcelain

or glass as there are wires to be supported. Each wire passes through a tube, or is supported on a roller; and the material of the tubes or rollers being among the most perfect of the class of non-conducting substances, the escape of the electricity at the points of contact is impeded.

Notwithstanding these precautions, a considerable escape of electricity still takes place in wet weather. The coat of moisture which collects on the wire, the tube or roller, and the post being a conductor, carries away more or less of the fluid. Consequently, more powerful batteries are necessary to give effect to the telegraph in wet than in dry weather.

In England, and on the Continent, the material used for the supports of the wires is porcelain. In the United States it is glass, which is a more perfect insulator. In England the supports are tubes—on the Continent and in America they are rollers.

In some cases, as for example in the streets of London, it is found inconvenient to carry the wires elevated on posts, as here described. In such cases other methods are adopted.

The wires proceeding from the central telegraph station in London are wrapped with cotton thread, and coated with a mixture of tar, resin, and grease. This coating forms a perfect insulator. Nine of these wires are then packed in an half-inch leaden in-pipe, and four or five such pipes are packed in an iron pipe about three inches in diameter. These iron pipes are then laid under the foot pavements, along the sides of the streets, and are thus conducted to the terminal stations of the various railways, where they are united to the lines of wire supported on posts along the sides of the railways, already described.

Provisions, called *testing-posts*, are made at intervals of a quarter of a mile along the streets, by which any failure or accidental irregularity in the buried wires can be ascertained, and the place of such defect always known within a quarter of a mile.

In Prussia, and one or two other continental states, the system of subterranean conducting-wires is exclusively adopted, not only in cities, but generally along the entire telegraphic lines.

In France, on the other hand, and in the United States, the wires, even in the cities and towns, are conducted on rollers at an elevation, as on other parts of the lines. In Paris, for example, the telegraphic wires proceeding from the several railway stations are carried round the external boulevards and along the quays, the rollers being attached either to posts, or to the walls of houses or buildings, and are thus carried to the central station at the Ministry of the Interior.

In Europe, the telegraphic wires invariably follow the course of railways, and this circumstance has led some to conclude that, but for the railways the electric telegraph would be an unprofitable project.

This, however, is a mistake. In the United States, where a much greater extent of electric telegraph has been erected and brought into operation than in Europe, the wires do not follow the course of the railways. They are conducted, generally, along the sides of the common coach-roads, and sometimes even through tracts of country where no roads have been made.

It is contended in Europe that the wires would not be safe, unless placed within the railway fences. The reply to this is, that they are found to be safe in the United States, where there is a much less efficient police, even in the neighbourhood of towns, and in most places no police at all. It may be observed, that the same apprehensions of the destructive propensities of the people have been advanced upon first proposing most of the great improvements which have signalised the present age. Thus, when railways were projected, it was objected that mischievous individuals would be continually tearing up the rails, and throwing obstructions on the road, which would render travelling so dangerous, that the system would become impracticable.

When gas-lighting was proposed, it was objected that evil-disposed persons would be constantly cutting or breaking the pipes, and thus throwing whole towns into darkness.

Experience, nevertheless, has proved these apprehensions groundless; and certainly the result of the operations on the electric telegraph in the United States goes to establish the total inutility of confining the course of the

wires to railways. Those who have been practically conversant with the system, both in Europe and in America, go further, and even maintain that the telegraph is subject to less inconvenience, and that accidental defects are more easily made good, and that an efficient superintendence is more easily insured on common roads, according to the American system, than on railways according to the European system. Our limits, however, preclude us from entering into all the details of this question.

Nothing in the history of the influence of the arts on social progress presents a more curious subject of reflection than do these systems of metallic wire passing under our feet as we walk the streets, and beside us as we traverse the railways.

"In our metropolis," observes a lively contemporary, "there is scarcely a street which does not appear to take pride in exposing, as often as possible, to the public view, a series of pipes of all sizes, in which fire of various companies, pure water of various companies, and unmentionable mixtures, common to all, pass cheek by jowl with infinitely less trouble than the motley human currents flow above them. But among all the subterranean pipes laid bare before us, there is certainly no one which has more curious contents than the three-inch iron pipe of the electric telegraph company; and yet of all the multitudes who walk the streets, how few of them ever care to reflect what a singular contrast exists between the slow pace at which they themselves are proceeding, and the rate at which, beneath their feet, forty-five electric wires are transmitting in all directions, and to a variety of distances, intelligence of every possible description!"

"How singular is it to reflect, that within the narrow space of the three-inch iron pipe which encases them, notice of a murder is flying to the London papers, passing news from India going into the country; along another wire an officer is applying for his regimentals, while others are conducting to and fro the 'price of stocks,' 'news of the Pope,' a speech from Paris of the collapsed poet," &c. &c. &c.

In case, from the abrasion of the cotton that surrounds the numerous copper wires within the pipe, any of them come into contact with each other, the intelligence which each is conveying is suddenly confounded; in which case other wires must instantly be substituted. Indeed, even as re-

gards the strong galvanised iron wires which in the open air run parallel to our arterial railways, if in wet weather, in spite of the many ingenious precautions taken, the rain should form a continuous stream between the several wires and the ground, the electric fluid, escaping from the wires, is conducted by the water till it finds earth, the best of all conductors; and, therefore, instead of the intelligence going on, say to Edinburgh, it follows the axiom of electricity by selecting the shortest road, and thus completing its circuit through the earth, it returns to London. Sometimes, instead of going to earth, it flies back to the office in London, along another wire, to which, by means of a continuous line of water, or of entanglement of the two wires, it has managed to escape; in which case, the messages on the two wires wrangling with each other, the communication is stopped.

"It is commonly asserted and believed, that many birds are killed by merely perching upon the iron wires of the electric telegraph; but at any time they can do so with perfect impunity. If, indeed, a bird could put one of his feet on the wire, and with the other manage to reach the earth, he would then, no doubt, be severely galvanised. That the railway company's men often pick up under the wires of the electric telegraph, partridges, and other birds, which have evidently been just killed—indeed some are found with their heads cut off—is quite true; but these deaths and decapitations have proceeded, not from the electricity, but from the birds, probably during twilight or a fog, having at full speed flown against the wires, which, of course, cut *their* heads off, just as an iron bar would cut off the head of any man, or alderman on horseback, who at a full gallop was to run foul of it.

"In windy weather, the electric wires form an *Æolian harp*, which occasionally emits most unearthly music. '*I say, Jack!*' said an engine-driver to his stoker, who like himself was listening for the first time to this querulous sort of noise, proceeding from the newly-erected wires along his line, '*I say, Jack! ain't they a-giving it to them at Threapstone.*'

"When the posts and wires of the electric telegraph between Northampton and Peterborough were being erected, an honest farmer, who for many minutes had been very attentively watching the operation, inquired of the chief superintendent to what use it was to be applied? On being told that by its means he would in a few minutes receive at *Willingborough* a list of the *Mark-lane prices in London*, he evidently incredulously

asked how that was to be done?—and on its being explained to him that the intelligence would be sent down to him *letter by letter*, he exclaimed, '*But you don't mean to say that besides letters it will bring down parcels too?*'<sup>no</sup>

But to return to the admirable means whereby those extraordinary effects are produced, and to answer the worthy farmer's inquiry somewhat more intelligibly, let us now see how the electric current which flows along the conducting-wires is made to speak, to make dumb signs, or to write the despatch when it arrives at its destination.

There are a great variety of properties of the electric current which supply means of accomplishing this.

If the electric current can be made to affect any object in such a manner as to cause such object to produce any effect sensible to the eye, the ear, or the touch, such effect may be used as a *sign*; and if this effect be capable of being *varied*, each distinct *variety* of which it is susceptible may be adopted as a *distinct sign*. Such signs may then be taken as signifying the letters of the alphabet, the digits composing numbers, or such single words as are of most frequent occurrence.

The rapidity and precision of the communication will depend on the rate at which such signs can be produced in succession, and on the certainty and accuracy with which their appearance at the place of destination will follow the action of the producing cause at the station from which the despatch is transmitted.

These preliminaries being understood, it remains to show what effects of the electric current are available for this purpose.

These effects are:—

I. The power of the electric current to deflect a magnetic needle from its position of rest.

II. The power of the current to impart temporary magnetism to soft iron.

III.—The power of the current to decompose certain chemical solutions.

We shall now briefly show the manner in which these properties supply

signals sufficiently varied for telegraphic purposes.

1. To explain the deflection of a magnetic needle, let us suppose a copper wire extended over the magnetic needle of a common compass, so that the direction of the wire shall be parallel to the needle, without touching it. In this state of things, the needle will remain undisturbed; but if we send an electric current along the wire, which may be done by connecting the ends of the wire with those of a galvanic battery, the needle will instantly throw itself at right angles to the wire, and will remain in that position so long as the galvanic current is maintained; but if that current be discontinued, by withdrawing either end of the wire from the trough, the needle will instantly resume its position of rest.

It is found, also, that the north pole of the needle will turn, in this case, in one direction or in the other, according to the direction given to the galvanic current. If this current flow in one direction, the north pole will throw itself to the east, and the south to the west; if it flow in the contrary direction, the north pole will be thrown to the west, and the south pole to the east.

2. To explain the sudden conversion of iron into a magnet, and the sudden destruction of the magnetic virtue thus imparted, let us suppose a copper wire to be coiled round a piece of soft iron spirally, so that the successive coils shall not touch each other nor touch the iron, which may be done by coating the wire with silk, or any resinous or non-conducting substance. This being done, let us suppose that an electric current is transmitted through the wire, so that it shall flow spirally round the rod of soft iron, which may be effected by placing, as before, the ends of the wire in a galvanic trough. If steel filings, a needle, or any light piece of iron, be brought near the rod or iron thus circumstanced, they will instantly be attracted by it, showing that it has acquired the magnetic virtue; and this effect will continue to be produced so long as the galvanic current shall be maintained

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\* "Stokers and Pokers." By the Author of "Bubbles from the Brannens of Nassau," pp. 125-7.



along the spiral wire; but the instant that the end of the wire is withdrawn from the galvanic trough, the magnetic virtue deserts the iron, and it will no longer attract.

3. If a sheet of paper, moistened with a chemical solution which is capable of decomposition by the galvanic current, be laid upon a metallic plate, which is in connexion with one end of the battery, and the point of a wire in connexion with the other end of the battery, be brought into contact with the paper, a decomposition will take place, and a change of colour will be produced upon the paper under the point of the wire, just as if a dot were made upon it by a pen charged with coloured ink. If the wire be moved upon the paper, a coloured line will be traced; and if the point of the wire be moved as a pen or pencil might be, any characters may be thus written on the paper as they would be with a pen charged with coloured ink, similarly moved. If in this case the current be discontinued during any intervals, the wire, though still in contact with the paper, will leave no trace or dot.

To render intelligible the means whereby these three properties have been made instrumental to the transmission of intelligence to a distance—

We have explained how a magnetic needle over which an electric current passes will be deflected to the right or to the left, according to the direction given to the current. Now, it is always easy to give the current the one direction or the other, or to suspend it altogether, by merely changing the ends of the galvanic trough with which the wires are connected, or by breaking the contact altogether.

A person, therefore, in London, having command over the end of a wire which extends to Edinburgh, and is there connected with a magnetic needle, in the manner already described, can deflect that needle to the right or to the left at will.

Thus a single wire and a magnetic needle are capable of making at least two signals.

But signals, whatever be the form of the telegraph used, may be multiplied by repetition and combination. Thus the operator at London may make the needle at Edinburgh move twice successively to the left, and this may be conventionally settled as a sign,

independently of that which is produced by a single movement to the left. In like manner, two successive movements to the right will supply another signal; and thus we have four independent signals.

But from these four signals we may immediately produce four more, as we may combine one movement to the right with two to the left, and *vice versa*; and one to the left with two to the right, and *vice versa*: and thus we would have eight independent signals.

We may carry this method further, and so arrange the system that three successive movements to the right and three successive movements to the left shall have independent significations; and these again may be combined with each of the eight signals already explained; and, in short, we may carry this system to an extent which shall be limited only by the inconvenience of the delay which would take place in making the repetitions necessary for such signals.

Subject to this delay, however, it is clear that with a single machine we may easily obtain expressions for all the letters of the alphabet and the ten numerals.

But to obviate the inconvenience which would attend multiplied repetitions in the movements of a single needle, we may provide two independent wires, which shall act upon two independent needles.

Each of these needles primarily will afford two independent signals by their movements right and left. These four signals may be combined in pairs, so as to afford four other signals producible by a single movement. Thus, simultaneously with the right-hand movement of one needle we may produce the right-hand movement of the other. In the same way we may simultaneously produce the left-hand movement of both, or the right-hand of either combined with the left-hand movement of the other, which would give eight independent signals, the production of each of which would occupy no more time than that of a single movement. We may then adapt the signals by double movement of each needle, which, combined with each other, and with the single movements, will afford another set of combinations; and by combining these systems, we

may obviously obtain all the signals requisite to express the letters and numerals.

Such is, in general, the nature of the signals adopted in the electric telegraphs in ordinary use in England, and in some other parts of Europe.

It may aid the conception of the mode of operation and communication if we assimilate the apparatus to the dial of a clock with its two hands. Let us suppose that a dial, instead of carrying hands, carried two needles, and that their north poles, when quiescent, both pointed to 12 o'clock.

When the galvanic current is conducted under either of them, the north pole will turn either to 3 o'clock or to 9 o'clock, according to the direction given to the current.

Now, it is easy to imagine a person in London governing the hands of such a clock erected in Edinburgh, where their indications might be interpreted according to a way previously agreed upon. Thus, we may suppose that when the needle No. 1. turns to 9, the letter A is expressed; if it turns to 3, the letter B is expressed. If the needle No. 2. turn to 9 o'clock, the letter C is expressed; if it turn to 3, the letter D. If both needles are turned to 9, the letter E is expressed; if both to 3, the letter F. If No. 1. be turned to 9, and No. 2. to 3, the letter G is expressed; if No. 2 be turned to 9, and No. 1. to 3, the letter H, and so forth.

It may be presumed that there can be but little difficulty in conceiving how, by practice, two persons may communicate with each other by such means, almost, if not altogether, as rapidly as they could write and read.

But a difficulty will doubtless suggest itself to the intelligent and inquisitive reader. It will be asked, whether a sentinel must be kept ever on the watch to observe when a message is coming? for as the hands of our clock do not speak, notice could only be received of a coming message by the incessant vigilance of an observer.

Would it not, however, be admirable if we could attach to this clock a striking apparatus, which should address the ear the moment a message is

about to be sent, and which should, as it were, awaken the attention of the person on duty?

Such an expedient has, in fact, been contrived. The person in London who desires to communicate a message to the telegraphic agent at Edinburgh can actually make the clock strike at his will, and thus command attention.

The manner in which this is accomplished is as admirable by its simplicity and efficiency as that which we have just described.

The quality resorted to in this case is the last of those we have mentioned above, namely, the power to impart the magnetic virtue at will to soft iron.

One of the wires conducted from London passes into the chamber of the telegraphic apparatus at Edinburgh, where it is connected with a coil of wire which envelopes a rod of soft iron. The ends of this rod, which has the form of a horse-shoe, are placed in contiguity, but not in contact, with the detent of a striking apparatus like an alarm-bell. When a message is about to be sent from London, this bell-wire is put in communication with the galvanic trough in London. Immediately the subtle fluid flows along the wire and converts the horse-shoe rod at Edinburgh into a powerful magnet.

The attractive power which it thus suddenly receives irresistibly draws towards it the detent of the alarm, and lets go the bell, which continues to ring until the agent of the telegraph at Edinburgh answers the demand of the messenger from London, and tells him he is attentive. Then the London communicator withdraws the galvanic current from the bell-wire, the horse-shoe at Edinburgh is instantly deprived of its magnetic virtue, the detent flies back to its place by the action of a spring, and silences the bell.\*

In the practical arrangement of electric telegraphs, constructed on this principle, the magnetic needles are placed vertically and not horizontally, as in the mariner's compass, and they are kept, when not affected by the current, in the vertical position, by laying two needles having their poles at opposite ends, one upon the other, by which means the polarity of the

\* *Railway Economy*, by Dr. Lardner, pp. 352-5.



system is neutralised, and then a small excess of weight given to one end of the combined needles is sufficient to keep them in the vertical position, when fixed upon an horizontal axis.

In this manner they are fixed upon the dials already described, being free to turn on their axis when affected by a deflecting force sufficiently strong to overcome the small excess of weight just mentioned.

This is the principle of the telegraph now used generally in England. The entire system, except the lines which follow the course of the South-Eastern Railway, is in the hands of a company incorporated by act of parliament, and who, therefore, hold a virtual monopoly of the chief part of the telegraphic business of the kingdom.\* A central station is established in London, in Lothbury, near the Bank of England. The lower part of the building is appropriated to the reception of orders and messages. A person desiring to forward a message to any part of England, connected with London, by the wires, writes his message on a sheet of letter-paper, provided for the purpose, and prepared according to a printed form, having the names and address of the writer, and of the party to whom the message is communicated, in blank spaces assigned to them, together with the date and hour at which the message is despatched. The answer is received, accompanied by the date and hour at which the message arrived, and at which the answer was despatched.

The tariff of charges for transmission of telegraphic messages differs very much, according to the destination of the message, and is not strictly regulated by distance.

It is found that by practice the operators of the telegraphic instruments, constructed on this system, are able to communicate about twenty words per minute, when they work with two needles and two conducting-wires, and at the rate of about eight words per minute when working with a single needle.

Besides the transmission of private despatches, stations have been es-

tablished by the company in the chief towns of the kingdom, whence and whither intelligence is transmitted from time to time during the day, so that there is thus kept up a never-ceasing interchange of news over the entire extent of that net-work of wires which has overspread the country. At each of these stations public subscription-rooms have been established, in which are posted from hour to hour as they arrive, during the day, the public news, which are known to be of most interest to the local population, such as the money market, shipping intelligence, sporting intelligence, quotations of the commercial markets at all chief places, and parliamentary and general news.

We take the following description of the routine of business in this department of the Central Telegraphic Office at Lothbury, from a popular author already quoted:—

“At seven in the morning the superintendent of the former department obtains all the London morning newspapers, from which he condenses and despatches to the several electric stations the intelligence he considers most useful to each. The local press of course awaits the arrival, and thus by eight o'clock A.M. a merchant at Manchester receives intelligence which the rails can only bring at a quarter before two, and which cannot by rail reach Edinburgh till half-past nine P.M.

“To Glasgow is transmitted every evening detailed intelligence for immediate insertion in the ‘North British Daily Mail,’ giving everything of importance that has occurred since the first edition of the London papers. Similar intelligence is despatched to papers at Hull and Leeds.

“By this rapid transmission of intelligence, the alternations in the prices of the markets at Manchester, &c. &c., being almost simultaneous with those of London, the merchants of the former are saved from being victimised by the latter. It is true that by great exertions prior intelligence may electrically be sent by private message; but as the wary ones cautiously wait for the despatch of the Telegraph Office, it has but little effect.

“At one o'clock information is sent to all the electric reading-rooms of the London quotations of funds and shares up to that hour, thus showing the actual prices at

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\* A Bill is now before Parliament to incorporate a competing company.

which business has been done. The closing prices of the French funds for the day preceding are usually annexed, and the state of the London wind and weather at that hour.

"Early in the morning the instrument boys are to be seen greedily devouring (for, with the curiosity, eagerness, and enthusiasm of youth, they appear to take great interest in their duties) the various matters which from all quarters at once are imparted to them.

"One has just received intelligence by telegraph from Ely, announcing the result of the Lynn election. Another a copy of a 'Moniteur' extraordinary, containing the first message of the President of the French Republic to the President of the National Assembly.

"Another, that 'Stewart's and Hetton's were nineteen and sixpence. Gosforth eighteen shill. Holywell fifteen and sixpence. Hastings Hartley fourteen and ninepence. S Q—market one hun. fifty one, sold one hun. and three—S Q.

"'Market very good—P Q.'

"Another, the following characteristic description of the winds and weather of Old England at nine A.M. :—

Places.	Wind.	Weather.
Southampton	W.S.W.	Cloudy.
Gosport	S.E.	"
Portsmouth	S.E.	"
London	E.	Rain.
St. Ives	W.	Very fine.
Cambridge	S.W.	Cloudy.
Newmarket	E.	Cloudy.
Yarmouth	E.	Fine.
Lowestoffe	E.	Stormy.
Norwich	E.	Fine.
Chelmsford	N.E.	Cloudy.
Colchester	S.E.	Fine.
Ipswich	S.E.	Fine.

"The above description of our changeable climate, it occurred to us, would not very incorrectly represent the present political state of Europe.

"During the day telegraphic information flashes upon these boys from the Stock Exchange, informing them of 'prices and closing prices of the funds and principal railway shares. With remarks.'

"From the London cattle market, stating 'the number and quality of beasts, sheep, calves, pigs. *Holland* beasts, sheep, calves. *Danish* beasts. With remarks.'

"From the meat market, stating 'the prices of every description of meat, with remarks.'

"Also similar returns from all the other markets we have enumerated.

"As fast as this incongruous mass of intelligence arrives, it is, in the mode already described, transcribed in writing to separate sheets of paper, which are without delay, one after another, lowered down to the superintendent of 'the Intelligence Department,' by whom they are rapidly digested for distribution either to the whole of the Company's reading-room stations, or for those lines only

which any particular species of information may partially interest—such as corn-markets requiring corn intelligence; seaports, shipping news, &c. &c.

"As quickly as these various despatches are concocted, the information they respectively contain reascends through 'the lift,' or wooden chimney, to the instrument department, from whence it is projected, or rather radiates, to its respective destination; and thus in every one of the Company's reading-rooms throughout the kingdom there consecutively appears, in what would until very lately have been considered magic writing upon the walls, the varied information which had only reached London from all points of the compass *a few minutes ago!*"

It will, however, be asked how despatches can be transmitted to various stations along the extensive lines of telegraphic communication which have been established, unless a separate and independent wire be appropriated to each station, which would be manifestly impracticable.

The answer is easy: At each station the conducting wire is carried from the main wire through the instrument-room of the station, and *passing through the instrument*, is carried out again and continued along the line by the posts as usual. It is, therefore, apparent that every message despatched from any station must affect the instruments *at all the other stations*; and if desired, can be interpreted and written out at them all. It is therefore necessary to provide means by which this needless labour shall not be imposed upon the telegraphic agents, and so that it may be at once known for what station or stations each message is intended.

This is accomplished by the following expedient:—The agent at the station from which the message is despatched first sends the current along the *bell-wire*. By the means already described, bells are then rung *at all the stations*, and the attention of the agents is called. The name of the station for which the despatch about to be forwarded is intended, is then transmitted, and appears upon the dials *at all the stations*. The agents at all the stations, except that to which the despatch is addressed, are then released from further attention, and the agent at the station to which it is addressed interprets the signs as they are successively transmitted, and reduces the message to writing.

It will be seen, therefore, that every message which is despatched, no matter for what station it is intended, is in fact, sent to all the stations which the wire passes.

The telegraphs established in England, which alone we have here explained, are constructed on the needle system, that is to say, the signals are made by the deviations of magnetic needles, from their position of rest produced by electric currents passing around them.

Telegraphs depending on the second and third principles adverted to above, have been brought into extensive use in America, the needle system being in no case adopted.

To explain the construction and operation of telegraphs depending on the power of magnetism on soft iron by an electric current, let us suppose a small lever formed of steel, and balanced on a point. At one end of this lever let a point be formed, so as to constitute a pencil or style. Under the other end let a horse-shoe of soft iron be placed at such a distance, that when it shall receive the magnetic virtue from the electric current, the lever will be drawn to the horse-shoe; and let it be so arranged, that when the horse-shoe shall lose its magnetic virtue, the pencil will fall.

Now suppose that immediately above the pencil is placed a small roller, under which a ribbon of paper passes, which receives a slow progressive motion from the roller. Whenever the pencil is raised by the magnet, its point presses on the paper which moves over it, and if it be kept pressed upon it for any time, a line will be traced. If the pencil be only momentarily brought into contact with the paper, a dot will be produced.

It is clear then, that if we have the power of keeping the pencil for any determinate time in contact with the paper, or of making it only momentarily touch the paper, we shall be enabled to produce lines and dots in any required succession; and by suspending the action of the pencil, we can leave blank space of any desired length between such combinations of lines and dots.

It is easy, therefore, to imagine how a conventional alphabet may be formed by such combination of lines and dots.

To explain the operation of this

system, let us suppose a person at New York desirous of sending a message to New Orleans. A wire of the usual kind connects the two places.

The end at New Orleans is coiled round a horse-shoe magnet. The end at New York can be put in communication with the galvanic trough at the will of the person sending the message. The instant the communication is established, the horse-shoe of soft iron at New Orleans becomes magnetic, it attracts the small lever, and presses the pencil against the paper.

The moment the operator at New York detaches the wire from the trough, the horse-shoe at New Orleans loses its magnetic power, and the pencil drops from the paper. It is clear, then, that the operator at New York, by putting the wire in contact with the trough, and detaching it, and by maintaining the contact for longer or shorter intervals, can make the pencil at New Orleans act upon the paper, as already described, so as to make upon it dots and lines of determinate length, combined in any manner he may desire, and separated by any desired intervals.

In a word, the operator at New York can write a letter with a pencil and paper which are at New Orleans.

Provisions in such an arrangement are made, so that the motion of the paper does not begin until the message is about to be commenced, and ceases when the message is written. This is easily accomplished by the same principle as has been already described in the case of the bell, which gives notice to the attendant in the European telegraph. The cylinders which conduct the band of paper are moved by wheel-work, and a weight properly regulated. Their motion is imparted by a detent detached by the action of the magnet, and which stops the motion when the magnet loses its virtue.

The third system, called the Electro-chemical telegraph, is also exclusively adopted in the United States, and with the improvement which it has recently received, it exceeds by far in efficiency and power all the other telegraphic arrangements hitherto tried. A memoir on this invention has recently been read before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, of which we sha'l avail ourselves.

The imperfections of the needle and magnet telegraphs, which this improvement removes, are stated as follows :—

“To deflect the magnetic needle from a position of rest, and still more to impart sufficient magnetic energy to soft iron so as produce the necessary effects at the stations of arrival, in the systems above mentioned, a galvanic current of a certain force is indispensable. Lines of telegraphic communication being exposed to local and atmospheric vicissitudes, such a force of the current cannot always be secured. This is especially the case when communications are made to great distances, as for example, 300 miles and upwards.

“Supposing the insulation of the supports of the conducting wire to be perfect, and no accidental disturbances arising from atmospheric influence or local causes to be in operation, the strength of the electric current will nevertheless be influenced by mere distance. When the distance is augmented to a certain extent, the current may become so enfeebled as to be incapable either of imparting the necessary magnetic power to the soft iron, or of deflecting the needles from their position of rest.”

It is then shown that various other causes, such as imperfect insulation, atmospheric vicissitudes, &c., are liable to intercept the action of the needle and magnetic telegraphs; and that they sometimes even destroy the coils of fine wire which are used to affect the magnets.

The inventor of the electro-chemical telegraph, Mr. Alexander Bain, a native of Scotland, and formerly a watchmaker in that country, rejects the use of needles and magnets altogether, and relies exclusively on the chemical effects of the electric current. By this means he shows that he can obtain—

“1st. Greater economy and simplicity in the original construction, and in the permanent maintenance and management of the apparatus;

“2nd. Increased celerity and certainty, and less liability to error in the transmission of communications.”

The mode of construction and operation of the electro-chemical telegraph is as follows :—

“Let a sheet of writing paper be wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, to which a little nitric and hydrochloric acid have been added.

“Let a metallic disk be provided, corresponding in magnitude with the sheet of paper, and let this metallic disk be put in communication with a galvanic battery so as to form its negative pole. Let a piece of steel or copper wire, forming a pen, be put in connexion with the same battery so as to form its positive pole. Let the sheet of moistened paper be now laid upon the metallic disk, and let the steel or copper point, which forms the positive pole of the battery, be brought into contact with it. The galvanic circuit being thus completed, the current will be established, the solution with which the paper is wetted will be decomposed at the point of contact, and a blue or brown spot will appear. If the pen be now moved upon the paper, the continuous succession of spots will form a blue or brown line, and the pen being moved in any manner upon the paper, characters may be thus written upon it as it were in blue or brown ink.”

The metallic disk on which the paper is placed is circular, and about twenty inches diameter.

“It is fixed on a central axis, with which it is capable of revolving in its own plane. An uniform movement of rotation is imparted to it by means of a small roller, gently pressed against its under surface, and having sufficient adhesion with it to cause the movement of the disk by the revolution of the roller. This roller is itself kept in uniform revolution by means of a train of wheel-work.”

The point of the wire, which may be considered as a pen, is gently pressed on this paper. When the current passes, it leaves a blue trace; when the current is interrupted, it leaves no trace.

It is clear, therefore, that by alternately transferring and interrupting the current, such a pen will leave on the paper a succession of lines and dots in any desired combination, precisely similar to those already described in the case of the American system of magnetic telegraph.

But the prominent feature of this system, which confers on it an immeasurable superiority over all which preceded it, is the extraordinary celerity of which it is susceptible. We have already stated that, in the experiments made with this apparatus before the Committees of the Institute and the Legislative Assembly at Paris, despatches were sent along a thousand miles of wire, at the rate of nearly 20,000 words an hour.

We shall now explain the means by which this extraordinary feat is accomplished.

"A narrow ribbon of paper is wound on a roller, and placed on an axis, on which it is capable of turning, so as to be regularly unrolled. This ribbon of paper is passed between rollers under a small punch, which, striking upon it, makes a small hole at its centre. This punch is worked by a simple mechanism so rapidly, that when it is allowed to operate without interruption on the paper passing before it, the holes it produces are so close together as to leave no unperforated space between them, and thus is produced a continuous perforated line. Means, however, are provided by which the agent who superintends the process can, by a touch of the finger, suspend the action of the punch on the paper, so as to allow a longer interval to elapse between its successive strokes upon the paper. In this manner a succession of holes are perforated in the ribbon of paper, separated by unperforated spaces. The manipulator, by allowing the action of the punch to continue uninterrupted for two or more successive strokes, can make a linear perforation of greater or less length on the ribbon; and by suspending the action of the punch, these linear perforations may be separated by unperforated spaces.

"Thus it is evident, that being provided with a preparatory apparatus of this kind, an expert agent will be able to produce on the ribbon of paper as it unrolls, a series of perforated dots and lines, and that these dots and lines may be made to correspond with those of the telegraphic alphabet already described.

"Let us imagine then the agent at the station of departure preparing to despatch a message. Preparatory to doing so it will be necessary to inscribe it in the perforated telegraphic characters on the ribbon of paper just described.

"He places for this purpose before him the message in ordinary writing, and he transfers it to the ribbon in perforated characters by means of the punching apparatus. By practice he is enabled to execute this in less time than it would be requisite for an expert compositor to set it up in common printing type.

"The punching apparatus for inscribing in perforated characters the despatches on ribbons of paper is so arranged, that several agents may simultaneously write in this manner different messages, so that the celerity with which the messages are inscribed on the perforated paper may be rendered commensurate with the rapidity of their transmission, by merely multiplying the inscribing agents.

"Let us now imagine the message thus completely inscribed on the perforated ribbon of paper. This ribbon is again rolled as at first upon a roller, and it is now placed on

an axle attached to the machinery of the telegraph.

"The extremity of the perforated ribbon at which the message commences is now carried over a metallic roller which is in connexion with the positive pole of the galvanic battery. It is pressed upon this roller by a small metallic spring terminating in points like the teeth of a comb, the breadth of which is less than that of the perforations in the paper. This metallic spring is connected with the conducting wire which passes from the station of departure to the stations of arrival. When the metallic spring falls into the perforations of the ribbon of paper as the latter passes over the roller, the galvanic circuit is completed by the metallic contact of the spring with the roller, but when those parts of the ribbon which are not perforated pass between the spring and the roller, the galvanic circuit is broken and the current is interrupted.

"A motion of rotation, the speed of which can be regulated at discretion, is imparted to the metallic roller by clock work, so that the ribbon of paper is made to pass rapidly between it and the metallic spring, and as it passes this metallic spring falls successively into the perforations on the paper. By this means the galvanic circuit is alternately completed and broken, and the current passes during intervals corresponding precisely to the perforations in the paper. In this manner the successive intervals of the transmission of the current are made to correspond precisely with the perforated characters expressive of the message, and the same succession of intervals of transmission and suspension will affect the writing apparatus at the stations of arrival in the manner already described.

"Now there is no limit to the speed with which this process can be executed, nor can there be an error, provided only that the characters have been correctly marked on the perforated paper; but this correctness is secured by the ribbon of perforated paper being examined after the perforation is completed, and deliberately compared with the written message. Absolute accuracy and unlimited celerity are thus attained at the station of departure. To the celerity with which the despatch can be written at the station of arrival, there is no other limit than the time which is necessary for the electric current to produce the decomposition of the chemical solution with which the prepared paper is saturated."

Such are the means by which these extraordinary effects are produced; and we have been the more willing to give them with some detail, because the memoir from which they are obtained is still unpublished, and the reader would in vain seek for this information elsewhere.



## MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER VI.

## "THE ARMY SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

I FOLLOWED the soldiers as they marched beyond the outer boulevard, and gained the open country. Many of the idlers dropped off here; others accompanied us a little further; but at length, when the drums ceased to beat, and were slung in marching order on the backs of the drummers, when the men broke into the open order that French soldiers instinctively assume on a march, the curiosity of the gazers appeared to have nothing more to feed upon, and one by one they returned to the capital, leaving me the only lingerer.

To any one accustomed to military display, there was little to attract notice in the column, which consisted of detachments from various corps, horse, foot, and artillery; some were returning to their regiments after a furlough; some had just issued from the hospitals, and were seated in charettes, or country-cars; and others, again, were peasant boys only a few days before drawn in the conscription. There was every variety of uniform, and, I may add, of raggedness, too—a coarse blouse and a pair of worn shoes, with a red or blue handkerchief on the head, being the dress of many among them. The Republic was not rich in those days, and cared little for the costume in which her victories were won. The artillery alone seemed to preserve anything like uniformity in dress. They wore a plain uniform of blue, with long white gaiters coming half way up the thigh; a low cocked hat, without feather, but with the tricoloured cockade in front. They were mostly men middle-aged, or past the prime of life, bronzed, weather-beaten, hardy-looking fellows, whose white moustaches contrasted well with their sun-burned faces. All their weapons and equipments were of a superior kind, and showed the care bestowed upon an arm whose efficiency was the first discovery of the republican generals. The greater number of these were Bretons, and several of them had served in the fleet, still bearing in their looks and carriage some-

thing of that air which seems inherent in the seaman. They were grave, serious, and almost stern in manner, and very unlike the young cavalry soldiers, who, mostly recruited from the south of France, many of them Gascons, had all the high-hearted gaiety and reckless levity of their own peculiar land. A campaign to these fellows seemed a pleasant excursion; they made a jest of everything, from the wan faces of the invalids, to the black bread of the "Commissary;" they quizzed the new "Tourleroux," as the recruits were styled, and the old "Grumblers," as it was the fashion to call the veterans of the army; they passed their jokes on the Republic, and even their own officers came in for a share of their ridicule. The Grenadiers, however, were those who especially were made the subject of their sarcasm. They were generally from the north of France, and the frontier country toward Flanders, whence they probably imbibed a portion of that phlegm and moroseness so very unlike the general gaiety of French nature; and when assailed by such adversaries, were perfectly incapable of reply or retaliation.

They all belonged to the army of the "Sambre et Meuse," which, although at the beginning of the campaign highly distinguished for its successes, had been latterly eclipsed by the extraordinary victories on the Upper Rhine and in Western Germany; and it was curious to hear with what intelligence and interest the greatest questions of strategy were discussed by those who carried their packs as common soldiers in the ranks. Movements and manœuvres were criticised, attacked, defended, ridiculed, and condemned, with a degree of acuteness and knowledge that showed the enormous progress the nation had made in military science, and with what ease the Republic could recruit her officers from the ranks of her armies.

At noon the column halted in the wood of Belleville; and while the men were resting, an express arrived an-

nouncing that a fresh body of troops would soon arrive, and ordering the others to delay their march till they came up. The orderly who brought the tidings could only say that he believed some hurried news had come from Germany, for before he left Paris the rappel was beating in different quarters, and the rumour ran that reinforcements were to set out for Strasbourg with the utmost despatch.

"And what troops are coming to join us?" said an old artillery sergeant, in evident disbelief of the tidings.

"Two batteries of artillery and the voltigeurs of the 4th, I know for certain are coming," said the orderly, "and they spoke of a battalion of grenadiers."

"What! do these Germans need another lesson," said the cannonier, "I thought Fleurus has taught them what our troops were made of?"

"How you talk of Fleurus," interrupted a young hussar of the south; "I have just come from the army of Italy, and, *ma foi!* we should never have mentioned such a battle as Fleurus in a despatch. Campaigning amongst dykes and hedges—fighting, with a river on one flank and a fortress on t'other—*parade-manceuvres*—where, at the first check, the enemy retreats, and leaves you free, for the whole afternoon, to write off your successes to the Directory. Had you seen our fellows scaling the Alps, with avalanches of snow descending at every fire of the great guns—forcing pass after pass against an enemy, posted on every cliff and crag above us—cutting our way to victory by roads the hardest hunter had seldom trod; I call that war."

"And I call it the skirmish of an outpost!" said the gruff veteran, as he smoked away, in thorough contempt for the enthusiasm of the other. "I have served under Kleber, Hoche, and Moreau, and I believe they are the first generals of France."

"There is a name greater than them all," cried the hussar, with eagerness.

"Let us hear it, then—you mean Pichegru, perhaps, or Massena?"

"No, I mean Bonaparte!" said the hussar, triumphantly.

"A good officer, and one of us," said the artilleryman, touching his belt to intimate the arm of the service the general belonged to. "He commanded the siege-train at Toulon."

"He belongs to all," said the other.

"He is a dragoon, a voltigeur, an artilleryman, a pontonier—what you will—he knows everything, as I know my horse's saddle, and cloak-bag."

Both parties now grew warm; and as each was not only an eager partisan, but well acquainted with the leading events of the two campaigns they undertook to defend, the dispute attracted a large circle of listeners, who, either seated on the greensward, or lying at full length, formed a picturesque group under the shadow of the spreading oak trees. Meanwhile, the cooking went speedily forward, and the camp-kettles smoked with a steam whose savoury odour was not a little tantalising to one who, like myself, felt that he did not belong to the company.

"What's thy mess, boy?" said an old grenadier to me, as I sat at a little distance off, and affecting—but I fear very ill—a total indifference to what went forward.

"He is asking to what corps thou belong'st?" said another, seeing that the question puzzled me.

"Unfortunately I have none," said I. "I merely followed the march for curiosity."

"And thy father and mother, child—what will they say to thee on thy return home?"

"I have neither father, mother, nor home," said I, promptly.

"Just like myself," said an old red-whiskered sapeur; "or if I ever had parents, they never had the grace to own me. Come over here, child, and take share of my dinner."

"No, *parbleu!* I'll have him for *my* comrade," cried the young hussar. "I was made a corporal yesterday, and have a larger ration. Sit here, my boy, and tell us how art called."

"Maurice Tierney."

"Maurice will do; few of us care for more than one name, except in the dead muster they like to have it in full. Help thyself, my lad, and here's the wine-flask beside thee."

"How comes it thou hast this old uniform, boy," said he, pointing to my sleeve.

"It was one they gave me in the Temple," said I. "I was a '*rat du prison*' for some time."

"Thunder of war!" exclaimed the cannonier, "I had rather stand a whole platoon fire than see what thou must have seen, child."

“And hast heart to go back there, boy,” said the corporal, “and live the same life again?”

“No, I’ll never go back,” said I. “I’ll be a soldier.”

“Well said, *mon brave*—thou’lt be a hussar, I know.”

“If nature has given thee a good head, and a quick eye, my boy, thou might even do better; and in time, perhaps, wear a coat like mine,” said the cannonier.

“*Sacre bleu!*” cried a little fellow, whose age might have been anything from boyhood to manhood—for while small of stature, he was shrivelled and wrinkled like a mummy—“why not be satisfied with the coat he wears?”

“And be a drummer, like thee,” said the cannonier.

“Just so, like me, and like *Massena*—he was a drummer, too.”

“No, no!” cried a dozen voices together, “that’s not true.”

“He’s right; *Massena* was a drummer in the Eighth,” said the cannonier; “I remember him when he was like that boy yonder.”

“To be sure,” said the little fellow, who, I now perceived, wore the dress of a “*tambour*”; “and is it a disgrace to be the first to face the enemy?”

“And the first to turn his back to him, comrade,” cried another.

“Not always—not always”—said the little fellow, regardless of the laugh against him. “Had it been so, I had not gained the battle of Grandrengs on the Sambre.”

“Thou gain a battle!” shouted half-a-dozen, in derisive laughter.

“What, *Petit Pierre* gained the day at Grandrengs!” said the cannonier; “why, I was there myself, and never heard of that till now.”

“I can believe it well,” replied *Pierre*; “many a man’s merits go unacknowledged: and Kleber got all the credit that belonged to *Pierre Canot*.”

“Let us hear about it *Pierre*, for even thy victory is unknown by name to us, poor devils of the army of Italy. How call’st thou the place?”

“Grandrengs,” said *Pierre*, proudly. “It’s a name will live as long, perhaps, as many of those high-sounding ones you have favoured us with. Mayhap, thou hast heard of *Cambray*?”

“Never!” said the hussar, shaking his head.

“Nor of ‘*Mons*,’ either, I’ll be sworn?” continued *Pierre*.

“Quite true, I never heard of it before.”

“*Voilà!*” exclaimed *Pierre*, in contemptuous triumph. “And these are the fellows pretend to feel their country’s glory, and take pride in her conquests. Where hast thou been, lad, not to hear of places that every child syllables now-a-days?”

“I will tell you where I’ve been,” said the hussar, haughtily, and dropping at the same time the familiar “thee” and “thou” of soldier intercourse—“I’ve been at Montenotte, at *Millesimo*, at *Mondove*——”

“*Allons, donc!* with your disputes,” broke in an old grenadier; “as if France was not victorious whether the enemies were English or German. Let us hear how *Pierre* won his battle at—at——”

“At Grandrengs,” said *Pierre*. “They call it in the despatch the ‘action of the Sambre,’ because Kleber came up there—and Kleber being a great man, and *Pierre Canot* a little one, you understand, the glory attaches to the place where the bullion epaulettes are found—just as the old King of Prussia used to say, ‘*Dieu est toujours a cotè de gros bataillons*.’”

“I see we’ll never come to this same victory of Grandrengs, with all these turnings and twistings,” muttered the artillery sergeant.

“Thou art very near it now, comrade, if thou’lt listen,” said *Pierre*, as he wiped his mouth after a long draught of the wine-flask. “I’ll not weary the honourable company with any description of the battle generally, but just confine myself to that part of it, in which I was myself in action. It is well known, that though we claimed the victory of the 10th May, we did little more than keep our own, and were obliged to cross the Sambre, and be satisfied with such a position as enabled us to hold the two bridges over the river—and there we remained for four days: some said preparing for a fresh attack upon *Kaunitz*, who commanded the allies; some, and I believe they were right, alleging that our generals were squabbling all day, and all night, too, with two Commissioners that the Government had sent down to teach us how to win battles. *Ma foi!* we had had some experience in that way ourselves, without learning the art from two citizens with tri-coloured scarfs round their waists, and



yellow tops to their boots! However that might be, early on the morning of the 20th we received orders to cross the river in two strong columns, and form on the opposite side; at the same time that a division was to pass the stream by boat two miles higher up, and, concealing themselves in a pine wood, be ready to take the enemy in flank, when they believed that all the force was in the front."

"*Sacre tonnerre!* I believe that our armies of the Sambre and the Rhine never have any other notion of battles than that eternal flank movement!" cried a young sergeant of the *Voltigeurs*, who had just come up from the army of Italy. "Our general used to split the enemy by the centre, cut him piecemeal by attack in columns, and then head him down with artillery at short range—not leaving him time for a retreat in heavy masses——"

"Silence, silence, and let us hear *Petit Pierre*," shouted a dozen voices, who cared far more for an incident, than a scientific discussion about manœuvres.

"The plan I speak of was General Moreau's," continued *Pierre*; "and I fancy that your Bonaparte has something to learn ere he be *his* equal!"

This rebuke seeming to have engaged the suffrages of the company, he went on: "The boat division consisted of four battalions of infantry, two batteries of light-artillery, and a *voltigeur* company of the 'Regiment de *Marbœuf*'—to which I was then, for the time, attached as '*Tambour en chef*.' What fellows they were—the greatest devils in the whole army! They came from the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, and were as reckless and undisciplined as when they strutted the streets of Paris. When they were thrown out to skirmish, they used to play as many tricks as school-boys: sometimes they'd run up to the roof of a cabin or a hut—and they could climb like cats—and, sitting down on the chimney, begin firing away at the enemy, as coolly as if from a battery; sometimes they'd capture half-a-dozen asses, and ride forward as if to charge, and then, affecting to tumble off, the fellows would pick down any of the enemy's officers that were fools enough to come near—scampering back to the cover of the line, laughing and joking as if the whole were sport. I saw one—when his wrist was shattered by

a shot, and he couldn't fire—take a comrade on his back and caper away like a horse, just to tempt the Germans to come out of their lines. It was with these blessed youths I was now to serve, for the *Tambour* of the *Marbœuf* was drowned in crossing the Sambre a few days before.—Well—we passed the river safely, and, unperceived by the enemy, gained the pine wood, where we formed in two columns, one of attack, and the other of support—the *voltigeurs* about five hundred paces in advance of the leading files. The morning was dull and hazy, for a heavy rain had fallen during the night; and the country is flat, and so much intersected with drains, and dykes, and ditches, that, after rain, the vapour is too thick to see twenty yards on any side. Our business was to make a counter-march to the right, and, guided by the noise of the cannonade, to come down upon the enemy's flank in the thickest of the engagement. As we advanced, we found ourselves in a kind of marshy plain, planted with willows, and so thick, that it was often difficult for three men to march abreast. This extended for a considerable distance; and, on escaping from it, we saw that we were not above a mile from the enemy's left, which rested on a little village."

"I know it well," broke in the cannonier; "it's called *Huyningen*."

"Just so. There was a formidable battery in position there; and part of the place was stockaded, as if they expected an attack. Still, there were no *videttes*, nor any look-out party, so far as we could see; and our commanding officer didn't well know what to make of it, whether it was a point of concealed strength, or a position they were about to withdraw from. At all events, it required caution; and, although the battle had already begun on the right—as a loud cannonade, and a heavy smoke told us—he halted the brigade in the wood, and held a council of his officers to see what was to be done. The resolution come to was, that the *voltigeurs* should advance alone to explore the way, the rest of the force remaining in ambush. We were to go out in sections of companies, and spreading over a wide surface, see what we could of the place.

"Scarcely was the order given, when away we went—and it was now a race

who should be earliest up and exchange first shot with the enemy. Some dashed forward over the open field in front; others skulked along by dykes and ditches; some, again, dodged here and there, as cover offered its shelter: but about a dozen, of whom I was one, kept the track of a little cart-road, which, half-concealed by high banks and furze, ran in a zig-zag line towards the village. I was always smart of foot; and now, having newly joined the “*voltigeurs*,” was naturally eager to show myself not unworthy of my new associates. I went on at my best pace; and being lightly equipped—neither musket nor ball-cartridge to carry—I soon outstripped them all; and, after about twenty minutes’ brisk running, saw in front of me a long, low farm-house, the walls all pierced for musketry, and two small eight-pounders in battery at the gate. I looked back for my companions, but they were not up—not a man of them to be seen. “No matter,” thought I, “they’ll be here soon; meanwhile I’ll make for that little copse of brush-wood;” for a small clump of low furze and broom was standing at a little distance in front of the farm. All this time, I ought to say, not a man of the enemy was to be seen, although I, from where I stood, could see the crenelated walls, and the guns, as they were pointed—at a distance all would seem like an ordinary peasant house.

“As I crossed the open space to gain the copse, piff! came a bullet, whizzing past me; and just as I reached the cover, piff! came another. I ducked my head and made for the thicket; but just as I did so, my foot caught in a branch. I stumbled and pitched forward; and trying to save myself, I grasped a bow above me. It smashed suddenly, and down I went. Ay! down sure enough—for I went right through the furze, and into a well—one of those old, walled wells, they have in these countries, with a huge bucket that fills up the whole space, and is worked by a chain. Luckily the bucket was linked up near the top, and caught me, or I should have gone where there would have been no more heard of *Pierre Canot*; as it was, I was sorely bruised by the fall, and didn’t recover myself for full ten minutes after. Then I discovered that I was sitting in a large wooden

trough, hooped with iron, and supported by two heavy chains that passed over a windlass, about ten feet above my head.

“I was safe enough for the matter of that; at least none were likely to discover me, as I could easily see by the rust of the chain and the grass-grown edges, that the well had been long disused. Now the position was far from being pleasant. There stood the farmhouse, full of soldiers, the muskets ranging over every approach to where I lay. Of my comrades, there was nothing to be seen, they had either missed the way or retreated; and so time crept on, and I pondered on what might be going forward elsewhere, and whether it would ever be my own fortune to see my comrades again.

“It might be an hour—it seemed three or four to me—after this, as I looked over the plain, I saw the caps of our infantry just issuing over the brushwood, and a glancing lustre of their bayonets, as the sun tipped them. They were advancing, but as it seemed, slowly—halting at times, and then moving forward again—just like a force waiting for others to come up. At last they debouched into the plain; but, to my surprise, they wheeled about to the right, leaving the farm-house on their flank, as if to march beyond it. This was to lose their way totally; nothing would be easier than to carry the position of the farm, for the Germans were evidently few, had no videttes, and thought themselves in perfect security. I crept out from my ambush, and holding my cap on a stick tried to attract notice from our fellows, but none saw me. I ventured at last to shout aloud, but with no better success; so that, driven to the end of my resources, I set to and beat a ‘roulade’ on the drum, thundering away with all my might, and not caring what might come of it—for I was half mad with vexation as well as despair. They heard me now; I saw a staff officer gallop up to the head of the leading division and halt them; a volley came peppering from behind me, but without doing me any injury, for I was safe once more in my bucket. Then came another pause, and again I repeated my manœuvre, and to my delight perceived that our fellows were advancing at quick march. I beat harder, and the drums of the grenadiers answered me. All right now, thought

I, as springing forward, I called out—  
 ‘This way, boys, the wall of the orchard has scarcely a man to defend it;’ and I rattled out the ‘*pas-de-charge*,’ with all my force. One crashing fire of guns and small arms answered me from the farm-house; and then away went the Germans as hard as they could!—such running never was seen! One of the guns they carried off with them, the tackle of the other broke, and the drivers, jumping off their saddles, took to their legs at once. Our lads were over the walls, through the windows, between the stockades, everywhere in fact, in a minute, and once inside, they carried all before them. The village was taken at the point of the bayonet, and in less than an hour the whole force of the brigade was advancing in full march on the enemy’s flank. There was little resistance made after that, and Kaunitz only saved his artillery by leaving his rear guard to be cut to pieces.”

The cannonier nodded, as if in full assent, and Pierre looked around him with the air of a man who has vindicated his claim to greatness.

“Of course,” said he, “the despatch said little about Pierre Canot, but a great deal about Moreau, and Kleber, and the rest of them.”

While some were well satisfied that Pierre had well-established his merits, as the conqueror of “Grandrengs,” others quizzed him about the heroism of lying hid in a well, and owing all his glory to a skin of parchment.

“An’ thou went with the army of Italy, Pierre,” said the hussar, “thou’d have seen men march boldly to victory, and not skulk under ground like a mole.”

“I am tired of your song about this army of Italy,” broke in the cannonier; “we who have served in La Vendee and the North know what fighting means, as well, mayhap, as men whose boldest feats are scaling rocks and clambering up precipices. Your Bonaparte is more like one of these Guerilla chiefs they have in the ‘Basque,’ than the general of a French army.”

“The man who insults the army of Italy, or its chief, insults *me*!” said the corporal, springing up, and casting a sort of haughty defiance around him.

“And then?”—asked the other.

“And then—if he be a French soldier, he knows what should follow.”

“Parblen!” said the cannonier, coolly, “there would be little glory in cutting you down, and even less in being wounded by you; but if you will have it so, it’s not an old soldier of the artillery will baulk your humour.”

As he spoke, he slowly arose from the ground, and tightening his waist-belt, seemed prepared to follow the other. The rest sprung to their feet at the same time, but not, as I anticipated, to offer a friendly mediation between the angry parties, but in full approval of their readiness to decide by the sword a matter too trivial to be called a quarrel.

In the midst of the whispering conferences as to place and weapons—for the short, straight sword of the artillery was very unlike the curved sabre of the hussar—the quick tramp of horses was heard, and suddenly the head of a squadron was seen, as, with glancing helmets and glittering equipments, they turned off the high-road and entered the wood.

“Here they come!—here come the troops!” was now heard on every side; and all question of the duel was forgotten in the greater interest inspired by the arrival of the others. The sight was strikingly picturesque; for, as they rode up, the order to dismount was given, and in an instant the whole squadron was at work picqueting and unsaddling their horses; forage was shaken out before the weary and hungry beasts; kits were unpacked, cooking utensils produced, and every one busy in preparing for the bivouac. An infantry column followed close upon the others, which was again succeeded by two batteries of field-artillery, and some squadrons of heavy dragoons; and now the whole wood, far and near, was crammed with soldiers, wagons, caissons, and camp equipage. To me the interest of the scene was never-ending—life, bustle, and gaiety on every side. The reckless pleasantries of the camp, too, seemed elevated by the warlike accompaniments of the picture—the caparisoned horses—the brass guns blackened on many a battlefield—the weather-seamed faces of the hardy soldiers themselves—all conspiring to excite a high enthusiasm for the career.

Most of the equipments were new and strange to my eyes. I had never before seen the grenadiers of the Republican Guard, with their enormous

shakos, and their long-flapped vests, descending to the middle of the thigh; neither had I seen the “Hussars de la mort,” in their richly-braided uniform of black, and their long hair curled in ringlets at either side of the face. The cuirassiers, too, with their low cocked hats, and straight black feathers, as well as the “Portes Drapeaux,” whose brilliant uniforms, all slashed with gold, seemed scarcely in keeping with yellow-topped boots: all were now seen by me for the first time. But of all the figures, which amused me most by its singularity, was that of a woman, who, in a short frock-coat and a low-crowned hat, carried a little barrel at her side, and led an ass loaded with two similar, but rather larger casks. Her air and gait were perfectly soldier-like; and as she passed the different posts and sentries, she saluted them in true military fashion. I was not long to remain in ignorance of her vocation nor her name; for scarcely did she pass a group without stopping to dispense a wonderful cordial that she carried; and then I heard the familiar title of “*La Mère Madou*,” uttered in every form of panegyric.

She was a short, stoutly-built figure, somewhat past the middle of life, but without any impairment of activity in her movements. A pleasing countenance, with good teeth and black eyes, a merry voice, and a ready tongue, were qualities more than sufficient to make her a favourite with the soldiers, whom I found she had followed to more than one battle field.

“*Peste!*” cried an old grenadier, as he spat out the liquor on the ground. “This is one of those sweet things they make in Holland; it smacks of treacle and bad lemons.”

“Ah, *Grognard!*” said she, laughing, “thou art more used to corn-brandy, with a clove of garlic in’t, than to good *curaçoa*.”

“What, *curaçoa!* *Mère Madou*, hast got *curoçoa* there?” cried a grey-whiskered captain, as he turned on his saddle at the word.

“Yes, *Mon. Capitaine*, and such as no *bourgomaster* ever drank better;” and she filled out a little glass, and presented it gracefully to him.

“*Encore, ma bonne Mère*,” said he, as he wiped his thick moustache; “that liquor is another reason for extending the blessings of liberty to the brave Dutch.”

“Didn’t I tell you so?” said she, refilling the glass; “but, holloa, there goes *Gregoire* at full speed. Ah, scoundrels that ye are, I see what ye’ve done.” And so was it; some of the wild young *voltigeur* fellows had fastened a lighted furze-bush to the beast’s tail, and had set him at a gallop through the very middle of the encampment, upsetting tents, scattering cooking-pans, and tumbling the groups, as they sat, in every direction.

The confusion was tremendous, for the picqueted horses jumped about, and some breaking loose, galloped here and there, while others set off with half-unpacked wagons, scattering their loading as they went.

It was only when the blazing furze had dropped off that the cause of the whole mischance would suffer himself to be captured, and led quietly back to his mistress. Half-crying with joy, and still wild with anger, she kissed the beast, and abused her tormentors by turns.

“*Cannoniers* that ye are,” she cried, “*ma foi!* you’ll have little taste for fire when the day comes that ye should face it! *Pauvre Gregoire*, they’ve left thee a tail like a *tirailleur*’s feather! Plagues light on the thieves that did it! Come here, boy,” said she, addressing me, “hold the bridle; what’s thy corps, lad?”

“I have none now; I only followed the soldiers from Paris.”

“Away with thee, street runner; away with thee, then,” said she, contemptuously; “there are no pockets to pick here; and if there were, thou’d lose thy ears for the doing it. Be off, then; back with thee to Paris and all its villanies. There are twenty thousand of thy trade there, but there’s work for ye all!”

“Nay, *Mère*, don’t be harsh with the boy,” said a soldier; “you can see by his coat that his heart is with us.”

“And he stole that, I’ll be sworn,” said she, pulling me round by the arm, full in front of her. “Answer me, ‘*Gamin*,’ where did’st find that old tawdry jacket?”

“I got it in a place where, if they had hold of thee and thy bad tongue, it would fare worse with thee than thou thinkest,” said I, maddened by the imputed theft and insolence together.

“And where may that be, young slip of the galleys?” cried she, angrily.

“In the ‘*Prison du Temple*.’”



"Is that their livery, then?" said she, laughing, and pointing at me with ridicule, "or is it a family dress made after thy father's?"

"My father wore a soldier's coat, and bravely, too," said I, with difficulty restraining the tears that rose to my eyes.

"In what regiment, boy?" asked the soldier who spoke before.

"In one that exists no longer," said I, sadly, and not wishing to allude to a service that would find but slight favour in republican ears.

"That must be the 24th of the Line; they were cut to pieces at 'Tongres.'"

"No—no, he's thinking of the 9th, that got so roughly handled at Fontenoy," said another.

"Of neither," said I; "I am speaking of those who have left nothing but a name behind them, the 'Garde du Corps' of the king."

"Voilà!" cried Madou, clapping her hands in astonishment at my impertinence; "there's an aristocrat for you! Look at him, mes braves! it's not every day we have the grand seigneurs condescending to come amongst us! You can learn something of courtly manners from the polished descendant of our nobility. Say, boy, art a count, or a baron, or perhaps a duke."

"Make way there—out of the road, Mère Madou," cried a dragoon, curveting his horse in such a fashion as almost to upset ass and "cantinière" together, "the staff is coming."

The mere mention of the word sent numbers off in full speed to their quarters; and now, all was haste and bustle to prepare for the coming inspection. The Mère's endeavours to drag her beast along were not very successful; for, with the peculiar instinct of his species, the more necessity there was of speed, the lazier he became; and as every one had his own concerns to look after, she was left to her own unaided efforts to drive him forward.

"Thou'lt have a day in prison if thou'rt found here, Mère Madou," said a dragoon, as he struck the ass with the flat of his sabre.

"I know it well," cried she, passionately; "but I have none to help me. Come here, lad; be good-natured, and forget what passed. Take his bridle while I whip him on."

I was at first disposed to refuse, but her pitiful face and sad plight made me think better of it; and I seized the

bridle at once; but just as I had done so, the escort galloped forward, and the dragoons coming on the flank of the miserable beast, over he went, barrels and all, crushing me beneath him as he fell.

"Is the boy hurt?" were the last words I heard, for I fainted; but a few minutes after I found myself seated on the grass, while a soldier was staunching the blood that ran freely from a cut in my forehead.

"It is a trifle, General—a mere scratch," said a young officer to an old man on horseback beside him, "and the leg is not broken."

"Glad of it," said the old officer; "casualties are insufferable, except before an enemy. Send the lad to his regiment."

"He's only a camp-follower, General. He does not belong to us."

"There, my lad, take this, then, and make thy way back to Paris," said the old general, as he threw me a small piece of money.

I looked up, and there, straight before me, saw the same officer who had given me the assignat the night before.

"General La Coste!" cried I, in delight, for I thought him already a friend.

"How is this—have I an acquaintance here?" said he, smiling; "on my life! it's the young rogue I met this morning. Eh! art not thou the artillery-driver I spoke to at the barrack?"

"Yes, General, the same."

"Diantre! It seems fated, then, that we are not to part company so easily; for hadst thou remained in Paris, lad, we had most probably never met again."

"Ainsi je suis bien tombé," General, said I, punning upon my accident.

He laughed heartily, less I suppose at the jest, which was a poor one, than at the cool impudence with which I uttered it; and then turning to one of the staff, said—

"I spoke to Berthollet about this boy already—see that they take him in the 9th. I say, my lad, what's thy name?"

"Tiernay, sir."

"Ay, to be sure, Tiernay. Well, Tiernay, thou shalt be a hussar, my man. See that I get no disgrace by the appointment."

I kissed his hand fervently, and the staff rode forward, leaving me the happiest heart that beat in all that crowded host.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE.

IF the guide, who is to lead us on a long and devious track, stops at every by-way, following out each path that seems to invite a ramble or suggest a halt, we naturally might feel distrustful of his safe conduct, and uneasy at the prospect of the road before us. In the same way may the reader be disposed to fear that he who descends to slight and trivial circumstances, will scarcely have time for events which ought to occupy a wider space in his reminiscences; and for this reason I am bound to apologise for the seeming transgression of my last chapter. Most true it is, that were I to relate the entire of my life with a similar diffuseness, my memoir would extend to a length far beyond what I intend it to occupy. Such, however, is very remote from my thoughts. I have dwelt with, perhaps, something of prolixity upon the soldier-life and characteristics of a past day, because I shall yet have to speak of changes, without which the contrast would be inappreciable; but I have also laid stress upon an incident trivial in itself, because it formed an event in my own fortunes. It was thus, in fact, that I became a soldier.

Now, the man who carries a musket in the ranks, may very reasonably be deemed but a small ingredient of the mass that forms an army; and in our day his thoughts, hopes, fears, and ambitions are probably as unknown and uncared for, as the precise spot of earth that yielded the ore from which his own weapon was smelted. This is not only reasonable, but it is right. In the time of which I am now speaking it was far otherwise. The Republic, in extinguishing a class had elevated the individual; and now each, in whatever station he occupied, felt himself qualified to entertain opinions and express sentiments, which, because they were his own, he presumed them to be national. The idlers of the streets discussed the deepest questions of politics; the soldiers talked of war with all the presumption of consummate generalship. The great operations of a campaign, and the various qualities of different commanders, were the daily subjects of dispute in the camp. Upon

one topic only were all agreed; and there, indeed, our unanimity repaid all previous discordance. We deemed France the only civilised nation of the globe, and reckoned that people thrice happy who, by any contingency of fortune, engaged our sympathy, or procured the distinction of our presence in arms. We were the heaven-born disseminators of freedom throughout Europe; the sworn enemies of kingly domination; and the missionaries of a political creed, which was not alone to ennoble mankind, but to render its condition eminently happy and prosperous.

There could not be an easier lesson to learn than this, and particularly when dinned into your ears all day, and from every rank and grade around you. It was the programme of every message from the Directory; it was the opening of every general order from the General; it was the table-talk at your mess. The burthen of every song, the title of every military march performed by the regimental band, recalled it, even the riding-master, as he followed the recruit around the weary circle, whip in hand, mingled the orders he uttered with apposite axioms upon Republican grandeur. How I think I hear it still, as the grim old quartermaster-serjeant, with his Alsatian accent and deep-toned voice, would call out—

“Elbows back!—wrist lower and free from the side—free, I say, as every citizen of a great Republic!—head erect, as a Frenchman has a right to carry it!—chest full out, like one who can breathe the air of Heaven, and ask no leave from king or despot!—down with your heel, sir; think that you crush a tyrant beneath it!”

Such and such like were the running commentaries on equitation, till often I forgot whether the lesson had more concern with a seat on horseback or the great cause of monarchy throughout Europe. I suppose, to use a popular phrase of our own day, “the system worked well;” certainly the spirit of the army was unquestionable. From the grim old veteran, with snow-white moustache, to the beardless boy, there was but one

hope and wish—the glory of France. How they understood that glory, or in what it essentially consisted, is another and very different question.

Enrolled as a soldier in the ninth regiment of Hussars, I accompanied that corps to Nancy, where, at that time, a large cavalry school was formed, and where the recruits from the different regiments were trained and managed before being sent forward to their destination.

A taste for equitation, and a certain aptitude for catching up the peculiar character of the different horses, at once distinguished me in the riding school, and I was at last adopted by the riding-master of the regiment as a kind of *aide* to him in his walk. When I thus became a bold and skilful horseman, my proficiency interfered with my promotion, for instead of accompanying my regiment I was detained at Nancy, and attached to the permanent staff of the cavalry school there.

At first I asked for nothing better. It was a life of continued pleasure and excitement, and while I daily acquired knowledge of a subject which interested me deeply, I grew tall and strong of limb, and with that readiness in danger, and that cool collectedness in moments of difficulty, that are so admirably taught by the accidents and mischances of a cavalry riding-school.

The most vicious and unmanageable beasts from the Limousin were often sent to us; and when any one of these was deemed peculiarly untractable, "Give him to Tiernay," was the last appeal, before abandoning him as hopeless. I'm certain I owe much of the formation of my character to my life at this period, and that my love of adventure, my taste for excitement, my obstinate resolution to conquer a difficulty, my inflexible perseverance when thwarted, and my eager anxiety for praise, were all picked up amid the sawdust and tan of the riding-school. How long I might have continued satisfied with such triumphs, and content to be the wonder of the freshly-joined conscripts, I know not, when accident, or something very like it, decided the question.

It was a calm, delicious evening in April, in the year after I had entered the school, that I was strolling alone on the old fortified wall, which, once a strong redoubt, was the favourite walk of the good citizens of Nancy.

I was somewhat tired with the fatigues of the day, and sat down to rest under one of the acacia trees, whose delicious blossom was already scenting the air. The night was still and noiseless; not a man moved along the wall; the hum of the city was gradually subsiding, and the lights in the cottages over the plain told that the labourer was turning homeward from his toil. It was an hour to invite calm thoughts, and so I fell a dreaming over the tranquil pleasures of a peasant's life, and the unruffled peace of an existence passed amid scenes that were endeared by years of intimacy. "How happily," thought I, "time must steal on in these quiet spots, where the strife and struggle of war are unknown, and even the sounds of conflict never reach." Suddenly my musings were broken in upon by hearing the measured tramp of cavalry, as at a walk, a long column wound their way along the zig-zag approaches, which by many a redoubt and fosse, over many a draw-bridge, and beneath many a strong arch, led to the gates of Nancy. The loud, sharp call of a trumpet was soon heard, and, after a brief parley, the massive gates of the fortress were opened for the troops to enter. From the position I occupied exactly over the gate, I could not only see the long, dark line of armed men as they passed, but also hear the colloquy which took place as they entered.

"What regiment?"

"Detachments of the 12th Dragoons and the 22nd Chasseurs-à-Cheval."

"Where from?"

"Valence."

"Where to?"

"The army of the Rhine."

"Pass on!"

And with the words the ringing sound of the iron-shod horses was heard beneath the vaulted entrance. As they issued from beneath the long deep arch, the men were formed in line along two sides of a wide "Place" inside the walls, where, with that despatch that habit teaches, the billets were speedily distributed, and the parties "told off" in squads for different parts of the city. The force seemed a considerable one, and with all the celerity they could employ, the billeting occupied a long time. As I watched the groups moving off, I heard the direction given to one party, "Cavalry School—Rue de Lorraine."

The young officer who commanded the group took a direction exactly the reverse of the right one; and hastening down from the rampart, I at once overtook them, and explained the mistake. I offered them my guidance to the place, which being willingly accepted, I walked along at their side.

Chatting as we went, I heard that the dragoons were hastily withdrawn from the La Vendée to form part of the force under General Hoche. The young sous-lieutenant, a mere boy of my own age, had already served in two campaigns in Holland and the south of France; had been wounded in the Loire, and received his grade of officer at the hands of Hoche himself on the field of battle.

He could speak of no other name—Hoche was the hero of all his thoughts—his gallantry, his daring, his military knowledge, his coolness in danger, his impetuosity in attack, his personal amiability, the mild gentleness of his manner, were themes the young soldier loved to dwell on; and however pressed by me to talk of war and its chances, he inevitably came back to the one loved theme—his general."

When the men were safely housed for the night, I invited my new friend to my own quarters, where, having provided the best entertainment I could afford, we passed more than half the night in chatting. There was nothing above mediocrity in the look or manner of the youth; his descriptions of what he had seen were unmarked by anything glowing or picturesque; his observations did not evince either a quick or a reflective mind, and yet, over this mass of commonplace, enthusiasm for his leader had shed a rich glow, like a gorgeous sunlight on a landscape, that made all beneath it seem brilliant and splendid.

"And now," said he, after an account of the last action he had seen, "and now, enough of myself; let's talk of thee. Where hast thou been?"

"Here!" said I, with a sigh, and in a voice that shame had almost made inaudible; "Here, here, at Nancy."

"Not always here?"

"Just so. Always here."

"And what doing, mon cher. Thou art not one of the Municipal Guard, surely?"

"No," said I, smiling sadly; "I belong to the 'Ecole d'Equitation.'"

"Ah, that's it," said he, in some-

what of confusion; "I always thought they selected old serjeants en retraite, worn out veterans, and wounded fellows, for riding-school duty."

"Most of ours are such," said I, my shame increasing at every word—"but somehow they chose me also, and I had no will in the matter——"

"No will in the matter, parbleu! and why not? Every man in France has a right to meet the enemy in the field. Thou art a soldier, a hussar of the 9th, a brave and gallant corps, and art to be told, that thy comrades have the road to fame and honour open to them; whilst thou art to mope away life like an invalided drummer? It is too gross an indignity, my boy, and must not be borne. Away with you to-morrow at day-break to the 'Etat Major,' ask to see the Commandant. You're in luck, too, for our colonel is with him now, and he is sure to back your request. Say that you served in the school to oblige your superiors; but that you cannot see all chances of distinction lost to you for ever, by remaining there. They've given you no grade yet, I see," continued he, looking at my arm.

"None; I am still a private."

"And I a sous-lieutenant, just because I have been where powder was flashing! You can ride well, of course?"

"I defy the wildest Limousin to shake me in my saddle."

"And, as a swordman, what are you?"

"Gros Jean calls me his best pupil."

"Ah, true! you have Gros Jean here; the best 'sabreur' in France! And here you are—a horseman, and one of Gros Jean's 'élèves'—rotting away life in Nancy! Have you any friends in the service?"

"Not one."

"Not one! Nor relations, nor connexions?"

"None. I am Irish by descent. My family are only French by one generation."

"Irish? Ah! that's lucky too," said he. "Our colonel is an Irishman. His name is Mahon. You're certain of getting your leave now. I'll present you to him to-morrow. We are to halt two days here, and before that is over, I hope you'll have made your last caracole in the riding-school of Nancy."

"But remember," cried I, "that although Irish by family, I have never



been there. I know nothing of either the people or the language; and do not present me to the general as his countryman."

"I'll call you by your name, as a soldier of the 9th Hussars; and leave you to make out your claim as countrymen, if you please, together.

This course was now agreed upon, and after some further talking, my friend, refusing all my offers of a bed, coolly wrapped his cloak about him, and, with his head on the table, fell fast asleep, long before I had ceased thinking over his stories and his adventures in camp and battle-field.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### "TRONCHON."

My duties in the riding-school were always over before mid-day, and as noon was the hour appointed by the young lieutenant to present me to his colonel, I was ready by that time, and anxiously awaiting his arrival. I had done my best to smarten up my uniform, and make all my accoutrements bright and glistening. My scabbard was polished like silver, the steel front of my shako shone like a mirror, and the tinsel lace of my jacket had undergone a process of scrubbing and cleaning that threatened its very existence. My smooth chin and beardless upper lip, however, gave me a degree of distress, that all other deficiencies failed to inflict: I can dare to say, that no mediæval gentleman's bald spot ever cost *him* one-half the misery, as did my lack of moustache occasion *me*: "A hussar without beard, as well without spurs or sabretasche;" a tambour major without his staff, a cavalry charger without a tail, couldn't be more ridiculous: and there was that old serjeant of the riding-school, "Tronchon," with a beard that might have made a mattress! How the goods of this world are unequally distributed! thought I; still why might he not spare me a little—a very little would suffice—just enough to give the "air hussar" to my countenance. He's an excellent creature; the kindest old fellow in the world. I'm certain he'd not refuse me; to be sure the beard is a red one, and pretty much like bell-wire in consistence; no matter, better that than this girlish smooth chin I now wear.

Tronchon was spelling out the *Moniteur's* account of the Italian campaign as I entered his room, and found it excessively difficult to get back from the Alps and Appenines to the humble request I preferred.

"Poor fellows," muttered he, "four battles in seven days, without stores of any kind, or rations—almost with-

out bread; and here comest thou, whining because thou hasn't a beard."

"If I were not a hussar"—

"Bah!" said he, interrupting, "what of that? Where should'st thou have had thy baptism of blood, boy? Art a child, nothing more."

"I shared my quarters last night with one, not older, Tronchon, and *he* was an officer, and had seen many a battle-field."

"I know that, too," said the veteran, with an expression of impatience—"that General Bonaparte will give every boy his epaulettes, before an old and tried soldier."

"It was not Bonaparte. It was"—

"I care not who promoted the lad; the system is just the same with them all. It is no longer, 'Where have you served?—what have you seen?' but, 'Can you read glibly?—can you write faster than speak?—have you learned to take towns upon paper, and attack a breast-work with a rule and a pair of compasses!' This is what they called 'lagénie' 'lagénie!'—ha! ha! ha!" cried he, laughing heartily; "that's the name old women used to give the devil when I was a boy."

It was with the greatest difficulty I could get him back from these disagreeable reminiscences to the object of my visit, and, even then, I could hardly persuade him that I was serious in asking the loan of a beard. The prayer of my petition being once understood, he discussed the project gravely enough; but to my surprise he was far more struck by the absurd figure he should cut with his diminished mane, than I with my mock moustache.

"There's not a child in Nancy won't laugh at me—they'll cry, 'There goes old Tronchon—he's like Kleber's charger, which the German cut the tail off to make a shako plume!'"

I assured him that he might as well pretend to miss one tree in the forest

of “Fontainebleu”—that after furnishing a squadron like myself, his would be still the first beard in the Republic; and at last he yielded, and gave in.

Never did a little damsel of the nursery array her doll with more delighted looks, and gaze upon her handywork with more self-satisfaction, than did old Tronchon survey me, as, with the aid of a little gum, he decorated my lip with a stiff line of his iron red beard.

“Diantre!” cried he, in ecstasy, “if thou ben’t something like a man after all. Who would have thought it would have made such a change? Thou might pass for one that saw real smoke and real fire, any day, lad. Ay! thou hast another look in thine eye, and another way to carry thy head, now! Trust me, thou’lt look a different fellow on the left of the squadron.”

I began to think so too, as I looked at myself in the small triangle of a looking-glass, which decorated Tronchon’s wall, under a picture of Kellerman, his first captain. I fancied that the improvement was most decided. I thought that, bating a little over ferocity, a something verging upon the cruel, I was about as perfect a type of the hussar as need be. My jacket seemed to fit tighter—my pelisse hung more jauntily—my shako sat more saucily on one side of my head—my sabre banged more proudly against my boot—my very spurs jangled with a pleasanter music—and all because a little hair bristled over my lip, and curled in two spiral flourishes across my cheek! I longed to see the effect of my changed appearance, as I walked down the “Place Carrière,” or sauntered into the café where my comrades used to assemble. What will Mademoiselle Josephine say, thought I, as I ask for my “petit verre,” caressing my moustache thus! Not a doubt of it, what a fan is to a woman, a beard is to a soldier!—a something to fill up the pauses in conversation, by blandly smoothing with the finger, or fiercely curling at the point!

“And so thou art going to ask for thy grade, Maurice?” broke in Tronchon, after a long silence.

“Not at all. I am about to petition for employment upon active service. I don’t seek promotion till I have deserved it.”

“Better still, lad. I was eight

years myself in the ranks before they gave me the stripe on my arm. Parbleu! the Germans had given me some three or four with the sabre before that time.”

“Do you think they’ll refuse me, Tronchon?”

“Not if thou go the right way about it, lad. Thou mustn’t fancy it’s like asking leave from the captain to spend the evening in a Guinguette, or to go to the play with thy sweetheart. No, no, boy. It must be done ‘en regle.’ Thou’lt have to wait on the general at his quarters at four o’clock, when he ‘receives,’ as they call it. Thou’lt be there, mayhap, an hour, ay, two or three belike, and after all, perhaps, won’t see him that day at all! I was a week trying to catch Kellerman, and, at last, he only spoke to me going down stairs with his staff.

“‘Eh, Tronchon, another bullet in thy old carcass; want a furlough to get strong again, eh?’

“‘No, colonel; all sound this time. I want to be a serjeant—I’m twelve years and four months corporal.’

“‘Slow work, too,’ said he, laughing, ‘ain’t it, Charles?’ and he pinched one of his young officers by the cheek. ‘Let old Tronchon have his grade; and I say, my good fellow,’ said he to me, ‘don’t come plaguing me any more about promotion, till I’m General of Division. You hear that?’

“Well, he’s got his step since; but I never teased him after.”

“And why so, Tronchon?” said I.

“I’ll tell thee, lad,” whispered he, in a low, confidential tone, as if imparting a secret well worth the hearing. “They can find fellows every day fit for lieutenants and chefs d’escadron. Parbleu! they meet with them in every café, in every ‘billiard’ you enter; but a Serjeant! Maurice, one that drills his men on parade—can dress them like a wall—see that every kit is well packed, and every cartouch well filled—who knows every soul in his company as he knows the buckles of his own sword-belt—that’s what one should not chance upon, in haste. It’s easy enough to manœuvre the men, Maurice; but to make them, boy, to fashion the fellows so that they be like the pieces of a great machine, that’s the real labour—that’s soldiering, indeed.”

“And you say I must write a petition, Tronchon?” said I, more anxious to bring him back to my own

affairs, than listen to these speculations of Lis. How shall I do it?"

"Sit down there, lad, and I'll tell thee. I've done the thing some scores of times, and know the words as well as I once knew my 'Pater.' Parbleu, I often wish I could remember that now, just to keep me from gloomy thoughts when I sit alone of an evening."

It was not a little to his astonishment, but still more to his delight, that I told the poor fellow I could help to refresh his memory, knowing, as I did, every word of the litanies by heart; and, accordingly, it was agreed on that I should impart religious instruction, in exchange for the secular knowledge he was conferring upon me.

"As for the petition," said Tronchon, seating himself opposite to me at the table, "it is soon done; for mark me, lad, these things must always be short; if thou be long-winded, they put thee away, and tell some of the clerks to look after thee—and there's an end of it. "Be brief, therefore, and next — be legible — write in a good, large round hand; just as, if thou wert speaking, thou wouldst talk with a fine, clear, distinct voice. Well then, begin thus:— 'Republic of France, one and invincible!' Make a flourish round that, lad, as if it came freely from the pen, When a man writes—'FRANCE!' he should do it as he whirls his sabre round his head in a charge! Ay, just so."

"I'm ready, Tronchon, go on."

"'Mon General!' Nay, nay — General mustn't be as large as France — yes, that's better. 'The undersigned, whose certificates of service and conduct are herewith enclosed.' Stay, stop a moment, Tronchon; don't forget that I have got neither one or t'other. No matter; Ill make thee out both. Where was I?—Ay, 'herewith enclosed; and whose wounds, as the accompanying report will show—'"

"Wounds! I never received one."

"No matter, I'll—eh—what? Feu d'enfer! how stupid I am! What have I been thinking of? Why, boy, it was a sick-furlough I was about to ask for; the only kind of petition I have ever had to write in a life long."

"And I am asking for active service."

"Ha! That came without asking for in my case."

"Then what's to be done, Tronchon? —clearly this wont do!"

He nodded sententiously an assent, and, after a moment's rumination, said—

"It strikes me, lad, there can be no need of begging for that which usually comes unlooked for; but if thou don't choose to wait for thy billet for t'other world, but must go and seek it, the best way will be to up and tell the general as much."

"That was exactly my intention."

"If he asks thee 'Cans't ride?' just say, 'Old Tronchon taught me;' he'll be one of the young hands, indeed, if he don't know that name! And mind, lad, have no whims or caprices about whatever service he names thee for, even were't the infantry itself! It's a hard word, that! I know it well! but a man must make up his mind for anything and everything. Wear any coat, go anywhere, face any enemy thou'rt ordered, and have none of those new-fangled notions about this general, or that army. Be a good soldier, and a good comrade. Share thy kit and thy purse to the last sous, for it will not only be generous in thee, but that so long as thou hoardedst not, thou'lt never be over eager for pillage. Mind these things, and with a stout heart and a sharp sabre, Maurice, 'tu ira loin.' Yes, I tell thee again, lad, 'tu ira loin.'"

I give these three words as he said them, for they have rung in my ears throughout all my life long. In moments of gratified ambition, in the glorious triumph of success, they have sounded to me like the confirmed predictions of one who foresaw my elevation, in less prosperous hours. When fortune has looked dark and luring, they have been my comforter and support, telling me not to be downcast or depressed, that the season of sadness would soon pass away, and the road to fame and honour again open before me.

"You really think so, Tronchon? You think that I shall be something yet?"

"'Tu ira loin,' I say," repeated he emphatically, and with the air of an oracle who would not suffer further interrogation. I therefore shook his hand cordially, and set out to pay my visit to the general.

## MODERN STATE TRIALS.\*

THIS is one of those books which it puzzles a reviewer to deal with. It contains a number of trials connected with state offences, or which, on one account or other, occupied a large share of public attention at the time of their occurrence. It is not very easy to give a definition of the word state trials; at least the editors of the collections published under that name have included in their books numerous cases unconnected with political offences; we might find among them judicial investigations of private murders, of violence to females, of witchcraft, of perjury, brought together on no very intelligible principle. There seems no reason why the Recorder of Macclesfield should not follow the example set him by Eynlyn and Hargrave; and he has accordingly not hesitated to introduce in the same volume, which contains the trials of Frost and O'Brien for high treason, and of O'Connell for conspiracy, reports of proceedings against Lord Cardigan for a duel, and Lord Stirling for forgery. We quarrel not with the title of the book, as it might not be easy to suggest one with any nearer approach to accuracy. Indeed, there seems little object in affecting any precision in such a matter; and Mr. Townsend ought, perhaps, to have been satisfied to give his book some such title as "*Criminal Trials*." The trials, of which reports are given in these volumes, are those of Frost, Oxford, and O'Brien, for high treason; of O'Connell for conspiracy; of Hunter and others for murder and conspiracy; of Stuart, Courvoisier, and M'Naughten for murder; of Lord Cardigan for shooting in a duel; of Alexander Alexander, titular Earl of Stirling, for forgery; of Lord Cochran for conspiracy; of Wakefield for conspiracy and abduction; of Williams for a libel on the Durham clergy; of Pinney, mayor of Bristol, for neglect of duty; and of Moxon for blasphemy; fifteen trials in all, every

one of which has some such peculiar feature of interest as well deserves preservation. "In making a selection," Mr. Townsend says, he "has endeavoured to preserve a faithful, but abridged report of such legal proceedings as would be most likely to command the attention of all members of the community, and to be read by them with pleasure and profit." The difficulty, however, of such a work is not the selection of the particular trials, but, as some process of abridgment is necessary, to determine on what principle that abridgment is to be made. The topics of most interest to a professional student are not those which engage public attention most. And again, those which engage public attention most at the time of the occurrence, are often those which have little bearing on the real question of the guilt or innocence of the party. Frost's trial, for instance, was of more value in a professional man's estimate, for the questions connected with the Crown's right of challenge, and the grounds on which it was argued, and the decision of the judges upon the time at which it was necessary to furnish the prisoner with a list of the witnesses, than for any of the after incidents of the trial. Yet these after incidents are presented in full detail, especially when any personal repartee occurs between counsel. The play of words, uttered and forgotten, and deserving of nothing but instant oblivion, is thus sought to be given permanence and importance, while all that requires more severe attention of mind is passed over, as not of a sufficiently popular character. We fear that Mr. Townsend has attempted things incompatible—a book useful, really useful to the student, and a book pleasant to glance over, the ornament for a few days or weeks of the drawing-room or library-table, till some newer book occupy its place. In one respect, however, the book asserts a claim to high

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\* "*Modern State Trials*." By William C. Townsend, Esq., M.A. Q.C., Recorder of Macclesfield. London: Longman, Brown, Greene, and Longmans. 1850.

consideration ; and this gives it a great and enduring value :—

“ In the extracts here given from some of the most celebrated speeches of modern days, the editor has also had the great advantage of the last corrections of the speakers themselves, and has thus been enabled to preserve the *ipsissima verba*, by which minds were captivated and verdicts won ; those treasures of oratory which would have gladdened the old age of Erskine, could he have seen how his talisman had been passed from hand to hand, and the mantle of his inspiration caught. The vivid appeals of Whiteside, the magnificent defence of Cockburn, the persuasive imagery of Talfourd, will exist as κτήματα ἐς αἰεὶ, trophies of forensic eloquence, beacon lights it may be, in the midst of that prosaic mistiness which has begun to creep around our courts. In an age which abjures imagination, few figures are now prized save those of the counting-house !”

That the reports of their speeches should be revised by eminent men is, no doubt, most desirable. Still we think that, even after this, it would be well that some process of mere abridgment should be adopted—nothing introduced by the editor—nothing of substance, or even of vivid or peculiar turns of language omitted. There is, necessarily perhaps, in all spoken language, and particularly in the language of the Bar, as distinguished from that of Parliament and places of public business, an amplitude and redundancy of phrase that could be trimmed away with great advantage—words that we have no doubt were uttered, but which, with the unnumbered specimens we have of forensic oratory, might be safely left to the imagination as the common property of all the learned brethren of the mystery, and, in some day, from which, however, we are probably some half-century distant, to be numbered as among the pomps and vanities which are altogether to be eschewed.

Mr. Townsend marks emphatically the favourable contrast between the state trials of our days and all that have preceded them :—

“ The humanising influence of a century’s civilisation has not been poured in vain upon our courts, every part of which, whether we regard the judges, counsel, or jurors, seems radiant with justice in mercy.

“ We are wiser than our forefathers, for we are more humane, and the judgments of the Bench command universal assent, since

who can doubt its anxiety to be just ? In comparison with the calm intelligence and serene urbanity of C. J. Tindal, even the demeanour of Holt, with his sharp ‘ Sirrah ’ to the prisoner, and ‘ Look ye, sirs,’ to counsel, looks harsh and austere. The technicalities and bald language of Sir Bartholomew Shower appear still more unfavourable to those who have read the legal arguments and impassioned addresses of Sir F. Pollock and Sir Fitzroy Kelly. There occurs now no unseemly wrangling with the Bar, no caustic and misplaced reviling of a prisoner—such an incident would be deemed too strange for fiction—no ‘ hard words or hanging,’ the last only on occasions of rare necessity, for there is no judge like Page. Whether in reference to the profound ability of the venerable magistrates who presided—one is still happily preserved to grace and dignify and inform the profession—or to the acuteness and eloquence of the counsel who prosecuted and defended—to the clear arrangement of proofs—to the arguments on points of law, or to the equable attention of the jury, who, in their anxiety for the truth, never betrayed, during an investigation of eight days, impatience or weariness ; the lawyer, who rejoices in the honour of the gown, may point with proud satisfaction to the trial of John Frost under the special commission at Monmouth, which distinguished the close of 1839 and the first week of 1840. Rarely has there occurred a more grave case for solemn judicial inquiry. It scarcely seemed credible, at a time of profound peace, when work was abundant, and wages high, and provisions plentiful, that thousands of workmen, chiefly miners, should have been assembled on the hills above Newport on a Sunday night in November, according to previous concert, many of them armed with guns and pikes, to make a midnight attack on a peaceable town. It sounded more like a romance than a chapter of domestic history ; and resembled rather the irruption of Indian savages upon the wigwams of some unoffending settlers, than the assemblage of fellow-countrymen. But for the tempestuousness of the night, which delayed the meeting of the three separate bands, commanded by Frost, Zachariah Williams, and Jones the watchmaker of Pontypool, who had undertaken to collect 10,000 men, the inhabitants of Newport would have been surprised in their sleep, and been exposed to the fury and excesses of an undisciplined multitude. The largest portion of these lawless marauders, under the guidance of Frost, arrived in the suburbs between eight and nine on Monday morning, Nov. 4, 5,000 in number, and attacked the little inn, in which a small detachment of the Queen’s troops, under Lieutenant Grey, thirty in all, were drawn up. Taught by the disasters of Bristol, the troops entered into no parleying, no waving of caps, no shaking of hands with the mob. Thrusts



with pikes and firing on the one side, volleys of fire-arms at the word of command on the other, brought the conflict between lawful authority and rabble rule to a crisis at once. In ten minutes all was over. By the discipline of a mere handful of soldiers, judiciously posted and well commanded, the blind fury of thousands of brave men was forthwith subdued, and they fled in a wild panic. But the punishment of these giddy rioters was severe. Not less than thirty are computed to have perished. Many of the slain were carried off, and twelve bodies were left at the threshold of the inn. Slain for what object? The poor, ignorant, misguided working-classes could not themselves tell. They had been marched, without any definite design, to gratify the turbulent fancies and factious vanity of Frost and his brother Chartists, to show their physical strength, and commence a rebellion for that high-sounding term the Charter, of the precise meaning of which they had no clear conception. Some vague, dim notion of improving their state, coercing property, and getting money without work, and the reliance upon empty promises at trades-unions and lodge-meetings, in the absence of real grievances, seem to have urged them on."

The hopelessness of this insurrection formed the chief topic of defence with Frost's counsel. They argued, from the seeming impossibility of success, that it was impossible the attempt should have been contemplated; and efforts were made to break down the testimony in detail. To resist the evidence by which notorious facts were proved, can seldom be successful with the plain-minded intelligence of a jury; a more plausible alternative was relied on, when counsel struggled to exhibit, supposing the facts proved, that Frost's object in appearing in arms was not to seize the town of Newport, making this the beginning of a general rebellion, which would be high treason, but, by the display of physical force, to effect the amelioration of the condition of the Chartist prisoners in Monmouth gaol, which would be but a misdemeanor. Chief Justice Tindal, stating to the jury the distinction on which the case turned, cautiously avoided intimating to them any expression of his opinion whether the insurrection contemplated objects of a general or a particular nature. So studiously did the presiding judge avoid giving the slightest aid to the jury in that which was their peculiar province and duty, that an unfounded impression was created that he was dissatisfied with the verdict:—

"This trial (says Mr. Townsend) also must have furnished an excellent text, on which to strengthen their minds and soften their hearts. It was a noble spectacle to witness the calm, grave stillness which pervaded the Court, its gentle patience and dignified repose, in striking contrast to the fierce passions that raged without the walls. Detachments of troops were then scouring the hills, as a fresh rising of the masses had been apprehended; yet day by day the steadfast course of justice pursued its even path with all the appearance and reality of perfect unruffled security. The master-spirit, who had caused such irreparable mischief, stood at the bar for his deliverance, and knew that he should not suffer from the general excitement. His crime was rather softened than exaggerated in the temperate speeches of counsel for the prosecution, and he met with a courteous forbearance from the Court, which he could not himself have shown. A stranger would not have surmised his guilt from the manner in which his name was mentioned, and the courtesy with which he was addressed. Monsieur Cottu alone, who had studied our criminal proceedings, might have guessed the grave nature of the accusation from this very absence of reproach and contumely. But the full, disimpassioned, and impartial consideration given to his case, the complete conviction impressed into the minds of all that justice had been done in mercy, wrought a salutary and perceptible effect on the lower orders. The most unruly bowed their heads in subjection to the supremacy of the law, so well vindicated to their understandings and commended to their feelings, and that portion of the kingdom has since been at peace."

The trial of Oxford for shooting at the Queen is well given. The defence relied on was insanity; and there can be little doubt that Oxford was scarcely of sufficiently sound mind to distinguish between right and wrong. The evidence for the Crown, also, failed to establish the fact charged in the indictment, that the pistol which he fired at the Queen was loaded with ball; and his counsel contended that the special verdict which the jury gave—"We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols; but whether they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, he being of unsound mind at the time"—was equivalent to an acquittal; they certainly did not amount to a conviction. But this verdict was not received; and after some consultation, a verdict of "not guilty, on the ground of insanity," was the form finally adopted.

This case was the occasion of favourably introducing to the public Mr. Sidney Taylor, who conducted the defence, and who had some few years before succeeded, in the Roscommon Peerage case, in establishing a claim to the title against what at first seemed insuperable difficulties. Mr. Taylor had, for many years, written with great earnestness and power against the severity of the criminal law of England; and the changes to a milder system were, in a great degree, attributable to the influence on public opinion which his writings had. The medical evidence in Oxford's case, on which the defence mainly rested, is given here at length, and is well worth preserving — as certainly this and M'Naughten's case carried the defence, on the ground of insanity, farther than any previous judicial investigation had warranted; and for a while the public mind was possessed with apprehensions for the consequences of any extension of irresponsibility, which have proved to have been groundless. With respect to the person of the Queen, it is strange that a love of notoriety seems, after Oxford's case, to have led to attempts by some half-witted persons against her life. There does not seem to have been any connexion with political objects, or any object at all, but the strange passion for notoriety. About two years after Oxford's trial, John Francis, a youth of nineteen, fired at the Queen on Constitution-hill. As in the former case, no bullet was found; but evidence of the sharp whizzing report with which the discharge was accompanied, satisfied the jury that the weapon was loaded with some destructive substance. In respect to the Queen's own anxiety on the subject, his life was spared, and the sentence commuted to transportation for life:—

"Scarcely had the reprieve been granted, when a deformed stripling, William Bean, crooked in mind as in body, only seventeen, again presented his pistol at her Majesty, when going to the Chapel Royal. It was only loaded with powder and wadding, for he had sufficient cunning not to put his life in peril. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for the misdemeanor, and Lord Abinger shrewdly remarked that whipping at the cart's tail should be the fitting sentence in future.

"The nuisance had become a national disgrace, and intolerable; some shameful

punishment, suited to the character and condition of such intrusive poltroons, was required; and Sir Robert Peel proposed a measure better adapted to the offence than the high-sounding, but ineffectual charge of high treason, or attempt at treason. Under his auspices was passed the salutary statute, 5 & 6 Vict., c. 51, intituled, 'An Act for the further Security and Protection of Her Majesty's person,' and enacting, in the most comprehensive terms, that 'whosoever shall point any description of fire-arms at the Queen, whether the same shall or shall not contain any explosive or destructive material, shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and liable to the same penalties as in convictions for simple larceny, and, in addition, shall be publicly or privately whipped, as often, and in such manner, as the Court shall direct, not exceeding thrice.' The bill was passed with unanimous assent; and Lord John Russell remarked pointedly, that, 'as the offence to be punished was the offence of base and degraded beings, a base and degrading punishment was most fitly applied to it.'"

The third trial in the selection is one of exceeding interest—it is that of Mr. Stuart, for killing Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel. The introductory remarks by which Mr. Townsend's abstract of this trial is prefaced, are well worth attention. The struggle between the letter of the law and the feelings of society, as existing in the minds of jurors, which prevented the letter of the law from being the rule of conduct to any one, is well exemplified by the production of many remarkable cases: "During the long reign of George the Third, which comprehended nearly sixty years, about 170 duels are known to have been fought, and in those between sixty and seventy persons were slain." We should think these statistics are very much under the mark. In Ireland, certainly, the numbers were vastly greater, or Sir Jonah Barrington is in error—is not that the civil word? But a more faithworthy witness, the author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," satisfies us that this, for almost any one county, would be much less than the number of duels fought. In most cases there was no prosecution; and where there were verdicts of conviction, there can be little doubt that, though the verdict did not say it in words, it was in cases where the jury thought the duel was not a fair one, and that murder was actually perpetrated. Major Campbell was sentenced to death and

executed, for a duel Ireland. But in this case the antagonists met in the night time, and without seconds. The words of the dying man were the chief evidence against the survivor, and he denied the fairness of the duel. Another case, worse in its character—where the survivor was convicted and executed—was one which was manifest assassination—where the forms of duelling could scarcely be said to be observed at all. In Lord Byron's case, as we believe in all the cases tried by the House of Lords, the finding, under the most aggravated circumstances, has been *manslaughter*, and the punishment but nominal.

In 1794, an officer, who had been brought to a court-martial and dismissed the service, told the colonel of his late regiment that he was a coward, a ruffian, and a scoundrel. The colonel took no notice of this: on the next day he was again assailed with similar language, and a whip shaken over him. On consultation with his friends, it was deemed necessary that he should send a hostile message. They met, and he was shot dead. Baron Hotham, who tried the case, stated that the facts amounted to murder. "Such is the law of the land, which undoubtedly the prisoner has violated—though he has acted in conformity to the law of honour. His whole demeanour in the duel was that of perfect honour and perfect humanity. Such is the law, and such are the facts. If you cannot reconcile the latter to your consciences, you must return a verdict of guilty. But if the contrary, though the acquittal may tread on the rigid rules of law, yet the verdict will be lovely in the sight both of God and man." This was going pretty far for a judge; and we confess we think Dr. Johnson's justification of duelling, on the ground of self-defence, more tenable than this mode of stating the law to be one thing, and the extent to which juries should be governed by it a thing wholly different.

The next case Mr. Townsend gives is one of Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara:—

"It was a case of a foolish dispute about two dogs which accompanied the gentlemen when riding in the park: the dogs having quarrelled, Colonel Montgomery, who did not perceive that Captain Macnamara was

near, came and separated them, and said, 'Whose dog is this? I will knock him down.' On which Captain Macnamara rejoined, 'Have you the arrogance to say you will knock my dog down! you must first knock me down.' An altercation took place. Colonel Montgomery and his party rode up through Piccadilly, and Captain Macnamara following him, sent a friend immediately with a message. They met the same day, and Colonel Montgomery was shot dead on the spot.

"The defence in this case was prepared by Mr. Erskine, who appeared as his counsel, but was not allowed by law to address the jury. The defence which he prepared was one which few British juries could resist. He states, 'I am a captain of the British navy. My character you can only hear from others. But to maintain my character, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge anything against the laws of God or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action; but in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowances for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman, but their existence has supported this happy country for many ages, and she might perish if they were lost.' The jury instantly acquitted him."

A similar defence was made in another case, tried by Mr. Justice Chambre, who told the jury it was in extenuation: "If you are dissatisfied with the evidence that Mr. Sparling did commit the act which deprived Mr. Grayson of his life, coolly and deliberately—and if, *as I heartily wish, you may* be able to observe any circumstances which will warrant you so to think, you will acquit him." We transcribe the charge, with Mr. Townsend's *italics*, who adds: "Seventy-two witnesses, the number necessary by the ecclesiastical law to convict a cardinal of the crime of incontinence, would not have sufficed to satisfy the jury after this hint, and in twenty minutes they returned with the verdict of 'not guilty.'" We do not read this charge quite in the way Mr. Townsend does. It seems to us clear, that, if on the jury, Chambre would have convicted.

The cases tried by the House of Lords have uniformly resulted in a



conviction but for manslaughter, which ought to have modified the strong language with which Mr. Townsend opens his narrative of the following remarkable case:—

“There is a singular case, of Sheppard, tried before Sir Henry Russell, the recorder of Bombay, which issued in a verdict of manslaughter, though, if there be any authority in law for a concerted duel being a crime, it is either a murder or no offence at all. It is as much a departure from the authority of the law to find manslaughter, as to find it no crime. This, however, was an aggravated case. A quarrel took place between two officers in garrison, who chose to go out, after a long delay, several weeks having been spent in the exchange of notes, in the dark, and to fight by the light of a lantern held by a black servant between them, without the inspection of a single European; no witnesses were present. The offence of the party who suffered was of a very vague description, only one person saying that he thinks he had heard Captain Phillips speak lightly of Sheppard on some occasion or other. On this provocation the challenge is given, the parties fight alone (for the black servant was not permitted to give evidence) in the dark, and Captain Phillips is killed on the spot. The boldness with which the judge spoke out (what all judges in their hearts must feel) is remarkable.

“Sir Henry says, after stating that the crime of killing in a duel is murder: ‘At the same time, in compassion to human infirmity, courts of law and juries have been in the habit of making great allowances for the circumstances in which persons called upon to fight a duel may have been placed. When a fellow-creature is put to death from motives of deliberate malice, the law pronounces the crime to be murder. When the same act is committed under the immediate influence of violent passion, it is merely accounted manslaughter. Now, in the case before you, it will be for you to consider whether the present circumstances of society, as applied to a gentleman and a soldier, do not take away the particular character of malice from the crime. A man is placed in a situation where, if he does not go out to fight a duel, he has no prospect before him in life but that of contempt and ignominy. Surely the feelings which are inseparable from such a situation may be supposed to deprive a man of self-possession and self-command, as well as a violent gust of passion. And I see no reason why the law should deny, nor do I believe that the law does deny, the same indulgence to those feelings, that it yields to a brutal impulse, which it is the chief object of all human and divine institutions to control. In declaring this opinion, I believe I go farther than most judges have done, but I have not formed it without mature delibera-

tion, and I think it places the question of law in cases of duel, upon more stable and more tenable grounds, than the shifts and artifices which have been so generally resorted to.’”

But by far the most eloquent, and in all its circumstances the best charge to be found in this class of cases, is that of Baron Smith on the trial of Alcock. Alcock and Colclough were candidates for an Irish county. Alcock had gained the interest of a proprietor, some of whose tenants, forty-shilling freeholders, were about voting for Colclough. Alcock remonstrated with Colclough, who said he had not solicited the votes. “But they shall not vote for you,” said Alcock. “How can I prevent them?” said Colclough. Alcock said he must have satisfaction. They fought, and Colclough was shot dead. The prosecution, it would appear, was vindictively conducted by the friends of the deceased—by the very persons who were on the ground witnessing and encouraging the violation of the law—and in the witnessing and encouraging a crime, themselves criminal. The same principle that runs through the latter part of this charge, of the practice of society having abrogated or varied the admitted letter of the law, was strenuously urged by Jeffrey in his defence of Stuart, and it is impossible not to allow it great weight:—

“‘If an officer at the head of his regiment,’ said Baron Smith, charging the jury, ‘be called a coward and a scoundrel, and instead of cutting the offender down, challenge and kill him in a duel, he is a murderer by law; and if you are bound to find the prisoner Alcock guilty, you will be equally obliged to return a verdict of conviction against a gallant officer, under the circumstances which I have described. Yet, on the other hand, the military punishment and intolerable disgrace which must inevitably follow from his submitting to the affront, it cannot be necessary for me to dwell upon. If an aged, an infirm, a beloved, and respectable parent be insulted and reviled, or even struck and beaten in the presence of a son, and this latter happen to kill the assailant in a duel, the transaction will be murder; and, if you cannot acquit the prisoner, you could not acquit the child. If a husband find his wife in the embraces of another, and kill him unarmed and unresisting, this is manslaughter of the lowest and most venial kind. But if, giving the adulterer further time for preparation, and a fairer chance for his life, he puts arms in his

hands, and meets and kills him in a duel, the offence, altering its character, becomes at once murder; and if you are bound to convict the prisoner here, you would be also bound to a conviction in the case which I have supposed. Not because in morals the criminality is equal; but because both offences are murder in the eye of the law. But let me ask of your consciences and your hearts as men, could you convict the officer, the husband, or the son?

“I will not repeat, lest I might seem to inculcate, the austere doctrine of the law. In once stating it, I conceive that I have sufficiently discharged my painful duty. Nay, even sitting where I do, I think myself warranted in doubting whether this doctrine is not a sort of anomaly in our code; existing in theory, almost abrogated in practice, by the acuteness of the judges, the humanity of jurors, the mercy of the Crown. This, gentlemen, is all I have to say. The evidence is before you. If you believe it, you have heard its legal results from the bench. You have the law of the land bearing witness against the prisoner on the one hand, the law of opinion, on the other, endeavouring to excuse him; the one prescribing rigour, the other suggesting mercy. It is for you to pronounce which call you will obey! The trammels of my office forbid my adding more. But there is another, a far better voice than mine, to which, though I be silent, you may listen still. I mean that “still, small voice” of which you read in Scripture, and which addresses itself to the consciences of good and pious men in the soft and soothing accents of clemency and peace. Its dictates may be followed with a confidence the most explicit. It is the voice of Him who cannot err—who cannot lead his creatures into error—who, to justice without blemish, can unite mercy without bounds—who, all criminal as we are, can acquit us, and yet be just. To the influence of those secret and divine monitors, and (as far as human infirmity can follow) of this divine example, I surrender you, and commit the care of the prisoner at the bar. I wait with some anxiety and much impatience for your verdict. Judge, then, whether I am impatient for a capital conviction.”

“The jury, in one moment, acquitted the prisoner.”

Mr. Townsend comments on this not very reasonably. “In a country where statesmen, members of parliament, lawyers, physicians, and country gentlemen, had measured their twelve paces, the stern dictates of the law ought rather have been urged.” We think with juries, who tried this and similar cases, that the law of opinion is the law of the land, or is paramount to the law. By a change in that law of opinion,

and not in any other way, is it possible to prevent duelling. That change has arrived. But we are glad that in every part of the empire judges refused to make the effort of coercing juries to find verdicts against the common sense of the country. Had they done so, it seems to us probable that the custom of duelling would have survived some half century longer.

Some cases are mentioned of duels in Scotland where the survivor was acquitted; the judge telling the jury how it was impossible to disguise the truth, that the manners of the times, and the feelings of the people, were in direct opposition to the laws of the land, and then approving the verdicts of acquittal.

The Commissioners of Criminal Law, in their “Second Report” (1846), recommend the abolition of capital punishment in the case of duelling. Without reference to the distinctions between this offence and other cases of murder, they think it casts a stigma on the law to be unable to carry its sanctions into effect. If it says one thing and juries another, mischief, and nothing but mischief, is done, by leaving the law unaltered.

Let us not be supposed to vindicate the practice of duelling. We only quarrel with what has been proved by the experience of centuries to be an ineffective mode of getting rid of the evil. The trial of Mr. Stuart is, in all respects, an interesting one. In the high spirits which, perhaps, form an excuse for the wildest excesses of gaiety in a political writer—in some such exuberant spirits as animated Coleridge in his “Fire, Famine, and Slaughter”—Sir Alexander Boswell wrote a number of songs and pasquinades against persons politically opposed to him, and amongst others, against Stuart. We believe that the mere feeling of fun disguises from lively writers the pain they give, and that the persons lampooned or libelled can scarcely be said to have any personal existence to the mind of the writer who is so engaged. He exists as pure an abstraction as the Achilles or the Agamemnon of the Iliad. Sir Alexander Boswell was a man of great intellectual power, of very lively talents, and one whose verses, now that we suppose it is impossible they can give offence to any one, ought to be collected. Stuart was offended by the incessant attacks

on him in the *Beacon*, and in the *Sentinel* newspapers, and he brought an action of damages. In the course of the proceedings he learned the name of the author of the attacks. Sir Alexander had the excuse of having been himself the object of similar attacks, and he was under the mistake of supposing Stuart the author. One of Sir Alexander's stanzas ran thus. It alluded to Stuart's bringing an action at law instead of trying the case by single combat:—

"Some knights of the pen, man,  
Are all *gentlemen*, man,  
Ilk *body's* a limb of the law, man;  
Tacks, bonds, precognitions,  
Bills, wills, and petitions,  
And ought but a trigger some draw, man."

"The Earl of Rosslyn, on reading these documents, saw at once that there was but one course to be followed. He sought and obtained an interview with the late Baronet, and made two propositions; in the first place, that if he would deny the calumnies were his, his simple assertion would be taken as conclusive against all evidence whatever. But he did not say that they were not his. I wish he could have said so; but he was a gentleman, and he knew he could not say so truly. Yet another proposal was made to him. 'Let us take it, Sir Alexander, as a mere bad joke. Say but you are sorry for it; that it was a squib; and that you had no serious intention of impeaching the honour or courage of Mr. Stuart.' I am sure that was a proposition as mild as the greatest peace-maker could possibly have made; and it was a proposition to which the party *might have acceded without the slightest imputation on his honour. Yet that satisfaction he refused.* He said, 'I cannot submit to be catechised. I will make neither denial nor apology.'"

It was scarce possible after this, in the feelings on the subject of duelling that prevailed some eight-and-twenty years ago, perhaps that still prevail, to avoid a meeting. Boswell fired in the air—Stuart's pistol was discharged with fatal effect. The details of the evidence produced on his trial are not important for us to adduce; it is fit, however, to state that they are of considerable interest, and are well given by Mr. Townsend. The speech of Lord Jeffrey in this case is above all praise. It rests the defence mainly on the ground taken by Dr. Johnson, and the circumstance that Johnson's conversations on the subject, so frequent as to prove that he was delivering a

fixed opinion, and not merely engaged in gladiatorial argument, are found recorded in his life by the father of Sir Alexander Boswell, made the reference to him appear more natural than it could in any other case. The difficulty of acquitting a man of murder, who deliberately has shed the blood of another, while the legal definition of murder remains what it is, is dealt with in much the same way as in the cases tried in England and in Ireland:—

"I conceive the criminal law of this happy country to consist, not in the barbarous and implacable severity of its antiquated statutes, not in the severe and impracticable doctrines that may still retain their places in books of law, even of the greatest authority; not even, I say it with great submission, in the *dicta* that may fall from the lips of those high and stern magistrates, the judges of the land, who are bound to assert all the severity of the code which they are appointed to uphold, and in their places to countenance or sanction no relaxation of it, however hard and inoperative in the correction of crimes it may be. But, I say, the criminal law of this happy country consists in the authorised and approved *practice* of its courts of criminal law—as this is ultimately embodied in the popular, admired, and consistent verdicts of juries. I am far from saying that juries have any dispensing power over the law. I am far from saying, though that has been said, that they have a rightful power to disappoint the law, where its sanctions have been plainly incurred. But, I say, that where the verdicts of juries have met, for a course of time, with the general approbation of the community, and the sanction of the courts under whose authority they are pronounced—when they go on in an uniform series, and all point one way, they then make and constitute that real and practical law, on which all the subjects of the land are entitled to rely, and on the administration of which the people, with the greatest security, may depend. And, in truth, it is a proud and fortunate circumstance for this country, that such an institution as a jury should exist, with power occasionally to temper the severity of that law, which a court of another description would too inflexibly enforce, and thus silently to abrogate statutes, or maxims of common law, which the course of the times, the progress of manners, the disappearance of some crimes, and the rise of others, may have rendered inapplicable and unnecessary. If the law had become too severe for the age, juries should refuse to enforce it. In England this power of juries is not only recognised as existing, and winked at by judges, but is subscribed to by them, and applauded

not only by the country at large, among whom these juries have never been known to have lost their credit, but even by the judges themselves, from whose *dicta* they occasionally dissent.’”

He then instances the cases of stealing to the amount of forty shillings. This offence was a capital crime; juries refused to convict, or, with the approbation of the judges, evaded subjecting the prisoner to this extreme penalty, by finding the value of the goods stolen to be of less value than forty shillings. In indictments for child-murder, a Scotch act of parliament made concealment of pregnancy on the part of the mother proof of guilt—juries refused to convict, and judges did not disapprove; in one case, Jeffrey said he remembered the presiding judge rebuking the public prosecutor for bringing such a case to trial, and telling him plainly “if he did proceed on that statute he (the judge) would take care there should be an acquittal.”

In his instructions to the jury, the presiding judge on Mr. Stuart’s trial dwelt on the provocations given, the terms of accommodation proposed and rejected, and the conduct and bearing of the prisoner throughout; and though he stated that “no false punctilio of a notion of honour could vindicate an act terminating fatally to a fellow-creature,” he yet thought the jury had a right to consider the provocation, and the unsuccessful overtures for accommodation. The verdict was an immediate one of acquittal. We find by a note to this “trial” that Mr. Stuart, who afterwards edited the *Courier*, and who published “Travels in America,” died a few months ago while Mr. Townsend’s book was passing through the press.

The next trial is one to which, at the time of its occurrence, unusual interest was attached. It is the trial of Lord Cardigan for felony, in shooting at Captain Tuckett. This was a case before the House of Peers. The rank of the party accused—the frequent mention of his name in the newspapers from disputes in his regiment—the notoriety of the fact of the duel—the circumstance that this was the first criminal trial that had ever taken place for engaging in a duel which had not been attended with loss of life—and more than all, the unusual solemnity of a trial before the House of Peers,

attracted public attention in a degree perhaps unexampled. Something of injustice had been done, or seems to have been done, to the traverser. The grand jury at the Central Criminal Court, who found true bills against Lord Cardigan and his second, threw out the bills against Captain Tuckett and his second, though sustained by the same evidence. It is probable that the sympathies of the tribunal by whom Lord Cardigan was to be tried were with the accused, and it was the same contest between the course of conduct supposed to be imperatively required by the conventional usages of society, and that enjoined by the law, which was in principle involved in this as in all former judicial investigations of crime by duel. That the life of the accused was not involved in the result—for the pleading did not state the fact of Captain Tuckett’s being wounded, which would have varied the offence, and the indictment was not framed under Lord Ellenborough’s Act, but under a recent statute of 1 Victoria—increased the probability of a finding against the accused. On the whole, the position of Lord Cardigan was one of serious danger. Lord Denman presided as Lord High Steward, the Attorney-General (now Lord Campbell) stated the case for the prosecution, and the defence was conducted by Sir William Follett.

A duel was proved to have taken place between two gentlemen, one of whom was wounded. Immediately after the duel, the parties who fired, and their seconds, were arrested. One of the parties was the Earl of Cardigan—the other, on giving a card with his name and address, was allowed to be taken to his lodgings. The Attorney-General sought to give the card in evidence, and a long discussion took place as to his right to do so. For the House to have come to any decision on the admissibility of the evidence it would have been necessary to order strangers to withdraw; and to avoid this inconvenience the Attorney-General delayed pressing this piece of evidence.

The indictment in all its counts called Captain Tuckett “Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett.” A policeman proved the fact of the duel, and was proving that Captain Tuckett called at the police-office and gave his name, when he was interrupted by Sir William Follett with the question, “Was



Lord Cardigan present?" and being obliged to answer that he was not, the examination of this witness closed. Another witness for the prosecution was asked the Christian names of Captain Tuckett, whose place of residence he proved, and answered "Harvey Tuckett." The army agent, through whom Tuckett received his pay, was called. He knew Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, but did not know where he lived. Every effort to connect the Harvey Tuckett of the witnesses who proved the facts of the duel, with the Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett of the indictment, had failed, when the Attorney-General again produced the card. On the card's being shown to Sir W. Follett he said, "I do not object to its being read." The card was given in and read, "Captain Harvey Tuckett, 13, Hamilton-place, New-Road." The case for the prosecution closed—Follett's triumph was complete, and the failure of the case for the prosecution seems to have taken the Crown by surprise. It was impossible to say that the person at whom Lord Cardigan shot was the Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett of the indictment. The presumption from the evidence would be the other way, if it were a case for presumption. "But," said Lord Cardigan's counsel, "ours is a yet stronger case. This is not a case for presumption; positive evidence must be given to prove the identity of the person mentioned in the indictment as being the party against whom the offence is alleged to have been committed."

There can be no doubt that there was disappointment in the public mind at the abortive issue of this prosecution, which seemed to depend on legal technicalities. It was proved that Lord Cardigan had shot at some one, and this constituted the crime. The reasons, absolutely unanswerable, which render it necessary for the purposes of justice that the very facts of a case should be stated in the indictment, and that the allegation, which the prosecutor pledges himself to, should be proved, and not one which may be equivalent to it, are not such as the public mind easily appreciates, and the result was regarded as the effect of a preconcerted trick.

The finding was necessarily one of acquittal, Lord Denman informing the House that there was a failure of

proof. Although an unusual course, Lord Denman's reasons for advising this course were published by special direction of the House. We regret that we have not space for more than a sentence:—

"It was urged, that the person using and owning the four names was not shown to be the same person who, under the name of Captain Harvey Tuckett, had been engaged in a duel fought on Wimbledon Common.

"No fact is easier of proof in its own nature, and numerous witnesses are always at hand to establish it with respect to any person conversant with society. In the present case the simplest means were accessible. If those who conduct the prosecution had obtained your lordships' order for the appearance at your bar of Captain Tuckett, and if the witnesses of the duel had deposed to his being the man who left the field after receiving Lord Cardigan's shot, Mr. Codd might have been asked whether that was the gentleman whom he knew by the four names set forth in the indictment. His answer in the affirmative would have been too conclusive on the point to admit of the present objection being taken.

"Several other methods of proof will readily suggest themselves to your lordships' minds. Even if obstacles had been interposed by distance of time and place, by the poverty of those seeking to enforce the law, by the death of witnesses, or other casualties, it cannot be doubted that the accused must have had the benefit of the failure of proof, however occasioned; and here, where none of those causes can account for the deficiency, it seems too much to require that your lordships should volunteer the presumption of a fact, which, if true, might have been made clear and manifest to every man's understanding by the shortest process."

The next of these trials is that of Courvoisier, for the murder of Lord William Russell. The facts of this case are probably within the recollection of most of our readers; but attention has been accidentally directed to it from the circumstance, that the barrister who defended Courvoisier was, in the course of the trial, made acquainted by the prisoner with his guilt. That barrister was placed in circumstances exceedingly embarrassing; and comments, the most unreasonable that can be imagined, have been made as to the course he adopted. It is said that he spoke of "the secret guilt known to heaven alone," and this at a time when he himself knew who the guilty person was; that he cross-examined some of the witnesses on the suppo-

sition of their guilt, at a time that he must have known their innocence. We believe that every one of these statements is, in point of fact, inaccurate; but, were every one of them literally true, we think he did no more than his professional duty. As to the statement, that the guilt was known to Heaven alone, it is unlikely that such a phrase was used; but if it were, it does not seem to us in reality to express more with reference to the case than is implied in the fact, that the prisoner is there an unconvicted man—that we have no right to presume *his* guilt. Some person must have committed the crime. The statement that Heaven alone knows who the guilty person is, cannot be intended to mean that the undiscovered criminal does not know his own guilt; and we cannot think that, whether such language was used or not, there is any violation of truth or candour in its use, when limited and restricted in its meaning by the known relations of client and counsel.\* As to suggesting, in his cross-examination of witnesses, that they, or any others, were guilty, and thus persuading a jury to acquit his client, we think nothing but the improbability of such a course succeeding, should necessarily deter counsel from venturing on it. We agree with Lord Brougham, in the fullest meaning that can be given to his words, that an advocate should “know, in the discharge of his office, but one person in the world—his client, and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazard, and all cost to all others, and among others, to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties.” It is mere affectation to say that, in ninety-nine out of every hundred cases in which counsel holds a brief for a prisoner, he does not know that prisoner to be guilty. Scarcely a man is put on his trial who is not guilty; and we think counsel’s duty is in no degree affected by the fact of whether there has been a formal communication by the client of his guilt. On the contrary, we think the prisoner should not be deprived of the advan-

tage of being able to consult with his counsel, and that for this purpose he should be free to tell him the fact of his guilt, without being, by such communication, deprived of his advocacy. As to the kind of pledges and protestations which counsel may give of their clients’ innocence, we think this a mere question of taste, and that they imply nothing more of either truth or falsehood than the plea of “not guilty,” which does no more than defy you to prove guilt. This entire controversy about Courvoisier’s counsel seemed to us, from first to last, exceedingly foolish. No other right was claimed or exercised than the ordinary one of counsel; and had the barrister who held Courvoisier’s brief thrown it down when he learned his client’s guilt, such an act would, in our opinion, have been altogether inexcusable. The prisoner’s counsel has the right—nay, we think it is his duty—to suggest every possible interpretation of the facts proved, consistent with the presumed innocence of his client; and in cross-examining, however severely, or however pointedly, a Crown witness, whatever suspicion such examination may throw on the witness, it seems to us plain that, in reality, no more is done than if counsel said in words, “It is just as reasonable to try and fix guilt on you as on the prisoner at the bar; as plausible a case might be made against you.” To this, and to nothing more, does the assumed right amount; and this right does not seem to us in the slightest degree varied by the fact of counsel, from whatever reason, disbelieving his client’s innocence. Courvoisier’s counsel is not interested in pressing this to the extent that in principle it may be pressed, as it was on the first day of the trial he cross-examined one of the witnesses for the Crown in such a way as to suggest her participation in the crime; and it was only on the second that Courvoisier communicated to him the fact of his having committed the murder. We think that if, in his conduct with respect to his trial, counsel made any mistake, it was that of consulting with

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\* “There is a wide step between the advocate and witness,” an acute but severe judge once remarked to a jury. “The counsel has said, *I think this*, and *I believe that*. A counsel has no right to say what he thinks, or what he believes; but, since he has told you, gentlemen, his belief, I will tell you mine: that, were you to believe him, and acquit his client, he would be the very first man in the world to laugh at you.”—Vol. i. p. 264.

some of his professional friends how he ought to act in the circumstances that arose, as it is plain that cases may be easily imagined in which his communication to any one whatever of this confidential disclosure, might possibly affect his client's life. In this, and in this alone, we think he was wrong. There were in this trial some very remarkable circumstances. Though suspicion from the first was directed to Courvoisier, there was the absence of probable motive to the crime. His trunk was searched by the police, and nothing to confirm suspicion was found there. A large reward was offered: and then, on a second search in the same trunk, gloves stained with blood were found; and again, some eight or ten days after, are found at the top of the trunk two blood-stained handkerchiefs, marked with the prisoner's initials. The handkerchiefs, which were not found on the two previous searches, it was surely fair in counsel to suggest had been placed in the trunk afterwards. Courvoisier was in gaol in the interval, and had no opportunity of placing them there. What is the fairness of reproaching counsel with suggesting that they had been afterwards placed there by others, and for the purpose of obtaining, by Courvoisier's conviction, a share in the large reward that was offered? Such a solution of the fact may not have been a true one. That is not the question. Was it not a possible one?—was it not a supposition that it was fair for the jury to examine? So much did one of the policemen shuffle, when examined with respect to this search of the trunk, that the judge who tried the case (Tindal) bid the jury to place no reliance on his testimony.

A strange incident occurred during the course of the trial, calculated to remove such doubt from the mind of the jury, as the absence of adequate motive might create. Courvoisier, a few weeks before the murder, left a parcel in the care of a Frenchwoman, who kept a sort of hotel, where he had been a servant some years before. She laid the parcel aside, and forgot all about it, till, on the second day of the trial, looking accidentally at a French newspaper, she saw something about Courvoisier, which led her to

examine the parcel, which was found to consist of plate stolen from Lord William Russell's. If there was a doubt, this unexpected circumstance, coming to light at such a moment, disposed of it. The sort of management, as it could not but appear to be, about the trunk, would have made it appear not improbable that there was something of trick in the getting up of other parts of the evidence, intended to show Courvoisier to be a thief. This came in to fix all that was doubtful. To conceal his thefts, and enjoy in security the stolen property, was the probable motive of the murderer. We regret that Mr. Townsend has been enabled only to give us fragments of the speech in defence of Courvoisier, which appears to have been a very able one.

In considering the question of the extent of counsel's privilege, it should not be forgotten that cases exist of moral guilt, where the prisoner is not legally guilty. It is not enough that a man is criminal, but a precise crime must be alleged against him; and with whatever skill an indictment may be framed, the crime charged may be different from that proved. The confessions of a prisoner will be to some particular fact, which it is not impossible may not amount to the crime charged, or may even exceed it; and, in either case, he may be legally entitled to an acquittal. Is that legal right to be annulled because he has said to his counsel "I am guilty—do the best you can for me?" With the exception that we have stated, we throughout approve of the course adopted by Courvoisier's counsel.

The remarkable case of "The King against M'Naughten, for the murder of Mr. Drummond," is the next in the volume. On this we are not now disposed to dwell, as it was a subject of discussion with us at the time of the occurrence;\* and there does not seem to be at the moment any object in bringing before the public mind the question of the responsibility of the insane in criminal cases. It does not seem possible to fix the law with more precision, than in the language of the judges of England, to questions submitted by the Lord Chancellor for their decision. Where insanity is set up as

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\* Criminal Responsibility of the Insane.—*Ibid* DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, vol. xxi., p. 626.

a defence, "the jury ought to be told in all cases, that every man is presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction; and to establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

The next trial—that of "Alexander Alexander, claiming the title of Earl of Stirling, for forgery"—is the most remarkable in the volume. The rank of the accused, his character for integrity, and the nature of the documents alleged to be forgeries, gave to the trial unusual interest. It was before the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh.

In 1621, James the First granted by charter the territory of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander; and on the 2nd of February, 1628, he received from Charles the First a grant of the province, since called Canada, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Stirling; he was afterwards created Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada, and died at London in February, 1640. In 1739, on the death of the fifth Earl of Stirling, the title was supposed to have expired. Twenty years after, an ineffectual claim was made for it by some William Alexander, who was a general in the American army. The original patents were to the grantee and *his heirs male*. This William's statement was that the male heir, on the death of the fifth Earl, was John, uncle of the first Earl, whom he claimed to represent. In his petition to the House of Lords in 1761, he stated that his family had long resided in North America, from which he described himself as having returned in 1757. He also stated, as a formal part of his case, that he had been served and returned nearest and lawful heir of Henry the fifth Earl on the 20th of March, 1759. The claim was, it would seem from the journals of the House of Lords, abandoned, and William Alexander returned to America without having produced any evidence in support of

his petition. His, however, appears to have been by no means a claim destitute of some colour of probability, and one, at all events, consistent with the terms of the original patents. Half a century passed away, and no more was heard of the Stirling peerage, when another claimant rose up in the person of Alexander Alexander.

Alexander Alexander was the son of a Birmingham merchant of the name of Humphries, who went to France in 1802, was caught up like other English visitors, and imprisoned in Verdun, where he died in 1807. His son, who had accompanied him, was detained at Verdun till 1814; the affairs of the Humphries' became deranged, and how they were supported in France is not known. In 1812, Alexander married a Neapolitan lady, "an intimate acquaintance of Madame Normand, the celebrated Parisian sybil." The prophetess read his destiny—he was "to attain high honour, and encounter severe trials." The oracle was not altogether out, and the judicial investigation of Edinburgh was, we suppose, one of the predicted trials.

In 1814 he came to England, and set up a school at Worcester.

In 1815, he first stated his claim to the earldom of Stirling, through his mother, Hannah Alexander, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in Dublin. In 1824, he obtained the royal licence to take the name of Alexander, and soon after assumed the title of Earl of Stirling and Dovan, and designated his mother countess.

In 1831, he granted to his agent 16,000 acres of land in Canada, and made him a baronet, in the terms of a clause in the charter of 1621. In the same year he petitioned for leave to do homage at the coronation, as hereditary lieutenant of Nova Scotia. He then issued a proclamation to the baronets of Nova Scotia, informing them of important rights and interests of which they were not aware. He published a prospectus, offering for sale lands in any quantities that might be agreed on; and one of his advertisements stated that "at the hereditary lieutenancy office of the Lord Proprietor of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada, every encouragement and countenance would be given to individuals who might be disposed to form a company, and the hereditary



lieutenant would himself take one-tenth of the shares of which each company might think it desirable it should consist." Oh, John Bull, John Bull, thou that hast ears to hear everything but the truth, for ten long years didst thou listen to these addresses to thy cupidity—for ten long years, thou that stonest and starvest thy prophets—yea, and in thy self-glorification, buildest monuments to those whom thou hast stoned and starved, didst support in what might be almost called affluence, this man, who had no other claim on thee than these impudent pretensions. It was, perhaps, but natural that the individual should be—as he certainly was—a kind of favorite in society. He, and those to whom his applications were addressed, were worshippers of the same idols. His was but a shorter cut to wealth and rank, and for a while it seemed successful. In whatever state of mind he commenced this strange proceeding, it was soon tainted with fraud. The notoriety of his claims, and the boldness with which they were advanced, enabled him to raise money to large amounts. Through one agent he got £13,000. He sent in a protest to Lord Grey against any interference with his hereditary rights by Colonial Governments; and petitioned the House of Commons against the New Brunswick Company Bill, as interfering with the territories of the Earl of Stirling and Viscount Canada. He voted at all elections of Scottish peers since 1825; and pleaded successfully, in the Common Pleas in England, his privilege as a peer from arrest. If he did not believe himself Earl of Stirling, never was there a bolder or more fearless impostor; if guiltless of imposture, never was there a man who lived so long in such strange delusion. It is not impossible that he was the dupe of a fraudulent trick; this, though there is little in the evidence to suggest or sustain such a view, we almost believe to have been the case.

In one of the many proceedings in which he claimed to be Earl of Stirling, he produced documents to establish his right which were impounded, and a prosecution for forgery directed against him.

The original patent gave the dignity of Earl to Sir William Alexander and his heirs male. This could answer no purpose for the present claimant, as, even on the supposition of his being

descended from Sir William, he was not heir male:—

"The excerpt on which he founded his claims, alleged to be a forgery, pretended to be taken from a charter which operated a change in the destination, and was a grant from the crown to William, first Earl of Stirling, 'and the heirs male of his body; whom failing, to the eldest heirs female, without division, of the last of such heirs male.' The Crown officers contended that this was not a genuine but a forged document, and made three startling propositions:—that it was not the excerpt of any charter; that there never was such a charter; that there never could have been such a charter. Each of these positions was proved by internal and historical evidence."

It would appear that the forms of Scottish law give some facilities for fraud in the case of titles. Suppose a person wishing to represent himself as heir to anybody, he has but to get a brieve from Chancery, and a jury is empannelled, and such evidence as the party chooses to produce is laid before the jury. The proceeding is altogether *ex parte*, and no person is heard in opposition to the claims, except one who makes precisely the same claim in the same right. Imagine a man choosing to give himself any extinct title, and no one heard in opposition to this who has not a fancy for the same title. In this way a case is made, and where property is not affected, the thing is very likely never to be examined, and an ambitious man may exalt himself into a peer, perhaps, or a baronet of Nova Scotia, or some such dignity, with no great difficulty. He is *served*, as it is called, as heir of so and so, and the *service* being returned into the Court of Chancery, is evidence of his right. In this way the claimant of the Stirling peerage had himself served as heir of the first and the fifth Earls of Stirling. The claimant appears to have thought that there was no way of getting rid of the effect of the *service*, inasmuch as there was no rival claimant; but by some prerogative process, if we understand the matter rightly, his pedigree was investigated, and the services reduced; or, as we would say, quashed. Lord Cockburn's judicial decision against the validity of the services was expressed in a very able judgment. This was in 1836. When that judgment was pronounced, he went to Pa.

ri—again consulted the prophetess, and in July, 1837, received from her a map of Canada, with certificates on the back which supplied all the defects pointed out in his case by the judicial determination of 1836. These certificates were all charged to be forgeries. They were dated in 1706, and purported to be statements about an ancient charter preserved in Acadia. One is from a person named Philip Mallett, who sends his friend this map to show him what vast territories the King of England has given to one of his subjects; and he then states the grant to be to William Earl of Stirling and the heirs male of his body, whom failing, to the eldest heirs female, without division, &c., of the last of said males." This memorandum, which runs to great length, is followed by another, in which a M. St. Esienne certifies all the reasons which led Mallett to inscribe this on the map, and adds:—"With such documents, no person in France can question the existence of such a charter." Then comes another inscription on the map—"Flecher" Bishop of Nismes authenticates it with his autograph, and his certificate is so framed as to imply that he has compared the authenticity on the map with a copy of the original charter.

Pasted on the back of the map was a letter from John Alexander, whom the claimant calls John of Antrim, who makes such a statement in this document of the pedigree as meets Lord Cockburn's objections. This letter is dated Antrim, August 25th, 1707.

This old map must have been a curiosity; for in addition to all that has been mentioned, there was a certificate from Fencelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, who vouches for Mallett, and authenticates the map. Next comes the strongest fact of all: Louis XV. writes on the map—"This note is worthy of more attention under present circumstances, but let the copy of the original charter be sent to me."

He for himself could not conjure up more shadows from the world of which dead kings and archbishops are likely to be found, than appear on this map which came from the hands of the French prophetess. It seems almost a pity to disturb the nevyomantia. On the front of the map was the date of 1703, and all the docu-

ments, whether written or pasted, on the back—some were written, others pasted—bore dates later than 1703. Unluckily, the date on the map was not that of the issue of the particular copy, but of the period from which the copyright was to run: the words at the bottom of the map were, "Avec privilege pour vingt ans, 1703." The particular copy adds the words, "Par Guillaume Delisle, premier geographe du Roi." Delisle did not obtain his appointment of premier geographe till 1718. The patent appointing Delisle was put in evidence, and bore date August 24th, 1718. Flechier and Fencelon had both died before this copy of the map was in existence.

Evening visits of the claimant to the prophetess, who was seventy-five years of age, were proved; and letters proved to have been given by her to the claimant, seeking to establish some of the facts stated on the map. But these were not proved to be forged—they were very probably genuine, but proved a part of the fraud.

It does not seem necessary, after what we have stated, to give the evidence of chemists and others as to the character of the ink with which the certificates on the map were written. The jury unanimously found, "the excerpt-charter and the documents on the map to be forged; and they, by a majority, found it not proven that the pannel [the traverser] forged the said documents, or is guilty art and part thereof, or that he uttered them knowing them to be forged." This is an exceedingly painful case. Nothing could be higher than the testimony given in favour of the claimant's honour and integrity, by witnesses of the highest rank—men who had known him at school and through life, and who continued his friends. It is certainly consistent with the evidence—perhaps with the probabilities of the case—that this man, possibly half insane with his dream of peerage and property, was himself, as has occurred in the case of other claimants of titles, the victim, not alone of his own eager credulity, but of the dishonest purposes of persons speculating on the success of this miserable imposture. The French prophetess, and the documents supplied by her, are more like this than anything else. It is impossible not to regard the claimant as

personally mixed up in every part of the case ; and we think some taint of lurking insanity must have first suggested pretensions, which actually had no ground whatever to rest on. There does not seem the slightest reason to think he had any connexion whatever with the Stirling family. The case is one which it is difficult to understand on any supposition.

The next trial, that with which Mr. Townsend's first volume closes, is an Irish case—no other than that of Smith O'Brien for high treason. There can be no object in our bringing before our readers any of the particulars of that strange case ; and, even if we did not shrink instinctively from the discussion, we have not left ourselves room for comment. Where there is so much to deplore, and so much to make us, as a people, ashamed of the whole business of 1848 ; while the absurdity of the affair is almost more disgraceful to beings endowed with reason than its criminality—it is some comfort to find an English barrister—no great judge, certainly, though Recorder of Macclesfield—praising the mode in which the trial was conducted. He seems somewhat disappointed, no doubt, at the Attorney-General's calm statement of the case for the Crown ; the plain business-speech—the only one proper on such an occasion—was not to the Recorder's taste. "The Attorney-General despaired of wearing the mantle of Plunket, and discarded eloquence altogether." But on whomsoever else his praises fall, the hero of his narrative is our eloquent countryman, Whiteside ; and it does our heart good to see how much he is admired. In him he recognises the great orator to whom is entrusted "the forensic honour of his country." In describing eloquence, Townsend himself fancies that he is emulating the great sublime he draws. But this is a mistake. The Recorder of Macclesfield is not destined to be a great speaker. Still let us hear him. "Mr. Whiteside, for the defence, struck a key note of national pathos which must have vibrated through the hearts of his hearers. His wit and humour flashed forth occasionally in cross-examining the adverse witnesses, but under manifest restraint, for he must have felt bowed down and oppressed by the hopelessness of his position, and constrained to make technical objections

to the proceedings, which a feeling of chivalrous fidelity to the desperate fortunes of his client alone could justify." Neither of Whiteside's speech in defence of his client, nor of any other part of the case, do we think Mr. Townsend's a faithful abstract. Much of what was most effective in it was altogether omitted. Of the legal arguments which from time to time arose in the progress of the case, we have no account whatever. Indeed, the fault, the great fault, of Mr. Townsend's book is, that he seldom states a law argument like a man who fully appreciates its force. A short, small, smart joke is what he loves best ; and the dulness of detail in some of the English and Scottish cases, seems, every now and then, to be relieved to his mind by some miserable quibble or other, which the original utterer of it must grieve to see reported. Where there is anything of powerful reasoning preserved in these volumes, it seems but a fortunate accident ; of Whiteside's best passages none, or next to none, are given ; of Fitzgerald's, in the same way, very little is preserved. The counsel for the Crown, and the presiding judge, are not much better used ; and poor Meagher, who was convicted of high treason at the same commission with O'Brien, has to complain of a note in which his foolish—it is here called his pathetic—appeal at the close of his trial, is printed.

The Chief Justice (Blackburne's) charge is broken into piece-meal fragments. Its great value was as a whole, and there can be no excuse whatever for its omission.

Nothing could be more distinctly proved than the treason of O'Brien and his associates. The verdict could not be other than of guilty ; but it was accompanied with a recommendation to mercy ; and Lord Clarendon, when in the exercise of the royal prerogative he spared the lives of these men, acted with humanity, which was felt, under all the circumstances of the case, to have been wisdom. After the conviction, there was an argument in the Queen's Bench, in which it was endeavoured to be shown that there was a mis-trial ; and the points relied on by the prisoner's counsel were felt by them to be so strong that they applied for a writ of error. Writs of error in capital cases are not allowed "without

express warrant under the king's sign manual, or at least by the consent of the Attorney-General. These therefore can rarely be brought by the party himself, especially where he is attainted for an offence against the State; but they may be brought by his heir or executor, after his death, in more favourable times; which may be some consolation to his family."\* Such was the practice in England. As soon as a verdict was obtained, and sentence pronounced, that sentence was carried into effect: and, as in Lord Russell's case, when times became more favourable, if the family had interest enough for the purpose, the attainder was reversed. In the bill for reversing the attainder of Lord Russell, his execution is called a murder. In our day, humanity and good sense are rather more consulted than of old, and the writ of error was not refused. The case thus went formally to the House of Lords; but they somewhat impatiently decided points of law without hearing the case to an end, which points of law, we think it exceedingly probable, had O'Brien been already hanged, would have been disposed of in the other way. The fact seems to be, that the House were afraid of these writs of error being issued in every Irish case, and that the course of justice would be thus impeded by one capitious objection or another. The old plan, of not chopping logic till after the criminal was executed, and the friends of his family had come into power, would seem to have been a more reasonable way of securing this result, than the modern one of cutting short a forensic argument. We should hope that the occasion may never again arise of seeking to investigate any of the questions then agitated; as, if the law of Ireland be not the same as that of England in the conduct of trials for high treason—as was successfully asserted by the Crown in O'Brien's case—such anomaly ought at once be cured by legislation.

When the writ of error was disposed of, a new difficulty arose. O'Brien insisted that the capital sentence could not be commuted for transportation without his consent, and he expressed

a decided preference for being hanged. It was doubted whether he was quite sincere in this, as it was impossible for Lord Clarendon to gratify him, consistently with communications made to O'Brien that it was intended to spare his life. To have hanged and beheaded him at this stage, in compliance with the legal rights he insisted on, would have looked like sharp practice, and a bill was passed very rapidly through the Houses to remove any doubts as to the power of the Crown in such a case. Great lawyers said such a bill was unnecessary; yet we incline to think it was wise to pass it, as the view of the law taken by O'Brien is that put forward in several works of authority. See, for instance, Christian's note to Vol. I. of Blackstone, p. 137. The Act was passed, and the prisoners, convicted of high treason and of treason-felony in the Irish insurrection of 1848, were at last shipped off.

Since their arrival in the penal settlement they have been offered tickets of leave, which all but O'Brien have accepted. His refusal to accept a ticket of leave, or give any parole, has necessarily subjected him to the inconvenience of imprisonment; and nothing can be more unfair than to reproach either the government, which seems to have treated him with all possible humanity, or the governor of the prison in which he insists on living—who is responsible for his safe custody—for consequences which arise from his own determination to preserve the dignity of a rebel general unimpaired. The public sympathy with the family of this most impracticable and wrong-headed man makes every one seek to forgive his strange outrage on the laws of society; but it is one thing to seek excuses or palliations for his conduct in the peculiar constitution of his mind, and another to suffer men engaged in the discharge of very difficult and very onerous duties to be maligned, as every one who tries to do his duty, without ministering to the vanity of a man, in every possible point of view most criminal, is sure of being. This can only be corrected by a saner state of feeling, to which we believe the country is fast returning.

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\* 4 Blackstone. 1 Vernon.

We should have been glad to have concluded this notice of Mr. Townsend's book with praise, but it is not possible, in any point of view, to be satisfied with his account of Smith O'Brien's trial. This is the only Irish trial in the volume. In the second volume of the work is the trial of O'Connell for conspiracy, which is, in many respects, much more ably executed. We cannot give high praise to these volumes. It is not always possible to make out a clear account of what actually passed in court, from Mr. Townsend's narrative, and that narrative is very confusedly distributed between what he calls "introductions" to each trial, and the abstract of the trial itself. In his "introductions," he is naturally led into disquisitions, in which he assumes his reader to be al-

ready acquainted with all the details of the trial he is going to read; passages are quoted from counsel's speeches, and from judges' charges; and then, in his narrative of the trial itself, these passages are omitted because they have appeared in the introduction. The value of such a book, were such a book prepared with the care it deserves, would be very great. Still, much, though not all we could wish, has been done by Mr. Townsend. The book is not without its value; and the desirableness of having the story—at least—of these remarkable trials, preserved in some record less perishable than the newspaper, and more easily accessible than the law-report, is not unlikely to secure for these volumes extensive circulation and popularity.

#### THE POETRY OF WORDSWORTH.

The voice of Nature, in her changeful moods,  
Breathes o'er the solemn waters as they flow;  
And 'mid the wavings of the ancient woods,  
Murmurers, now filled with joy, now sad and low.  
Thou gentle Poet, she hath tuned thy mind  
To deep accordance with the harmony  
That floats above the mountain summits free,  
A concert of Creation on the wind.  
And thy calm strains are breathed as tho' the Dove  
And Nightingale had given thee for thy dower  
The soul of music and the heart of love;  
For with a holy tranquillizing power,  
They fall upon the spirit, like a gleam  
Of quiet starlight on a troubled stream.

#### ON READING MRS. HEMAN'S LAST LYRIC.

##### DEPENDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

Thy life was ever freshened by the streams  
Of Knowledge blent with Beauty, and thy soul  
Did mirror then the star-light of its dreams,  
As in soft glory they were wont to roll.  
And in thy dying hour, as Israel's being  
Longed for a draught from that pure well, whose flow  
Had been like music to his youthful life;  
So was the spirit yearning for the spring  
Of living waters—but their current low  
Ebb'd from thy soul, by feverish pain controlled.  
And when at length, 'mid toil and fervent strife,  
The glorious tide of inspiration rolled;  
Once thy lips—like *him* on Judah's sod,  
Thou poured'st it forth—an offering to thy God!



## THE POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.\*

A NEAT little volume, with this title, has been lately published by O'Daly, of Dublin, containing specimens of the indigenous poetry (principally songs) of Munster, both in the vernacular and in an English dress, and accompanied by the music to which they were set. Of the translations it is sufficient to say they are Clarence Mangan's—of course excellent: he entered into the spirit of Irish verse with a facility that is surprising, when we remember that (to use the words of the preface) "he was totally unacquainted with the original language, and made his versions of Gaelic poetry from literal translations, furnished to him by Irish scholars."

In O'Daly's pretty little book the Munsterman hails, as familiar words, the names of his old acquaintances, Andrew M'Grath, the merry pedlar (or merrymonger, as commonly called); Timothy O'Sullivan, the pious; Denis M'Namara, the foxy; William O'Hefernan, the blind; John O'Tuomy, the merry; Father William English, and others; but he asks, "where is Dermot O'Curnan?—why has all mention of *him* been omitted?"—yet he deserved a niche in that miniature temple of the Momonian muse, as well from the interest attached to his tragical story, as from the intrinsic merit of his poetry, which is elegiac in its genius, and often terse and antithetical in style, and evinces a mind of much natural refinement. We have never met with any of O'Curnan's poems, translated or printed; and though we have seen some of them in MS. among the peasantry, in the county of Waterford, we believe they are chiefly preserved by oral tradition. O'Curnan seems to have been unknown to Edward O'Reilly, who does not allude to him in his "Chronological Account of nearly Four Hundred Irish Writers;" therefore a short account of the ill-fated bard may not be superfluous.

Dermot O'Curnan, the son of a farmer, was born about, or a little before, 1740, in the county of Cork, but resided, after he grew up, in the parish of Modelligo, county of Waterford. Young O'Curnan was peculiarly gifted by nature; he had a finely formed person; a strikingly handsome face; a lively disposition; agreeable manners; deep and ardent feelings, and considerable abilities; and was, from his early youth, a poet. Unhappily he fell in love with a pretty peasant girl, a native of Modelligo (the "Mary" of his poems), who was proud of the attachment of a young man so much superior to her usual associates, and encouraged, perhaps reciprocated, his love. But she saw that other girls were anxious to attract his attentions at their dances and rustic recreations; and, inspired by the demon of jealousy, she repaired to one of those old crones of whom formerly there were too many, who professed to deal in charms, spells, and philtres, and purchased from her a potion said to be of virtue to keep her lover constant to herself. This she contrived to mingle in his drink at some convivial meeting; the mischievous compound attacked his brain, and the unfortunate Dermot became incurably deranged. His whole temperament changed; he lost his vivacity, and became melancholy, moody, and unsocial, but retained his poetic talent; and though aware of the fatal injury inflicted on him by his Mary, he still remembered his passion, which seemed to gather intensity from his madness. But now he had become an object of terror and dislike to her, and she repelled him harshly whenever he approached her, as he often did, to complain of his shattered health and his troubled brain, of which he was quite sensible. Her cold and disdainful manner augmented his malady, and he wandered about the solitary parts

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\* The Poets and Poetry of Munster: a Selection of Irish Songs by the Poets of the last Century, with Poetical Translations by the late James Clarence Mangan, now for the first time published. With the Original Music, and Biographical Sketches of the Authors. By John O'Daly, Editor of "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry," &c. Dublin: John O'Daly.

of Modelligo, a wretched being, ragged, barefooted, sallow, sickly, with scarcely a trace of his former beauty left; but still frequently composing poems on his love and his despair, which he could be induced by kindness to repeat to his friends, by whom they were committed to memory.

At length he disappeared for some time, and was supposed to have left that part of the country. But one Sunday morning, in the latter end of summer, while all the rural population was at Mass, he suddenly entered the cottage of his scornful love, near Farnane Bridge. It happened that she had remained at home alone, and was employed cutting brambles with a bill-hook, to feed the fire on which the potatoes were boiling for dinner. Immediately on O'Curnan's entrance he began to speak to her of his enduring attachment, and to entreat her pity; but instead of trying to soothe and amuse the maniac till some one should come in, it appears that she foolishly irritated him by contemptuous expressions, and especially by taunting him with his infirmity. Knowing himself to have been in this respect her victim, he became infuriated beyond the usual pitch of his delirium—and, in a wild paroxysm of frenzy, snatching up the billhook, he severed her head from her body. Remarkable retribution! she fell a sacrifice to the madness that she had occasioned by her own superstition and jealousy. No sooner was the fatal deed done, and O'Curnan's fury appeased by the blood of the murdered woman, than the feeble light of such reason as he commonly retained dawned again upon his mind;

he became conscious of the nature and the consequences of his act, and rushed from the house to conceal himself.

The dismay of Mary's family, at finding her headless corpse, on their return from chapel, may be conceived. On searching for the murderer, the track of the madman was easily discovered; he was found lying hid among the standing corn in a neighbouring field; the blood on his hands and clothes bore witness against him, but none such was needed; he confessed all that had passed with sufficient coherency, and was conveyed to prison. The fate of O'Curnan was the reverse of that of Sophocles: when the Greek poet was charged with derangement, his verses were accepted by the judges of the case as a proof of his sanity; O'Curnan's, on the contrary, furnished to his jury a strong presumption of his lunacy, which being established by evidence as to his habits, and their cause, the "Mad Poet" was acquitted of wilful murder, but was confined for life as a dangerous maniac. The tragedy we have related occurred about eighty-seven years ago.

After O'Curnan had lost his reason, chancing one day to meet the object of his unfortunate attachment, he complained to her of illness; she asked him, "What ailed him—what was his sickness?" In reply to which, he poured forth a poem which he afterwards recited to persons who committed it to writing. A manuscript copy was given to us by a country schoolmaster who taught Irish; and from that we make the following translation direct from the vernacular:—

#### THE LAY OF THE AFFLICTED BARD.

*Thou art my pain, my Mary!—pining ever,  
Thus hast thou left me since I've thought on thee:  
From all my friends more gladly would I sever,  
Than from thy presence still an outcast be.  
I taste no food—long nights I'm sleepless lying;  
Sobs heave my bosom; rest and peace are fled:  
If to my strong love still *thy* love denying,  
In one short month thou'lt find me with the dead.*

*Where is the cure to stay my health's perdition?—  
She only has it—she who wrought my harm:  
'Tis not in sea or land, herb or physician—  
'Tis with youth's blossom, 'tis with beauty's charm.  
I know not heat from cold, nor night from morrow,  
Nor the tame hen from cuckoo of the dell;  
My friends I know not—but to soothe my sorrow,  
If *thou* wouldst come, my heart would know thee well.*



Love, my free gift, 'tis that has caus'd my anguish :  
 Love without stain, dishonour, or design ;  
 For her, the fair, the pearly-tooth'd, I languish ;  
 Ah, woe is me ! I may not call her mine.  
 Would that in some deep glen we two—we only—  
 Secluded dwelt, from all the world away ;  
 With timid pleadings, in her bower so lonely,  
 I'd woo her fondly all the summer day.

Give me, my Mary, once thy lips' soft pressure ;  
 But once—and raise me to thyself from death :  
 Else bid them come my narrow grave to measure,  
 Where lurks the beetle the rank grass beneath.  
 From my thin cheek the hue of health has vanish'd ;  
 My life's not life—my voice not voice, but air :  
 Joy, hope, the music of my spirit banish'd ;  
 Love's slave I mourn, in bondage to despair.

This poem is very characteristic: the complaints it expresses are symptomatic of derangement; the loss of sleep and appetite; the failure of recollection and discernment, yet the consciousness of his state, the knowledge that his beloved was "she who wrought his harm;" the hopelessness of cure, unless the antidote should proceed from her, as did the bane; and then the touching allusion to his heart's memory, that would recognise *her*, though it forgot all else.

In the mad songs written by some persons, in the character of maniacs (such as Robert Herrick's "Mad Maid's Song,"

"Good-morrow to the day so fair," &c.,)

and even in Shakespeare's, if we may venture to say so, there is a studied wildness, an artificial incoherence. But in the lay of the real maniac, the evidences of his malady come out so simply, so unaffectedly, that we cannot but feel it is nature, not art. It reminds us of the anecdote of the actress who had formerly been celebrated as Ophelia, but who was obliged to leave the stage in consequence of mental derangement.\* Having accidentally learned that Hamlet was to be performed one night at a neighbouring theatre, she eluded her guardian, escaped from the house, and stealing to the place of performance, concealed herself till the mad scene; then springing on the stage before she could be anticipated, she went through her once favorite part with a truth and feeling that melted all the audience to tears;

never before had they witnessed so affecting, because so natural, an Ophelia. As the difference between the sane and the insane actress's representation of the distracted maiden, so is the difference between the song of a really frenzied poet and that of him who only assumes the character of a maniac at the moment of writing.

The song of *Eamonn-na-chnoic*, or Ned of the Hills, the celebrated freebooter, is given in O'Daly's book; but the version differs so much from that which we have been accustomed to hear, that we venture to give a translation from our own familiar Irish copy, because it is so much more characteristic of the outlaw. Ned of the Hills, properly Edmund O'Ryan,\* of the county Tipperary, sprung from an ancient and once wealthy family, the O'Ryan's of Kilnelongurty, but ruined by the confiscations that followed the civil wars. To a well-born man thus rendered destitute, who could not dig, and was ashamed to beg, it often appeared that no alternative for existence remained but that of a freebooting career, which he persuaded himself into believing a just retribution—a spoiling of the spoilers. To this idea, and to the losses the outlaw had sustained by forfeiture, a strong allusion is made in the Irish song in our possession (said by tradition to have been written by Edmund O'Ryan himself), but which is not to be found in O'Daly's copy. The song, it will be observed, takes the form of a dialogue between the outlaw and his love; we have preserved the metre as nearly as we could:—

\* He was born in the latter part of the 17th century.

## THE SONG OF NED OF THE HILLS.

"Who calls me without? whose voice is so shrill?  
 Whose hand at my closed door is beating?"  
 "My pearl of delight, 'tis thy Ned of the Hill,  
 Whose heart longs to bear thee his greeting."  
 "Oh, friend of my soul! steal in here and hide,  
 Thou'rt drown'd in this pitiless weather;  
 Take thee dry garments, sit down at my side,  
 We'll watch through the long hours together."

"I gaze on the light in thy soft blue eye,  
 Dear girl of the ringletty tresses;  
 And my thoughts they urge me with thee to fly  
 To the wild wood's dewy recesses.  
 There the grass is most green, the birds most sweet,  
 On the yew-tree the cuckoo sits ever;  
 Deep in the hawthorns our fragrant retreat,  
 Where death could discover us never."

"Long is the night, and my heart is devoid  
 Of warmth, as the wintry sun's gleaming:  
*I'm a plundered nun, and my home's destroy'd;  
 But a deed I must do that's beseeming.*"  
 "Then with thee will I go, my faithful love!  
 To the lone haunted Dun\* repairing;  
 With thee through all Munster I'll gladly rove,  
 Though its size be the half† of Erin."

"Dear little Mora! though wedding with me  
 Will bring shame to the maid I cherish,  
 Yet ne'er shall they say I abandon thee;  
 In the ocean I'd rather perish.  
 Thou *shalt* be the tender bride of my heart,  
 For 'twould break to leave thee behind me:  
 But ah! when I think how loving thou art,  
 'Mid the poorest in Ireland I find me."

There are, in our Irish version, many touches characteristic of the outlaw, which are not in the Gaelic copy printed by O'Daly, such as the proposed watchfulness, as if to guard against surprise (in the first stanza)—the allusion to his wrongs, and the deed of befitting vengeance that he meditated; the faithful readiness of his mistress to leave her home and wander with him throughout Munster, even harbouring for security in places reputed to be haunted; the allusion to the reproach she would incur by becoming the wife of a bandit; and his own sensibility to his impoverished state, rendered more acute when he thought of that

love which he could but so ill requite. There is one "Edmund of the Hills," as from the Irish, by Lady Morgan (when Miss Owenson), from what original we know not: it has one or two ideas in common with ours and O'Daly's; but is simply a love song, without a single touch of distinctive character; and might as well be the lay of the most peaceable and orderly man in the community, even of a justice of the quorum himself, as of an outlaw.

The story of Edmund O'Ryan, or Ned of the Hills, is that of many of the Irish outlaws in the olden times. Scions of proud and honourable fami-

\* Literally, *Dun na n-gealt*, the Dun of the wild sylvan beings, or satyrs. There is a *Gleann na n-gealt* in Kerry.

† Literally, "Munster, a province, and the half of Ireland;" alluding to the division of Ireland into two halves, between Con of the Hundred Battles, and Eugene More, alias Mogha Muadhat; the southern half, Munster, which then included Leinster, being called *Leath Mogha*, Mogh's half; the rest was *Leath Choine*, Con's half.

lies, beggared by confiscations, unskilled in any craft, art, or science that would procure them a maintenance among sober citizens; too proud to stoop to what they would call servile drudgery; too poor to be able to emigrate and "seek their fortunes" abroad; the brand of "caste" upon them to mar and thwart their exertions at home; trained to field exercises, unerring marksmen, dashing riders, untiring runners, brave, athletic, hardy, the life of a freebooter in an unsettled country like Ireland suggested itself of course—what else could be expected of them?—what else remained? What were ruined Roman Catholic gentlemen to do, when they could not go into some foreign military service? Poor, haughty, untaught to earn their bread, often prevented from trying to learn; sorely tried by natural heart-burnings at seeing themselves driven destitute from the lands, the homes, nay, the very tombs of their fathers, to make room for strangers—then followed the train of reasoning by which they persuaded themselves of the justice, nay, almost the *duty*, of reprisals. The speech of Roderick Dhu ("Lady of the Lake," Canto 5), in defence of his predatory habits, is as applicable to the condition and actuating motives of the gentlemen outlaws of Ireland, as if Scott had them in his mind when he wrote.\* We seek not to excuse their transgressions: to trace their *causes*, with a charitable allowance for human temptation and human frailty, is but to account for, not to justify. Well would it have been for Ireland and for themselves, had these misguided men been able to apply the Christian precept—"In your patience possess your souls;" but the wild passions of Ireland's exiles were not

favourable to the growth of the Christian graces on any side; and we must recollect the prevalence of ideas of which we now can scarcely form a just estimate, and the state of education and of the community, so different from that to which we are accustomed.

An honourable exception to the false principles that actuated so many unfortunate persons, is found in Christopher Fleming, twentieth Lord Slane. At the time of the battle of the Boyne, he was but a minor; he took no part in the civil wars, but he extended the hospitality of his roof, for one night, to James II., whom he had been taught to regard as his lawful sovereign, and who had been the friend of his family. For such venial transgression, this harmless offender, and unrebelling "rebel," forfeited all he possessed, even his title. With a heavy heart this disinherited and distitled stripling must have passed through the gate that shut him out for ever from that lovely vale, watered by the Boyne, where stood the castle that, from the twelfth century, had never lacked a Fleming for its lord, and where the tomb of his mother still exists, amid the ruins of St. Erc's hermitage. But he wreaked no vengeance on society; he warred not with the laws that he might have considered as warring with him—he submitted to their authority, and became a good servant of the English crown. In 1707, Queen Anne granted him a pension of £500 a-year "for his military services;" and in consideration of his youth, at the period of the confiscation, he was restored in blood, but not to the lands and title of his fathers, from which he was barred by a former act of the Irish Parliament. As indemnity, he was created Viscount Longford, in 1713. Thus guided by well-regulated senti-

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\* "These Gaulish plains, that sordid vale,  
Were once the birth-right of the Gael;  
The stranger came with iron hand,  
And from our fathers rent the land.  
Where dwell we now! we rudely swell  
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
Ask we this savage leath we tread,  
For fattened steer, or household bread;  
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry;  
And well the mountain might reply,—  
'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
Belong the target and claymore!  
I give you shelter in my breast,  
Your own good blades must win the rest.'

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Pent in this fortress of the north,  
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey?  
Ay, by my soul!—while on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain:  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's maze—  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.  
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold  
That plundering lowland field and fold,  
Is aught but retribution true?  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

ments, he won his way to distinction by those martial qualities which others perverted to a wretched career of brigandage.\*

But though that particular genus of outlaws of which we speak has passed away, the influence their career exercised over the minds of the peasantry has not, even yet, died out. To that influence we may clearly trace the general sympathy of the lower class (especially in the south and west) for offenders, and their anxiety to screen them from justice. When a forfeited and ruined gentleman had become a freebooter, all the compassionate feelings of a naturally warm-hearted and romantic people were enlisted in his favour. They saw in him the representative of a family to whom they had ever looked up with affection and respect (for the Irish peasant always observed the Oriental, nay Scriptural rule of reverence to superiors; he could not degrade himself to the coarse bluster of the low English bully, who sets his arms a-kimbo at a gentleman with, "I'm as good as yourself any day"); they saw one who had been reared in affluence a fallen man, worse than a beggar, because more sensitive to privations; then would they recount the former glories of the race "that had lived among them for ages, and always kept the warm house and the open hand," and descant on the perfections and the wrongs of their heir, "turned out for a stranger, and forced to shelter among the woods and rocks, and to starve, or help himself by the strong hand." So, respecting his birth, pitying his adversity, admiring his bravery, abetting his wild deeds, and aiding him to baffle pursuit, they clung to the man of fallen fortunes (on such the genteel world turns its back) with a kind of feudal loyalty; amid all their own poverty gold could not bribe them to betray the head consecrated in their eyes by misfortune. *Res est sacra miser*, said a Roman sage; but the axiom was never so true anywhere as among the Irish peasants in the old troubles.

The feats of the outlaws, and the

songs composed on them, were handed down by tradition to posterity; and around their graves the peasantry still gather in groups after mass, or after a funeral, to talk of the old times. Thus they do round a tomb in the rural churchyard of Syddan (Meath), emblazoned with armorial bearings, now much defaced, but still bearing an inscription to the purport, that "This monument was erected by Gerald Fleminge, son of Patrick Fleminge and Mary Hussey, in memorial of his grandfather; and his uncles, James and Patrick Fleminge, of Syddan; and for himself and his posterity, 1687." These Fleminges sprang from the same stock as the Flemings, Barons of Slane, and forfeited in the civil wars. The "uncles," James and Patrick Fleminge, became celebrated freebooters, and are still remembered and lamented as "the poor gentlemen that were forced to turn highwaymen."

The peasantry, when once they had been accustomed to sympathise with men under ban, and to support and abet them, continued to cherish the inclination, though the objects of their interest had become degraded from the romantic outlaw (now extinct) to the vulgar ruffian, the mere robber and murderer; wanting the power of just discrimination, they classed all alike, as "poor fellows in trouble." The feeling which originally sprung from virtues, from fidelity, generosity, and respect, has tended downwards to utter degradation—such is the danger of hostility, under almost any circumstances, to established and recognised authority. Like some plants—whose root is medicinal, but whose flowers are offensive, or whose berries are poisonous—the sentiment which at its birth was respectable, in its maturity has become vicious.

We seem to have rambled away from the "Poets of Munster" in particular, to the bandits of Ireland in general; but the text from which our gloss has extended was furnished by one, who, celebrating his own wild life in song, combined the characters of the outlaw and the poet, Edmund O'Ryan.

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\* His lordship dying, about 1728, without male issue, the style and title of Fleming, Viscount Longford, became extinct.

## AGNES SOREL AND HER COTEMPORARIES.

AT the commencement of the fifteenth century, the long contests between the rival houses of Lorraine and Bar seemed likely to be terminated by the extinction of both families. The sole representative of the latter house was the Cardinal of Bar, an aged prelate; while the destinies of Lorraine hung on the life of a feeble infant, daughter of its chivalrous duke, Charles, and his exalted consort, Margaret of Bavaria.

The little Isabelle, on whose frail existence so much depended, was tended, cherished, almost idolised, by her future subjects, as well as by her fond parents. As she grew in years and bodily vigour, the faculties of her precocious mind were developed under the judicious care of her wise mother and gifted father. Charles of Lorraine was the most accomplished prince of his day. He had proved himself a brave and skilful warrior in his campaigns in Germany and Hungary. He had commanded the forces of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia, and had been the main stay of the Hungarian monarch in his war with the Turks. The Duke of Lorraine was no less skilled in the arts of peace. A poet of no mean excellence, his refined and liberal mind, his elegant tastes, and his graceful and winning manners, are praised by the historiographers of his own time, who ever found a welcome at his hospitable court.

Under these beneficent influences the little Isabelle passed her childhood and early girlhood, not quite companionless, for her playmate from the cradle—to whom she was ever fondly attached—was the fair and gentle Agnès Sorel, whose singular adventures we are about to narrate.

The “*Demoiselle de Fromenteau*,” as she was styled, though of very inferior rank to her friend, could scarcely be regarded as a dependant. Her father, the Seigneur de Saint Gérard, was attached to the service of the Count de Clermont; and his little Agnès was tended and educated by the Duke and Duchess of Lorraine with the same care as their own daughter. In many traits of character the girls

resembled each other. Agnès, who was the elder by one year, was remarkable for her gentleness and winning sweetness of deportment. Isabelle had more vivacity, and greater brilliancy. They were both beautiful, but the same distinction might be observed in the style of their personal charms. Isabelle, though without the shadow of vanity, pride, or hauteur, “looked every inch a queen;” the noble blood of the great Charlemagne flowed in her veins, and the high-born lady, destined to command, was apparent in every movement and gesture. Agnès has been likened to the “*Madonna*” of Raffaele. Her fair and slender form, her large, soft, pleading eyes, bespoke a soul gentle, timid, and trusting. Yet Agnès was not a weak or insipid character. The most accomplished woman of her day—the most delightful converser—so much so, that even at that epoch, so fruitful in illustrious ladies, she was looked on as a prodigy—she owed her great and enduring influence more to her mental qualities than to her personal attractions. She fascinated all who came within her sphere; and occupying, though she afterwards did, a most anomalous and questionable position, she never made a personal enemy, but gained and retained the affectionate good-will of those who, we should naturally suppose, would have regarded her elevation to power and influence with envious and indignant feelings.

The aged Cardinal of Bar, feeling himself on the verge of the grave, anxiously desired to terminate, by a marriage between Isabelle and his grand-nephew René, the strife which had for generations been waged between the houses of Bar and Lorraine. The young prince, destined for this alliance, was the second son of Louis of Anjou and Yolande of Arragon, whose mother had been a princess of the house of Bar. The Cardinal had adopted and educated René, with the design of making him his heir, and had spared no pains to perfect him in those arts and exercises befitting his high rank and future



position; and although in some respects his nephew might scarcely aspire to the hand of the heiress of Lorraine, still the pretensions of the young count were not inconsiderable. His sister, Marie, was married to the Dauphin Charles, heir-apparent to the crown of France. His father, titular King of Naples and Sicily, although he had failed in establishing himself in this inheritance, bequeathed by Queen Joanna, could yet transmit his title to these rich possessions, which his children might hope eventually to inherit. Influenced, perhaps, less by these considerations, than by his personal merits, the Duke and Duchess declared themselves in favour of René's suit; and their youthful daughter became his bride ere she had attained her fifteenth year.

When Isabelle bade adieu to her native Lorraine, and accompanied her husband to Provence, she did not part from the friend of her girlhood. Agnès Sorel shared the joys, and sympathised in the sorrows of her wedded life. At first the horizon was bright and cloudless. Isabelle, who was ever an adored wife, became the proud mother of four children, "the most beautiful ever seen"—so the cotemporary chroniclers assure us; but when her father's death made her heiress of Lorraine, the gathering clouds of war, and its attendant miseries, cast their lurid shadows around her: her cousin, Antoine de Vandemont, contested the succession, asserting that Lorraine was too noble a fief to descend to a female. Singularly enough, the question had never before arisen: Charles of Lorraine was the first prince who had not left behind him male heirs. The Duke of Burgundy supported the claims of Antoine de Vandemont; and René, after bravely fighting for the inheritance of his wife, was taken prisoner at the battle of Bulligneville, and condemned to a rigorous captivity in the castle of Dijon.

This fatal battle was lost by the rash impetuosity of the young nobles of Lorraine and Bar, who fought in the ranks of their Duke René. The veteran general Barbazan had earnestly entreated his master to act on the defensive.

"Quand on a peur des feuilles, il ne faut pas aller au bois," said a young gallant, contemptuously.

"Ces paroles ne sont pas pour

moi," replied the brave old soldier: "Dieu merci, j'ai toujours vécu sans reproche; et encore aujourd'hui on verra si c'est la crainte ou le bon conseil qui me font parler de la sorte."

The result justified his prediction. René, having done all that a brave man could do, and received many honourable wounds, fell into the hands of his enemy. When Isabelle learned the tidings of this disastrous fight, and heard that her beloved lord was in captivity, she hastened to Chinon, to entreat Charles's aid and mediation with the Duke of Burgundy to procure the freedom of her husband. But René owed his liberation from captivity to a more romantic cause than the intercession of his royal brother-in-law. Philip of Burgundy, having visited his captive, found him employed in painting. René had executed on glass very charming and faithful portraits of Philip and his father, Jean sans-peur. The kind-hearted Duke was touched and interested: he conversed frequently with the accomplished prince, and restored to him his liberty, only stipulating that he should surrender himself a captive the following year, if the conditions annexed as the price of his freedom should not have been complied with.

The visit of Isabelle to Chinon was, nevertheless, productive of important results. Agnès Sorel had accompanied her; and, in the interview which the princess of Lorraine and Bar had with her Sovereign, the grace and beauty of the "Demoiselle de Fromenteau" struck the ardent fancy of the young Charles. The impression she had made was observed by the wife and mother-in-law of the king. The latter, Yolande of Anjou, was a woman of masculine mind; she swayed the careless monarch, and, unconsciously to him, had long guided his counsels. The passion alike of Yolande, of her daughter, Queen Marie, and of the beautiful stranger, was patriotism. France was in subjection. Charles its king, and who ought to have been its deliverer, was insensible of his dishonour, or too much devoted to pleasure, to make the necessary exertion for his country's safety. Marie, beautiful and amiable, was not beloved. The influence which alone could stir Charles to noble resolves, should spring from a passion which Yolande perceived her daughter could never

excite. She conceived the singular, we may say the unexampled design of exciting it by the charms of Agnès Sorel. Wonderful force of the sentiment of love of country! Marie, stranger still to record, assented. Hopeless herself of influencing Charles through his affections, and quite conscious of his passion for the beautiful stranger, Queen Marie listened without disapproval to the suggestions of the vigorous-minded Yolande, that they should wean the voluptuous monarch from his effeminate indolence and unworthy favoritism, by giving him as companion and friend, one who, they both saw, was gifted with a high and commanding intellect, and a gentle nature and constant heart. Surely we cannot wonder that such an age was rich in noble enthusiasm, when it witnessed a sacrifice of pride and feeling so extraordinary in persons so exalted. The disinterestedness of friendship has nothing to compare with this astonishing instance of patriotic devotion. But still we must not estimate the sacrifice at more than, in truth, it was worth; or suppose even these heroines capable of impossibilities. Marie had had frequent occasion to lament her husband's infidelities; her conjugal love could not be further outraged by the substitution of a comparatively virtuous attachment for those ephemeral amours which had hitherto marred the happiness of her wedded life. That influence over the mind of Charles which she had failed in securing might, she fondly hoped, be so wielded by the beautiful and *spirituelle* friend of the high-minded Isabelle of Lorraine, as to change the destinies of the hapless realm of France. She asked from her brother's wife permission to promote the fair Agnès to be her maid of honour. Isabelle felt keenly the unavoidable separation from her friend, should she yield to the Queen's entreaties; but she could not allow her selfish affection to be a barrier to the advancement of Agnès Sorel. The young girl, ignorant of all that was designed for her, was from thenceforth to live at court, attached to the person of Marie of Anjou, who even personally had conceived a warm regard for one whom she designed to make, if possible, her own rival.

Queen Yolande, for she was titular sovereign of the two Sicilies, was a far-

sighted and ambitious woman, unscrupulous, as we have seen, in the choice of means which might enable her to obtain a desired end. When the fortunes of Charles were at their lowest ebb, she had never despaired, but courageously cheered and animated him to exertion. Let us cast a rapid glance at Charles's past career. The imbecility of his father, King Charles VI., and the hatred which his unnatural mother had conceived for him, had made the Dauphin, in his earlier years, an outcast from the sweet charities of home. The tragical murder of Jean-sans-peur of Burgundy, on the bridge of Montereau, had drawn down on his head the intense hatred of the Burgundian party, then the most powerful in France. Well might Francis I. exclaim, when he gazed, in the Chartrreuse of Dijon, on the effigy of the murdered duke, "Through that gash," pointing to the wound which disfigured the forehead, "the English entered France!" The Dauphin always asserted, probably with truth, that he was innocent of this foul murder. Tannegui du Châtel struck the fatal blow; but Charles had expressly invited the Duke of Burgundy to this ill-fated conference, and the assassination was accomplished in his presence. Philip le Bon, son of the murdered Duke, thirsting for revenge, threw the weight of his vast power and influence into the opposing scale, and allied himself with the enemies of his country to avenge his father's death. By the conference at Arras (1419) he paved the way for the infamous treaty of Troyes (1420), which disinherited the Dauphin, and transferred the royal diadem to the English invader, Henry V. In the treaty, by which Charles VI. thus disowned his son, the following insulting clause occurs, which must have been peculiarly galling to the Dauphin:—

"Considérant les horribles et énormes crimes et délits commis par Charles, soi-disant Dauphin de Viennois, il est accordé que nous, notre dit fils le roi, et aussi notre très-cher fils Philippe, Duc de Bourgoyne, nous ne traiterons aucunement de paix et de concorde avec le dit Charles, si non du consentement et du conseil de tous et de chacun de nous trois, et des trois états du royaume."

Two years later and the Dauphin found himself King, though he had but a scanty territory, and few adherents.



The imbecile Charles had breathed his last. The victorious Henry had also been snatched away by the unsparing hand of the destroyer. Paris and the northern provinces were, however, held for the young Henry VI., by his uncle, the brave Duke of Bedford. Charles VII. could only establish his court on the southern bank of the Loire; and even there he scarcely felt his position secure. "*Le petit Roi de Bourges*," was the name contemptuously given to him by the English. Charles "*le Victorieux*," Charles "*le Bien Servi*," were titles which he could triumphantly claim, not many years later. His wondrous success is to be ascribed, not to his personal exertions, for he was, as has been intimated, indolent and excessively addicted to pleasure, but to the discriminating wisdom, or rather instinct, with which he chose his counsellors. He had the art, or the good luck, to gather around him and attach to his cause the greatest captains of the age, and the wisest and most far-sighted politicians; and, notwithstanding his indolent habits, had the good sense to profit by their counsels and services. We have only to mention the names of "*the brave Dunois*," the Comte de Richemont, La Hire, Saintrailles, &c., who conducted his military operations; in the diplomatic department the sagacious Yolande of Anjou, Jacques Bureau, and his brother Gaspard, who created for him the most effective artillery in Europe; and in finance, that most skilful of exchequer-chancellors, Jacques Cœur.

Yolande seems to have understood fully the character of her son-in-law. She knew him to be of an affectionate and trusting nature, and peculiarly sensitive to the refined charms of female society. He was capable of appreciating all that is excellent in the character of woman—her heroism—her generous abnegation of self—her enduring devotion. Yolande artfully availed herself of these influences. Unseen herself, she was, as we have already observed, the guiding hand which influenced Charles throughout his entire career, and through him the destinies of France. Her daughter, Queen Marie, was a very superior woman, amiable, accomplished, generous, and gentle; but she never possessed her husband's affections, though her conduct secured his esteem and respect. Stimulated by her mother,

she strenuously laboured to make the King lay aside his besetting sin of indolence, and act with vigour against the English. Fortune seemed invariably to desert the banner of the lawful sovereign, and Charles found his best generals and bravest troops so often defeated that his friends lost hope and confidence, and his dispirited soldiery deserted their colours.

While the Dauphin remained inactive at Chinon, Orleans, his principal stronghold on the Loire, was closely invested by the English. Dunois, and others of his brave adherents, had thrown themselves into the beleaguered city; but with slender hope of making a successful resistance to the besieging host. In this extremity of Charles's—or rather of Yolande's—fortunes (for it was she who in truth had so far fought the battle of French independence) another still more heroic Frenchwoman suddenly appeared on the stage. Commissioned from on high, as she believed—to rescue her native land from foreign invaders—to raise the siege of Orleans, and see her King crowned at Rheims—Jeanne D'Arc, the simple shepherd-girl of Domremi, presented herself to Charles at Chinon. Yolande saw, and at a glance comprehended her enthusiasm. Perhaps, too, she credited her mission: at all events, she sympathised in her patriotic fervour; and lost no time in communicating a share of her sympathy to Charles. Jeanne's divine commission was recognized. Accoutred in armour, and girt with the sword of Saint Catherine de Fierbois, she threw herself into Orleans. Her enthusiasm, her pious fervour, and her conviction of a triumphant accomplishment of her mission, inspired the garrison with new courage. Now here, now there; successive sallies from the beleaguered city fell with the speed and destruction of lightning on the English outposts. A being partaking of the character of an angel and a prophetess headed these unexpected and terrible attacks. The superstitious terrors of the English were alarmed. Seven days after Jeanne entered Orleans, the siege was raised, and the English were in full retreat towards the Seine. So far, the mission sped prosperously; she had now to retrieve her undertaking to see Charles placed on the throne of his ancestors in the old kingly capital of Rheims; but to carry him thither

through a hostile country, every stronghold of which was in the hands of his enemies, was even a more difficult achievement than the relief of Orleans. However, Jeanne's own belief in her preternatural mission had now spread far and wide, and those who at first had probably used her as an adventuress, now followed her as a heaven-inspired guide. The expedition to Rheims was undertaken—every obstacle gave way before the enthusiasm of Charles's followers. Rheims, after a progress as triumphant as dangerous, was gained; and the consecrated oil, which would insure the validity of his title in the eyes of all true Frenchmen, was at length poured on the head of King Charles the Seventh. As Charles kneeled by the high altar, Jeanne "*la Pucelle*" stood by his side, leaning on her snow-white banner, spotted with the fleur-de-lis of France, on which was represented the Saviour of the world, with the simple inscription, *Jhesus Maria*. "It had shared the danger," she said; "it was meet that it should share the glory."

There are probably few persons who are not familiar with that exquisite impersonation of Jeanne D'Arc, for which we are indebted to the chisel of a second "*Maid of Orleans*." The princess Marie of Wirtemberg, daughter to the ex-King of the French, has represented her in the garb so minutely described by contemporary writers, "*armée tout en blanc, sauf la teste, une petite hache en sa main ;*" leaning on the sword in form of the cross; her fair head bowed, and her features expressing resolution, blended with repose. Her mission was now accomplished; she fell at her monarch's feet bathed in tears. "*Gentil roi,*" she said, addressing him, "*orest exécuté le plaisir de Dieu, qui voulait que vous vinssiez à Rheims, recevoir votre digne sacre, pour montrer que vous êtes vrai roi, et celui auquel doit appartenir le royaume.*"

Jeanne now longed to return to her simple pastoral life, and her native village. She confided her wishes to Dunois. "*Je voudrais bien que le gentil roi voulût me faire ramener auprès de mes père et mère qui auraient tant de joie à me revoir. Je garderais leurs brébis et bétail, et ferais ce que j'avais coutume de faire.*" The only acknowledgment of her services which she demanded, was the exemption from

taxation of her native village. Until the revolution of 1793, *Neant à cause de la Pucelle* was entered opposite the name of Domremi, in the books of the taxing officer for that district of Lorraine.

But alas! for Jeanne; a far different destiny awaited her. The market-place of Rouen witnessed a tragedy which, merely to read of, has "*drawn iron tears*" from many a manly breast. The pure, the meek heroine, who had done such great things for "*the pity*" she had for the realm of France, was here to expiate the crime of patriotism by the punishment of witchcraft. Her infamous judge, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, condemned her to be burnt alive. "*Helas!*" she exclaimed, when she heard her sentence, "*reduire en cendres mon corps qui est pur, et n'a rien de corrompu, c'est un horrible supplice!*" As the priest who attended her dismounted from the scaffold, when the executioner was about to apply his torch, she said to him, "*Tenez-vous en bas, levez la croix devant moi, que je la voie en mourant, et dites-moi de pieuses paroles jusqu'à la fin.*" Her last utterance was, "*Jésus!*"

Chinon, where Charles held his little court, is a place familiar, at least by name, to most of us, its castle being a favourite residence of our English sovereigns of the race of Plantagenet. Its situation is picturesque and imposing; planted on an elevated platform of rock overhanging the Loire, and commanding its junction with the Vienne, surrounded by the verdant woods and rich pasture-land of Touraine, the "*garden of France*." The ruins, which are considerable in extent, are of great interest, recalling the stirring times of the crusaders, and, a few centuries later, the wrongs and sufferings of the Knights Templars, whose grand master, the heroic Jacques de Molay, was immolated within its walls. The adjoining monastery of Fontevrault—founded by the devoted enthusiast, Robert D'Arbrissol, who, following the example of his Divine Master, preached repentance and forgiveness to the "*chiefest of sinners*;" and by his eloquent and heartfelt exhortations reclaimed from vice innumerable Magdalens, miserable outcasts from society, and hopeless, until he proclaimed to them the message of mercy, of forgiveness from God or man,—this noble and beautiful house of Fontevrault con-

tains the mortal remains of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion.

At a short distance from Chinon stood the Maison Robardeau. This was now to become the residence of Agnès Sorel. The scandal of that day reported, and possibly with truth, that Robardeau was connected with the castle where the monarch held his court, by an underground passage.

Charles possessed many qualities which fitted him to captivate the imagination and win the affections of a young and susceptible heart. His features were regular, beautiful alike in form and expression; though his *tout ensemble* was not effective from his want of height. He had a heart warm and devoted, manners gay and fascinating, a mind well cultivated, and elegant tastes. He was personally brave, though his love of pleasure, as well as a natural prudence, deterred him on many occasions from leading his armies in person to battle or victory. But, above all, he had at first sight conceived, and always afterwards cherished for the fair Agnès, an impassioned and unswerving attachment, which ended only with life. The young girl long resisted his suit, though she also loved in return; but she was in the midst of influences and inducements, such as perhaps never before or since solicited a woman to dishonour, and her weak woman's heart at last yielded.

When Agnès Sorel forfeited the approval of conscience—the calm dignity of her hitherto pure and spotless life—she forfeited also the happiness she had till then enjoyed. Never more, after such a fall, does Nature unfold her charms, as in the days of bright childhood, or happy and innocent girlhood—

“As I wandered free,  
In every field for me  
Its thousand flowers were blowing:  
A veil through which I did not see—  
A thin veil, o'er the world was thrown,  
In every bud, a mystery;  
Magic, in every thing unknown.  
The field, the air, the grove was haunted,  
And all that age has disenchanted.  
Yes! give me—give me back the days of  
youth,  
Poor, yet how rich!—my glad inheritance,  
The inextinguishable love of truth,  
While life's realities were all romance.”

—now the murky shadows of sin have obscured the happy vision—conscious

guilt is the great disenchanter. How keenly Agnès felt her position, is evinced by the brief records of her words and feelings which have been handed down in history. Of her death-bed penitence we shall speak hereafter. Yet she had everything in the present, if we except the approval of her conscience, to make life dear to her. He whom she loved so fondly, and to whom she had dedicated her entire existence, repaid by the most fervent and constant devotion the sacrifice she had made for his sake. France, perhaps, an almost equal object of adoration, sprang up in freedom and power under the administration which she helped to guide. No woman was ever more truly loved. For twenty years—until death separated them—Charles never swerved in his attachment for his “good and gentle Agnès.” The honours and splendours of this world were lavishly showered on her; yet she “bore her faculties so meekly,” that she made no enemies, but could boast of many, and faithful friends. The Queen loved her as a sister. The contemporary chroniclers vie with one another in eulogising her wisdom and goodness—some of them, in their zeal for her virtue, denying even the nature of her connexion with the King. All-powerful and beloved, she could find but one faint consolation for the loss of her innocence—promoting the happiness of others, and exercising her vast influence with the King for the honour of her country, by urging him to complete the emancipation of his kingdom from its foreign foes. At the time when his fortunes were most desperate, she had placed at his disposal all her wealth, in jewels or money, for the payment of his troops.

“Hier sind Juwelen—Schmelzt mein Silber  
ein—  
Verkauft, verpfändet meine Schlösser—  
Leihet  
Auf meine Güter in Provence—Macht Alles  
Zu Gelde und befriediget die Truppen!”

Well might the enamoured monarch feel the sentiments of grateful admiration for these disinterested services of his fair Agnès, which Schiller has made him utter so nobly:—

“———— Zieren würde sie  
Den ersten Thron der Welt—doch sie ver-  
schmäht ihn,  
Nur meine Liebe will sie seyn und heissen.

Erlaubte sie mir jemals ein Geschenk  
 Von höherm Werth, als eine frühe Blume  
 Im Winter oder seltne Frucht! Von mir  
 Nimmt sie kein Opfer an, und bringt mir  
 alle!  
 Wagt ihren ganzen Reichthum und Besitz  
 Grossmüthig an mein untersinkend Glück."

An anecdote has been transmitted to us, which illustrates her playful yet judicious interference in the military measures of Charles the Seventh. An astrologer, in whose predictions the monarch placed much reliance, was closeted with him on one occasion when Agnès was present. Charles, discouraged by some recent failures, and the predictions of the soothsayer, was more than ordinarily disheartened, and disposed to inaction—Agnès interrupted the conference by extending her hand to the magician: "I also would read my destiny," she said. "Madam, you will be beloved by the greatest monarch in Europe," readily replied the flattering astrologer, well aware of her relation to the King. Charles smiled at the implied compliment to himself; but Agnès rose, and playfully addressed him, "Will your Majesty grant me your royal safe-conduct, for I would not willingly run counter to my destiny," she said, archly. "I must go to the King of England, for I see clearly he is the greatest monarch, since he retains, in addition to his own dominions, the richest provinces of France, from which its sovereign makes no effort to dislodge him, fearing, it would seem, to assert his legitimate claim." Charles blushed under the merited, though sportive rebuke. Such a persuasive Mentor seldom spoke in vain: but her influence was most practically felt by bringing, as with extraordinary sagacity she did, under the notice of the King, brave knights and skilful warriors, whose courage and prudence achieved many a victory for the national cause.

Charles made his first entry into Paris in the November of 1437. The procession which accompanied him was truly splendid; and the details are dwelt on with the utmost minuteness, by contemporary writers. A thousand archers, some of them composing Charles's body-guard, led the way; then rode the King, clad in brilliant silver armour—the trappings of his noble steed were of blue velvet which swept the

ground, embroidered with fleur-de-lis. The Queen was also splendidly attired; but as far surpassing her in magnificence, as she did in beauty, Agnès Sorel rode by her side. The only weakness recorded of "la belle des belles," is her fondness for sumptuous dress; and the only unamiable speech she was ever heard to utter was on this occasion. The Parisians murmured when they beheld her costly and rich costume, excelling in splendour that of the rightful and justly popular queen. "Les Parisiens ne sont que vilains," she, contemptuously exclaimed: "et si j'avais su qu'ils ne m'eussent pas fait plus d'honneurs, je n'aurais jamais mis le pied dans leur ville." But to return from the offended and pettish beauty. The royal pages; the nobles of the household; and the young dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, succeeded, and the procession was closed by a corps of one thousand men-at-arms, the élite of the French armies, headed by their gallant commander, the Count de Dunois. His armour was sparkling with gold and silver, and surpassed in splendour that of the monarch himself. The populace were not behindhand in their preparations. We can scarcely refrain from smiling when we read of their arrangements for an effective reception of the King, now, for the first time, entering his capital. The seven cardinal virtues, and the seven cardinal sins, met him on the threshold, if we may so speak; then, on various platforms which lined the way, were represented those mysteries, or sacred dramas, which had for the middle ages such significant import, and were so popular with all classes. The preaching of St. John the Baptist, the nativity of the Saviour, the adoration of the shepherds, the passion, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Lord, were all represented: even the despairing Judas figured aloft, apparently hanging himself in his hopeless grief.

A short time previously, the Dauphin Louis had wedded the young Margaret of Scotland, daughter to the chivalrous James I. This princess, then only in her twelfth year, was fondly loved by her mother-in-law, Queen Marie, who lavished on the gifted and interesting Dauphiness that tenderness which even her maternal breast could not feel for the wayward and unamiable Louis. The young couple were from the first un-



happy. This jealous, crafty, intriguing young man, "mauvais fils, mauvais père, mauvais frère, mauvais sujet, mauvais allié, mauvais mari, et ennemi dangereux," was indeed ill-matched with the ardent, susceptible, and romantic Scottish princess. Margaret found her sole happiness in the mutual affection which subsisted between her, her mother-in-law, and the gentle Agnès. These high-souled women passed many blissful hours together, cultivating those elegant tastes in which they alike found solace and enjoyment. Margaret in particular had inherited from her father, the royal poet of Scotland, a genius and feeling for this refining art. She spent her nights in composing ballads, which seem to have been not unworthy of the daughter of him who sang "The King's Quhair." Her patronage of men of genius was liberal and discriminating. A little incident connected with Alain Chartier may be worth recording. Passing through one of the saloons in the palace, she perceived the poet asleep on a chair. To the astonishment of the ladies who attended her, she softly approached him, and kissed his lips. In reply to their amazed glances she said to them:—"Ce n'est point à l'homme que j'ai donné un baiser, c'est à la bouche d'où sortent de si belles paroles."

Soon after her marriage her royal father, too enlightened for a barbarous age, perished the victim of a villanous treachery. Here, too, we are among the records of the loyalty and heroism of women. It was in resisting the approach of James's assassins that the noble Catherine Douglas thrust her own fair arm into the bolt-rings of the door, and kept it so fastened until the brutal murderers broke the bone. Margaret herself bade adieu to life ere she had attained her twenty-first year. Young as she was, existence had long been distasteful to her. She has been accused of having voluntarily injured her health by eating in excess unripe fruits and other acids, with the design of preventing herself from becoming the mother of children to so hateful a husband. In her last illness, when those around her expressed hopes of her recovery, she shudderingly exclaimed, "Fî de la vie, qu'on ne m'en parle plus!"

The death of the hapless Dauphin—so deeply impressed the mind of

Agnès Sorel, who, soon after, asked and obtained permission from the King to retire from court. She chose for the scene of her seclusion the castle which Charles had built for her in the neighbourhood of Loches, and in the architectural details of which may yet be seen the device  $\frac{A}{L}$  (*A Sur-ell*), which identifies it with her name. She selected it in preference to her more picturesque château of Beauté-sur-Marne—that romantic spot, formerly the favourite retreat of the murdered Louis of Orleans, father to her friend the Count de Dunois—because she proposed to herself to spend the remaining years of her life in devotional exercises; and in the canons of Loches—to whose cathedral she had ever proved a liberal patroness—she hoped to find pious and worthy instructors.

Agnès Sorel was still in the prime of life—she was thirty-six—when she voluntarily parted from her royal and still faithful lover. She had the consolation of reflecting that, during the fifteen years she had influenced his mind and his counsels, she had been the disinterested advocate of all that was "worthy and of good report." She left him surrounded by tried and faithful friends, most of them attached to his cause by her influence and exertions. Jacques Cœur, the goldsmith of Bourges—whose vast monetary resources, acquired by his trade in the East, through her instrumentality had been placed at the disposal of the monarch, and had mainly conducted to the successful issue of his warlike undertakings—was her tried and dearest friend. She had named him the executor of her will, in which she had devised all her wealth to pious uses. For five years longer she was all-powerful with the King, who frequently visited her, and took counsel with her on affairs of state. His peace during these years was disturbed by the machinations of the Dauphin, who took every possible opportunity of annoying his father, and thwarting his projects. One grievance, on which he frequently insisted—his only real one—was the insult shown to his mother by the elevation of Agnès Sorel, towards whom he manifested an irreconcilable hostility. As for the meek Queen, when reminded of her wrongs, she would only answer, "C'est mon signeur, il a tout pouvoir sur mes actions."

et moi aucun sur les siennes." She well knew, in truth, that the influence which the Lady of Beauté exercised over his mind was exercised in her favour, and was beneficial to her, as well as to the interests of the kingdom.

In the winter of 1449-50, Charles, who had recently subjugated Normandy, took up his abode in the Abbey of Jumièges. The cold was intense: this inclement season in France had never brought more severe and dreary weather. He was surprised to receive an unannounced visit from his fair Agnès. She had left Loches, and braved the winter's snow, to warn him of a conspiracy which might endanger his life, and in which the rebellious Dauphin was prime mover. Having conveyed her precautionary warning, she retired to the neighbouring hamlet of Mesnil, where she was seized by sudden and alarming illness. Her health, which had long been delicate, had been impaired by the trying journey she had just accomplished. She felt—with that intuitive perception which is given to many on the brink of eternity—that the grave would soon open its portals to receive her; and that she must prepare for her pilgrimage to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." Her agonies of mind and body were intense. She reviewed, with self-upbraiding, her past life: lamented the fatal gift of beauty, but for which she might have accomplished her youth's early promise; lived in innocent happiness, and died in peace. To the Count de Tancarville, who stood by her death-bed, she spoke of her fears for the future: nor could she gain a moment's tranquillity, but by reflecting on the mercy shewn by the Saviour to Mary Magdalen, the woman, who, like her, was "a great sinner." She repeated, incessantly, passages from the confessions of St. Bernard, which she had copied with her own hand, feeling that they were applicable to her case. At length, exhausted by mental and bodily suffering, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of the King. Her heart was bequeathed to the monks of Jumièges; her body was interred in the middle of the choir of the cathedral church at Loches, where a beautiful monument was erected to her memory by her royal lover. She is represented in a recumbent posture; graceful drapery veils her figure, and a circlet round her brow confines her flowing tresses;

angels, with extended wings, hover, as if waiting to convey to heaven the prayer which her clasped hands and half-parted lips seem to express; while two lambs, emblems of meekness and gentleness, lie passively crouched at her feet. The inscription is simple:—

"Cy git noble Demoiselle Agnès Seurelle en son vivant Dame de Beauté de Roquescrein, d'Essoudun, et de Vernon-sur-Seine, piteuse envers toutes gens, et qui largement donnoit de ses biens aux églises et aux pauvres; laquelle trépassa le 9<sup>iem</sup> jour de Fevrier, l'an de grace 1449. Priez Dieu pour l'âme d'elle. Amen."

It may seem a paradox to speak of the *virtuous mistress* of Charles the Seventh; and posterity—even allowing for the frailties and errors of fallible human nature—might still pronounce an unfavourable verdict on the character and conduct of Agnès Sorel, were it not for the negative evidence given in her favour by the contrast which is apparent in the actions of Charles during the twenty years in which her influence was paramount; and his conduct after her death. Then, as in his early youth, he abandoned himself to sensual indulgences. No longer conceding to his amiable Queen that respect and consideration she so well merited, he treated her with harsh and cruel neglect. He became unmindful of his friends, and ungratefully dismissed them at the suit of newer and unworthy favorites.

Jacques Cœur, to whom he owed so much, was the first who fell under his displeasure, or rather, we should say, his indifference, and he basely left him to fall a prey to his personal enemies. The great money-changer of Bourges had amassed, for that day, enormous riches. He had been a successful trader in the Levant; his argosies rode, richly laden with the treasures of the East, in all the southern harbours of France. In his commercial establishment he had three hundred factors receiving their orders from him, and devoted to his interests. His seigneurie of St. Fargeau enclosed twenty-two parishes. His house at Bourges still remains a monument of his rich and elegant taste in architecture. The King was his debtor to an enormous amount. When Charles undertook the conquest of Normandy in 1448, Jacques Cœur advanced him 200,000



crowns of gold, and entertained four armies at his own expense. "Il est aussi riche que Jacques Cœur," was a common proverb. The people believed that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and could thus transmute the baser metals into pure gold. But the secret of his success was less magical;—may we not trace it in the punning device which yet stands, carved in bold relief, on his house at Bourges—"A VAILLANS (CŒURS) RIEN IMPOSSIBLE." Truly the omnipotence of Will is great. He who steadily resolves, and bends every energy to obtain the prize, whatever it may be, which he proposes to himself, runs but little chance of failure. Still, when success has been attained, how often does it fail to give the happiness and satisfaction which its possessor looked for? So was it with Jacques Cœur. The sunshine of his prosperity brought forth the adder.

Soon after the death of Agnès Sorel, Chabannes, one of the enemies whom his riches had excited, being high in the favour of the King, obtained his consent to a "procès" against the goldsmith of Bourges. One of the absurd charges brought against him was, that he had poisoned his constant and true friend, the fair and gentle Lady of Beauté! With base injustice, Charles made his accuser his judge. After an indecent proceeding, in which every form of justice was violated, Jacques Cœur was condemned to perpetual banishment, with confiscation of his goods, in addition to a fine of 400,000 crowns to the royal coffers. The persecuted man fled to Rome, stripped of the wealth which he had acquired by the unremitting industry of years. He found the pontiff, Nicholas the Fifth, about to dispatch a fleet against the Turks, and solicited the command, which was readily granted him. But before his voyage was completed he fell sick, and died at Chio, where his mortal remains repose in a church of the Cordeliers. Popular rumour in France long refused credence to the tidings of his death. In the belief of many he lived to amass, anew, riches no less considerable than the fortune he had been stripped of in France with such cruel injustice.

We must not close our notice of Agnès Sorel without reverting to the fate of her early playmate, Isabelle of Lorraine. She died long before her friend—having survived her sons, who

were snatched from her ere they had attained the age of manhood. Her daughters, Yolande and Margaret, were celebrated for their charms, as the latter afterwards became for her sorrows and misfortunes. Yolande was betrothed to Ferry, son of Antoine de Vandemont, who had so long contested with René the succession to Lorraine: and part of the disputed territory was settled on the young couple. Margaret, when scarcely fifteen, was solicited in marriage by Henry the Sixth of England; and one of the last occasions on which Agnès Sorel appeared in public, was the ceremony of the espousals at Nanci. "La Belle des Belles" was, as usual, sumptuously attired, and her presence was considered to give great éclat to the scene. When the youthful bride bade adieu to her native land, the King tenderly embraced her: "I seem to have done little for you, my niece," he said, addressing her, "in placing you on one of the mightiest thrones in Europe, for it is not worthy of possessing you." Poor Margaret could then but little anticipate the destiny that awaited her; doomed as she was to return to France, a heart-broken widow, a childless mother, a fallen and dis-crowned Queen—a suppliant for the penurious charity of others; her beauty gone, her hopes blighted; waiting and longing until her weary pilgrimage on earth should be accomplished and ended.

The last hours of King Charles were scarcely less wretched. He survived his once-loved Agnès eleven years—a sufficient time to prove to himself and to others, how utterly he was unworthy of her devoted and faithful love. No constant friend stood by his death-bed, or received his last sigh. He died from starvation!—fearing to partake of food, sustenance, or medicine, lest poison should be conveyed in them. His own son was the virtual parricide who thus hastened his end, and whose emissaries he dreaded in all those that surrounded him.

On the accession of Louis the Eleventh, the monks of Loches, anxious to propitiate the new sovereign, who had shown such rancorous hostility to Agnès Sorel, requested his permission to remove her monument, which, as we have stated, stood in the choir of their cathedral: alleging the scandal which it caused them in their

devotions. "I respect your scruples," replied the sneering Louis, "and grant you the permission you desire. Of course, you will not hesitate to re-instate in my coffers the large sums of money with which Agnès Sorel endowed you, and which it would be a sin against your tender consciences any longer to retain."

The character of Agnès Sorel has since met with a juster appreciation. In the chapter-house of this very Cathedral of Loches is preserved a manuscript, containing one thousand sonnets or poems in her praise; most of them

being acrostics on her name. When Francis the First, many years afterwards, gazed at the portrait of the Lady of Beauté, he expressed in the following lines, which he wrote underneath it, his sense of the services she had rendered her country, and her consequent claims to the gratitude of patriotic Frenchmen:—

"Gentille Agnès, plus d'honneur tu merites  
(La cause étant de France recouvrer),  
Que-ce que peut, dedans un cloître ouvrier  
Clause nonain ou bien dévot hermite."

M. N.

#### THE OLD MAN'S BEQUEST; A STORY OF GOLD.

THROUGH the ornamental grounds of a handsome country residence, at a little distance from a large town in Ireland, a man of about fifty years of age was walking, with a bent head, and the impress of sorrow on his face.

"Och, yer honour, give me one sixpence, or one penny, for God's sake," cried a voice from the other side of a fancy paling which separated the grounds in that quarter from a thoroughfare. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Lawson, help me as ye helped me before. I know you've the heart and hand to do it."

The person addressed as Mr. Lawson looked up and saw a woman whom he knew to be in most destitute circumstances, burdened with a large and sickly family, whom she had struggled to support until her own health was ruined.

"I have no money—not one farthing," answered John Lawson.

"No money!" reiterated the woman, in surprise; "isn't it all yours, then?—isn't this garden yours, and that house, and all the grand things that are in it yours?—ay, and grand things they are—them pictures, and them bright shinin' things in that drawing-room of yours; and sure you deserve them well, and may God preserve them long to you, for riches hasn't hardened your heart, though there's many a one,

and heaven knows the gold turns their feelin's to iron."

"It all belongs to my son, Henry Lawson, and Mrs. Lawson, and their children—it is all theirs;" he sighed heavily, and deep emotion was visible in every lineament of his thin and wrinkled face.

The poor woman raised her blood-shot eyes to his face, as if she was puzzled by his words. She saw that he was suffering, and with intuitive delicacy she desisted from pressing her wants, though her need was great.

"Well, well, yer honor, many's the good penny ye have given me and the childer, and maybe the next time I see you you'll have more change."

She was turning sadly away, when John Lawson requested her to remain, and he made inquiries into the state of her family; the report he heard seemed to touch him even to the forgetfulness of his own sorrows; he bade her stop for a few moments and he would give her some relief.

He walked rapidly towards the house and proceeded to the drawing-room. It was a large and airy apartment, and furnished with evident profusion; the sunlight of the bright summer-day, admitted partially through the amply-draped windows, lit up a variety of sparkling gilding in picture-frames, and vases, and mirrors, and

cornices; but John Lawson looked round on the gay scene with a kind of shudder; he had neither gold, silver, nor even copper in his pocket, or in his possession.

He advanced to a lady who reclined on a rose-coloured sofa, with a fashionable novel in her hand, and after some slight hesitation he addressed her, and stating the name and wants of the poor woman who had begged for aid, he requested some money.

As he said the words "some money," his lips quivered, and a tremor ran through his whole frame, for his thoughts were vividly picturing a recently departed period, when he was under no necessity of asking money from any individual.

"Bless me, my dear Mr. Lawson!" cried the lady, starting up from her recumbent position, "did I not give you a whole handful of shillings only the day before yesterday; and if you wasted it all on poor people since, what am I to do? Why, indeed, we contribute so much to charitable subscriptions, both Mr. Lawson and I, *you* might be content to give a little less to common beggars."

Mrs. Lawson spoke with a smile on her lips, and with a soft caressing voice, but a hard and selfish nature shone palpably from her blue eyes. She was a young woman, and had the repute of beauty, which a clear pink-and-white complexion, and tolerable features, with luxuriant light hair, generally gains from a portion of the world. She was dressed for the reception of morning visitors whom she expected, and she was enveloped in expensive satin and blond, and jewelry in large proportions.

John Lawson seemed to feel every word she had uttered in the depths of his soul, but he made a strong effort to restrain the passion which was rising to his lips.

"Augusta, my daughter, you are the wife of my only and most beloved child—I wish to love you—I wish to live in peace with you, and all—give me some money to relieve the wants of the unfortunate woman to whom I have promised relief, and who is waiting without. I ask not for myself, but for the poor and suffering—give me a trifle of money, I say."

"Indeed, Mr. Lawson, a bank would not support your demands for the poor people; that woman for whom you are

begging has been relieved twenty times by us. I have no money just now."

She threw herself back on the sofa and resumed her novel; but anger, darting from her eyes, contrasted with the trained smile which still remained on her lips.

A dark shade of passion and scorn came over John Lawson's face, but he strove to suppress it, and his voice was calm when he spoke.

"Some time before my son married you, I gave up all my business to him—I came to live here amongst trees and flowers—I gave up all the lucrative business I had carried on to my son, partly because my health was failing, and I longed to live with nature, away from the scenes of traffic; but more especially, because I loved my son with no common love, and I trusted to him as to a second self. I was not disappointed—we had one purse and one heart before he married you; he never questioned me concerning what I spent in charity—he never asked to limit in any way my expenditure—he loved you, and I made no conditions concerning what amount of income I was to receive, but still I left him in entire possession of my business when he married you. I trusted to your fair, young face, that you would not controvert my wishes—that you would join me in my schemes of charity."

"And have I not?" interrupted Mrs. Lawson, in a sharp voice, though the habitual smile still graced her lips; do I not subscribe to, I don't know how many, charitable institutions? Charity, indeed—there's enough spent in charity by myself and my husband. But I wish to stop extravagance—it is only extravagance to spend so much on charity as you would do if you could; therefore, you shall not have any money just now."

Mrs. Lawson was one of those women who can cheerfully expend a most lavish sum on a ball, a dress, or any other method by which rank and luxury dissipate their abundance, but who are very economical, and talk much of extravagance when money is demanded for purposes not connected with display and style.

"Augusta Lawson, listen to me"—his voice was quivering with passion—"my own wants are very few; in food, in clothes, in all points my expenditure is trifling. I am not extravagant in my demands for the poor,

either. All I have expended in charity during the few years since you came here, is but an insignificant amount as contrasted with the income which I freely gave up to my son and you ; therefore, some money for the poor woman who is waiting, I shall now have ; give me some shillings, for God's sake, and let me go." He advanced closer to her, and held out his hand.

"Nonsense !" cried Mrs. Lawson ; "I am mistress, here—I am determined to stop extravagance. You give too much to common beggars ; I am determined to stop it—do not ask me any further."

A kind of convulsion passed over John Lawson's thin face ; but he pressed his hand closely on his breast, and was silent for some moments.

"I was once rich, I believe. Yes—it is not a dream," he said, in a slow, self-communing voice. "Gold and silver, once ye were plenty with me ; my hands—my pockets were filled—guineas, crowns, shillings—now I have not one penny to give to that starving, dying woman, whose face of misery might soften the very stones she looks on—not one penny."

"Augusta," he said, turning suddenly towards her, after a second pause of silence, "give me only one shilling, and I shall not think of the bitter words you have just said?"

"No ; not one shilling," answered Mrs. Lawson, turning over a leaf of her novel.

"One sixpence, then—one small, poor sixpence. You do not know how even a sixpence can gladden the black heart of poverty, when starvation is come. One sixpence, I say—let me have it quickly."

"Not one farthing I shall give you. I do beg you will trouble me no further."

Mrs. Lawson turned her back partially to him, and fixed all her attention on the novel.

"Woman ! I have cringed and begged ; I would not so beg for myself, from you—no ; I would lie down and die of want before I would, on my own account, request of you—of your hard heart—one bit of bread. All the finery that surrounds you is mine—it was purchased with my money, though now you call it yours ; and, usurping the authority of both master and mistress here, you—in what you please to call your economi-

cal management—dole out shillings to me when the humour seizes you, or refuse me, as now, when it pleases you. But, woman, listen to me. I shall never request you for one farthing of money again. No necessity of others shall make me do it. You shall never again refuse me, for I shall never give you the opportunity."

He turned hastily from the room, with a face on which the deep emotion of an aroused spirit was depicted strongly.

In the lobby he met his son, Henry Lawson. The young man paused, something struck by the excited appearance of his father.

"Henry," said the father, abruptly, "I want some money ; there is a poor woman whom I wish to relieve—will you give me some money for her?"

"Willingly, my dear father ; but have you asked Augusta. You know I have given her the management of the money-matters of the establishment, she is so very clever and economical."

"She has neither charity, nor pity, nor kindness ; she saves from me—she saves from the starving poor—she saves, that she may waste large sums on parties and dresses. I shall never more ask her for money—give me a few shillings. My God ! the father begs of the son for what was his own—for what he toiled all his youth—for what he gave up out of trusting love to that son. Henry, my son, I am sick of asking and begging—ay, sick—sick ; but give me some shillings, now."

"You asked Augusta, then," said Henry, drawing out his purse, and glancing with some apprehension to the drawing-room door.

"Henry," cried Mrs. Lawson, appearing at that instant with a face inflamed with anger—"Henry, I would not give your father any money to-day, because he is so very extravagant in giving it all away."

Henry was in the act of opening his purse ; he glanced apprehensively to Mrs. Lawson ; his face had a mild and passive expression, which was a true index of his yielding and easily-governed nature. His features were small, delicate, and almost effeminately handsome ; and in every lineament a want of decision and force of character was visible.

"Henry, give me some shillings, I

say—I am your father—I have a just right.”

“Yes, yes, surely,” said Henry, making a movement to open his purse.

“Henry, I do not wish you to give him money to waste in charity, as he calls it.”

Mrs. Lawson gave her husband an emphatic, but, at the same time, cunningly caressing and smiling look.

“Henry, I am your father—give me the money I want.”

“Augusta, my love, you know it was all his,” said Henry, going close to her, and speaking in a kind of whisper.

“My dearest Henry, were it for any other purpose but for throwing away, I would not refuse. I am your father’s best friend, and your best friend, in wishing to restrain all extravagance.”

“My dear father, she wishes to be economical, you know.”

He dangled the purse, undecidedly, in his fingers.”

“Will you give me the money at once, and let me go?” cried John Lawson, elevating his voice.

“My dear Augusta, it is better.”

“Henry, do not, I beg of you.”

“Henry, my son, will you let me have the money?”

“Indeed, Augusta—”

“Henry!”

Mrs. Lawson articulated but the one word; there was enough of energy and determination in it to make her husband close the purse he had almost opened.

“I ask you only this once more—give me the few shillings?”

John Lawson bent forward in an eager manner; a feverish red kindled on his sallow cheeks; his eyes were widely dilated, and his lips compressed. There was a pause of some moments.

“You will not give it me?” he said, in a voice deep-toned and singularly calm, as contrasted with his convulsed face.

Henry dangled the purse again in his hand, and looked uneasily and irresolutely towards his wife.

“No, he will not give it—you will get no money to squander on poor people this day,” Mrs. Lawson said, in a very sharp and decided voice.

John Lawson did not say another word; he turned away and slowly descended the stairs, and walked out of the house.

He did not return that evening. He had been seen on the road leading to

the house of a relative who was in rather poor circumstances. Henry felt rather annoyed at his father’s absence: he had no depth in his affection, but he had been accustomed to see him and hear his voice every day, and therefore he missed him, but consoled himself with the thought that they would soon meet again, as it never entered his imagination that his father had quitted the house for a lengthened period. Mrs. Lawson felicitated herself on the event, and hoped that the old man would remain for some time with his relative.

The following day a letter was handed to Henry; it was from his father, and was as follows:—

“TO MY SON HENRY—I have at last come to the resolution of quitting your house, which I can no longer call mine, in even the least degree. For weeks—for months—ever since you married—ever since your wife took upon herself what she calls the management of your house and purse, I have felt bound down under the weight of an oppressive bondage. I could not go and take a pound or a shilling from our common stock, as I used to do before you married, when you and I lived in one mind, and when I believed that the very spirit of your departed, your angel mother, dwelt in you, as you had, and have still, her very face and form. No, no, we had no common stock when you married. She put me on an allowance—ay, an allowance. You lived, and saw me receiving an allowance; you whom I loved with an idolatry which God has now punished; you to whom I freely gave up my business—my money-making business. I gave it you—I gave all to you—I would have given my very life and soul to you, because I thought that with your mother’s own face you had her noble and generous nature. You were kind before you married; but that marriage has proved your weakness and want of natural affection. Yes, you stood at my side yesterday; you looked on my face—I, the father who loved you beyond all bounds of fatherly love—you stood and heard me beg for a few shillings; you heard me supplicate earnestly and humbly, and you would not give, because your wife was not willing. Henry, I could force you to give me a share of the profits of your business; but keep it—



keep it all. You would not voluntarily give me some shillings, and I shall not demand what right and justice would give me. Keep all, every farthing.

"It was for charity I asked the few shillings; you know it. You know from whom I imbibed whatever I possess of the blessed spirit of charity. I was as hard and un pitying as even your wife before your mother taught me to feel and relieve the demands of poverty. Yes, and she taught you; you cannot forget it. She taught you to give food to the starving, in your earliest days. She strove to impress your infant mind with the very soul of charity; and yesterday she looked down from the heaven of the holy departed, and saw you refusing me, your father, a few shillings to bestow on charity.

"Henry, I can live with you and your wife no more. I should grow avaricious in my old age, were I to remain with you. I should long for money to call my own. Those doled out shillings which I received awakened within me feelings of a dark nature—covetousness, and envy, and discontent—which must have shadowed the happiness of your mother in heaven to look down upon. I must go and seek out an independent living for myself, even yet, though I am fifty-two. Though my energies for struggling with the world died, I thought, when your mother died, and, leaving my active business to you, I retired to live in the country, I must go forth again, as if I were young, to seek for the means of existence, for I feel I was not made to be a beggar—a creature hanging on the bounty of others; no, no, the merciful God will give me strength yet to provide for myself, though I am old, and broken down in mind and body. Farewell; you who were once my beloved son, may God soften and amend your heart."

When Henry perused this letter, he would immediately have gone in search of his father, in order to induce him to return home; but Mrs. Lawson was at his side, and succeeded in persuading him to allow his father to act as he pleased, and remain away as long as he wished.

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Ten years rolled over our world, sinking millions beneath the black waves of adverse fortune and fate, and raising the small number who, of the

innumerable aspirants for earthly good, usually succeed. Henry Lawson was one of those whom time had lowered in fortune. His business speculations had, for a lengthened period, been rather unsuccessful, whilst Mrs. Lawson's expensive habits increased every day. At length affairs came to such a crisis, that retrenchment or failure was inevitable. Henry had enough of wisdom and spirit to insist on the first alternative, and Mrs. Lawson was compelled by the pressure of circumstances to yield in a certain degree; the country-house, therefore, was let, Mrs. Lawson assigning as a reason, that she had lost all relish for the country after the death of her dear children, both of whom had died, leaving the parents childless.

It was the morning of a close sultry day in July, and Mrs. Lawson was seated in her drawing-room. She was dressed carefully and expensively as of old, but she had been dunned and threatened at least half-a-dozen times for the price of the satin dress she wore. Her face was thin and pale, and there was a look of much care on her countenance; her eyes were restless and sunken, and discontent spoke in their glances as she looked on the chairs, sofas, and window-draperies, which had once been bright-coloured, but were now much faded. She had just come to the resolution of having new covers and hangings, though their mercer's and upholsterer's bills were long unsettled, when a visitor was shewn into the room. It was Mrs. Thompson, the wife of a very prosperous and wealthy shopkeeper.

Mrs. Lawson's thin lips wreathed themselves into bright smiles of welcome, whilst the foul demon of envy took possession of her soul. Mrs. Thompson's dress was of the most costly French satin, whilst her's was merely British manufacture. They had been old school companions and rivals in their girlish days. During the first years of the married life of each, Mrs. Lawson had outshone Mrs. Thompson in every respect; but now the eclipsed star beamed brightly and scornfully beside the clouds which had rolled over her rival. Mrs. Thompson was, in face and figure, in dress and speech, the very impersonation of vulgar and ostentatious wealth.

"My goodness, it's so hot!" she said, loosening the fastening of her bonnet,



the delicate French blond and white satin and plume, of which that fabric was composed, contrasting rather painfully at the same time with her flushed mahogany-coloured complexion, and ungracefully-formed features. "Bless me, I'm so glad we'll get off to our country-house to-morrow. It's so very delightful, Mrs. Lawson, to have a country residence to go to. Goodness me what a close room, and such a hot dusty street. It does just look so queer to me after Fitzherbert-square."

To this Mrs. Lawson made a response as composed as she could; she would have retorted bitterly and violently, but her husband had a connexion with the Thompson establishment, and for strong reasons she considered it prudent to refrain from quarrelling with Mrs. Thompson. She therefore spoke but very little, and Mrs. Thompson was left at liberty to give a lengthened detail of Mr. Thompson's great wealth and her own great profusion. She began first with herself, and furnished an exact detail of all the fine things she had purchased in the last month, down to the latest box of pins. Next, her babies occupied her for half an hour—the quantity of chicken they consumed, and the number of frocks they soiled per diem were minutely chronicled. Then her house came under consideration: she depicted the bright glory of the new *ponceau* furniture, as contrasted with shocking old faded things—and she glanced significantly towards Mrs. Lawson's sofas and chairs. Next she made a discursive detour to the culinary department, and gave a statement of the number of stones of lump sugar she was getting boiled in preserves, and of the days of the week in which they had puddings, and the days they had pies at dinner.

"But, Mrs. Lawson dear, have you seen old Mr. Lawson since he came home?" she said, when she was rising to depart; "but I suppose you haven't, for they say he won't have anything to do with his relations now—he won't come near you I have heard. They say he has brought such a lot of money with him from South America."

At this intelligence every feature of Mrs. Lawson's face brightened with powerful interest. She inquired where Mr. Lawson stopped, and was informed that he had arrived at the best hotel in the town about three days previously, and that every one talked of the large

fortune he had made abroad, as he seemed to make no secret of the fact.

A burning eagerness to obtain possession of that money entered Mrs. Lawson's soul, and she thought every second of time drawn out to the painful duration of a long hour, whilst Mrs. Thompson slowly moved her ample skirts of satin across the drawing-room, and took her departure. Mrs. Lawson despatched a messenger immediately for her husband.

Henry Lawson came in, and listened with surprise to the intelligence of his father's return. He was taking up his hat to proceed to the hotel in quest of him, when a carriage drove to the door. Mrs. Lawson's heart palpitated with eagerness—if it should be her husband's father in his own carriage—how delightful!—that horrible Mrs. Thompson had not a carriage of her own yet, though she was always talking of it. They, Mrs. Lawson and her husband, had just been about setting up a carriage when business failed with them. She ran briskly down the stairs—for long years she had not flown with such alertness—rapid visions of gold, of splendour, and triumph seemed to bear her along, as if she had not been a being of earth.

She was not disappointed, for there, at the open door, stood John Lawson. He was enveloped in a cloak of fur, the costliness of which told Mrs. Lawson that it was the purchase of wealth; a servant in plain livery supported him, for he seemed a complete invalid.

Mrs. Lawson threw her arms around his neck, and embraced him with a warmth and eagerness which brought a cold and bitter smile over the white, thin lips of John Lawson. He replied briefly to the welcomings he received. He threw aside his cloak, and exhibited the figure of an exceedingly emaciated and feeble old man, who had all the appearance of ninety years, though he was little more than sixty; his face was worn and fleshless to a painful degree; his hair was of the whitest shade of great age, but his eyes had grown much more serene in their expression than in his earlier days, notwithstanding a cast of suffering which his whole countenance exhibited. He was plainly, but most carefully and respectably dressed; a diamond ring of great value was on one of his fingers; the lustre of the diamonds caught Mrs. Lawson's glance on her first inspection

of his person, and her heart danced with rapture—Mrs. Thompson had no such ring, with all her boasting of all her finery.

“I have come to see my child before I die,” said the old man, gazing on his son with earnest eyes; “you broke the ties of nature between us on your part, when, ten years ago, you refused your father a few shillings from your abundance, but ——”

He was interrupted by Mrs. Lawson, who uttered many voluble protestations of her deep grief at her having, even though for the sake of economy, refused the money her dear father had solicited before he left them. She vowed that she had neither ate, nor slept, nor even dressed herself for weeks after his departure; and that, sleeping or waking, she was perpetually wishing she had given him the money, even though she had known that he was going to throw it into the fire, or lose it in any way. Her poor, dear father—oh, she wept so after she heard that he had left the country. To be sure Henry could tell how, for two or three nights, her pillow was soaked with tears.

A cold, bitter smile again flitted across the old man's lips; he made no response to her words, but in the one look which his hollow eyes cast on her, he seemed to read the falsehood of her assertions.

“I was going to add,” he said, “that though you forgot you were my son, and refused to act as my son, when you withheld the paltry sum for which I begged, yet I could not refrain from coming once more to look on my child's face—to look on the face of my departed wife in your's—for I know that a very brief period must finish my life now. I should not have come here, I feel—I know it is the weakness of my nature—I should have died amongst strangers, for the strangers of other countries, the people of a different hue, and a different language, I have found kind and pitiful, compared with those of my own house.

“Oh, don't say so—don't say so—you are our own beloved father; ah, my heart clings to every feature of your poor, dear, old face; there are the eyes and all that I used to talk to Henry so much about. Don't talk of strangers—I shall nurse you and attend to you night and day.”

She made a movement, as if she

would throw her arms around his neck again, but the old man drew back.

“Woman! your hypocritical words show me that your pitiless heart is still unchanged—that it has grown even worse. You forced me out to the world in my old age, when I should have had no thoughts except of God and the world to come; you forced me to think of money-making, when my hair was grey and my blood cold with years. Yes, I had to draw my thoughts from the future existence, and to waste them on the miserable toils of traffic, in order to make money; for it was better to do this than to drag out my life a pensioner on your bounty, receiving shillings and pence which you gave me as if it had been your heart's blood, though I only asked my own. Woman! the black slavery of my dependence on you was frightful; but now I can look you thanklessly in the face, for I have the means of living without you. I spent sick and sleepless days and nights, but I gained an independence; the merciful God blessed the efforts of the old man, who strove to gain his livelihood—yes, I am independent of you both. I came to see my son before I die—that is all I want.”

Mrs. Lawson attempted a further justification of herself, but the words died on her lips. The stern looks of the old man silenced her.

After remaining for a short time, he rose to take his departure; but, at the earnest solicitations of his son, he consented to remain for a few days, only on condition that he should pay for his board and lodging. To this Mrs. Lawson made a feint of resistance, but agreed in the end, as the terms offered by the old man were very advantageous.

“I shall soon have a lodging for which no mortal is called on to pay—the great mother-earth,” said the old man, “and I am glad, glad to escape from this money-governed world. Do not smile so blandly on me, both of you, and attend me with such false tenderness. There, take it away,” he said, as Mrs. Lawson was placing her most comfortable footstool under his feet; “there was no attendance, no care, not a civil action or kind look for me when I was poor John Lawson, the silly, most silly old man, who had given up all to his son and his son's wife, for the love of them, and ex-

pected, like a fool as he was, to live with them on terms of perfect equality, and to have the family purse open to him for any trifling sums he wished to take. Go, go for God's sake ; try and look bitterly on me now, as you did when you forced me out of your house. I detest your obsequious attentions—I was as worthy of them ten years ago, before I dragged down my old age to the debasing efforts of money-making. You know I am rich ; you would worship my money in me now. Not a smiling look, not a soft word you bestow on me, but is for my riches, not for me. Ay, you think you have my wealth in your grasp already ; you know I cannot live long. Thank God that my life is almost ended, and I hope my death will be a benefit to you, in softening your hard hearts."

Mrs. Lawson drew some hope from his last words, and she turned away her head to hide the joy which shone on her face.

In a few days the old man became seriously ill, and was altogether confined to his room. As death evidently approached, his mind became serene and calm, and he received the attentions which Mrs. Lawson and his son lavished on him with a silent composure, which led them to hope that he had completely forgotten their previous conduct to him.

The night on which he died, he turned to his son, and said a few words, a very few words, regarding worldly matters. He exhorted Henry to live in a somewhat less expensive style, and to cultivate a spirit of contentment without riches ; then he blessed God that he was entering on a world in which he would hear no more of money, or earthly possession. He remained in a calm sleep during the greater part of the night, they thought, but in the morning they found him dead.

The funeral was over, and the time was come in which the old man's will was to be opened. Mrs. Lawson had waited for that moment—she would have forcibly dragged time onwards to that moment—she had execrated the long hours of night since the old man's death—she had still more anathematized the slowly passing days, when gazing furtively through a corner of the blinded window, she saw fine equipages and finely-dressed ladies passing, and she planned how she would shine

when the old man's wealth would be her own. She drew glorious mental pictures of how she would burst from behind the shadowing cloud of poverty, and dazzle all her acquaintances. Her dress, her carriage, her style of living would be unique in her rank of life for taste and costliness. She would show them she had got money—money at last—more money than them all.

Now at last she sat and saw the will being opened ; she felt that it was a mere formality, for the old man had no one but them to whom he could leave his money ; she never once doubted but all would be theirs ; she had reasoned, and fancied herself into the firm conviction. Her only fear was, that the amount might not be so large as she calculated on.

She saw the packet opened. Her eyes dilated, her lips became parched ; her heart and brain burned with a fierce eagerness—money, money !—at last uttered the griping spirit within her.

The will, after beginning in the usual formal style, was as follows :—

"I bequeath to my son Henry's wife, Augusta Lawson, a high and noble gift" (Mrs. Lawson almost sprung from her seat with eagerness), "the greatest of all legacies, I bequeath to Augusta Lawson—Charity ! Augusta Lawson refused me a few shillings which I wished to bestow on a starving woman ; but now I leave her joint executrix, with my son Henry, in the distribution of all my money and all my effects, without any reservation, in charity, to be applied to such charitable purposes as in this, my last will and testament, I have directed."

Then followed a statement of his effects and money, down to the most minute particular ; the money amounted to a very considerable sum ; his personal effects he directed to be sold, with the exception of his very valuable diamond ring, which he bequeathed to the orphan daughter of the poor relation in whose house he had taken refuge, and remained for a short time, previous to his going abroad. All the proceeds of his other effects, together with the whole amount of his money, he bequeathed for different charitable purposes, and gave minute directions as to the manner in which various sums were to be expended. The largest amount he directed to be distributed in yearly donations amongst the most indigent old

men and women within a circuit of ten miles of his native place. Those who were residing with their sons, and their sons' wives, were to receive by far the largest relief. He appointed as trustees two of the most respectable merchants of the town, to whom he gave authority to see the provisions of his will carried out, in case his son and Mrs. Lawson should decline the duties of executorship which he had bequeathed to them; the trustees were to exercise a surveillance over Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, to see that the will should in every particular be strictly carried into effect. The will was dated, and duly signed in the town in South America where

the old man had for some years resided; a codicil, containing the bequest of the ring, with some further particulars regarding the charities, had been added a few days previous to the old man's death.

Mrs. Lawson was carried fainting from the room before the reading of the will was concluded. She was seized with violent fever, and her life was despaired of. She recovered; however, and from the verge of the eternal existence on which she had been, she returned to life with a less worldly and ostentatious nature, and a soul more alive to the impulses of kindness and charity.

#### A FLIGHT OF LADY-BIRDS.

IN the disappointing year of 1848—that year parturient, as it seemed, and only seemed, of revolutions in Ireland, and at a time when it was most prolific of menace and convulsion, we had the fortune to be present when a singular advice was given to an agitated individual, and (contrary to the usual fate of such non-expensive generosities) was accepted and acted on. The party to whom this counsel was given had suffered much mental disquiet, under a persuasion that the Repeal threatenings meant more mischief than the transitory disorder they excited. Day after day he read of mustering clubs, daring conspiracies, and monster meetings; speeches like streams of burning lava rent their way through his affrighted memory in deluges of fire; literal and bodily forms of pistol, and pike, and dagger, assumed a spectral influence over his tortured imagination; and, incapable of conceiving that the swelling ambitions and the desperate resolutions of Conciliation Hall and the Councils, could possibly die tamely out, as they did, in Ballingarry, he lived in a fever of fear; his dream by night, his thought by day, that impending convulsion of blood and crime, in which, whoever were the victors, the country would become worse than

a howling wilderness. Such was his condition, intellectual and moral, when, looking with bleared and blood-shot eyes into the face of a friend, he told his melancholy tale, and supplicated counsel.

The chamber in which this earnest request was made, rises around us as we write. It was a library, quaintly but highly ornamented in the elaborate decorations of the olden time. Richly carved cases contained treasures of higher price than anything of mere material structure. But there were manifest proofs that that vast treasury of disciplined thought was suffered to rest untouched on shelves, where it was carefully put "out of the way;" and that the slow-ripened wisdom of the days gone by had become superseded by the prolific out-pourings of ready literature, and politics, and partisan, as well as personal, excitement, which commend the daily press to its readers. This was manifestly the form in which written thought assimilated most promptly to the mental constitution of our perturbed friend. Folios and octavos reposed undisturbed in their monumental receptacles; chairs and tables, carpet and lounge, were overspread, confusedly and thickly, with piles of newspapers, read

or in process of perusal. On this department of the patient's studious pursuit, the counsel he solicited took an effect of extermination. "Cast them out—cast them all out," said his friend; "put yourself under a course of the ancients; and, whatever you do, abjure newspapers for a year, or until this tyranny be overpast."

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"Who comes from the bridal chamber?—Azrael, the angel of death."

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VOL. XXXVI.—NO. CCXI.

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through the incidents of the marriage ceremony. It has at length been concluded :—

"The whole wide world was nothing to her now. She only held the hand which pressed her own with a tender though somewhat agitated clasp, and said to herself, 'I am his—he is mine—for ever.' They walked in silence from the church, down the lane, through the rose-porch, and into the cottage parlour. Then Katharine felt herself drawn closely, passionately, into his very heart; and she heard the words, once so wildly prayed for, 'My Katharine—*my wife!*'

"In that embrace—in that one long, never-ending kiss—she could willingly have passed from life into eternity.

"After a while they both began to talk calmly. Paul made her sit by the open window, while he leaned over her, pulling the roses from outside the casement, and throwing them leaf by leaf into her lap. While he did so, she took courage to tell him of the letter to her mother. He murmured a little at the full confession, but when he read it he only blessed her the more for her tenderness towards himself.

" 'May I grow worthy of such love, my Katharine!' he said, for the moment deeply touched. 'But we must not be sad, dearest. Come, sign your name—your new name. Are you content to bear it?' continued he, with a smile.

"Her answer was another, radiant with intense love and perfect joy. Paul looked over her while she laid the paper on the rose-strewed window-sill, and wrote the words '*Katharine Lynedon.*'

" 'She said them over to herself once or twice with a loving intonation, and then turned her face on her bridegroom's arm, weeping.

" 'Do not chide me, Paul: I am so happy—so happy! Now I begin to hope that the past may be forgiven us—that we may have a future yet.'

" 'We may! We *will*,' was Lynedon's answer. While he spoke, through the hush of that glad May-noon came a sound—dull, solemn! Another, and yet another! It was the funeral bell tolling from the near church tower.

"Katharine lifted up her face, white and ghastly. 'Paul, do you hear that?'—and her voice was shrill with terror—'It is our marriage-peal—we have no other, we ought not to have. I knew it was too late!'

" 'Nay, my own love,' answered Paul, becoming alarmed at her look. He drew her nearer to him, but she seemed neither to hear his voice nor to feel his clasp.

"The bell sounded again. 'Hark! hark!' Katharine cried. 'Paul, do you remember the room where we knelt, you and I; and he joined our hands, and said the words,

"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes?" It will come true: I know it will, and it is right it should.'

"Lynedon took his bride in his arms, and endeavoured to calm her. He half succeeded, for she looked up in his face with a faint smile. 'Thank you! I know you love me, my own Paul, my—'

"Suddenly her voice ceased. With a convulsive movement she put her hand to her heart, and her head sank on her husband's breast.

"That instant the awful summons came. Without a word, or sigh, or moan, the spirit passed!

"Katharine was dead. But she died on Paul Lynedon's breast, knowing herself his wife, beloved even as she had loved. For her, such a death was happier than life!"

There is in this passage a reference to an incident in the earlier days of this victim of passion. It is well described :—

"Hugh came in, looking not particularly pleased. Though he had a strong suspicion that his sister Eleanor was Paul Lynedon's chief attraction at Summerwood, he never felt altogether free from a vague jealousy on Katharine's account. But the warmth with which his supposed rival met him quite re-assured the simple-hearted, good-natured Hugh; and while the two young men interchanged greetings, Katharine crept away to her own room.

"There, when quite alone, the full tide of joy was free to flow. With an emotion of almost childlike rapture she clasped her hands above her head.

" 'It may come—that bliss! It may come yet!' she murmured; and then she repeated his words—the words which now ever haunted her like a perpetual music—'*I almost love Katharine Ogilvie!*' 'It may be true—it must be—how happy am I!'

"And as she stood with her clasped hands pressed on her bosom, her head thrown back, the lips parted, the face beaming, and her whole form dilated with joy, Katharine caught a sight of her figure in the opposite mirror. She was startled to see herself so lovely. There is no beautifier like happiness—especially the happiness of love. It often seems to invest with a halo of radiance the most ordinary face and form. No wonder that under its influence Katharine hardly knew her own semblance.

"But, in a moment, a delicious consciousness of beauty stole over her. It was not vanity, but a passionate gladness that thereby she might be more worthy of him. She drew nearer; she gazed almost lovingly on the bright young face reflected there, not as if it were her own, but as something fair and precious in his sight' which accordingly became most dear to hers. She looked into

the depths of the dark clear eyes: ah! one day it might be his joy to do the same! She marked the graceful curves of the round white hand—the same hand which had rested in his: perhaps the time might come when it would rest there for ever. The thought made it most beautiful, most hallowed, in her eyes.

“Simple, childlike Katharine—a child in all but love—if thou couldst have died in that blessed dream!”

There is much in this story of sentiment wrought into passion, of which we cannot approve. Such is not the intellectual food on which young minds should be fed; nor is it the species of production in which a young authoress ought to indulge herself. Passion and sentiment, in combination, are too apt to betray. They invent a moral system for themselves; and the rules and laws which are essential to the well-being of society, and which have their origin in a higher source than any notion of human utility, become roft of their authority and eminence, when they rebuke or contend with emotions that have their birth in sin, but can assume the aspect of an angel of light, and never leave it aside until their ruinous ends are accomplished. Most earnestly would we exhort a writer, whose powers we respect as we do those of the author of “*The Ogilvies*,” to shun in her imaginings, as we are sure she would in her real life, situations perilous to virtue. Into such situations the current of a story, as the current of life, may hurry those who sought it not. When difficulties of this kind present themselves, they must be struggled with and overcome; but it is our wisdom, in fiction and in fact, not to seek them.

We give one extract as a sample of our author's descriptive power. It is her picture of a cathedral town in England:—

“There is, in one of the counties between Devon and Northumberland, a certain cathedral city, the name of which I do not intend to reveal. It is, or was until very lately, one of the few remaining strongholds of high-churchism and conservatism, political and moral. In olden days it almost sacrificed its existence as a city for the cause of King Charles the Martyr; and ever since has kept true to its principles, or at least to that modification of them which the exigencies of modern times required. And the ‘loyal and ancient’ town—which dignifies itself by the name of city, though a twenty

minutes' walk would bring you from one extremity to the other—is fully alive to the consciousness of its own deservings. It is a very colony of Levites; who, devoted to the temple service, shut out from their precincts any unholy thing. But this unholiness is an epithet of their own affixing, not Heaven's. It means not merely what is irreligious, but what is ungenteel, unaristocratic, unconservative.

“Yet there is much that is good about the place and its inhabitants. The latter may well be proud of their ancient and beautiful city—beautiful not so much in itself as for its situation. It lies in the midst of a fertile and gracefully undulated region, and consists of a cluster of artistically irregular and deliciously old-fashioned streets, of which the nucleus is the cathedral. This rises aloft with its three airy spires, so light, so delicately traced, that they have been christened the Ladies of the Vale. You may see them for miles and miles looking almost like a fairy building against the sky. The city has an air of repose, an old-world look, which becomes it well. No railway has yet disturbed the sacred peace of its antiquity, and here and there you may see grass growing in its quiet streets,—over which you would no more think of thundering in a modern equipage than of driving a coach-and-four across the graves of your ancestors.

“The whole atmosphere of the place is that of sleepiness and antique propriety. The people do everything, as Boniface says, ‘soberly.’ They have grave dinner-parties, once or twice in the year; a public ball, as solemn as a funeral; a concert now and then, very select and proper;—and so it is that society moves on in a circle of polite regularities. The resident bishop is the sun of the system; around which deans, sub-deans, choral vicars, and clerical functionaries of all sorts revolve in successive orbits with their separate satellites. But one character, one tone of feeling pervades everybody. L—— is a city of serene old age. Nobody seems young there—not even the little singing-boys.

“But the *sanctum sanctorum*, the penetralia of the city is a small region surrounding the cathedral, entitled the Close. Here abide relics of ancient sanctity, widows of departed deans, maiden descendants of officials who probably chanted anthems on the accession of George III., or on the downfall of the last Pretender. Here, too, is the residence of many cathedral functionaries who pass their lives within the precincts of the sanctuary. These dwellings have imbibed the clerical and dignified solemnity due to their neighbourhood. It seems always Sunday in the Close; and the child who should venture to bowl a hoop along its still pavement, or play at marbles on its door-steps, would be more daring than ever was infant within the verge of the city of L——.

“In this spot was Mrs. Breynton's resi-

dence. But it looked down with superior dignity upon its neighbours in the Close, inasmuch as it was a detached mansion, enclosed by high walls, gardens, and massive gates. It had once been the bishop's palace, and was a beautiful relic of the stately magnificence of old. Large and lofty rooms, oak-panelled and supported by pillars,—noble staircases,—recesses where proscribed traitors might have hid,—gloomy bed-chambers with spectral furniture, meet for the visitation of legions of ghosts,—dark passages, where you might shiver at the echo of your own footsteps;—such were the internal appearances of the house. Everything was solemn, still, age-stricken.

"But, without, one seemed to pass at once from the frigidity of age to the light, gladness, and freshness of youth. The lovely garden was redolent of sweet odours, alive with birds, studded with velvety grass-plots of the brightest green, interwound by shady alleys,—with here and there trees which hid their aged boughs in a mantle of leaves and flowers, so that one never thought how they and the grey pile which they neighboured had come into existence together. It was like the contrast between a human mind which the world teaches and builds on its own fading model, and the soul of God's making and nourishing which lives in His sunshine and His dew, fresh and pure, never grows old, and bears flowers to the last.

"There, in that still garden, you might sit for hours, and hear no world-sounds to break its quiet except the chimes of the cathedral-clock drowsily ringing out the hours. Now and then, at service-time, there would come a faint murmur of chanting, uniting the visible form of holy service with nature's eternal praises and prayers,—and so blending the spiritual and the tangible, the symbol and the expression, in a pleasant harmony. Dear, beautiful garden! No dream of fiction, but a little Eden of memory—let us rest awhile in thy lovely shades before we people them with the denizens of this our self-created world. Oh, pleasant garden! let us go back in spirit to the past, and lie down on the green sloping bank, under the magnificent old tree with its cloud of white blossoms (no poet-sung hawthorn, but only a double-cherry)—let us stroll along the terrace-walk, and lean against the thick low wall, looking down upon what was once the cathedral moat, but is now a sloping dell all trailed over with blackberries—let us watch the sun-lit spires of the old cathedral in a quiet dreaminess that almost shuts out thought! And, while resting under the shadow of this dream, its memorial pictures

shall be made life-like to us by the accompaniment of solemn music—such as this:—

"O earth so full of dreary noises,  
O men with wailing in your voices;  
O delved gold—the wailer's heap:  
O strife—O tears that o'er it fall,  
God makes a silence through you all:  
And giveth his beloved sleep."

Here is a book of a widely-different character, "*The Heiress in her Minority; or, the Progress of Character.*" The story is but a vehicle for conveying instruction on almost every subject in which the reader can feel interest. Antiquarian, naturalist, theologian, poet, philosopher, historian—whatever be the complexion of his mind—here he will feel much to engage his attention and to reward it. If we have fault to find, it is that that the instruction overlays the story; as in too transparent allegories, the fiction rather embarrasses than advances the instruction to which it was designed to be subsidiary. But it is impossible to read the "*Heiress in her Minority*," without admiring the varied intelligence of the author (authoress, according to surmise, in this instance also), her elevated sense of what is right, her serene piety, and her pure patriotism. Abilities such as are displayed in this work, in connexion with the designs to which they are made subservient, may well be looked upon as things for which a nation should return thanks. Books of slighter material, and more desultory object, we can imagine more popular than this, but its influence on the age may be greater than that of its best-loved rival. We feel deep thankfulness for the affectionate tone and temper in which it calls into the light latent capabilities of good in Ireland, natural and moral; and the tender commiseration, not devoid of respect, with which it mourns over our infelicities. It would serve as the most valuable of all guide-books for a tourist in the South and West of Ireland, and, in addition to the services it rendered as a guide by day, would add those of the most valuable, instructive, and engaging companionship in the resting-hour of the evening. It is among the visions we delight in entertaining, to be one of a touring party resolved to

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\* "*The Heiress in her Minority; or, the Progress of Character.*" By the Author of "*Bertha's Journal.*" In Two Volumes. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1850.



imitate, in the freedom of its movements, that "river wandering at its own sweet will," which leaves and returns to the haunts of busy life as if it exercised a volition in the devious course it pursues; and we should account it indispensable among the provisions for our journey to have with us "*The Heiress in her Minority*," directing us, or giving us choice of tracks when we arose to the enterprises of the day; and when we were assembled round the glowing hearth, which toil rendered a most acceptable place of enjoyment, as well as refuge, it would delight us to take the topics and the tone of our social converse from the rich stories and the captivating style of this engaging writer.

The story in this valuable work is very simple; at first thought it might seem nothing more than the thread its precious things are strung upon. This, however, is not the truth. Character is developed in the narrative, and incidents are devised, such as are calculated to disclose the errors and irregularities of youth, which it is the author's purpose to exhibit in the progress of amendment. The heroine appears before the reader under peculiar and perilous circumstances. She is an heiress, to whom, during her father's lifetime, a fond grandfather has bequeathed large possessions. An English guardian has been assigned to her, while the guardian assigned by nature is interdicted from all authority. In this state of things the heiress visits her estates, where she is joined by her father, who had contracted a second marriage, and who introduces Evelyn to a stepmother. We cite a passage in some degree characteristic of the various parties:—

"After indulging this little burst of temper for two hours in solitude, she recollected that, as her guest, Mrs. Desmond ought not to be neglected, and returned to the library, conscious that she was wrong, but too proud to acknowledge it. However, she found her importance was not so great as she had imagined—no one noticed her absence nor return, and her father and Mr. Stanley continued, without any pause, the conversation in which they were engaged. Her father had been saying that many Anglo-Normans, who had possessed that part of the country where Cromdarragh lay, had at length been expelled by one of the great Irish families—a powerful tribe, who, after many a hard-fought battle, drove the invaders away. Thence arose 'that sort of separation be-

tween our families—mine being Anglo-Norman, as my name shows,' said he—but, like an heirloom, it has been preserved from generation to generation."

"'But though worsted here, had not the Desmonds possessions in other parts of Ireland, where they still retained power?' asked Mr. Stanley."

"'Yes, I must confess,' replied Mr. Desmond, 'that my ancestors were not very moderate in helping themselves to the rich lands of Erin. They had an extensive territory in Kerry, where, at one time, the Desmond was almost a prince. But there, too, we became unfortunate. After many attempts of the native Irish to dispossess us, the Moriartys were victorious in a bloody battle fought on Connor Hill. Beaten in fight, and afterwards forced to yield to those who obtained grants of our property from the English Government, the Desmond family sank into comparative insignificance, and have so continued—perhaps a just punishment on the descendants of such rapacious invaders.'

"'And what has been the result, my dear sir?—has the triumph of the Moriartys continued?'

"'No, sir—in their turn they were forced to give way to others; but the present generation will perhaps make the name more justly famous than any of their warlike ancestors, by their exertions to promote the religious instruction of the poor. I wish that you, who doubt the advantage of teaching the Irish to read in their own language, could see the effect of what the Moriartys and another excellent resident family have done, as I saw when in Kerry last year—the deep interest and attention of the peasantry when receiving instruction at the schools, or when joining in our church service, and when listening to a sermon—all in their own tongue. But to return to the battle which I mentioned. It is a curious fact that there are still found on the hill, where that great struggle took place, arrows of black oak, great numbers of which have been picked up at different times. I had one in my possession; but I have given it to a friend for his museum, so that I cannot show it to you.'

"'You interest me extremely,' said Mr. Stanley, 'about your brave ancestors, whether descended from the ancient people of the land, or from the invaders; but these have been so long established here, that they also may justly claim the name of Irish.'

'And they do claim it,' said Mr. Desmond, 'though in perfect ignorance of their Anglican descent.'

"'I presume,' said Mr. Stanley, 'that time has worn away all remains of antipathy between the original and the foreign Irish.'

"'In some parts of the country it has, but not among all; for instance, the dislike of the real Irish for the Anglo-Norman settlers, particularly the Desmonds, often re-



vived from time to time during the ages that have passed since their first warfare. A small thing serves to light the embers of national prejudice.'

" 'My dear papa,' said Evelyn, interrupting him, and forgetting her ill-humour, 'I did not know that your family was so old, and that your name was one of such renown. I am sorry that I have not that noble name: though perhaps it is not equal to O'Brien. But why, papa, have you made no effort to recover your possessions? why not fight, like your brave ancestors, for your own property as well as for the liberty of our country?'

" 'Gently, gently, Evelyn! Had I lived two hundred years ago, I should perhaps, like many other "brave" men, have been induced to endeavour to obtain what I might then, perhaps, have imagined freedom for Ireland: but that time has passed. As to the Desmond possessions, we have sufficient, and are contented, though insignificant. It would be useless, as well as wicked, to endeavour to regain by force that which has long since passed into other hands.'

" 'Oh! papa, I feel my heart swell at the thoughts of all that we, who are still so powerful, may do for our country.'

" 'Yes, you may acquire some influence hereafter, and then, it certainly ought to be warmly exerted for your country; but ONLY by promoting obedience to the laws, for loyalty is the best preservative of liberty. Try to encourage your countrymen to improve by the example of the industrious English, to whom we ought to feel united as sisters, and who are necessarily so connected with us that, even were I so inclined, it would be absurd now to attempt to separate from them.'

" 'But would it not be noble for you—oh, yes! for you, papa, the descendant of the great Desmond—to recover your power and influence, to establish freedom, and to claim your kingdom? and then I would ——'

" 'No, Evelyn, my dear child, the time is now come when the descendants of every ancient house are called upon to prove their high blood by exercising their influence in the instruction of the people in the arts of peace, and in promoting obedience to the laws; believe me, disobedience to the laws is not freedom.'

" 'But our country! I am determined to make that the first object of my life.'

" 'Very well, my dear, but do not forget that discontent will not produce comfort; and that, moreover, being a female must preclude you from all Quixotte-like attempts. You must be content to establish your sovereignty in the hearts of your dependants.'

" 'I shall find that very difficult, I fear,' said Evelyn, her spirit sinking as her excitement was damped; 'how am I to win their affection, or to establish my influence? They will despise me as a woman. I know and feel that I ought to do much—but where and how to begin!'

" 'Do not be in haste to begin anything yet,' said Mrs. Desmond; 'take a little time to consider, and in the meanwhile yield kindly to our wish. Come and pay a visit to your father and to me. You cannot doubt that we shall be glad to have you at Clonallen. Come to your sister Mabel, who longs to know and love you. Though you are not to reside with us, yet we may be like one family in affection and union of interests. Come to us, and learn from your father's example and advice how to win the hearts of your people.'

" Evelyn's heart was not as obstinate as her will. Though half an hour before she would have been deaf to Mrs. Desmond's kindness, her gentle urgency could no longer be resisted. Evelyn consented; and her father, embracing her, exclaimed with more than his usual warmth of manner, 'Now I shall have the pleasure of seeing all my children around me! and Mr. Stanley shall judge whether a visit to me—to us—can be mischievous to you, or an infringement of any regulation of your grandfather's. I shall be glad, too, that before the arrival of Mrs. Manvers you should make acquaintance with your brother and sister.'

" Evelyn felt satisfied with herself, and all was *colour de rose*. The remainder of the day was devoted to boating across the lake and walking among the woods on the opposite bank. Her spirits rose, in proportion as the mist of prejudice gave way, and her natural gaiety, which had been repressed for some time, began to revive.

" At night Jane was delighted to find Evelyn once more like herself; and when she learned that her young lady was going to Clonallen House on Monday, she exclaimed, 'Oh, thank Heaven you are going among decent people, and not to mope by yourself here!—it would break your young spirit; and I assure you, Miss Evelyn, I hear a mighty great account of Mrs. Desmond—she is loved by all the country round.'"

We shall cite one passage more—a piece of natural history:—

" 'However that may be,' said Mrs. Desmond, 'I must contribute my share to these curious anecdotes, and with one that will be found exactly in point. My dear old grandfather told me that he had for some days watched a pair of swallows constructing their nest in the upper corner of his window, and that one morning, just when it was completed and ready to be inhabited, while they were taking an early flight, a pair of dishonest sparrows, pleased with its situation, took possession of it, in spite of all justice. When the real owners of the dwelling returned from their airing, they found, to their great surprise, that it was already occupied. Their indignation was of course very great; but all parley was fruitless, and

all attempts for the peaceable recovery of their property being ineffectual, away they flew, having apparently resolved to inflict a signal act of vengeance on those unprincipled intruders.

"My grandfather's curiosity having been much excited by the whole scene, he quietly sat down, determined to await the further proceedings of both parties. The sparrows kept close, showing no disposition to risk their possession by any unwary movement; and in no long time the two swallows returned, accompanied by a prodigious number of their tribe, each bearing a load of the mortar-like cement which they use in the formation of their nests; and which they so immediately and so dexterously employed in rapid succession in closing the mouth of the disputed nest, that in the twinkling of an eye almost the thing was done—the poor sparrows were too late in their efforts to escape—their doom was sealed, for they were completely sealed up in the nest."

"So this very curious circumstance is really true," exclaimed Miss Vincent; "I saw it lately at the Dublin National School in one of their books; and the sequel will amuse you. A visitor asked one of the children, 'Who was it that helped the swallows?' and the boy replied most nationally and characteristically, 'Sure didn't he bring his *faction* along with him?'"

"Raymond Revilloyd," by Grace Webster, is a story which cannot be described as pursuing its way in the groove-line traced out by ordinary romances. The plot, if not original, is indisputably unusual. A gentleman of feeble character has the mortification to be a widower, and the father of two unmanageable daughters, who complete his distress by wedding themselves to two persons of that denomination of Christians known as Plymouth Brethren. The slighted parent, who has no love for the persons of his intended sons-in-law, nor yet for religion under the aspect in which they present it, can think of no better mode of delivering himself from annoyance, and punishing his refractory offspring, than withdrawing to the Continent, and giving up his estate into the custody of a man who proves to be at once a knave and hypocrite. Having thus provided for the punishment of all belonging to him, as well as himself, the old gentleman wends his way to Italy, accompanied by a timid boy, his grandson and his heir.

After some time the grandfather disappears, and the heir, unable to discover any trace of him, returns to England to seek the counsel and assistance of Mr. Atterbury, the dishonest-individual to whom the care of what was to have been his inheritance has been confided. He is, of course, unceremoniously expelled from the house which should have been his own, is assigned, in exchange, an apartment in the public prison, and is given in charge as an offender. This young gentleman (whose energies are employed in fainting whenever he can, and where this feat is impracticable, by dissolving into tears), after a variety of incidents, which disclose the amiable imbecility of his character (and which give a picture of English society, and of the administration of our laws, such as may very faithfully represent some night-mare distortion of a truth), makes his way to London, and falls in with a protector, to whom he had been made known at an earlier period of his life, and by whose energy and practical good sense he is conducted through many dangers, and finally made happy.

The writer of "Raymond Revilloyd" is not destitute of power, but her power is not equal to the task assigned to it. She was bent on the composition of "a romance," was resolved to carry out her plot by agencies which should be altogether at her own disposal, but she miscalculated the time and circumstances in which they were to do her bidding. She should have thrown her "romance" back to an age, or located its incidents in a region, where the "king's writ does not run." The reign of William IV. was too recent to allow of keeping "probability in view," where "a phantasma, or such hideous dream," as "Raymond Revilloyd," was to be enacted or described. But a more remote period, it may be, would not suit the fair writer's purpose. She would expose the vices and crimes of the age she lives in, and the mirror in which she would show that age its form and pressure, is one which distorts it into the likeness of a time that never existed, and that could not possibly exist. Perjury, and pillage, and poison, and ghosts, and murderers, and libertines who convert asylums of cha-

[illegible]

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. The second step is to gather relevant information and resources. This may involve research, consultation with experts, or reviewing existing data.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the sequence of actions to be taken.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves carrying out the tasks and actions identified in the plan, while monitoring progress and making adjustments as needed.

5. The fifth step is to evaluate the results and outcomes. This involves assessing the effectiveness of the solution and identifying any areas for improvement or further action.

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A black and white photograph of a large, multi-story building with a prominent central tower and many windows, likely a government or institutional building.

[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the situation.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any lessons learned for future projects.

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4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves assigning tasks to team members, setting deadlines, and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves comparing the actual outcomes to the objectives and goals, identifying any gaps or areas for improvement, and documenting the lessons learned for future reference.

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**SECRET**

at intervals the deep volleying thunder. In the midst of this hubbub the Italian rubbed his hands, tripped lightly up and down his room, placed his ear at the keyhole, and chuckled and rubbed his hands again in a paroxysm of glee—now and again venting his gratification in brief ejaculations of intense delight—the very incarnation of the spirit of mischief.

“The sounds in Sir Richard’s room had ceased for two hours or more; and the piping wind and the deep-mouthed thunder still roared and rattled. The Neapolitan was too much excited to slumber. He continued, therefore, to pace the floor of his chamber—sometimes gazing through his window upon the black, stormy sky and the blue lightning, which leaped in blinding flashes across its darkness, revealing for a moment the ivied walls, and the tossing trees, and the fields and hills, which were as instantaneously again swallowed in the blackness of the tempestuous night; and then turning from the casement, he would plant himself by the door, and listen with eager curiosity for any sound from Sir Richard’s room.

“As we have said before, several hours had passed, and all had long been silent in the baronet’s apartment, when on a sudden Parucci thought he heard the sharp and well-known knocking of his patron’s ebony stick upon the floor. He ran and listened at his own door. The sound was repeated with unequivocal and vehement distinctness, and was instantaneously followed by a prolonged and violent peal from his master’s hand-bell. The summons was so sustained and vehement, that the Italian at length cautiously withdrew the bolt, unlocked the door, and stole out upon the lobby. So far from abating, the sound grew louder and louder. On tiptoe he scaled the stairs, until he reached to about the midway; and he there paused, for he heard his master’s voice exerted in a tone of terrified entreaty—

“‘Not now—not now—avaunt—not now. Oh, God!—help,’ cried the well-known voice.

“These words were followed by a crash, as of some heavy body springing from the bed—then a rush upon the floor—then another crash.

“The voice was hushed; but in its stead the wild storm made a long and plaintive moan, and the listener’s heart turned cold.

“‘*Malora—Corpo di Pluto!*’ muttered he between his teeth. ‘What is it? Will he reeng again? *Santo gennaro!*—there is something wrong.’

“He paused in fearful curiosity; but the summons was not repeated. Five minutes passed; and yet no sound but the howling and pealing of the storm. Parucci, with a beating heart, ascended the stairs, and knocked at the door of his patron’s chamber. No answer was returned.

“‘Sir Richard, Sir Richard,’ cried the man, ‘do you want me, Sir Richard?’

“Still no answer. He pushed open the door and entered. A candle, wasted to the very socket, stood upon a table beside the huge, hearse-like bed, which for the convenience of the invalid had been removed from his bed-chamber to his dressing-room. The light was dim, and waved uncertainly in the eddies which found their way through the chinks of the window, so that the lights and shadows flitted ambiguously across the objects in the room. At the end of the bed a table had been upset; and lying near it upon the floor was something—a heap of bed-clothes, or—could it be?—yes, it *was* Sir Richard Ashwoode.

“Parucci approached the prostrate figure: it was lying upon its back, the countenance fixed and livid, the eyes staring and glazed, and the jaw fallen—he was a corpse. The Italian stooped down and took the hand of the dead man—it was already cold; he called him by his name and shook him, but all in vain. There lay the cunning intriguer, the fierce, fiery prodigal, the impetuous, unrelenting tyrant, the unbelieving, reckless man of the world, a ghastly lump of clay.

“With strange emotions the Neapolitan gazed upon the lifeless effigy from which the evil tenant had been so suddenly and fearfully called to its eternal and unseen abode.

“‘Gone—dead—all over—all past,’ muttered he slowly, while he pressed his foot upon the dead body, as if to satisfy himself that life was indeed extinct—‘quite gone. *Canchero!* it was ugly death—there was something with him; what was he speaking with?’

“Parucci walked to the door leading to the great staircase, but found it bolted as usual.

“‘Pshaw, there was nothing,’ said he, looking fearfully round the room as he approached the body again, and repeating the negative as if to re-assure himself—no, no—nothing, nothing.’

“He gazed again on the awful spectacle in silence for several minutes.

“‘*Corbezzoli*, and so it is over,’ at length he ejaculated—‘the game is ended. See, see, the breast is bare, and there the two marks of Aldini’s stiletto. Ah! *briccone, briccone*, what wild faylow were you—*panzanera*, for a pretty ankle and a pair of black eyes, you would dare the devil. *Rotto di collo*, his face is moving!—psaw, it is only the light that wavers. *Diamine!* the face is terrible. What made him speak; nothing was with him—psaw, nothing could come to him here—no, no, nothing.’

“As he thus spoke, the wind swept vehemently upon the windows with a sound as if some great thing had rushed against them, and was pressing for admission, and the gust blew out the candle; the blast died away in a lengthened wail, and then again came rushing and howling up to the windows, as if the very prince of the powers of the air himself were thundering at the casement;

then again the blue dazzling lightning glared into the room and gave place to deeper darkness.

"Pah! that lightning smells like brimstone. *Sangue d'un dia*, I hear something in the room."

"Yielding to his terrors, Parucci stumbled to the door opening upon the great lobby, and with cold and trembling fingers drawing the bolt, sprang to the stairs and shouted for assistance in a tone which speedily assembled half the household in the chamber of death."

"*Woman's Friendship*"\* is a tale told, as woman only could tell it, of the influence and truth of such disinterested affection. The authoress, it has been spoken to us in Christian hope, is "where the weary are at rest." We content ourselves with transcribing two passages from her unpretending little volume. The subject of both sketches is a young artist and poet, who had contended with the difficulties of an adverse condition and a feeble constitution:—

"But though Florence could not summon sufficient courage to remain while the interview lasted, suspense became so intolerable that she felt as if the most dreaded reality could be better borne. Hardly knowing her own intentions, she waited in a little sitting-room, till they descended; then springing forward, she caught hold of Sir Charles's hand, and looked up in his face with cheeks and lips perfectly blanched, and every effort to speak died away in indistinct murmurs. Only too well accustomed to such painful scenes, the physician gently led her within the parlour and closed the door; the action recalled voice, and she gasped forth—

"Oh! is there no hope? will you not save him? Tell me he will not die!"

"My good young lady, life and death are not in the hands of man; yet it were cruel, unwisely cruel, to give you hope. Your brother's mind has been his poison—I dare not tell you—he may live."

"But he will linger—he may be spared us many years yet," persisted Florence, in the wild accents of one determined against belief. "It cannot be that he will go now—so young—so—but forgive me," she added, when the hysterical sobs gave way, "tell me, I am better now—I can bear it—I ought to know, for my poor mother's sake, how long we may call him ours?"

"The reply was given kindly and carefully; but what language, what gentleness may

soften the bitter anguish of such words? Florence heard, and yet she sank not. She bade farewell to those kind friends; she saw them go, but still she stood as if thought, sense, life itself were frozen; and then she rushed up the stairs into her own room, secured the door, and sinking on her knees, buried her face in the bed-clothes, and her slight frame shook beneath its agony.

"Another hour, and that suffering girl was seated by her brother's couch, holding his hand in hers, and with a marble cheek, but faint sweet smile, listening to and sympathising in his lovely dreams of fame. And such is woman,—her tears are with her God, her smile with man; the heart may break, and who shall know it?"

"Mr. Morton had suggested a frontispiece as an improvement to his book, and Walter's every energy now turned to the composition of a picture from which the print might be engraven. He had resolved not to put his name to the publication, and therefore felt that a group entitled '*The Poet's Home*' could convey no identity; and he commenced his task with an ardour and enjoyment, strangely at variance with the prostrating languor of disease. Who that has watched the workings of the mind and spirit, as the human frame decays, can doubt our immortality? How can the awful creed of materialism exist with the view of that bright light of mind shining purer and brighter, with every hour that brings death nearer? Life may afford matter for the sceptic and the materialist to weave their fearful theories upon, though we know not how it can; but let such look on the approach of sure yet lingering death, and how will they retain them then?"

"Many scenes of life are holy—the early morn, the twilight hour, the starry night, the rolling storm, the hymn of thousands from the sacred fan, the marriage rite, or funeral dirge; but none more holy than the chamber of the dying, lingering beside a departing spirit, seeming as if already the angel shone above the mortal, waiting but the eternal summons to wing his flight on high.

"One evening Walter's couch had been drawn near the open casement, which looked into the garden at the back of the house; and even the dirty green and scentless flowers, peculiar to the environs of London, were grateful to the poet. He was propped up with pillows, and his hand was yet busy on the canvass, giving the last touches to his picture.

"All was completed but the figure of Minie, who was sitting in the required attitude; but it was well he had not waited till that moment to give the joyous expression he so much loved.

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\* "*Woman's Friendship*;" a Story of Domestic Life. By Grace Aguilar, Author of "*Home Influence*." London: Groombridge and Sons. 1850.



"An hour passed, and no movement, no sound disturbed that little party: the hand of the artist moved languidly, but still it moved, and the concluding touches started into life beneath it. Sometimes his eyes would close, and then after a brief interval of rest, re-open to look upon his task.

"Florence had not yet returned, having gone out of her way to purchase some fresh flowers, as was her custom every third day, in spite of Walter's remonstrances: the intense delight which they always gave him was too visible to permit any cessation of the indulgence: that she deprived herself of many little necessities, and, exhausted and weary, never rode to her pupils, that she might save to purchase luxuries for him, he never knew. She often recalled Emily Melford's horror of exertion, and half smiled at the widely different meanings that word bore in their respective vocabularies: but a bitter feeling mingled with the smile at her own credulity in Emily's profession of interest and regard: from the day she had sought her to the present moment, a full year, she had rested as silent and indifferent as before.

"As Florence came within sight of the bay-windows of her house, she fancied that she could distinguish the figure of Walter looking down the road, as if watching her return. She was surprised, because, since his increasing illness, they had changed their apartment from the front to the back sitting-room, in order to give him more quiet and fresh air than the dusty road afforded. What he could be doing there she could not conceive, for even if he were anxious for her return and wished to watch for her, he surely had not sufficient strength to walk from one room to another, and there remain standing so that she could distinguish his full figure. Hope flashed on her heart, that he was better. Some extraordinary change must have taken place, and he might yet live! Oh, what a sudden thrill came with that fond thought! and she hurried, almost ran the intervening space. Breathless she entered the house, and sprang up the staircase.

"What, settled again so soon at your drawing, dearest Walter, and only a minute ago I saw you beckoning me from the next room—how could you stand there so long?"

"Mrs. Leslie put her finger on her lips—'You have been strangely deceived, my love, Walter has not quitted this room nor this posture for some hours. Come softly, I think he sleeps.'

"No word, no cry, passed the lips of Florence, although a pang, sharp as if every drop of blood were turned to ice, curdled through her frame. She knew she was not deceived. As surely as she now looked on him, she felt she had seen him smile, as if to bid her hasten home, not ten minutes before, and with

a fleet and noiseless step she stood beside him. The pencil was still within his hand, but it moved no longer on the canvass—the eyes were closed, the lips were parted: she bent down her head and pressed her lips upon his brow—it was marbly cold.

"Walter!' she shrieked, for in that dread moment she knew not what she did. 'Walter—my brother—speak to me—look on me again!'

"For a moment she stood as if waiting for the look, the voice she called; then, pressing her hands wildly to her brow, sought to collect thought, energy, control, for her poor mother's sake—but all, all failed—and, for the first time in her life, she sunk down in a deep and death-like swoon."

The authoress of "Two Old Men's Tales" has been engaged in what is called "a social story." It appears in that beautiful periodical, "The Ladies' Companion at Home and Abroad," and it is worthy of its author's reputation. How manifest and how characteristic is the distinction between the language of those who would *use* the poor for their own purposes, and of those who would *serve* them! How manifest and characteristic the distinction between the Socialist and the Christian, in their descriptions of those sufferings by which poverty tries the children of affliction. The one is perpetually solicitous to set out such sufferings as testimony against the system which protects social order—the other, as an occasion to call forth an exercise of Christian benevolence. The Socialist gives a voice and speech to poverty, as if it cried out for vengeance against the prosperous—the Christian interprets the accents of distress as invitations to discharge a duty which is twice blessed, and to give for the sake of Him through whom his people hope to be forgiven. The Socialist would relieve the wants he describes at the cost of pulling down the edifice of Government and Order. The Christian would supply the deficiency for which human policy has not provided, by calling in the aid of a divine principle, which that very deficiency has been providentially appointed to call into exercise. Human institutions permit great inequality of condition, and leave severe sufferings unrelieved—then, cries the Socialist, down with existing insti-

tutions. The Christian philanthropist confesses the same truth, but would assign the office of redressing the wrong to that principle which "vaunteth not itself, seeketh not its own—is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Thus it is, Convulsion and Ruin are the Socialist's reformers. The true philanthropist evokes the aid of Christianity.

One sketch from this little gem of a story, we cannot refrain from offering to the reader:—

"Two young women inhabited one small room of about ten feet by eight, in the upper story of a set of houses somewhere near Mary-le-bon-street. These houses appear to have been once intended for rather substantial persons, but have gradually sunk into lodging-houses for the very poor. The premises look upon an old grave-yard; a dreary prospect enough, but perhaps preferable to a close street, and are filled with decent but very poor people. Every room appears to serve a whole family, and few of the rooms are much larger than the one I have described.

"It was now half-past twelve o'clock, and still the miserable dip tallow candle burned in a dilapidated tin candlestick. The wind whistled with that peculiar wintry sound which betokens that snow is falling; it was very, very cold,—the fire was out,—and the girl who sat plying her needle by the hearth, which was still a little warmer than the rest of the room, had wrapped up her feet in an old worn-out piece of flannel, and had an old black silk wadded cloak thrown over her to keep her from being almost perished. The room was scantily furnished, and bore an air of extreme poverty, amounting almost to absolute destitution. One by one the little articles of property possessed by its inmates had disappeared to supply the calls of urgent want. An old four-post bedstead, with curtains of worn-out serge, stood in one corner; one mattress, with two small, thin pillows, and a bolster that was almost flat; three old blankets, cotton sheets of the coarsest description upon it; three rush-bottomed chairs, an old claw-table, a very ancient, dilapidated chest of drawers,—at the top of which were a few battered band-boxes,—a miserable bit of carpet before the fire-place; a wooden box for coals; a little low tin fender, a poker, or rather half a poker; a shovel and tongs, much the worse for wear, and a very few kitchen utensils, was all the furniture in the room. What there was, however, was kept clean; the floor was clean, the yellow paint was clean; and, I forgot to say, there was a washing-tub set aside in one corner.

"The wind blew shrill, and shook the window, and the snow was heard beating

against the panes; the clock went another quarter, but still the indefatigable toiler sewed on. Now and then she lifted up her head, as a sigh came from that corner of the room where the bed stood, and some one might be heard turning and tossing uneasily upon the mattress,—then she returned to her occupation, and plied her needle with increased assiduity.

"The workwoman was a girl of from eighteen to twenty, rather below the middle size, and of a face and form little adapted to figure in a story. One whose life, in all probability, would never be diversified by those romantic adventures which *real* life in general reserves to the beautiful and highly-gifted. Her features were rather homely, her hair of a light brown, *without* golden threads through it, her hands and arms rough and red with cold and labour; her dress ordinary to a degree,—her clothes being of the cheapest materials,—but then, these clothes were so neat, so carefully mended where they had given way; the hair was so smooth, and so closely and neatly drawn round the face; and the face itself had such a sweet expression, that all the defects of line and colour were redeemed to the lover of expression, rather than beauty.

"She did not look patient, she did not look resigned; she *could* not look cheerful exactly. She looked earnest, composed, busy, and exceedingly kind. She had not, it would seem, thought enough of self in the midst of her privations, to require the exercise of the virtues of patience and resignation; she was so occupied with the sufferings of others that she never seemed to think of her own.

She was naturally of the most cheerful, hopeful temper in the world—those people without selfishness usually are. And, though sorrow had a little lowered the tone of her spirits to composure, and work and disappointment had faded the bright colours of hope; still hope was not entirely gone, nor cheerfulness exhausted. But the predominant expression of every word and look, and tone, and gesture, was kindness,—inexhaustible kindness.

"I said she lifted up her head from time to time, as a sigh proceeded from the bed, and its suffering inhabitant tossed and tossed: and at last she broke silence and said, 'Poor Myra, can't you get to sleep?'

"'It is so fearfully cold,' was the reply: 'and when *will* you have done and come to bed?'

"'One quarter of an hour more, and I shall have finished it. Poor Myra, you are so nervous, you never can get to sleep till all is shut up—but have patience, dear, one little quarter of an hour, and then I will throw my clothes over your feet, and I hope you will be a little warmer.'

"A sigh was all the answer; and then the *true* heroine,—for she was extremely beautiful, or rather had been, poor thing, for she was too wan and wasted to be beautiful now,—lifted

up her head, from which fell a profusion of the fairest hair in the world, and leaning her head upon her arm, watched in a sort of impatient patience, the progress of the indefatigable needle-woman.

"'One o'clock striking, and you hav'nt done yet, Lettice? how slowly you *do* get on.'

"'I cannot work fast and neatly too, dear Myra. I cannot get through as some do—I wish I could. But my hands are not so delicate and nimble as yours, such swelled clumsy things,' she said, laughing a little, as she looked at them—swelled, indeed, and all mottled over with the cold! 'I cannot get over the ground nimbly and well at the same time. You are a fine race-horse, I am a poor little drudging pony,—but I will make as much haste as I possibly can.'

"Myra once more uttered an impatient fretful sigh, and sank down again, saying, 'My feet are so dreadfully cold!'

"'Take this bit of flannel, then, and let me wrap them up.'

"'Nay, but you will want it.'

"'Oh, I have only five minutes more to stay, and I can wrap the carpet round my feet.'

"And she laid down her work and went to the bed, and wrapped her sister's delicate, but now icy feet, in the flannel; and then she sat down; and at last the task was finished. And oh, how glad she was to creep to that mattress, and to lay her aching limbs down upon it! Hard it might be, and wretched the pillows, and scanty the covering, but little felt she such inconveniences. She fell asleep almost immediately, whilst her sister still tossed and murmured. Presently Lettice, for Lettice it was, awakened a little and said, 'What is it, love? Poor, poor Myra! Oh, that you could but sleep as I do.'

"And then she drew her own little pillow from under her head, and put it under her sister's, and tried to make her comfortable; and she partly succeeded, and at last the poor, delicate, suffering creature fell asleep, and then Lettice slumbered like a baby."

It has been purely accidental that the works mentioned in this article have all been the production of female genius, two of them, we believe, of writers from whom our own country can derive honour. How such works may minister to the best interests of society and of man, it is scarcely necessary for us to speak—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased—  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow—  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
That weighs upon the heart."

Therein, is the reply, the "patient must minister to himself."

But there are ministrations not named in the *Pharmacopœia*, which can do more than the physician in *Macbeth* dreamed of. There are anodynes which can affect even the body through the mind. How deeply momentous it is that they be carefully prepared and administered! How richly are they rewarded, and, in some instances, how grievously are they abused!

We account it among the happy characteristics of our age, that, in so many instances, periodical literature offers so many safe distractions for heavy hearts and troubled minds; and that, in no few instances, they who read only to be entertained, are acquiring, in their self-indulgence, valuable information. There are, it must be admitted, periodicals of a far different description, designed, as it might seem, to efface good impressions from the heart, to pamper vicious inclinations, and to undermine principle. Such are of the agencies in which a deceiving spirit makes his presence most mischievously manifest. Their omnigenous character, their cheapness, and their abundance—"their name is legion, for they are many"—impose a solemn and a peculiar duty on all who have the welfare of society at heart—the duty of protecting such of the millions of our people as they can influence, from the ravages of these locust visitations. The duty will be most effectually discharged by supplying what is good; but the supply should be accompanied by an exposure of the disguises under which the concoctors of intellectual poison endeavour to screen their malignity from public opprobrium. It would be well worth the devotion of good men's lives to watch over reading-clubs or book societies, where the working classes form the great staple of the members. It is among the great advantages of our time, that wholesome aliment for the mind can be had in such abundance, and of so agreeable a quality, that the vile productions of what has been called the "Satanic School" would soon fall into contemptuous neglect, and return in the form of unsaleable stock "to plague the inventors," if even moderate pains were taken to bring really useful literature within the reach of the people, or rather, for it is easily attainable, to bring it properly under their observation.

It would be no more than a very humble acknowledgment of the rich provision made for themselves, that the upper and middle class should thus think for their inferiors in rank. If it be an undeniable truth, as we have no doubt it is, that the occupant of a cottage in Great Britain or Ireland, whose income does not exceed a few hundred pounds a year, may, without extravagance, furnish his little library so as that its stores of thought shall be more abundant than Mæcenas or Cicero could gather around them with all their opportunities, and in their sumptuous palaces, surely some acknowledgment ought to be made for such a bounty. It can be made appropriately, if not adequately, by aiding the multitudes of readers who are daily craving for intellectual food, and are willing to pay for it in making their election between the wholesome and the deleterious.

And here, in considering the advantages offered to readers of all tempers and purposes with which this age is fraught, one of the publications from which we have cited compels from us a parting expression of thankfulness and praise. We allude to "Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Companion

At Home and Abroad." It is eminently creditable to a people that such a publication shall be offered to their patronage as the enterprise of an individual—that not alone qualities so graceful, and of so sterling merit as those of its editor, shall be bent on the conducting of such a work, but that the resources of art and literature shall have been explored to so good effect to enhance and recommend its merits. The editor of a weekly periodical who offers to her subscribers, at so low a cost, such attraction and interest as are to be found in the analyses and illustrations of ancient and mediæval art, and in contributions from the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," and who associates such achievements in art and literature with prose and "numerous rhyme," and artistic embellishments worthy to be associated with them in all fair variety of form, and on all topics that may fairly claim attention, does honour to the people to whom the issue of the enterprise is committed; and as we confidently predict she will not disappoint the expectation she has raised, so do we earnestly hope that her own just expectations will not be disappointed.

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#### LOCH NEAGH.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HILL.

Loch Neagh, I stood at close of day upon thy silent strand,  
And saw the sun set o'er the hills of old Tir-Owen's land;  
The fading light, how like the flight of Freedom from thy shore,\*—  
The old, proud Place of Niall's† race shall know his name no more!

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\* In the course of time, the English invasion of this country introduced a better state of things; but when it first happened, and for a long series of years afterwards, it was, in most instances, the triumph of might over right.

† *Niall Naighiallach*, "of the Nine Hostages," and, in the history of Ireland, known also as *Niall the Great*. The following account of this once powerful family is extracted from the admirable work, by Mr. Reeves, on the "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor and Dromore." "In the year 1280, died Aodh Macaomh Toinleasc O'Neill, the chief of his princely race, leaving two sons, Niall Roe, and Aodh Meith, in whose respective descendants the common stock struck off into two distinct branches. To the *senior* line the representation of the race and lordship of *Tyrone* was, with a few early exceptions, confined." \* \* \* "Anne, daughter of Bryan Carragh O'Neill, was the second wife of Shane O'Neill, of Shane's Castle, from whose *third son*, *Phelim Dhu*, the present Viscount O'Neill is the *fifth* in lineal descent." Who shall represent this ancient house when the present Lord O'Neill has passed away?

How many a tale of human grief, sweet lake, thy waters know,  
 Since from their deep, mysterious spring they first began to flow,—  
 Since far along yon level plain arose the swelling flood,  
 And o'er Eachaid's\* fair domain in gathered strength it stood!

Loch Laogh! whilst thy broad expanse reflects th' impending sky,  
 And dimpling on thy glassy tide, the banks, in shadow, lie—  
 The tale of Mora's faithful love shall consecrate thy wave,  
 And thou shalt still remembered be as royal Bresal's grave!†

"Why comes he not?" sweet Mora cried, "the days are long and drear,  
 As by Loch Laogh's verdant side he hunts the flying deer;  
 Why comes he not?" "He will not come."‡ She heard the mournful tale,  
 And soon from all her sorrows free, she slept in Ollar's§ vale.

And many a nameless grave since then thy caverns have supplied  
 To those who, in old Uladh's¶ feuds, have on thy waters died;  
 When Yellow Hugh—and Phelim Dhu—and Shane, the fierce and strong,  
 Swept, in their currachs, like the blast, thy wooded shores along!

Alas! though feudal terror cease, thy children suffer still,  
 And keener weapons than the sword are raised to waste and kill;  
 In vain the care-worn peasant's fate appeals to lordly pride;  
 The humble hopes that toil inspired are now to be denied!

"Loch Neagh," with drooping hearts, they say "we loved thy pleasant shore,  
 And every year, through hope and fear, we loved thee more and more;  
 Yet must we seek a distant home beyond the western main,  
 Where hopes, that are extinguished here, shall light our steps again."

\* Eachaidh, from whom Lough Neagh derives its name, was drowned in its eruption, with all his children. The earliest form of the word is *Loch-n-Eachach*.

† The Irish annals relate that, in the year of the world 3506, "*Loch Laogh* broke forth." Tigernach, at the year 161 of the Christian era, thus records the reign of a king of Ulster:—"Bresal, son of Brian, reigns in Emania nineteen years, who was drowned in Lough Laigh; his spouse, Mora, died of grief for his death; from her Rath-mòr, in Moylinny, is named."—See *Reeves' Eccles. Antiq.*, pp. 272-280. Mr. O'Donovan, in translating this passage (*Dublin Penny Journal*, vol. ii. p. 38), erroneously supposes Lough Laighe to be Larne Lough.

‡ These words refer to the following part of a legend in the *Dinn Seanchus*:—"Mora said, 'I think Bresal's absence too long.' And a certain woman said to her,—'It will be long to thee, indeed, for Bresal will never come back to his friends until the dead come back to theirs.' Mora then died suddenly, and her name remained on the Rath."

§ The ancient name of the Six-Mile-Water.

¶ The ancient *Uladh*, in its superficial extent, was nearly the same as the modern *Ulster* inasmuch as it contained Louth, which is now in Leinster, instead of Cavan, which then belonged to Connaught."—See *Reeves' Eccl. Antiq.*, p. 552.



## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LVIII.

## THE EARL OF ROSSE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE reader is to expect in this brief memoir no collection of private anecdotes or domestic details respecting the noble philosopher whose picture it accompanies. In these respects, it has always appeared to the writer, the great should enjoy the same sacred immunity from public intrusion as the little, whose insignificance protects them. The living statesman, philosopher, poet, or artist has no closer connexion with the inquisitive world, in his private concerns, than the humblest cottager; nor can the public justly claim a right to know him otherwise than in the monuments of his virtue, his genius, and his skill. In the history of those labours which he has undertaken as the servant of his fellow-men, society has a legitimate interest; but so far as he lives to himself and his family, the rest of the world have no property in him. He retains his personal rights. He is the minister of the public, not their slave.

Nor, for the most part, does curiosity lose much by this exclusion. If the rule be in general a good one, that "the life of a philosopher is in his works," it may be expected to hold specially in the case of a high-born and opulent philosopher. The adventurous struggles through which needy genius makes its way to eminence, may have some romance in them to lend interest to the story of their fortunes; but the domestic life of one who devotes himself to science in affluent ease, will be apt to resemble those silent intervals of national prosperity, which, barren of incident and rich in happiness, wise men love better to enjoy than historians to relate.

*Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.* The present peer was eldest son of the first Earl of Rosse, better known in Irish annals as that Sir Laurence Parsons whose almost prophetic sagacity enabled him to foresee and describe, from the outset, the successive consequences of that miserable system of paltry concession, which began in giving the franchise to the poorest and most ignorant class of Roman Catholics, while it kept their leaders still irritated by excluding them from constitutional power. The warnings of that eminent statesman were unheeded, like those of Cassandra; but like hers, time has proved them true. No history, written after the facts, could more exactly describe, from point to point, what has actually happened, than the memorable speech to which we refer. Nor was it only as a statesman that the late earl was distinguished. His work on "The Evidences of Religion" shews him to us as a Christian philosopher, who, when retired from public life, found the noblest solace for his declining years in tracing the combined lessons of reason and revelation.

The present earl was born in 1800, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, in 1841. His lordship is one of the Irish representative peers.

Beyond these dry particulars, our personal narrative does not extend itself. It is exclusively as a philosopher that we mean to speak of the illustrious nobleman who forms the subject of the present notice. If the aristocracy of these countries has given but few names to the annals of philosophy, it must be allowed that amongst those few are some of the most brilliant in the catalogue; and Ireland may be proud that, of these, two so distinguished as those of BOYLE and PARSONS are her own. On the lawn of Lord Rosse's castle stands, or rather hangs, the gigantic telescope which has made the name of the little country town where it is situated familiarly known wherever science is honored. In that dusky column is lodged the magic mirror, which renders visible to the eye of man those distant systems of worlds, thick sown through the immensity of space, whose remoteness thought itself is tasked in vain to estimate. How great has been the growth in size and power of this heaven-fathoming tube, since first the Tuscan artist looked out upon the moon,

\* At evening, from the top of Etna,  
Or in Valdarno, to darry new lands,  
It veers, or mountains in her spotty globe."



Dublin James M<sup>c</sup>Glashan 1850



We shall best appreciate the greatness of Lord Rosse's service to astronomy by considering what it was his predecessors left him to complete ; and reflecting that, in the completion of their work, he has not only achieved for himself the triumph of constructing this one noble instrument, but shown others the way of repeating the same triumph with unerring certainty and precision.

The telescope is not without its type in nature. The achromatic lenses of the eye are adjusted in a kind of optic instrument, the perfection of which art even now seeks in vain to emulate. Yet, like many other great discoveries, it seems to have been first stumbled on accidentally by a Dutch toy-man. But it is science alone which can use aright the capricious gifts of Fortune. Galileo heard of the Dutchman's toy, and in his hand the little leaden tube of a few inches, with a convex and concave spectacle-glass at either end, became the revealer of the true system of the universe.

τυτθὸν ἰοὶ τὸ βίλιμον, ἡ αἴθερα δ' ἄχρη φοριῖται.

The splendid dream of Copernicus was no longer mere theory, but the astronomer saw visibly before him earth's sister-worlds revolving in their orbits. The marvellous theatre, which so small and rude an instrument was sufficient to disclose, soon stimulated the zeal of philosophers to improve its powers, and, under the hands of Huygens, Campani, and Cassini, it gradually shot up into a column 140 feet in length. But there were causes limiting the development of the refracting telescope, which science, with all her resources, was unable to remove. Not the least considerable of these arises from the circumstance, that, in enlarging the object glass, we expose it to the inevitable risk of changing its figure by the pressure of its own weight, when supported only by the rim ; while a support which should prevent its sinking, without intercepting the observer's view, has hitherto been sought in vain.

The difficulty of dealing with the refracting instrument led Gregory, in 1663, to attempt the construction of a reflecting telescope. He made one speculum of a concave shape, in the figure of a parabola, which was perforated in the centre ; and before this he set another speculum, concave also, but elliptic, at the distance of a little more than the sum of their focal lengths. The image of the object, formed behind the larger speculum, was viewed through a magnifying eye-glass placed at the middle of the tube. Gregory's attempt was a failure ; but in 1666, Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in constructing the first reflecting telescope on record. He improved on Gregory's plan, by setting the eye-glass in the side of the tube, and dispensing altogether with the awkward hole in the large speculum. This telescope was but six inches long, with an aperture of one inch, yet it proved as serviceable as a refractor of six feet. In 1719, Hadley, under Newton's directions, constructed another reflecting telescope, which, though but six feet long, magnified 100 times ; and the manifest superiority of the new instrument soon roused the energy of others to improve upon the idea. The great difficulty was in the preparation of the specula, securing their exact parabolic form, and requisite equability of polish. Of all who, before Herschel, laboured upon this task, the Scottish artist, Short, was undoubtedly the most successful ; but, with the niggardly spirit of a tradesman, he kept his secret entirely to himself, and it died with him. Herschel, when his bold spirit prompted him to attempt those giant creations which have made his name immortal, had to rely upon his own skill to prepare the means for that scrutiny of the realms of space upon which his soul was bent. He laboured long upon his appointed task, at his own proper cost and peril, with a zeal and devotion such as none who have not felt the thirst of knowledge can conceive, until, supported by the discerning patronage of George III., he perfected what was long supposed the *ne plus ultra* of such works—a reflecting telescope of forty feet in length, with a speculum of four feet in diameter. But, through an unhappy neglect, the account (though actually, it seems, prepared) of the processes by means of which such marvellous effects were produced, was never given to the public. Men were deterred from an attempt at repetition by the hazardousness of the costly experiment, and the wonderful telescope of Slough remained without a rival in the world, until Lord Rosse conceived the plan which has enabled him not only to equal, but surpass, that far-famed in-

strument. He was the knight for whom this great adventure was reserved; and all the sciences united to accomplish him with the proper panoply for ensuring success. He it is (to borrow Dr. Robinson's eloquent words) who, "by a rare combination of optical science, chemical skill, and practical mechanics, has given us the power of overcoming difficulties which arrested our predecessors, and of carrying to an extent, which even Herschel himself did not venture to contemplate, the illuminating power of this telescope, along with a sharpness of definition scarcely inferior to that of the achromatic." So true is it that all sciences are related, and that the perfection of any one of them requires the development of the rest.

"Alterius sic  
Altera poscit opem res et conspirat amice!"

The great difficulty of constructing specula for reflecting telescopes lies partly in the matter and partly in the form. The metal, to make a proper mirror, must be white, with a brilliancy at once high and lasting. These qualities are best ensured by a combination of copper and tin, in the proportion of four equivalents of copper to one of tin. Any departure from this definite combination is sure to be punished by the tarnishing of the compound; and yet the temptations to depart from it are so great that even Herschel himself was forced to yield to them. The metal, when thus compounded, is so brittle that not only a slight blow, but even a sudden increase in temperature, will make it split; and even when debased by a larger mixture of copper, the heat generated by the friction of the tool in grinding has marred all the previous success of the artist, and ruined in a moment the effect of weeks of toil. The casting of large specula in metal of this standard might at first seem hopeless, since the slightest inequality of expansion in cooling must inevitably spoil the work, and Lord Rosse's first device was to attack the enemy in detail. He constructed his speculum piece-meal. His first mirror of three feet was cast in sixteen pieces. Each piece was fixed upon a back of an alloy composed of copper and zinc, in the proportion of 2·75 of the former to one of the latter, which compound has the fortunate property of expanding and contracting in the same degree as the speculum-metal itself. When the soldering and polishing were accomplished, it was found that an available plated speculum was the result, and that, by diminishing the number and size of the joints, the slight imperfections arising from diffraction, occasioned by its piece-meal construction, might be made almost imperceptible. Still these could not be diminished without enlarging the plates, and the plates could not be enlarged without increasing the risk of flaws. The final triumph, therefore remained to be achieved in the casting of a vast solid mirror of this brittle substance, and forcing its coy nature to yield unqualified submission to the behests of science. The great question was, of what to make the mould: Sand, which Edwards had recommended, was found insufficient. The edges of the metal cooling in the mould became solid ere the centre had lost its fluidity. The plates were, therefore, full of flaws, and flew in pieces in the setting. A solid mould of cast-iron was next tried, with a jet of cold water on its lower surface, but this plan cracked the mould itself. The third was nearer the aim—a mould with an under surface of iron and sides of sand. But here a new difficulty arose. The air could not escape through the iron disc, and large holes were left in the metal, thus saved from one imperfection at the cost of another. But, nevertheless, a great step had been made. *εἰς μὲν ὀφθαλμὸν ἴνα, εἰ δὲ εἰς πνεῦμα ἵνα το εἴπωμεν.* The grand question had resolved itself into the problem of finding an exit for the air, and this troublesome captive was set free at last by employing a bottom of hoop-iron layers, tightly packed together in an iron frame, with their edges up, but smoothed by turning or filing to the proper curvature. The interstices were small enough to retain the metal and suffer the air to escape. Thus, at last, a solid speculum of three feet in diameter was successfully cast. But the casting gives only the rough block, which is yet to be ground and polished into a mirror, and the polishing was hitherto a work regarded with still greater apprehension than the casting. The operation had to be performed with the hand, an instrument which can never be precisely regular in its movements or pressures, especially when repeated often through a long space of time. Lord Rosse's improvement of this part of the process consists in substituting mechanical for human agency. The speculum is made to revolve slowly in a



tank of water, to prevent the extrication of heat by friction, and the polisher is worked on the mirror with long and quick strokes. It is of the same diameter as the speculum, intersected with transverse and circular grooves, not exceeding half an inch of surface, covered, when the polishing is to be effected, with two strata (a hard and soft) of resin and turpentine, smeared over with rouge and water, mixed to about the consistency of cream. The whole machine is worked by steam, and the effect of the grinding is noted by observing the reflection of the dots in the dial of a watch, mounted on a mast at the top of the high tower, in the lowest room of which the grinding is carried on. The tower is, as it were, the tube of a telescope; the watch, the object; and the inchoate speculum, the mirror. Trap-doors in the intervening floors of the tower are thrown open when the observation is required; and when the dots are seen in sharp definition, the grinding is complete. The polishing is effected with perfect certainty and precision in six hours. We have now brought the three-feet speculum to its last polish; but, in completing it, the philosopher saw clearly that the way was opened for a still grander effort—a speculum of six feet in diameter, and a focal length of fifty-three.

Former triumphs made this easy. The great block was but three weeks in the annealing oven, and was polished as speedily as the smaller mirror; but new devices were required for rendering it available in a telescope. It weighs three tons, and, to prevent all risk of bending, is made to rest upon a diffused system of supports, so ingeniously determined on points at their different centres of gravity, as to secure the mirror from being affected by accidental changes. The tube is a pillar forty feet in length, “of deal staves hooped like a cask,” seven feet in its diameter. But for supporting this monstrous mass, strong walls on either side (forty-eight feet high on the outer side, and fifth-six on the inner) were found necessary; and its lateral movements are only from one wall to another, so as to command a view, for half-an-hour, at each side of the meridian. On these walls, by strong chains, the counterpoises are hung, whose nice adjustment enables a human arm, by turning a windlass, to command at will the services of this giant minister. The telescope is used as a Newtonian. The image in the great speculum is thrown up on a small mirror, which is observed from an aperture in the side; the spectator standing in a moveable gallery attached to one of the piers, but capable of following the tube in all its revolutions. It might be used also as a Herschelian; but it is judged that in the observation of *Nebulæ* (its principal task hitherto), more is gained in the sharp definition of the object (which would be impaired by inclining the great speculum to the incident rays) than is lost in brilliancy by the second reflection.

Let it not be forgotten that, in every step of the vast and elaborate works which we have thus imperfectly described, it was not only Irish genius which directed, but Irish diligence and skill which executed the task. Common Irish labourers, working under his lordship's eye, were found quite adequate to accomplish all, where the nicest precision of mathematical exactness was required at every point; and, curiously enough, as if to make this great scientific monument entirely home manufacture, *turf* was found the best fuel for melting the metal of the speculum. Would that the climate of our Island were as propitious to Astronomy as its soil! But there seems some unhappy antagonism between heaven and earth, which forbids the permanent green of the one to co-exist with the permanent azure of the other; and the uniform hazy canopy which preserves the verdure of our fields, shuts out too often from the eye of the astronomer those distant worlds which he desires to scan. Still, notwithstanding frequently recurring interruptions, that “broad bright eye,” so steadily fixed on its inconstant object, has read enough of the secrets of the heavens to reward all the labours which were required to prepare it for its watch. There is something stern in “the plain tale” by which this truthful reporter has “put down” a number of bold assertions, long listened to with willing ears by semi-scientific auditors. Still as the orb of true science makes its way, the clouds of opinion which refract its light through their many-coloured medium, hover round it, and appear to glorify and expand the circumference which they obscure; and to many an eye the luminary itself, when freed from these earth-born vapours, looks as it were “shorn of its beams,” and contracts into seeming insignificance. Had Fontenelle lived on to our own days (and he promised

fair for it), he would be startled to see the reflection of that lunar world which his active fancy had peopled with gay inhabitants and covered with proud cities like our own. Let the reader turn to Dr. Robinson's animated description of its true image, as seen in the great speculum—a horrid alternation of cloudless crags and streamless ravines—and he will perceive that, if indeed it harbour a population not disembodied, they must be Troglodytes; a Cyclopean commonwealth, who dwell in gloomy caverns, heated by the volcanic furnaces whose chimneys rise over the jagged surface. But even poetic astronomers could easily part with such theories as these. The sorest loss which Scientific Romance had to endure was in the region of the Nebulæ—that region which, from its dim remoteness, seemed peculiarly her own. There philosophers, since the days of the elder Herschel (whose generalisations, always grand, were sometimes hasty), had loved to recognise “the stuff that worlds are made off,” and trace (as the phrase went) “the process of creation actually going on.” In plain words, it was supposed that those Nebulæ which previous telescopes had been unable to resolve into clusters of stars, were matter condensing into stars; which, when thus formed, drew fresh nebulous matter to them, and grew bigger and bigger by incorporating it with their own mass. But when the penetrating scan of Lord Rosse's instrument was directed upon these imaginary workshops of creation, it was perceived that not worlds, but human powers of observation needed growth; and as Nebula after Nebula was resolved into clusters of stars, ready made and of full stature, the warmest lovers of the theory began to feel their faith give way, and prepared themselves, with a sigh, for the construction of some new hypothesis.

Such then is the structure, and such the uses, of the monument which a resident Irish nobleman has raised in his own native land to the honour of himself, his country, and his species. The very mass of the erection strikes the unskilful spectator with amazement; but this is the least part of the marvel. The brute-force of Titans piling Pelion upon Ossa, to scale heaven, is but a vulgar sublimity. It is the power which dwells in knowledge that affects the thoughtful mind most strongly. It is reflection upon the mental power, which, combining the resources of so many sciences, made way for the attainment of so splendid an object as the survey of the universe; it is this reflection, and not its giant proportions, which gives to the great telescope its real grandeur.

But it must not be forgotten that, while, with the many, Lord Rosse is thought of only as a great astronomer, there are others who contemplate him from a different point of view, and lose sight of the astronomer in the political economist. In both characters his turn of mind is eminently practical; but he has found statesmen less yielding material to his plastic touch than the metal of his specula. Had the advice of the philosophic patriot been listened to, the crushing blow of the present wretched poor-law would have been averted from this country. As it is, Parsonstown and its vicinity have been saved, by his influence, from that ruinous system of out-door relief, which has spread pauperism and demoralisation wherever it has prevailed.

One feature, and one only, remains to complete the portrait of a truly great man; and that is given when we add, in conclusion, that, with Lord Rosse's singular powers of intellect and acquirements of knowledge, are combined the modesty of sober wisdom, the calmness of regulated passions, and the integrity of sterling worth. He realises that union of moral with intellectual greatness, which Ovid, not finding in his contemporaries, was forced to fancy in the old astronomers:—

“ Felices animos quibus hæc cognoscere prima,  
Inque domos superas exandere cura fuit !  
Credibile est illos pariter vittique locique  
Altius humanis exeruisse caput.  
Non Venus et vinum sublimia pectora fregit,  
Officiumque fori militumque labor ;  
Nec levis ambitio, perfusæque gloria fœces,  
Magnarumve fames sollicitavit opum.  
Admovere oculis distantia sidera terræ  
Ætheraque lagonio supponere suo.”

## THE MYSTERIOUS COMPACT.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the latter years of the last century, two youths, Ferdinand von Hallberg, and Edward von Wensleben were receiving their education in the military academy of Marienvheim. Among their schoolfellows they were called Orestes and Pylades, or Damon and Pythias, on account of their tender friendship, which constantly recalled to their schoolfellows' minds the history of these ancient worthies. Both were sons of officers, who had long served the state with honour, both were destined for their fathers' profession, both accomplished and endowed by nature with no mean talents. But fortune had not been so impartial in the distribution of her favours—Hallberg's father lived on a small pension, by means of which he defrayed the expenses of his son's schooling at the cost of the government; while Wensleben's parents willingly paid the handsomest salary in order to ensure to their only child the best education which the establishment afforded. This disparity in circumstances at first produced a species of proud reserve, amounting to coldness, in Ferdinand's deportment, which yielded by degrees to the cordial affection that Edward manifested towards him on every occasion. Two years older than Edward, of a thoughtful and almost melancholy turn of mind, Ferdinand soon gained a considerable influence over his weaker friend, who clung to him with almost girlish dependence.

Their companionship had now lasted with satisfaction and happiness to both, for several years, and the youths had formed for themselves the most delightful plans—how they were never to separate, how they were to enter the service in the same regiment, and if a war broke out, how they were to fight side by side and conquer, or die together. But destiny, or rather Providence, whose plans are usually opposed to the designs of mortals, had ordained otherwise for the friends than they anticipated.

Earlier than was expected, Hallberg's father found an opportunity to have

his son appointed to an infantry regiment, and he was ordered immediately to join the staff in a small provincial town, in an out-of-the-way mountainous district. This announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the two friends; but Ferdinand considered himself by far the more unhappy, since it was ordained that he should be the one to sever the happy bond that bound them, and to inflict a deep wound on his loved companion. His schoolfellows vainly endeavoured to console him by calling his attention to his new commission, and the preference which had been shown him above so many others. He only thought of the approaching separation; he only saw his friend's grief, and passed the few remaining days that were allowed him at the academy by Edward's side, who husbanded every moment of his Ferdinand's society with jealous care, and could not bear to lose sight of him for an instant. In one of their most melancholy hours, excited by sorrow and youthful enthusiasm, they bound themselves by a mysterious vow, namely, that the one whom God should think fit to call first from this world should bind himself (if conformable to the Divine will) to give some sign of his remembrance and affection to the survivor.

The place where this vow was made was a solitary spot in the garden, by a monument of grey marble, overshadowed by dark firs, which the former director of the institution had caused to be erected to the memory of his son, whose premature death was recorded on the stone.

Here the friends met at night, and by the fitful light of the moon they pledged themselves to the rash and fanciful contract, and confirmed and consecrated it the next morning, by a religious ceremony. After this they were able to look the approaching separation in the face more manfully, and Edward strove hard to quell the melancholy feeling which had lately arisen in his mind on account of the constant foreboding that Ferdinand expressed of his own early death. "No," thought

Edward, "his pensive turn of mind and his wild imagination cause him to reproach himself without a cause for my sorrow and his own departure. Oh, no, Ferdinand will not die early—he will not die before me. Providence will not leave me alone in the world."

The lonely Edward strove hard to console himself, for after Ferdinand's departure, the house, the world itself, seemed a desert; and absorbed by his own memories, he now recalled to mind many a dark speech which had fallen from his absent friend, particularly in the latter days of their intercourse, and which betokened but too plainly a presentiment of early death. But time and youth exercised, even over these sorrows, their irresistible influence. Edward's spirits gradually recovered their tone; and as the traveller always has the advantage over the one who remains behind, in respect of new objects to occupy his mind, so was Ferdinand even sooner calmed and cheered, and by degrees he became engrossed by his new duties, and new acquaintances, not to the exclusion, indeed, of his friend's memory, but greatly to the alleviation of his own sorrow. It was natural, in such circumstances, that the young officer should console himself sooner than poor Edward. The country in which Hallberg found himself was wild and mountainous, but possessed all the charms and peculiarities of "far off" districts—simple, hospitable manners, old-fashioned customs, many tales and legends which arise from the credulity of the mountaineers, who invariably lean towards the marvellous, and love to people the wild solitudes with invisible beings.

Ferdinand had soon, without seeking for it, made acquaintance with several respectable families in the town; and, as it generally happens in such cases, he had become quite domesticated in the best country houses in the neighbourhood; and the well-mannered, handsome, and agreeable youth was welcomed everywhere. The simple, patriarchal life in these old mansions and castles—the cordiality of the people, the wild, picturesque scenery, nay, the very legends themselves were entirely to Hallberg's taste. He adapted himself easily to his new mode of life, but his heart remained tranquil. This could not last. Before

half a year had passed, the battalion to which he belonged was ordered to another station, and he had to part with many friends. The first letter which he wrote after this change, bore the impression of impatience at the breaking up of a happy time. Edward found this natural enough; but he was surprised in the following letters to detect signs of a disturbed and desultory state of mind, wholly foreign to his friend's nature. The riddle was soon solved. Ferdinand's heart was touched for the first time, and, perhaps, because the impression had been made late, it was all the deeper. Unfavourable circumstances opposed themselves to his hopes: the young lady was of an ancient family, rich, and betrothed since her childhood to a relation, who was expected shortly to arrive in order to claim her promised hand. Notwithstanding this engagement, Ferdinand and the young girl had become sincerely attached to each other, and had both resolved to dare everything with the hope of being united. They pledged their troth in secret; the darkest mystery enveloped not only their plans, but their affections; and as secrecy was necessary to the advancement of their projects, Ferdinand entreated his friend to forgive him if he did not entrust his whole secret to a sheet of paper that had at least sixty miles to travel, and which must pass through so many hands. It was impossible from his letter to guess the name of the person or the place in question. "You know that I love," he wrote, "therefore you know that the object of my secret passion is worthy of any sacrifice; for you know your friend too well to believe him capable of any blind infatuation, and this must suffice for the present. No one must suspect what we are to each other; no one here or round the neighbourhood must have the slightest clue to our plans. An awful personage will soon make his appearance among us. His violent temper, his inveterate obstinacy (according to all that one hears of him) are well calculated to confirm in *her* a well-founded aversion. But family arrangements and legal contracts exist, the fulfilment of which the opposing party are bent on enforcing. The struggle will be hard—perhaps, unsuccessful; notwithstanding, I will strain every nerve. Should I fall, you must

console yourself, my dear Edward, with the thought, that it will be no misfortune to your friend to be deprived of an existence rendered miserable by the failure of his dearest hopes, and separation from his dearest friend. Then may all the happiness which heaven has denied me be vouchsafed to you and her, so that my spirit may look down contentedly from the realms of light, and bless and protect you both."

Such was the usual tenor of the letters which Edward received during that period. His heart was full of anxiety—he read danger and distress in the mysterious communications of Ferdinand; and every argument that affection and good sense could suggest did he make use of, in his replies, to turn his friend from this path of peril which threatened to end in a deep abyss. He tried persuasion, and urged him to desist for the sake of their long-tried affection. But when did passion ever listen to the expostulations of friendship?

Ferdinand only saw one aim in life—the possession of the beloved one. All else faded from before his eyes, and even his correspondence slackened; for his time was much taken up in secret excursions, arrangements of all kinds, and communications with all manner of persons; in fact every action of his present life tended to the furtherance of his plan.

All of a sudden his letters ceased. Many posts passed without a sign of life. Edward was a prey to the greatest anxiety; he thought his friend had staked and lost. He imagined an elopement, a clandestine marriage, a duel with a rival, and all these casualties were the more painful to conjecture, since his entire ignorance of the real state of things gave his fancy full range to conjure up all sorts of misfortunes. At length, after many more posts had come in without a line to pacify Edward's fears, without a word in reply to his earnest entreaties for some news, he determined on taking a step which he had meditated before, and only relinquished out of consideration for his friend's wishes. He wrote to the officer commanding the regiment, and made inquiries respecting the health and abode of Lieutenant von Hallberg, whose friends in the capital had remained for nearly two months without news of him, he who

had hitherto proved a regular and frequent correspondent.

Another fortnight dragged heavily on, and at length the announcement came in an official form. Lieutenant von Hallberg had been invited to the castle of a nobleman whom he was in the custom of visiting, in order to be present at the wedding of a lady; that he was indisposed at the time, that he grew worse, and on the third morning had been found dead in his bed, having expired during the night from an attack of apoplexy.

Edward could not finish the letter, it fell from his trembling hand. To see his worst fears realised so suddenly, overwhelmed him at first. His youth withstood the bodily illness which would have assailed a weaker constitution, and perhaps mitigated the anguish of his grief. He was not dangerously ill, but they feared many days for his reason; and it required all the kind solicitude of the director of the college, combined with the most skilful medical aid, to stem the torrent of his sorrow, and to turn it gradually into a calmer channel, until by degrees the mourner recovered both health and reason. His youthful spirits, however, had received a blow from which they never rebounded, and one thought lay heavy on his mind which he was unwilling to share with any other person, and which, on that account, grew more and more painful. It was the memory of that holy promise which had been mutually contracted, that the survivor was to receive some token of his friend's remembrance of him after death. Now two months had already passed since Ferdinand's earthly career had been arrested, his spirit was free, why no sign? In the moment of death Edward had had no intimation, no message from the passing spirit, and this apparent neglect, so to speak, was another deep wound in Edward's breast. Do the affections cease with life? Was it contrary to the will of the Almighty that the mourner should taste this consolation? Did individuality lose itself in death, and with it memory? Or did one stroke destroy spirit, and body? These anxious doubts, which have before now agitated many who reflect on such subjects, exercised their power over Edward's mind with an intensity that none can imagine save one whose position is in any degree similar.



Time gradually deadened the intensity of his affliction. The violent paroxysms of grief subsided into a deep but calm regret; it was as if a mist had spread itself over every object which presented itself before him, robbing them indeed of half their charms, yet leaving them visible, and in their real relation to himself. During this mental change the autumn arrived, and with it the long-expected commission. It did not indeed occasion the joy which it might have done in former days, when it would have led to a meeting with Ferdinand, or at all events to a better chance of meeting, but it released him from the thralldom of college, and it opened to him a welcome sphere of activity. Now it so happened that his appointment led him accidentally into the very neighbourhood where Ferdinand had formerly resided, only with this difference, that Edward's squadron was quartered in the lowlands, about a short day's journey from the town and woodland environs in question.

He proceeded to his quarters, and found an agreeable occupation in the exercise of his new duties.

He had no wish to make acquaintances, yet he did not refuse the invitations that were pressed upon him, lest he should be accused of eccentricity and rudeness; and so he found himself soon entangled in all sorts of engagements with the neighbouring gentry and nobility. If these so-called gaieties gave him no particular pleasure, at least for the time they diverted his thoughts; and, with this view, he accepted an invitation (for the new year and carnival were near at hand) to a great shooting-match which was to be held in the mountains—a spot which it was possible to reach in one day, with favourable weather and the roads in a good state. The day was appointed, the air tolerably clear; a mild frost had made the roads safe and even, and Edward had every expectation of being able to reach Blumenberg in his sledge before night, as on the following morning the match was to take place. But as soon as he got near the mountains, where the sun retires so early to rest, snow-clouds drove from all quarters, a cutting wind came roaring through the ravines, and a heavy fall of snow began. Twice the driver lost his way, and daylight was gone before he had well

recovered it; darkness came on sooner than in other places, walled in as they were by dark mountains, with dark clouds above their heads. It was out of the question to dream of reaching Blumenberg that night; but in this hospitable land, where every householder welcomes the passing traveller, Edward was under no anxiety as to shelter. He only wished, before the night quite set in, to reach some country house or castle; and now that the storm had abated in some degree, that the heavens were a little clearer, and that a few stars peeped out, a large valley opened before them, whose bold outline Edward could distinguish, even in the uncertain light. The well-defined roofs of a neat village were perceptible, and behind these, half-way up the mountain that crowned the plain, Edward thought he could discern a large building which glimmered with more than one light. The road led straight into the village. Edward stopped and inquired.

That building was, indeed, a castle; the village belonged to it, and both were the property of the Baron Friedenberg. "Friedenberg!" repeated Edward: the name sounded familiar to him, yet he could not call to mind when and where he had heard it. He inquired if the family were at home, hired a guide, and arrived at length, by a rugged path which wound itself round steep rocks, to the summit of them, and finally to the castle, which was perched there like an eagle's nest. The tinkling of the bells on Edward's sledge attracted the attention of the inmates; the door was opened with prompt hospitality—servants appeared with torches; Edward was assisted to emerge from under the frozen apron of his carriage, out of his heavy pelisse, stiff with hoar frost, and up a comfortable staircase into a long saloon of simple construction, where a genial warmth appeared to welcome him from a spacious stove in the corner. The servants here placed two large burning candles in massive silver sconces, and went out to announce the stranger.

The fitting-up of the room, or rather saloon, was perfectly simple. Family portraits, in heavy frames, hung round the walls, diversified by some maps. Magnificent stags' horns were arranged between; and the taste of the master of the house was easily detected in the hunting-knives, powder-flasks, car-

bines, smoking-bags, and sportsmen's pouches, which were arranged, not without taste, as trophies of the chase. The ceiling was supported by large beams, dingy with smoke and age; and on the sides of the room were long benches, covered and padded with dark cloth, and studded with large brass nails; while round the dinner-table were placed several arm-chairs, also of an ancient date. All bore the aspect of the "good old times," of a simple patriarchal life with affluence. Edward felt as if there were a kind welcome in the inanimate objects which surrounded him, when the inner door opened, and the master of the house entered, preceded by a servant, and welcomed his guest with courteous cordiality.

Some apologies which Edward offered on account of his intrusion, were silenced in a moment.

"Come now, Lieutenant," said the Baron, "I must introduce you to my family. You are not such a stranger to us, as you fancy."

With these words he took Edward by the arm, and, lighted by the servant, they passed through several lofty rooms, which were very handsomely furnished, although in an old-fashioned style, with faded Flemish carpets, large chandeliers, and high-backed chairs: everything in keeping with what the youth had already seen in the castle. Here were the ladies of the house. At the other end of the room, by the side of an immense stove, ornamented with a large shield of the family arms, richly emblazoned, and crowned by a gigantic Turk, in a most comfortable attitude of repose sat the lady of the house, an elderly matron of tolerable circumference, in a gown of dark red satin, with a black mantle and a snow-white lace cap. She appeared to be playing cards with the chaplain, who sat opposite to her at the table, and the Baron Friedenberg to have made the third hand at ombre, till he was called away to welcome his guest. On the other side of the room were two young ladies, an elder person, who might be a governess, and a couple of children, very much engrossed by a game at lotto.

As Edward entered, the ladies rose to greet him; a chair was placed for him near the mistress of the house, and very soon a cup of chocolate and a bottle of tokay were served on a rich

silver salver, to restore the traveller after the cold and discomfort of his drive: in fact it was easy for him to feel that these "far-away" people were by no means displeased at his arrival. An agreeable conversation soon began among all parties. His travels, the shooting-match, the neighbourhood, agriculture, all afforded subjects, and in a quarter of an hour Edward felt as if he had long been domesticated with these simple but truly well-informed people.

Two hours flew swiftly by, and then a bell sounded for supper; the servants returned with lights, announced that the supper was on the table, and lighted the company into the dining-room—the same into which Edward had first been ushered. Here, in the background, some other characters appeared on the scene—the agent, a couple of his subalterns, and the physician. The guests ranged themselves round the table. Edward's place was between the Baron and his wife. The chaplain said a short grace, when the Baroness, with an uneasy look, glanced at her husband over Edward's shoulder, and said, in a low whisper—

"My love, we are thirteen—that will never do."

The Baron smiled, beckoned to the youngest of the clerks, and whispered to him. The youth bowed, and withdrew. The servant took the cover away, and served his supper in the next room.

"My wife," said Friedenberg, "is superstitious, as all mountaineers are. She thinks it unlucky to dine thirteen. It certainly has happened twice (whether from chance or not who can tell?) that we have had to mourn the death of an acquaintance who had, a short time before, made the thirteenth at our table."

"This idea is not confined to the mountains. I know many people in the capital who think with the Baroness," said Edward. "Although in a town such ideas, which belong more especially to the olden time, are more likely to be lost in the whirl and bustle which usually silences everything that is not essentially matter of fact."

"Ah, yes, Lieutenant," replied the Baron, smiling good-humouredly, "we keep up old customs better in the mountains. You see that by our furniture. People in the capital would call this sadly old-fashioned."

"That which is really good and beautiful can never appear out of date," rejoined Edward, courteously; "and here, if I mistake not, presides a spirit that is ever striving after both. I must confess, Baron, that when I first entered your house, it was this very aspect of the olden time that enchanted me beyond measure."

"That is always the effect which simplicity has on every unspoiled mind," answered Friedenberg; "but townspeople have seldom a taste for such things."

"I was partly educated on my father's estate," said Edward, "which was situated in the Highlands; and it appeared to me as if, when I entered your house, I were visiting a neighbour of my father's, for the general aspect is quite the same here as with us."

"Yes," said the chaplain, "mountainous districts have all a family likeness: the same necessities, the same struggles with nature, the same seclusion, all produce the same way of life among mountaineers."

"On that account the prejudice against the number thirteen was especially familiar to me," replied Edward. "We also dislike it; and we retain a consideration for many supernatural, or at least inexplicable things, which I have met with again in this neighbourhood."

"Yes, here, almost more than anywhere else," continued the chaplain, "I think we excel all other mountaineers in the number and variety of our legends and ghost stories. I assure you that there is not a cave or a church, or, above all, a castle, for miles round about, of which we could not relate something supernatural."

The Baroness, who perceived the turn which the conversation was likely to take, thought it better to send the children to bed; and when they were gone, the priest continued, "Even here, in this castle —"

"Here!" inquired Edward, "in this very castle?"

"Yes, yes! Lieutenant," interposed the Baron, "this house has the reputation of being haunted; and the most extraordinary thing is, that the matter cannot be denied by the sceptical, or accounted for by the reasonable."

"And yet," said Edward, "the castle looks so cheerful, so habitable."

"Yes, this part which we live in,"

answered the Baron; "but it consists of only a few apartments sufficient for my family and these gentlemen; the other portion of the building is half in ruins, and dates from the period when men established themselves on the mountains for greater safety."

"There are some who maintain," said the physician, "that a part of the walls of the eastern tower itself are of Roman origin; but that would surely be difficult to prove."

"But, gentlemen," observed the Baroness, "you are losing yourselves in learned descriptions as to the erection of the castle, and our guest is kept in ignorance of what he is anxious to hear."

"Indeed, madam," replied the chaplain, "this is not entirely foreign to the subject, since in the most ancient part of the building lies the chamber in question."

"Where apparitions have been seen?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"Not exactly," replied the Baroness; "there is nothing fearful to be seen."

"Come, let us tell him at once," interrupted the Baron. "The fact is, that every guest who sleeps for the first time in this room (and it has fallen to the lot of many, in turn, to do so), is visited by some important, significant dream or vision, or whatever I ought to call it, in which some future event is prefigured to him, or some past mystery cleared up, which he had vainly striven to comprehend before."

"Then," interposed Edward, "it must be something like what is known in the Highlands, under the name of second sight, a privilege, as some consider it, which several persons and several families enjoy."

"Just so," said the physician, "the cases are very similar; yet the most mysterious part of this affair is, that it does not appear to originate with the individual, or his organisation, or his sympathy with beings of the invisible world; no, the individual has nothing to say to it—the locality does it all. Every one who sleeps in that room has his mysterious dream, and the result proves it truth."

"At least, in most instances," continued the Baron, "when we have had an opportunity of hearing the cases confirmed. I remember once, in particular. You may recollect, Lieutenant,

that when you first came in, I had the honour of telling you you were not quite a stranger to me."

"Certainly, Baron; and I have been wishing for a long time to ask an explanation of these words."

"We have often heard your name mentioned by a particular friend of yours—one who could never pronounce it without emotion."

"Ah!" cried Edward, who now saw clearly why the Baron's name had sounded familiar to him also—"ah! you speak of my friend Hallberg; truly do you say, we were indeed dear to each other."

"Were!" echoed the Baron, in a faltering tone, as he observed the sudden change in Edward's voice and countenance; "can the blooming, vigorous youth be ——"

"Dead!" exclaimed Edward; and the Baron deeply regretted that he had touched so tender a chord, as he saw the young officer's eyes fill with tears, and a dark cloud pass over his animated features.

"Forgive me," he continued, while he leaned forward and pressed his companion's hand; "I grieve that a thoughtless word should have awakened such deep sorrow. I had no idea of his death; we all loved the handsome young man, and by his description of you were already much interested in you before we had ever seen you."

The conversation now turned entirely on Hallberg. Edward related the particulars of his death. Every one present had something to say in his praise; and although this sudden allusion to his dearest friend had agitated Edward in no slight degree, yet it was a consolation to him to listen to the tribute these worthy people paid to the memory of Ferdinand, and to see how genuine was their regret at the tidings of his early death. The time passed swiftly away in conversation of much interest, and the whole company were surprised to hear ten o'clock strike, an unusually late hour for this quiet, regular family. The chaplain read prayers, in which Edward devoutly joined, and then he kissed the matron's hand, and felt almost as if he were in his father's house. The Baron offered to show his guest to his room, and the servant preceded them with lights. The way led past the staircase, and then on one side into a long gallery, which com-

municated with another wing of the castle.

The high-vaulted ceilings, the curious carving on the ponderous doorways, the pointed gothic windows, through many broken panes of which a sharp nightwind whistled, proved to Edward that he was in the old part of the castle, and that the famous chamber could not be far off.

"Would it be impossible for me to be quartered there," he began, rather timidly; "I should like it of all things."

"Really!" inquired the Baron, rather surprised; "have not our ghost stories alarmed you?"

"On the contrary," was the reply, "they have excited the most earnest wish ——"

"Then, if that be the case," said the Baron, "we will return. The room was already prepared for you, being the most comfortable and the best in the whole wing; only I fancied, after our conversation ——"

"Oh, certainly not," exclaimed Edward; "I could only long for such dreams."

During this discourse they had arrived at the door of the famous room. They went in. They found themselves in a lofty and spacious apartment, so large that the two candles which the servant carried only shed a glimmering twilight over it, which did not penetrate to the furthest corner. A high-canopied bed, hung with costly but old-fashioned damask, of a dark green, in which were swelling pillows of snowy whiteness, tied with green bows, and a silk coverlet of the same colour, looked very inviting to the tired traveller. Sofa and chairs of faded needlework, a carved oak commode and table, a looking-glass in heavy framework, a prie-dieu and crucifix above it, constituted the furniture of the room, where, above all things, cleanliness and comfort preponderated, while a good deal of silver plate was spread out on the toilet-table.

Edward looked round. "A beautiful room!" he said. "Answer me one question, Baron, if you please. Did he ever sleep here?"

"Certainly," replied Friedenbergh; "it was his usual room when he was here, and he had a most curious dream in that bed, which, as he assured us, made a great impression on him."

"And what was it?" inquired Edward, eagerly.

"He never told us, for, as you well know, he was reserved by nature; but we gathered from some words that he let slip, that an early and sudden death was foretold. Alas! your narrative has confirmed the truth of the prediction."

"Wonderful! He always had a similar foreboding, and many a time has he grieved me by alluding to it," said Edward; "yet it never made him gloomy or discontented. He went on his way firmly and calmly, and looked forward with joy, I might almost say, to another life."

"He was a superior man," answered the Baron, "whose memory will ever be dear to us. But now I will detain you no longer. Good night. Here is the bell"—he showed him the cord in between the curtains—"and your servant sleeps in the next room."

"Oh, you are too careful of me," said Edward, smiling; "I am used to sleep by myself."

"Still," replied the Baron, "every precaution should be taken. Now once more good night."

He shook him by the hand, and, followed by the servant, left the room.

Thus Edward found himself alone in the large, mysterious-looking, haunted room, where his deceased friend had so often reposed—where he also was expected to see a vision. The awe which the place itself inspired, combined with the sad and yet tender recollection of the departed Ferdinand, produced a state of mental excitement which was not favourable to his night's rest. He had already undressed with the aid of his servant (whom he had then dismissed), and had been in bed some time, having extinguished the candles. No sleep visited his eyelids; and the thought recurred which had so often troubled him, why he had never received the promised token from Ferdinand, whether his friend's spirit were among the blest—whether his silence (so to speak) proceeded from unwillingness or incapacity to communicate with the living. A mingled train of reflections agitated his mind; his brain grew heated; his pulse beat faster and faster. The castle clock tolled eleven—half-past eleven. He counted the strokes; and at that moment the moon rose above the dark margin of the rocks which surrounded the castle, and shed her full light into Edward's room. Every object stood

out in relief from the darkness. Edward gazed, and thought, and speculated. It seemed to him as if something moved in the furthest corner of the room. The movement was evident—it assumed a form—the form of a man, which appeared to advance, or rather to float forward. Here Edward lost all sense of surrounding objects, and he found himself once more sitting at the foot of the monument in the garden of the academy, where he had contracted the bond with his friend. As formerly, the moon streamed through the dark branches of the fir-trees, and shed its cold pale light on the cold white marble of the monument. Then the floating form which had appeared in the room of the castle became clearer, more substantial, more earthly-looking; it issued from behind the tombstone, and stood in the full moonlight. It was Ferdinand, in the uniform of his regiment, earnest and pale, but with a kind smile on his features.

"Ferdinand, Ferdinand!" cried Edward, overcome by joy and surprise, and he strove to embrace the well-loved form, but it waved him aside with a melancholy look.

"Ah! you are dead," continued the speaker; "and why then do I see you just as you looked when living?"

"Edward," answered the apparition, in a voice that sounded as if it came from afar, "I am dead, but my spirit has no peace,"

"You are not with the blest?" cried Edward, in a voice of terror.

"God is merciful," it replied; "but we are frail and sinful creatures; inquire no more, but pray for me."

"With all my heart," cried Edward, in a tone of anguish, while he gazed with affection on the familiar features; "but speak, what can I do for thee?"

"An unholy tie still binds me to earth. I have sinned. I was cut off in the midst of my sinful projects. This ring burns." He slipped a small gold ring from his left hand. "Only when every token of this unholy compact is destroyed, and when I recover the ring which I exchanged for this, only then can my spirit be at rest. Oh, Edward, dear Edward, bring me back my ring!"

"With joy—but where, where am I to seek it?"

"Emily Varnier will give it thee herself; our engagement was contrary to holy duties, to prior engagements,



to earlier vows. God denied his blessing to the guilty project, and my course was arrested in a fearful manner. Pray for me, Edward, and bring back the ring, my ring," continued the voice, in a mournful tone of appeal.

Then the features of the deceased smiled sadly but tenderly; then all appeared to float once more before Edward's eyes—the form was lost in mist, the monument, the fir grove, the moonlight, disappeared; a long, gloomy, breathless pause followed. Edward lay, half sleeping, half benumbed, in a confused manner; portions of the dream returned to him—some images, some sounds—above all, the petition for the restitution of the ring. But an indescribable power bound his limbs, closed his eyelids, and silenced his voice; mental consciousness alone was left him, yet his mind was a prey to terror.

At length these painful sensations subsided—his nerves became more braced, his breath came more freely, a pleasing languor crept over his limbs, and he fell into a peaceful sleep. When he awoke it was already broad daylight; his sleep towards the end of the night had been quiet and refreshing. He felt strong and well, but as soon as the recollection of his dream returned, a deep melancholy took possession of him, and he felt the traces of tears which grief had wrung from him on his eyelashes. But what had the vision been? A mere dream engendered by the conversation of the evening, and his affection for Hallberg's memory, or was it at length the fulfilment of the compact?

There, out of that dark corner, had the form risen up, and moved towards him. But might it not have been some effect of light and shade produced by the moonbeams, and the dark branches of a large tree close to the window, when agitated by the high wind? Perhaps he had seen this, and then fallen asleep, and all combined had woven itself into a dream. But the name of Emily Varnier! Edward did not remember ever to have heard it; certainly it had never been mentioned in Ferdinand's letters. Could it be the name of his love, of the object of that ardent and unfortunate passion? Could the vision be one of truth? He was meditating, lost in thought, when there was a knock at his door, and the servant entered. Edward rose hastily,

and sprang out of bed. As he did so, he heard something fall with a ringing sound; the servant stooped and picked up a gold ring, plain gold, like a wedding-ring. Edward shuddered; he snatched it from the servant's hand, and the colour forsook his cheeks as he read the two words "Emily Varnier" engraved inside the hoop. He stood there like one thunderstruck, as pale as a corpse, with the proof in his hand that he had not merely dreamed, but had actually spoken with the spirit of his friend. A servant of the household came in to ask whether the Lieutenant wished to breakfast in his room, or down stairs with the family. Edward would willingly have remained alone with the thoughts that pressed heavily on him, but a secret dread lest his absence should be remarked, and considered as a proof of fear, after all that had passed on the subject of the haunted room, determined him to accept the last proposal. He dressed hastily, and arranged his hair carefully, but the paleness of his face, and the traces of tears in his eyes, were not to be concealed, and he entered the saloon, where the family were already assembled at the breakfast-table, with the chaplain and the doctor.

The Baron rose to greet him: one glance at the young officer's face was sufficient; he pressed his hand in silence, and led him to a place by the side of the Baroness. An animated discussion now began concerning the weather, which was completely changed; a strong south wind had risen in the night, so there was now a thaw. The snow was all melted—the torrents were flowing once more, and the roads impassable.

"How can you possibly reach Blumenberg, to-day?" the Baron inquired of his guest.

"That will be well nigh impossible," said the doctor. "I am just come from a patient at the next village, and I was nearly an hour performing the same distance in a carriage that is usually traversed on foot in a quarter of an hour."

Edward had not given a thought this morning to the shooting-match. Now that it had occurred to him to remember it, he felt little regret at being detained from a scene of noisy festivity which, far from being desirable, appeared to him actually distasteful in his present frame of mind.

Yet he was troubled by the thought of intruding too long on the hospitality of his new friends; and he said, in a hesitating manner—

"Yes! but I must try how far ——"

"That you shall not do," interrupted the Baron. "The road is always bad, and in a thaw it is really dangerous. It would go against my conscience to allow you to risk it. Remain with us: we have no shooting-match or ball to offer you, but ——"

"I shall not certainly regret either," cried Edward, eagerly.

"Well, then, remain with us, Lieutenant," said the matron, laying her hand on his arm, with a kind, maternal gesture. "You are heartily welcome; and the longer you stay with us, the better shall we be pleased."

The youth bowed, and raised the lady's hand to his lips, and said—

"If you will allow me—if you feel certain that I am not intruding—I will accept your kind offer with joy. I never care much for a ball, at any time, and to-day in particular"—He stopped short, and then added, "In such bad weather as this, the small amusement ——"

"Would be dearly bought," interposed the Baron. "Come, I am delighted you will remain with us."

He shook Edward warmly by the hand.

"You know you are with old friends."

"And, besides," said the doctor, with disinterested solicitude, "it would be imprudent, for M. de Wensleben does not look very well. Had you a good night, sir?"

"Very good," replied Edward.

"Without much dreaming?" continued the other, pertinaciously.

"Dreaming! oh, nothing wonderful," answered the officer.

"Hem!" said the doctor, shaking his head, portentously. "No one yet ——"

"Were I to relate my dream," replied Edward, "you would understand it no more than I did. Confused images ——"

The Baroness, who saw the youth's unwillingness to enlarge upon the subject, here observed—

"That some of the visions had been of no great importance—those which she had heard related, at least."

The chaplain led the conversation

from dreams, themselves, to their origin, on which subject he and the doctor could not agree; and Edward and his visions were left in peace at last. But when every one had departed, each to his daily occupation, Edward followed the Baron into his library.

"I answered in that manner," he said, "to get rid of the doctor and his questioning. To you I will confess the truth. Your room has exercised its mysterious influence over me."

"Indeed!" said the baron, eagerly.

"I have seen and spoken with my Ferdinand, for the first time since his death. I will trust to your kindness—your sympathy—not to require of me a description of this exciting vision. But I have a question to put to you."

"Which I will answer in all candour, if it be possible."

"Do you know the name of Emily Varnier?"

"Varnier!—certainly not."

"Is there no one in this neighbourhood who bears that name?"

"No one; it sounds like a foreign name."

"In the bed in which I slept I found this ring," said Edward, while he produced it; and the apparition of my friend pronounced that name.

"Wonderful! As I tell you, I know no one so called—this is the first time I ever heard the name. But it is entirely unaccountable to me, how the ring should have come into that bed. You see, M. von Wensleben, what I told you is true. There is something very peculiar about that room; the moment you entered, I saw that the spell had been working on you also, but I did not wish to forestall or force your confidence."

"I felt the delicacy, as I do now the kindness, of your intentions. Those who are as sad as I am can alone tell the value of tenderness and sympathy."

Edward remained this day and the following at the castle, and felt quite at home with its worthy inmates. He slept twice in the haunted room. He went away, and came back often; was always welcomed cordially, and always quartered in the same apartment. But, in spite of all this, he had no clue, he had no means of lifting the veil of mystery which hung round the fate of Ferdinand Hallberg and of Emily Varnier.

## SHAMUS O'BRIEN—A BALLAD.

THE following attempt to throw into metrical form, without departing from the southern Irish idiom, a legend of the troubles of '98, was written for a dear and gifted relative, and with a view to recitation, for which the author feels it to be much better suited than for presentation in cold type to a critical public. He relies, however, upon their good nature at least as much as he dreads their justice; and is also comforted by the following considerations: The friend whom he has mentioned gave a copy of the ballad to our fellow-countryman, Samuel Lover, immediately before his departure for America, and there, aided by those talents which make Mr. Lover's entertainments so delightful, its success was at once so flattering and decisive as to induce the author to place it at the disposal of his old friend, Anthony Poplar. It is unnecessary to say that had not the unlucky coincidence of the name of the hero and the subject of the ballad with certain incidents in the melancholy history of the last two years, made it unavailable, with propriety, for the purposes of public recitation in Ireland, the author would immeasurably have preferred sending the legend before his countrymen with the great and peculiar advantages it enjoyed at the other side of the water.

Such as it is, however, it is heartily at their service :—

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,  
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,  
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,  
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.  
 There was trial by jury goin' on by day-light,  
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.  
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon :  
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon ;  
 An' whether the sogers or judges gev sentence,  
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.  
 An' its many's the fine boy was then an his keepin',  
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin' ;  
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,  
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—  
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.  
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all  
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.  
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,  
 An' the keen-fangèd hound had not teeth half so white.  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;  
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,  
 For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night ;  
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.  
 In fincin' he gev Patrick Mooney a cut,  
 An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Malowney a fut ;  
 For lightness iv fut there was not his peer,  
 For, by gorra, he'd almost outrun the red deer ;  
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,  
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;  
 An', by gorra, the whole world gev it in to him there.  
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,  
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,

An' it's many's the one can remimber right well  
 'The quare things he done ; an' it's often I heerd tell  
 How he freckened the magisthrates in Cabirbally,  
 An' escaped through the sodgers in Aherloe Valley;  
 An' leathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,  
 An' stretched the two strongest on ould Galtimore.  
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,  
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.  
 Aft'her many a brave action of power and pride,  
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,  
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,  
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,  
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,  
 'That falls on the mountain and valley this night—  
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
 An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood.  
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;  
 Farewell to the patthern, the hurlin', an' wake,  
 And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.  
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough gaol,  
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail.  
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bound,  
 An' he laid down his length on the could prison ground.  
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,  
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;  
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,  
 As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,  
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,  
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.  
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart  
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;  
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,  
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,  
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,  
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave  
 His enemies never should have it to boast  
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;  
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,  
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd *die*.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,  
 'The terrible day iv the thrial kem on;  
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,  
 An' sogers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;  
 An' the court-house so full that the people wor bothered,  
 An' attorneys an' criers on the pint iv bein' smothered;  
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,  
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box over head;  
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,  
 With his gown on his back, and an illigant new wig;  
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said  
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead.  
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,  
 An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.  
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,  
 An' he saw that he had not a hope, nor a friend,  
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend:  
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;

And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
 An' Jim didn't undherstand it, nor mind it a taste.  
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, an' he says,  
 "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,  
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer, and said,  
 "My lord, if you ask me, if in my life time  
 I thought any treason, or did any crime  
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,  
 Before God and the world I would answer you, no;  
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
 An' fought for onld Ireland from the first to the close,  
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,  
 I answer you, yes, an' I tell you again,  
 Though I stand here to perish, its my glory that then  
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,  
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."  
 Then the silence was great, an' the jury smiled bright,  
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;  
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap,  
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
 Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standing by,  
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry,  
 "Oh, judge, darlin', don't, oh, don't say the word,  
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord;  
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin'—  
 You don't know him, my lord, oh, don't give him to ruin—  
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted—  
 Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted.  
 Judge, mavournen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,  
 An' God will forgive you, oh, don't say the word!"  
 That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,  
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;  
 An' down his pale cheeks at the words of his mother,  
 The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th'other.  
 An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,  
 But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break;  
 But at last by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,  
 "An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,  
 For sooner or later the dearest must part;  
 And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear  
 On the bleak, trackless mountains among the wild deer,  
 To lie in the grave where the head, heart, and breast  
 From thought, labour, and sorrow for ever shall rest.  
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
 Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour,  
 For I wish when my head's lyin' undher the raven,  
 No thrue man can say that I died like a craven!"  
 Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,  
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.  
 The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,  
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky—  
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?  
 An' why do the crowds gother fast in the street?  
 What come they to talk of? what come they to see?  
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?



Oh! Shamus O'Brien pray fervent and fast,  
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last;  
Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is nigh,  
When sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.  
An' faster an' faster the crowd gathered there,  
Boys, horses and gingerbread, just like a fair;  
An' whiskey was selling, an' cussamuck too,  
And ould men and young women enjoying the view.  
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,  
There was'nt sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark;  
An' be gorra 'twas thrue for him, for divil such a scruge,  
Sich divarshin and crowds was known since the deluge.  
For thousands was gothered there, if there was one,  
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on;  
At last they threw open the big prison gate,  
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,  
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it;  
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.  
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,  
Wid prayin' and blessin, and all the girls cryin';  
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' thro' trees.  
On, on to the gallows, the sheriffs are gone,  
An' the cart an' the sodgers goes steadily on;  
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
A wild sorrowful sound that 'id open your heart.  
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
An' the hangman gets up wid the rope in his hand;  
An' the priest having blest him, goes down on the ground,  
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.  
Then the hangman dhrew near, and the people grew still,  
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;  
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
For the gripe iv the life-stranglin' cord to prepare:  
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.  
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,  
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;  
Bang, bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres,  
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him neighbours.  
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,  
By the heavens he's free! than thunder more loud  
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—  
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
But if you want hangin', its yourselves you must hang;  
To night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him again.  
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,  
An' father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;  
An' the sheriffs wor both of them punished severely,  
An' fined like the divil, because Jim done them fairly.

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## LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.\*

## SECOND NOTICE.

WE resume our notice of the memoir and correspondence of the late poet-laureat, which his son continues with unabated interest, leaving very little to be desired of the vivid distinctness with which Southey himself would have pictured the events of his life, had he completed the autobiography in which he had intended to leave them behind him.

He was now in his thirty-second year, an author of established reputation, having evinced, both in prose and verse, powers of a very high order, but marked by peculiarities which provoked, and gave some colourable justification to, uncandid, acrimonious, and malevolent criticism, which long retarded, although it could not finally prevail against, his rising fame. "Although these fellows," he writes, speaking of the Edinburgh reviewers (we think, in a letter to Miss Seward), "cannot blight a leaf of laurel, they can damage a field of corn."

The "Edinburgh Review" was, at that time, in the zenith of its fame. Jeffrey, its conductor, was no ordinary man; but remarkable more for the polish, than the power of his mind; and for a cold, keen, sarcastic wit, than for those generous susceptibilities which would have enabled him either to appreciate the excellencies, or make due allowance for the errors, of such a man as Robert Southey; and all his stores of ridicule were accordingly opened upon the poet, which, while they made the unreflecting laugh, could not but make the judicious grieve.

For these severe strictures we by no means deny that Mr. Southey's early productions afforded some excuse. There was too naked a disclosure of delicate susceptibilities, which might easily have been mistaken for a puling sentimentality. In Canning's "Needy Knife-grinder," this is

most happily, although extravagantly, caricatured. And there was also a daring departure from established rules of composition, which, although justified by the poet's genius, it would have been prudent to repress, until time had matured his mind, and given him a command over the public sympathies which would have made even his eccentricities respected. But he had early felt his mission, and looked upon himself as one called to the office of a poetical reformer.

Nor can it be denied that, in his day, such a reformation was much needed. Of poetry, as it was understood by Chaucer and Shakspeare, by Spencer and Milton, much of the freshness and vigour was gone. These great masters looked to nature without, for their models, and derived from within their prompting inspirations. An instrument of thought, rough-hewn and unpolished, under the plastic influences of their genius, assumed form and symmetry, until it presented, to a tribe of imitators, facilities of metrical combination temptingly and dangerously delusive. Hence, much of what was poetry to the eye and to the ear; little to the soul and to the imagination. Hence, with an affluence of language, a restricted variety of metre; until the old heroic couplet, the octosyllabic verse, and one or two other kinds, constituted the whole stock of which the poet could avail himself, without a startling departure from established rules. While all this was favourable to the mere versifier, it was, in a corresponding degree, adverse to the man whose promptings were the result of genuine inspiration.

Such was the state of things when Southey became a candidate for public favour; and with such a state of things he was resolved not to be content.

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\* "The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey." Edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Volumes III. and IV. London: Longman, Brown, Greene, and Longmans. 1850.

Had the reviewers, men of power and genius, looked with a kindly eye upon the young poet, they might have found a good excuse for this in his peculiar cast of thought, in the ardour of his temperament, in the creative facilities of his richly-gifted mind. But they were despotic sovereigns in the critical world; and besides, were not pleased with him for what they deemed his political tergiversation; and resolved to endure no departure from customs and usages which all men had hitherto regarded with a sort of traditional respect.

We are far from believing that there was any insincerity in the unsparing severity with which Jeffrey lashed what he deemed in the late laureat eccentricity and infatuation. He was a thorough-paced disciple of the old school. Dryden and Pope were his models. Any departure from the measured grandeur of the one, or the chaste and stately elegance of the other, must have appeared to him fantastical and revolting; although the former, in his "Alexander's Feast," and the latter, in his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," had given evidence of the unfettered freedom with which either could fling the reins on the neck of his Pegasus, and be "a law to himself" in his careerings through the regions of imagination. Collins, also, and Gray, had dared successfully to snatch at graces beyond the reach of art; and others there were, Aikenside and Cowper, for instance, upon whom new lights had dawned, and who were the precursors of that other school which was soon to vindicate for itself both "a local habitation and a name" in our poetical annals. But these were exceptional cases, by which "the ancient solitary reign" of the old heroic couplet was undisturbed. And it was not until innovations were made which threatened its ascendancy, and Southey, with a poet's license, transferred to whole poems the varieties of metre which were admissible in the ode, and constructed his "wild and wondrous tale," more with reference to picturesque effect than to established usage, that the reviewers found, or feigned, an excuse for pouring out all the vials of their wrath upon him as an incorrigible poetical delinquent.

That Jeffrey was not only under the influence of prejudices, but that he was blind of a faculty which would have enabled him rightly to appreciate such a man as Robert Southey, we believe. So far his prepossessions and deficiencies were scarcely so much faults as misfortunes. But there is, unfortunately for him, positive evidence of his dishonesty in dealing with the productions of the poet, which implies a moral deficiency for which the same excuse cannot be made; and he has recourse to expedients for the purpose of giving plausibility to his censures and point to his ridicule, which cannot be too severely condemned. We allude to the specimens of the metre in "Thalaba," given in detached extracts of two or three lines each, which, to be judged of aright, should be seen, or rather read, with the context. A few bars selected here and there, in which discord had an appropriate place, might as well be called a fair specimen of a piece of music.\*

But if there be some evidence that the reviewer, even if he could do justice to the poet, would not, there is abundance to prove that even if he would, he could not. Both, in their views of life and their principles of action, were essentially contradistinguished. As society advances, there are influences at work which materially modify human character, and by exalting the innate powers, and drawing out the latent virtues, render man as different from what he was under processes of mere human culture, as these processes had rendered him different from what he had been in the savage state. And of this truth Mr. Jeffrey, and the whole materialistic school to which he belonged, seemed totally oblivious.

Hence their utter disbelief in any new sources of poetry, or new topics for the development of poetical powers, different from those which had been known from the earliest ages. "We," they say, "have no faith in such discoveries. The elements of poetical interest are necessarily obvious and universal: they are within and about all men; and the topics by which they are suggested are proved to have been the same in every age and country in the world. Poetry," they add, "is, in

\* "The Edinburgh Review," vol. i. p. 73.

this respect, very nearly upon a footing with morality. In substance it is the same everywhere." They would, therefore, limit the sources of poetry to those aspects of humanity which were presented before Christianity had dawned upon the world. This, in disbelievers in revelation, was natural enough; but Southey was not an unbeliever.

That Christianity exhibits human nature under a new phase, will now, we think, be universally conceded. That it has wrought upon the human mind and heart, to the dethronement of passions and principles which before had ruled supreme, and kept all the gentler instincts and emotions in abeyance or in bondage, will, we fancy, be admitted even by those by whom its truth, as a revelation from God, is but little regarded. It is a great fact, of which the whole state of society, and the whole condition of man, in Christendom, bears unequivocal testimony; and it presents to the poet a new field for the exercise of his genius—a virgin soil for the cultivation of his poetic powers, as distinct from any which the heathen mythology affords, as is the light of the revelation under which we live, from the darkness visible of the idolatries by which it was preceded.

It is needless to dwell upon the development of the female character, and the re-exaltation of woman to her proper place in society, as one of the many blessings for which we are indebted to the diffusion of the Gospel; and surely, not to talk of its effects upon our proper humanity, the poet will recognise in it a new element of poetry, and find fitting subjects for his muse in graces and virtues which in older times challenged but little admiration.

Is it then, or is it not, a truth, which escaped the observation of the Edinburgh reviewer, that new sources of poetry have been discovered, when new trains of religious feeling have been awakened, and the moral sense has been quickened to, and invigorated by, the apprehension of spiritual things? On the contrary, we contend that such a metempsychosis of our moral being as may, under Christian influences, be experienced even upon earth, must naturally give rise to a species of composition abounding with

new notions of grandeur and dignity, and celebrating virtues which were before considered of a most unpoetical character—such as charity, humility, patience, forgiveness of injuries, and all the corresponding sentiments which they inspire. It is not Jupiter hurling his thunder, or Achilles indulging his wrath, which can interest the Christian reader, so much as a good man suffering under adversity, and borne up by a sublime reliance upon Providence. It is not the brutal achievements of physical strength, or the clumsy interference of degraded deities, which can inspire with sentiments of delight and admiration one whose tastes have been formed upon that model of excellence which the Gospel presents to all true believers; but feelings and incidents calculated to educate and exercise our moral faculties, and which are in unison with those notions of divine perfection, and of true goodness and greatness, which can only be learned from an authentic revelation.

Now, the critic's wrath was provoked, because of these new sources of poetry of which Mr. Southey had largely availed himself. He does not, indeed, make the Christian character a professed object of delineation, or aim at a sort of poetical pilgrim's progress; but, by attributing to other systems the sublime incentives to virtue which Christianity furnishes, and taking advantage of their susceptibility of poetical adornment, he contrives to insinuate, instead of formally communicating, instruction. How recreative to the moral sense are his exquisite depictions of those future stages of our being, when we shall be freed from the trammels of mortality! So refined and delicate, and yet so palpable, are the pleasures which he describes; so truly exalted and spiritual, and yet so conceivable, are the feelings which he portrays, that it is impossible to read them without cherishing every good and amiable propensity, and feeling more sensibly the loveliness of virtue, and shrinking more instinctively from the hideousness of vice. Take, for instance, the following passage from "*Kehama*," in which the suffering *Ladurlad* and his persecuted daughter are permitted, for a brief season, to visit the wife and the mother in Paradise:—

" Oh, happy sire and happy daughter !  
 Ye, on the banks of that celestial water,  
 Your resting-place and sanctuary have  
 found.  
 What ! hath not then their mortal taint  
 defiled  
 The sacred solitary ground ?  
 Vain thought ! the holy valley smil'd,  
 Receiving such a sire and child ;  
 Ganges, who seemed asleep to lie,  
 Beheld them with benignant eye,  
 And rippled round melodiously ;  
 And roll'd her little waves to meet  
 And welcome their beloved feet.  
 The gales of Severga thither fled,  
 And heavenly odours there were shed  
 About, below, and overhead ;  
 And earth rejoicing in their tread,  
 Hath built them up a blooming bower,  
 Where every amaranthine flower  
 Its deathless blossom interweaves  
 With bright and undecaying leaves.  
 Three happy beings are there here,  
 The sire, the maid, the Glendoveer !  
 A fourth approaches—who is this  
 That enters in the bower of bliss ?  
 No form so fair might painter find  
 Among the daughters of mankind ;  
 For death her beauties hath refin'd,  
 And unto her a form hath given,  
 Fram'd of the elements of heaven ;  
 Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.  
 She stood and gazed on sire and child ;  
 Her tongue not yet had power to speak,  
 The tears were streaming down her cheek.  
 And when those tears her sight beguil'd,  
 And still her faltering accents fail'd,  
 The spirit, mute and motionless,  
 Spread out her arms for the caress,  
 Made still and silent with excess  
 Of love and painful happiness.  
 The maid that lovely form survey'd ;  
 Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not ;  
 But Nature to her heart convey'd  
 A sudden thrill, a startling thought,  
 A feeling many a year forgot,  
 Now like a dream anew recurring,  
 As if again in every vein  
 Her mother's milk was stirring ;  
 With straining neck and earnest eye  
 She stretch'd her hands imploringly,  
 As if she fain would have her nigh,  
 Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,  
 At once with love and awe oppress'd.  
 Not so, Ladurlad : he could trace,  
 Though brightened with angelic grace,  
 His own Yedillian's earthly face ;  
 He ran and held her to his breast !  
 Oh, joy above all joys of heaven,  
 By death alone to others given,  
 This moment hath to him restor'd  
 The early-lost, the long deplored.  
 They sin who tell us love can die,  
 With life all other passions fly—  
 All others are but vanity.  
 In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;

Earthly, these passions of the earth,  
 They perish where they have their birth,  
 But love is indestructible.  
 Its holy flame for ever burneth ;  
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :  
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
 At times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd,  
 It here is tried and purified,  
 Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
 It soweth here with toil and care,  
 But the harvest-time of love is there.  
 Oh ! when a mother meets on high  
 The babe she lost in infancy,  
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,  
 The day of woe, the watchful night,  
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
 An over-payment of delight."

Such is the characteristic of Southey's poetry. The grand maxim which he would inculcate is a belief in a graciously superintending Providence ; that, whatever weal or woe betide, there is a power above by whom the righteous will never be forsaken, and by whom the wicked will full surely meet with due retribution ; the sufferings of the one being but the necessary processes by which faith is tried, and the faithful are conducted to happiness ; and the vices of the other being the snares by which they are drawn into, and involved in, irretrievable perdition. Thus it is that his poems abound, not in the fierce passions which consumed the soul of Byron, and for which he but sought a vent when he projected them from himself ; nor in the voluptuous effeminacy which has, in so many instances, polluted the pages of Moore, whose descriptions of a sensual paradise but too much betray a sympathy with the delights and endearments of the sinners against their own souls ; but in the trials of virtue which has successfully surmounted the solicitations of impure desire, and the triumphs of principle by which all the devices of the tempter were confounded.

How beautifully is the protecting influence of a pure attachment exemplified, when Thalaba is exposed to all the fascinations of the Garden of Delights in Mohared's palace, where females of surpassing beauty are threading the mazy dance—

" Their ankles bound with tinkling bells,  
 Which made a modulating harmony ;"

while

" Transparent garments, to the greedy eye



Gave all their harlot limbs,  
Which writhed, in each immodest gesture  
skilled.  
With eager eyes the banqueters  
Fed on the sight impure."

But in the heart of the youth of  
destiny far other feelings were awa-  
kened:

"His own Oneiza swam before his sight—  
His own Arabian maid.  
He rose, and from the banquet-room he  
rushed,  
And tears streamed down his burning cheek;  
And nature, for a moment, woke the thought,

And murmured, that, from all domestic joys  
Estranged, he wandered through the world  
A lonely being, far from all he loved.  
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes  
That murmur shall be written!"

Again, when he is tried by suffering,  
and Mohared has him in a dungeon  
and in chains, his deliverance and  
promotion to great honour being con-  
ditional upon his compliance with the  
behests of the regal voluptuary, how  
noble is his response to the solicita-  
tions of the tempter:—

"Sultan Mohared—yes! you have me here,  
In chains; but not forsaken, though oppressed;  
Cast down, but not destroyed; shall danger daunt—  
Shall death dismay his soul whose blood is given  
For God, and for his brethren of mankind?  
Alike rewarded in that noble cause,  
The patriot's and the martyr's wreath above  
Beam with one glory; think ye that my blood  
Shall quench the dreaded flame: and know ye not  
That leagued against ye are the just and wise,  
And all good actions, of all ages past;  
Yea! your own crimes, and truth, and God in heaven."

Such was the poetry of Robert Southey: a poetry which recreates the moral sense, and has for its object the development and purification of instincts and faculties which would have remained, like veins in the block of marble, had they not been evoked and brought into light by Christianity. And had his Scotch critics felt its power, far different would have been their estimate of productions which all have a reference to that new state of being to which it teaches us to aspire.

That certain kinds of poetry naturally arise out of certain stages of society, is a truth very generally acknowledged by competent judges in such matters. And, if we remember rightly, the late Mr. Preston, in an essay which was published in an early volume of "The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," marked very clearly the distinction between the poetry of the Augustan age and that of the time of Homer. The latter, belonging to a stage of society when the physical powers of man were more necessary, and consequently in greater esteem, dwells much upon feats of strength and achievements of valour. Homer is less fond of describing the hero by what he thought or felt, than by what he did or suffered. Virgil, on the other hand, deals more in abstract passion, and

traces the progress of the more refined and delicate affections in the soul. And with good reason does he deviate, in this respect, from the venerable Grecian. Man had become a more reflecting being; his attention had been more turned to the workings of his own mind; and he could then pursue a train of thought, or follow a course of reasoning, with as much ease as he could, in the heroic ages, attend to the details of a chase. It was therefore that poetry became more purely intellectual—that passion, and feeling, and sentiment became more immediately its object. And if we pursue the inquiry farther, and trace the change which has been made in the moral condition of man by Christianity, we shall find ample reason for admitting that a new and an interesting field of observation has been opened to the poet and the philosopher, by the disclosure of sentiments and affections, and the practice of virtues, different from those in repute in the heathen world, and proceeding from motives more truly sublime and spiritual than any with which it was acquainted.

Having thus stated our views of the light in which the poetry of this great man should have been viewed—but in which it was not viewed by the Pharisees and Saducees of literature—we

have left ourselves but little space for noticing the details of his domestic and public life, as they may be gleaned from the last two volumes of his *"Life and Correspondence."*

It is most truly observed by his son, that—

"A more thoroughly domestic man, or one more simple in his mode of living, it would be difficult to picture; and the habits into which he settled himself about this time continued through life, unbroken regularity and unwearied industry being their chief characteristics. Habitually an early riser, he never encroached upon the hours of the night; and finding his highest pleasure and his recreation in the very pursuits necessary for earning his daily bread, he was, probably, more continually employed than any other writer of his generation. 'My actions,' he writes about this time to a friend, 'are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast (equivalent to five in small quarto printing); then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humour, till dinner time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a siesta—for sleep agrees

with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked, require its repose. Well, after tea, I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life—which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish. At least I should think so if I had not once been happier; and I do think so, except when that recollection comes upon me. And then, when I cease to be cheerful, it is only to become contemplative—to feel at times a wish that I was in that state of existence which passes not away; and this always ends in a new impulse to proceed, that I may leave some durable monument and some efficient good behind me.'"

An old and rich uncle, John Southey, from whom he might have expected something, died childless, making no mention of him in his will. His feelings on the occasion were expressed in the following lines, in which he communicated the event to a friend, by whom they were accidentally preserved:—

"So thou art gone at last, old John,  
And hast left all from me:  
God give thee rest among the blest—  
I lay no blame to thee.

"Nor marvel I, for though one blood  
Through both our veins was flowing,  
Full well I know, old man, no love  
From thee to me was owing.

"Thou hadst no anxious hopes for me,  
In the winning years of infancy,  
No joy in my up-growing;  
And when from the world's beaten way  
I turned 'mid rugged paths astray,  
No fears where I was going.

"It touched thee not if envy's voice  
Was busy with my name;  
Nor did it make thy heart rejoice  
To hear of my fair fame.

"Old man, thou liest upon thy bier,  
And none for thee will shed a tear!  
They'll give thee a stately funeral,  
With coach and hearse, and plume and pall;  
But they who follow will grieve no more  
Than the mutes who pace with their staves before.  
With a light heart and a cheerful face  
Will they put mourning on,  
And bespeak thee a marble monument,  
And think nothing more of old John.

"An enviable death is his,  
Who, leaving none to deplore him,  
Hath yet a joy in his passing hour,  
Because all he loved have died before him.

The monk, too, hath a joyful end,  
 And well may welcome death like a friend,  
 When the crucifix close to his heart is press'd,  
 And he piously crosses his arms on his breast.  
 And the brethren stand round him and sing him to rest,  
 And tell him, as sure he believes, that anon,  
 Receiving his crown, he shall sit on his throne,  
 And sing in the choir of the blest.

"But a hopeless sorrow it strikes to the heart,  
 To think how men like thee depart.  
 Unloving and joyless was thy life,  
 Unlamented was thine end;  
 And neither in this world nor the next  
 Hadst thou a single friend:  
 None to weep for thee on earth,  
 None to greet thee in heaven's hall;  
 Father and mother, sister and brother—  
 Thy heart had been shut to them all.

"Alas, old man, that this should be!  
 One brother had raised up seed to thee;  
 And hadst thou, in their hour of need,  
 Cherished that dead brother's seed,  
 Thrown wide thy doors, and called them in,  
 How happy thine old age had been!  
 Thou wert a barren tree, around whose trunk,  
 Needing support, our tendrils should have clung;  
 Then had thy sapless boughs  
 With buds of hope and genial fruit been hung;  
 Yea, with undying flowers,  
 And wreaths for ever young."

But he had the true riches—a healthy mind, an honest heart, a rising reputation, and an approving conscience.

When we consider his pressing occupations, and the value of his time to himself and those who were dependent upon him, it is amazing how much of it he was able to devote to the good of others. To that most amiable and promising young person, Kirke White, only known to him by his genius and his virtues, he was, while he lived, a friend and counsellor; and when mental powers, tasked too severely, hurried him prematurely to the grave, the poet mourned over him as a kindred spirit gone to his everlasting rest; and volunteered to collate and edit his "Remains," prefixing to them a biographical notice, by which he had the happiness of realising a considerable sum for the benefit of his family.

Other instances are on record which prove the heartiness of his good-will to direct and benefit struggling genius. To Ebenezer Elliott his letters are many, and his advice excellent; and doubtless that hard-handed and soft-hearted individual appreciated them as they deserved. To a Mr. Duseautoy, a young gentleman, who without any

previous knowledge of him, solicited his advice, submitting to him some of his productions, he was equally kind and encouraging, and wrote to him, amidst all his heavy labours, with a fulness of affectionate interest such as a father might feel for a promising and favourite son. The youth entered the university, and would, in all human likelihood, have been a distinguished ornament of his country, had not the keenness of his intellectual ardour been an over-match for his vital powers. He perished, as poor Kirke White did, in the blossom of his hopes, affording another instance to the many already on record, of victims to the eager pursuit of university honours, which all who are acquainted with college life in any of our three great universities must know, and the remembrance of which so often passes like a shadow over them when they review their college recollections.

Meanwhile the indefatigable poet was busy with his more imperious labours. He was adding daily to the stores of knowledge which were to furnish the materials for a history of Portugal. He was consuming many a weary hour upon notices of current literature, by which he enriched, much

more than they enriched him, the various periodicals of the day. Of the various hostile criticisms which "Thalaba" and "Madoc" had provoked, he had to encounter the buzzings and the stings, against which no stoicism could have steeled any mind, for their ability was in some instances equal to their malignity. And "Kehama" was in hand, from which, such was the damaging influence of the "Edinburgh Review" upon his reputation, whatever might be his anticipations of future fame, he could look for little present emolument. It appeared—and justified both his hopes and his fears.

This poem, probably the most striking and original of any that he had yet designed, encountered a perfect tornado of hostility from his old enemy, the late Lord Jeffrey. The moral which it aimed to inculcate was, the ultimate triumph of suffering virtue, and the ultimate defeat and punishment of long-triumphant godlessness and malignity. Into the details of its execution we cannot enter; but one passage we must give, as a fair specimen of the metre and style; and we give it the more especially, because it is the one which the reviewer selects as an example of the crudest and the silliest absurdity. The reader shall judge for himself.

Kehama, glorying in his power, and proceeding in a career of conquest by which he fondly hopes to achieve immortality and omnipotence, is wounded in the tenderest part by one, who, to save his child from attempted violation, kills his son. The shade of the dead Arnalan is evoked, and asked what his all-powerful father shall do for him to soothe his troubled spirit. He asks for revenge; the vengeance of intense and never-ending agony upon him by whom he was deprived of life. It is "The Curse" by which this wish was to be gratified, which we now desire to submit to the judgment of the reader, who, to understand it aright, must project himself into the spirit of the scene, and become, as it were, "en rapport" with the describer.

In the basilisk glance of the enchanter, Ladurlad foresees his doom; although no intimation of the agonies which await him is to be found in the commencing words of the imprecation,

which, as it were, shield him against all human accidents, and rivet him to life, but only to be the subject of the most intense and enduring tortures. They are smoother than oil, and yet they are very swords. Wrath compressed scintillates through them. Apparently fraught with blessings, they are the studied result of vengeance the most ruthless dallying with its victim, while fixing and preparing him for the fatal blow. And when the collected thunder does burst forth, it is as though Omnipotence itself were almost baffled by the greedy and gluttonous spirit of revenge; and expression breaks down in its attempt to convey, in adequate terms, the insatiable malignity of the fell avenger. For a moment, utterly heedless of Ladurlad's cries for mercy—

" Silent he stood,  
But in no mood of mercy,  
In no hesitating thought  
Of right and justice. At the length he raised  
His brow, yet unrelaxed, his lips unclosed,  
And, uttered from the heart,  
With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,  
The gathered vengeance came!—

" I charm thy life  
From the weapons of strife,  
From stone and from wood,  
From fire and from flood,  
From the serpent's tooth,  
And the beast of blood ;—  
From sickness I charm thee,  
And time shall not harm thee :  
But earth, which is mine,  
Its fruits shall deny thee ;  
And water shall bear me,  
And know thee, and fly thee ;  
And the winds shall not touch thee  
When they blow by thee,  
And the dews shall not wet thee  
When they fall nigh thee ;—  
Thou shalt call upon death  
To release thee—in vain !  
For thy pain shall remain,  
While Kehama shall reign,  
With a fire in thy heart,  
And a fire in thy brain ;—  
And sleep shall obey me,  
And visit thee never ;  
And the curse shall be on thee,  
For ever and ever !"

The victim reels under the imprecation. All is, momentarily, unrealised around him. But the curse has taken possession. He soon feels its terrible reality; and that of his torments there shall be no end!—

"There, where the curse had stricken  
him,  
There stood the miserable man!  
There stood Ladurlad!  
With loose, hanging arms,  
And eyes of idiot wandering!

"Was it a dream? Alas!  
He heard the river flow;  
He heard the crumbling of the pile;  
He heard the rustling of the wind, which  
showered  
'The thin, white ashes round;—  
There, motionless, he stood—  
As if he wished it were a dream;  
And feared to move,  
Lest he should prove  
The actual misery;—  
And still, at times, he met Kehama's eye;  
Kehama's eye, that fastened on him  
still."

And now we leave the reader to judge between Southey and his reviewer. Not such was Walter Savage Landor, to whose encouragement we are chiefly indebted for that completion and publication of the noble poem. But we shall suffer the poet to speak for himself. He thus writes to his friend Bedford, in a letter bearing date April 26, 1808:—

"At Bristol I met with the man of all others whom I was most desirous of meeting,—the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me. You will be curious to know who this could be. Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir*, a poem which, unless you have heard me speak of it, you have probably never heard of at all. I never saw any one more unlike myself in every prominent part of human character, nor any one who so cordially and instinctively agreed with me on so many of the most important subjects. I have often said before we met, that I would walk forty miles to see him; and having seen him, I would gladly walk fourscore to see him again. He talked of *Thalaba*, and I told him of the series of mythological poems which I had planned,—mentioned some of the leading incidents on which they were to have been formed, and also told him for what reason they were laid aside;—in plain English, that I could not afford to write them. Landor's reply was, 'Go on with them, and I will pay for printing them, as many as you will write and as many copies as you please.' I had reconciled myself to my abdication (if the phrase may be allowable), and am not sure that this princely offer has not done me mischief; for it has awakened in me old dreams and hopes which had been laid aside, and a stinging desire to go on, for the sake of showing him poem after poem, and

saying, 'I need not accept your offer, but I have done this because you made it.' It is something to be praised by one's peers; ordinary praise I regard as little as ordinary abuse. God bless you!"

In politics, his conjectures were singularly sagacious. At a very early period of the peninsular war, he thus writes to Coleridge in the June of 1808:—

"One hardly dares to indulge a hope; but if Europe is to be redeemed in our days, you know it has always been my opinion that the work of deliverance would begin in Spain. And now that its unhappy government has committed suicide, the Spaniards have got rid of their worst enemy."

To Grosvenor Bedford he writes, in the November following:—

"What I feel about Spain, you know; what I think about it is this—the country has much to suffer; in all probability there will be many and dreadful defeats of the patriots, and such scenes as have never been witnessed in Europe since the destruction of Saguntum and Numantia, may, perhaps, be renewed there. Joseph will very likely be crowned at Madrid, and many of us may give up the cause of Spanish independence as lost. But so surely as God liveth, and the Spirit of God liveth and moveth in the hearts of men, so surely will that country eventually work out its own redemption."

This was written while the "*Quarterly Review*" was being projected, a publication in which it was intended that he should bear a part. At first he feared that it might not be sufficiently independent in its politics to enable him to contribute to it with perfect satisfaction. His son tells us that—

"The circumstance of there being reason to expect 'political information to be communicated from authentic sources,' seemed to him to imply that silence would be observed on such points as it might be displeasing to the ministry to have strongly animadverted upon, and he consequently expresses these fears to Mr. Bedford in the strong language he naturally used to a familiar correspondent. This produced a further exposition of the principles upon which the '*Review*' was to be conducted; and his reply will show, that notwithstanding these passing doubts, he entered at the first heartily and zealously into the plan.

"It is however right to state, that at no period could the '*Quarterly Review*' be said *fairly* to represent my father's opinions,



political or otherwise, and great injustice was often done him both by imputing articles to him which he never wrote, and also by supposing that, in those known to be his, *all* his mind had appeared. The truth was, as his letters will show, that his views on most subjects, while from this time they gradually drew nearer to those of the Tory party, yet occasionally differed widely from them, and most certainly were never those of a blind, time-serving, and indiscriminating allegiance. In his contributions to the 'Quarterly Review' these differences of opinion were broadly stated, and measures often recommended of a very different character to those which that party adopted. This might be, and probably was, sometimes done in a manner which admitted, and, perhaps, required, the editor's correction; but it would seem that Gifford had a heavy and unsparing hand in these matters, and my father frequently and bitterly complains of the mutilation of his papers, and of their being tamed down to the measure of the politics the 'Review' was intended to represent, and gauged often by ministerial timidity. This, it appears from the following letter, he apprehended would sometimes be the case, but *not* to the extent to which it was subsequently carried:—

"*To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.*

"Nov. 17, 1808.

"MY DEAR GROSVENOR,—You have taken what I said a little too seriously; that is, you have given it more thought than it deserved. The case stands thus: you wish to serve the public, ministers wish to serve themselves; and so it happens that, just at this time, the two objects are the same. I am very willing to travel with them as far as we are going the same way, and, when our roads separate, shall of course leave them."

In this great periodical, it is unnecessary to say, he continued to write while he was able to wield a pen. In fact, his receipts from it constituted, for a long time, the principal part of his subsistence.

But we must not omit a curious fact which came to light while he was proceeding in his history of Brazil, which shows the caution to be used in adopting, without severe scrutiny, the translations or the compilations of Romish writers. He thus writes to his brother, a naval lieutenant, in a letter bearing date January 10, 1809:—

"I made an important discovery relative to De Lary—one of my best printed authorities—this morning. This author, who though a Frenchman, was a very faithful writer, translated his own French into Latin, and I used the Latin edition in De Boy's

collection,—you remember the book with those hideous prints of the savages at their cannibal feasts; William Taylor laid hands on the French book, and sent it me; it arrived last Thursday only; and I, in transcribing with my usual scrupulous accuracy, constantly referred to this original, because I knew that when an author translates his own book, he often alters it, and therefore it was probable that I might sometimes find a difference worthy of notice. Well, I found my own references to the number of the chapter wrong; for the first time it past well enough for a blunder, though I wondered at it a little, being remarkably exact in these things; the second time I thought it very extraordinary; and a third instance made me quite certain that something was wrong, but that the fault was not in me. Upon examination, it appeared that a whole chapter, and that chapter the most important as to the historical part of the volume, had been omitted by De Boy, because he was a Catholic, De Lary a Huguenot, and this chapter exposed the villany of Villegagnon, who went to Brazil expressly to establish an asylum for the Huguenots; when there, was won over by the Guises, apostatised, and thus ruined a colony, which must else inevitably have made Rio de Janeiro now the capital of a French, instead of a Portuguese empire. The main facts I had collected before, and clearly understood; but the knavery of a Roman Catholic editor had thus nearly deprived me of my best and fullest authority, and of some very material circumstances, for no one has ever yet suspected this collection of being otherwise than faithful, though it is now more than two hundred years old. See here the necessity of tracing everything to the fountain-head when it is possible."

Speaking of a review of Miss Owenson (the present Lady Morgan), which appeared in the "Quarterly," he says:—

"I could have wished that this 'Review' had less resembled the 'Edinburgh' in the tone and temper of its criticisms. That book of Miss Owenson's is, I dare say, very bad both in manners and morals; yet, had it fallen into my hands, I think I could have told her so in such a spirit, that she herself would have believed me, and might have profited by the censure. The same quantity of rain which would clear a flower of its blight, will, if it falls heavier and harder, wash the roots bare, and beat the blossoms to the ground."

His friend Landor wonders how he can be engaged, with all his other avocations, upon two long poems at the same time. His answer is:—

"You wonder that I can think of two poems at once; it proceeds from weakness,

not from strength. I could not stand the continuous excitement which you have gone through in your tragedy: in me it would not work itself off in tears; the tears would flow while in the act of composition, and would leave behind a throbbing head and a whole system in the highest state of nervous excitability, which would soon induce disease in one of its most fearful forms. From such a state I recovered in 1800 by going to Portugal, and suddenly changing climate, occupation, and all internal objects: and I have kept it off since by a good intellectual regimen."

Of Shelley he writes in the January of 1812:—

"Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with £6000 a year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father's power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed, at Oxford, into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism'; sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon £200 a year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he has got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and, in the course of a week, I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is that he is nineteen, and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with £6,000 a year: the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he did not set about it exactly in the right way. God bless you, Grosvenor!"

The following is his estimate of the comparative merits of Perceval and Lord Liverpool. We believe it to be strictly correct:—

"Perceval's death was one of the severest losses that England has ever sustained. He was a man who not only desired to act well, but desired it ardently; his heart always strengthened his understanding, and gave

him that power which rose always to the measure of the occasion. Lord Liverpool is a cold man; you may convince his understanding, but you can only obtain an inert assent where zealous co-operation is wanted. It is, however, enough for *us* to know *what* ought to be done: the *how* and the *when* are in the hands of One who knows when and how it may be done best. Oh! if this world of ours were but well cultivated, and weeded well, how like the garden of Eden might it be made! Its evils might almost be reduced to physical suffering and death; the former continually diminishing, and the latter, always indeed an awful thing, but yet to be converted into hope and joy."

That Southey should have rejoiced intensely at the termination of the war (as it *did* terminate, in the complete overthrow of the tyrant by whom the Continent was held spell-bound) and the restoration of social order, could have surprised no one who knew how frequently he predicted these results, and how earnestly he had conjured the *honest* public men of all parties to forget their differences, and make a vigorous effort against the common enemy. Bonaparte he regarded as an impersonation of evil, truthless, faithless, ruthless, bloody; and he himself entertained no more doubt of his final overthrow than he did that there was a God in heaven. But the whole utilitarian and materialist school of philosophers regarded him quite in another light. The great political meteor who had affrighted the nations, and, from his horrid hair, shook pestilence and war, they looked upon as a new sun in the firmament, by whom it sold glories were to be obscured. They believed that his mission of destruction was the necessary precursor of his mission of regeneration; and that, when old things had thus been made to pass away, we should have a new heaven and a new earth, wherein liberty alone should dwell. When it is considered that the parties by whom his fortunes as an author had been seriously blighted were sharers in these opinions, the reader cannot be surprised that he should have doubly rejoiced, in the falsification of *their* predictions, and the fulfilment of *his* own. His son writes:—

"How deep an interest my father had taken in the protracted contest between France and England, the reader has seen; nor will he, I think, if well acquainted with

the events of those times, and the state of feeling common among young men of the more educated classes at the close of the last century, be apt to censure him as grossly inconsistent, because he condemned the war at its outset, and augured well at the commencement of Bonaparte's career, and yet could earnestly desire that war, in its later stages, 'to be carried on with all the heart, and all the soul, and all the strength of this mighty empire,' and could rejoice in the downfall

"Of him, who, while Europe crouched under his rod,  
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God."

For the original commencement of the war in 1792-3 had been the combination of other European powers against revolutionary France—a direct act of aggression supported by England, which would now be condemned by most men, and was then naturally denounced by all those who partook, in any degree, of Republican feeling. But in the lapse of years the merits of the contest became quite altered; and from about the time when Bonaparte assumed the imperial crown, all his acts were marked by aggressiveness and overbearing usurpation. Not to speak of those personal crimes which turned my father's feelings towards the man into intense abhorrence, his political measures with respect to Switzerland, Holland, Egypt, and Malta were those of an unscrupulous and ambitious conqueror; and the invasion of Portugal, with his insolent treachery towards the Spanish royal family, made his iniquity intolerable. The real difference between my father and the mass of writers and speakers in England at that time, was, that he never laid aside a firm belief that the Providence of God would put an end to Napoleon's wicked career, and that it was the office of Great Britain to be the principal instrument of that Providence.

"But in addition to the national feelings of joy and triumph at the successful termination of this long and arduous warfare, my father had some grounds for rejoicing more peculiar to himself. When one large and influential portion of the community, supported by the 'Edinburgh Review,' prognosticated constantly the hopelessness of the war, the certain triumph of Bonaparte, and especially the folly of hoping to drive him out of Spain—when their language was, 'France has conquered Europe; this is the melancholy truth; shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter; for the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished;' he had stood forth among the boldest and most prominent of those who urged vigorous measures, and prophesied final success. And well might he now rejoice—kindle upon Skiddaw the symbol of triumph; and when contrasting the lan-

guage he had held with that of those persons, exclaim, 'Was I wrong? or has the event corresponded to this confidence?'"

The account of the bonfire upon Skiddaw, above alluded to, we must present to the reader as he himself describes it in a letter to his brother, Dr. Southey. When we consider the scene, the occasion, and the actors engaged in it, it will be read with intense interest, and not more by the present, than by generations to come.

"Monday, the 21st of August, was not a more remarkable day in your life than was in that of my neighbour Skiddaw, who is a much older personage. The weather served for our bonfire, and never, I believe, was such an assemblage upon such a spot. To my utter astonishment, Lord Sandwich rode up, and Lady S., who had endeavoured to dissuade me from going as a thing too dangerous, joined the walking party. Wordsworth, with his wife, sister, and a boy, came over on purpose. James Boswell arrived that morning at the Sunderland, Edith, the senhora, Edith May, and Herbert were my convoy, with our three maid-servants, some of our neighbours, some adventurous Lakers, and Messrs. Rag, Tag, and Boptail, made up the rest of the assembly. We roasted beef and boiled plum-pudding there; sung 'God save the king' round the most furious body of flaming tar-bait that I ever saw; drank a huge wooden bowl of punch; fired cannon at every health, with three times three, and rolled large blazing balls of tow and turpentine down the side of the mountain. The effect was grand beyond imagination. We formed a huge circle round the most intense light, and behind us was an immeasurable arch of the most intense darkness, for our bonfire fairly put out the moon.

"The only mishap which occurred will make a famous anecdote in the life of a great poet, if James Boswell, after the example of his father, keepeth a diary of the sayings of remarkable men. When we were craving for the punch, a cry went forth that the kettle had been knocked over, with all the boiling water! Colonel Barker, as Boswell named the Senhora, from her having had the command on this occasion, immediately instituted a strict inquiry to discover the culprit, from a suspicion that it might have been done in mischief, water, as you know, being a commodity not easily replaced on the summit of Skiddaw. The persons about the fire declared it was one of the gentlemen—they did not know his name; but he had a red cloak on; they pointed him out in the circle. The red cloak (a maroon one of Edith's) identified him; Wordsworth had got hold of it, and was equipped like a Spa

nish Don—by no means the worst figure in the company. He had committed this fatal *faux pas*, and thought to slink off undiscovered. But as soon as, in my inquiries concerning the punch, I learned his guilt from the Senhora, I went round to all our party, and communicated the discovery, and getting them about him, I punished him by singing a parody, which they all joined in: 'Twas you that kicked the kettle down! 'twas you, sir, you!'

This was probably the most joyous and happy period of his existence. His health was good, his reputation was high, his circumstances were comparatively easy; his reputation had risen above the obscurations of party and prejudice, and he could quietly look down upon the slanderers, both literary and political, by whom he had been defamed, with a scorn which compassionated, even more than it condemned them. Despite the venial errors of his youth, he could look back upon a life devoted to the promotion of truth and loyalty, of religion and virtue. In politics his aspirations had been gratified, and his predictions realised, to the confusion of those who had calculated upon different results, and were, in truth, to be numbered amongst the allies of the common enemy. His children were growing up in happiness and in promise around him; and, in truth, it might be said, who so blest as he.

The following we extract from his "Pilgrimage to Waterloo." He describes the greetings of his family upon his approach to his own house on his return. We regret exceedingly that we cannot give the whole description of this touching scene, as this poem is less known than any of his others to the general reader:—

"O joyful hour, when to our longing home  
The long-expected wheels at length  
drew nigh,  
When the first sound went forth, 'They  
come, they come!'  
And hope's impatience quicken'd every  
eye!  
Never had man whom Heaven would heap  
with bliss  
More glad return, more happy hour than  
this.

"Aloft on yonder bench, with arms  
dispread,  
My boy stood, shouting there his father's  
name,  
Waving his hat around his happy head;

And there, a younger group, his sisters  
came:

Smiling they stood with looks of pleased  
surprise,  
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

"Soon all and each came crowding round  
to share

The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;  
What welcomings of hand and lip were  
there!

And when those overflowings of delight  
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,  
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness."

But soon he was to feel a pang, and a shadow was to pass over him, which darkened all his remaining days. The youth above alluded to was one of those rare and gifted spirits, full of promise both of worth and eminence, who are sometimes lent to doating parents to be, for a brief season, their hope and their joy, but only, when their hearts begin to lean too fondly upon them, to be snatched away. He was his father's pupil and playmate. Every day was developing faculties and affections which made him more beloved; and it was not until his powers, both moral and intellectual, had become not only "household words," but began to attract the admiration of strangers, that

"A wasteful malady began  
To prey upon him,"

and the troubled and anxious parents became trembly solicitous for the safety of their darling child. All was soon over. Their worst fears were realised. On the 17th of April, 1816, Herbert Southey, then in his tenth year, breathed his last, leaving a family, who had so short a time before been at the summit of happiness, steeped in affliction, of which, until the dawn of that other life, when those whom death hath separated shall be united, there could be no end. To soothe and mitigate such calamities the lenient hand of time does much; but its office is not to obliterate them. The aching void will always be felt, until we shall have learned that our saddest bereavements are intended to wean us from terrene enjoyments, to teach us, by powerful experience, to set our affections on things above, not on things of the earth, and that where our treasure is there should our hearts be also.

The following extracts from the

poet's letters, written immediately after this afflicting event, possess a touching interest:—

"MY DEAR BEDFORD,—Here is an end of hope and of fear, but not of suffering. His sufferings, however, are over, and, thank God, his passage was perfectly easy. He fell asleep, and is now in a better state of existence, for which his nature was more fitted than for this. You, more than most men, can tell what I have lost, and yet you are far from knowing how large a portion of my hopes and happiness will be laid in the grave with Herbert. For years it has been my daily prayer that I might be spared this affliction.

"I am much reduced in body by this long and sore suffering, but I am perfectly resigned, and do not give way to grief.

"I will not venture to relate the boy's conduct during his whole illness. I dare not trust myself to attempt this. But nothing could be more calm, more patient, more collected, more dutiful, more admirable.

"Oh! that I may be able to leave this country! The wound will never close while I remain in it. You would wonder to see me, how composed I am. Thank God, I can control myself for the sake of others; but it is a life-long grief, and do what I can to lighten it, the burden will be as heavy as I can bear."

"MY DEAR GROSVENOR,—Wherefore do I write to you? Alas, because I know not what to do. To-morrow, perhaps, may bring with it something like the beginning of relief. To-day I hope I shall support myself, or rather that God will support me, for I am weak as a child, in body even more than in mind. My limbs tremble under me; long anxiety has wasted me to the bone, and I fear it will be long before grief will suffer me to recruit. I am seriously apprehensive for the shock which my health seems to have sustained; yet I am wanting in no effort to appear calm and to console others; and those who are about me give me credit for a fortitude which I do not possess. Many blessings are left me—abundant blessings, more than I have deserved, more than I had ever reason to expect or even to hope. I have strong ties to life, and many duties yet to perform. Believe me, I see these things as they ought to be seen. Reason will do something, Time more, Religion most of all. The loss is but for this world; but as long as I remain in this world I shall feel it.

"Some way my feelings will vent themselves. I have thought of endeavouring to direct their course, and may, perhaps, set

about a monument in verse for him and for myself, which may make our memories inseparable.

"There would be no wisdom in going from home. The act of returning to it would undo all the benefit I might receive from change of circumstance for some time yet. Edith feels this; otherwise, perhaps, we might have gone to visit Tom in his new habitation. Summer is at hand. While there was a hope of Herbert's recovery, this was a frequent subject of pleasurable consideration; it is now a painful thought, and I look forward with a sense of fear to the season which brings with it life and joy to those who are capable of receiving them. You, more than most men, are aware of the extent of my loss, and how, as long as I remain here, every object within and without, and every hour of every day, must bring it fresh to recollection. Yet the more I consider the difficulties of removing, the greater they appear; and perhaps by the time it would be possible, I may cease to desire it."

"Three things I prayed for—the child's recovery, if it might please God; that if this might not be, his passage might be rendered easy; and that we might be supported in our affliction. The two latter petitions were granted, and I am truly thankful. But when the event was over, then, like David, I roused myself, and gave no way to unavailing grief, acting in all things as I should wish others to act when my hour also is come. I employ myself incessantly, taking, however, every day as much exercise as I can bear without injurious fatigue, which is not much."

"MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,—You were right respecting the nature of my support under this affliction; there is but one source of consolation, and of that source I have drunk largely. When you shall see how I had spoken of my happiness but a few weeks ago, you will read with tears of sorrow what I wrote with tears of joy. And little did I think how soon and how literally another part of this mournful poem was to be fulfilled, when I said in it—

"To earth I should have sunk in my despair,  
Had I not clasp'd the Cross, and been supported there."

We confess we have not heart, even if we had space, to proceed farther at present. In our next and concluding notice we shall find the poet in a more composed and happy frame of mind, and not leave him until we shall have followed him, also, to his latter end.



# DUBLIN

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## THE GIFTS OF SCIENCE TO ART.

### PART II.

#### ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—SCIENTIFIC AERIAL VOYAGE OF MESSRS. BARRELL AND DIXON—CONCLUSION.

SUCH is the latest and greatest improvement of the Electric Telegraph.

It has been objected to this system of Mr. Bain, that it provides a superfluity of power; that the exigencies of communication do not demand the extraordinary celerity and facility of despatch which it supplies; that to use it for the common purposes of telegraphic communication, is like employing a steam-engine to thread a needle.

The answer to this is obvious. The public have not yet become familiar with the capabilities and the uses of this vast agent of intercommunication, which will soon show itself to bear to the post-office the same relation as the stocking-loom does to the knitting-needle, or the spinning frame to the distaff. They are now restrained from calling into play the functions of the Electric Telegraph by the excessive cost of transmission. To send a communication from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow, costs at the rate of eight-pence per word. Using round numbers, a letter of moderate length, say one consisting of 300 words, would therefore cost ten pounds, and the answer to it, supposing it of equal length, as much more. Now, except in cases of the very highest importance, such a tariff constitutes an absolute prohibition. But with telegraphs working on the system adopted in England, it is difficult to see how this can be avoided. The tariff may be too high, and some reduction of its amount might increase the profits of the company, by augmenting the quantity of business done in a greater ratio than the diminution of the rate of charge. But such an extent of communication as we contemplate, and as we feel assured

will, sooner or later, be realised, would be utterly impracticable with the present telegraph.

The probable effect of a considerable reduction in the charge for the transmission of telegraphic messages may, in some measure, be estimated from the state of telegraphic business in the United States. There a tariff, considerably lower than that which is established in England, has been adopted; and we find, accordingly, that the amount of the communications is increased in an enormous proportion, and that their character is altogether different. While, for example, no London journal, save the *Times*, is able to afford a daily telegraphic despatch of the French news, exceeding a few lines in length, and that only from Dover to London, the New York journals, the price of which is only one penny, while that of the London journals is five pence, receive by telegraph complete and detailed reports of the proceedings of Congress at Washington.

During the trial of Professor Webster at Boston, on the charge of murder, which produced so much excitement in the United States and in Europe, a complete report of the examination of witnesses, and the speeches of counsel, was forwarded every night by telegraph from Boston to New York, and appeared in the morning journals the next day.

Now, the telegraphic tariff in America, though inferior to that adopted in Europe, is very far above what it might, and no doubt will, be reduced to, when the improved and accelerated method of transmission, which we have described, shall be adopted.

The methods now used in America

are those of Morse, and the earlier improvements of Bain. The method of transmitting a written report by the application of the perforated ribbon of paper, which we have described, has been only recently patented in that country, and has not yet been brought into operation, consequently the celerity of communication, which would enable the transmission to be accomplished at a vastly reduced price, has not yet been practically realised there.

In reference to what has been just stated, it may be interesting to mention, that one of the London journals had the spirit, not long since, to try, by experiment, whether the advantage to be derived from a long and detailed telegraphic despatch daily transmitted from Paris would, to use a commercial term, *pay*. A contract was, as we are assured, made with the telegraphic establishment, and a sum of more than £400 per month was actually paid for such daily communication. It was found, however, that the advantage was not adequate to the expense, for even at this price the intelligence was obliged to be conveyed in so compressed a style as to be deprived of its principal attraction.

Even the daily despatch of the *Times*, now published, consists, as will be perceived by reference to that journal, of a few heads of news, a sort of table of contents to the detailed despatch which is to follow. Such communications can have no interest or utility, except in cases where events of great importance have to be announced, a circumstance which it is evident can never be of daily occurrence.

By means of two conducting wires it is impossible, with the telegraphs now used in England, to transmit more than twelve hundred words per hour, and although that average capability be claimed for the existing system, we doubt extremely whether it can be realised one day with another. But assuming it to be practicable, it would follow that in a day of twelve hours two conducting wires could not transmit more than fourteen thousand four hundred words, which would be equivalent to 144 despatches of the average length of 100 words. Now it is clear that any reduction of the tariff which would give anything approaching to full play to the demands of the public, once awakened to the advantages which such a system of communication

would offer, would create a demand for transmission far exceeding the powers of any practicable number of conducting wires.

But with a system constructed on the principle adopted by Mr. Bain, a single wire is capable of transmitting about 20,000 words per hour, and two wires would therefore transmit 40,000 per hour, being thirty three times more than can now be transmitted.

By the adoption of this system, therefore, the tariff of transmission might, with the same profit, be reduced in a ratio of about thirty to one, so that a despatch, the transmission of which would now cost a pound, would be sent at the cost of eight-pence.

But it is evident that in the working out of the system, many other sources of economy would be developed, and a much greater reduction of expenses effected.

When the powers of this improved telegraph shall be brought into full operation, and when this mode of intercommunication shall be available by the public in all parts of Europe, great changes in the social and commercial relations of the centres of commerce and population must be witnessed. Hitherto the use of the telegraph on the Continent has been limited to the government. *The public has been altogether excluded from it.* Such a system, however, cannot be of long duration, and the precursors of a speedy change are already apparent. A project of law has been presented to the Legislative Assembly by the French Government, to open the telegraph to commerce and the public. Lines of electric telegraph have been constructed, and are already in operation, along the principal lines of railway in France. A commission has been appointed by the Belgian Government, to report upon the means which ought to be adopted to construct lines of electric telegraph throughout that kingdom. Lines of considerable extent are in operation in the Prussian States, and still more extended systems are in preparation. Measures are in progress for the establishment of lines of electric telegraphs in the territories of Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, and all the lesser states of Germany. The Emperor of Russia has issued orders for the construction of lines of telegraphic wires to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow, and with the

Prussian, Saxon, and Austrian lines of telegraph.

The measures for sinking a system of conducting wires in the channel between Dover and Calais are in progress. Of the ultimate practicability of this project there seems no good ground for doubt. In the United States wires have been already sunk in several arms of the sea, under which a never-ending stream of despatches passes, and although the width of these pieces of water is in no case so considerable as that of the Straits of Dover, difficulties of the same kind as those encountered in the latter case have been successfully surmounted.

When Dover shall have been united with Calais, by the realisation of this project, and when the various lines now in progress, and contemplated, on the Continent shall be completed, London will be connected by continuous lines of telegraphic communication with Brussels, Berlin, Hamburg, Lubeck, Bremen, Dantzic, Leipsic, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Trieste, Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, and the towns along the right bank of the Rhine, from Cologne to Basle; also with Amsterdam, the Hague, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and every part of Belgium; also with Boulogne, Lille, Valenciennes, Paris, Strasburgh, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, and all the intermediate towns.

On the arrival of the Indian mail at Marseilles the leading journals of London, at a cost which would appear fabulous, have obtained their despatches by means of special couriers riding express from Marseilles to Boulogne, and by express steamers from Boulogne to Folkestone. All this will be changed. The agent of the *Times* at Marseilles will receive from the Alexandrian steamer the despatches ready *perforated* on the ribbon of paper (a process which may be executed before their arrival); he will take it to the telegraph office, where it will be attached to the instrument, and will be transmitted direct to London at the rate of 20,000 words per hour on each wire. Two wires will, there-

fore, transmit three columns of the *Times* in eight minutes!!

If a London merchant desire to despatch an important communication to his correspondent at Hamburg or Berlin, he will be able to do so, and to obtain an answer in five minutes, provided the letter and answer do not exceed a thousand words, and that his correspondent is ready without delay to reply.

If the Foreign Secretary desire to send an important despatch to the British minister at Vienna, he is obliged at present to expedite it by a queen's messenger travelling express. He will then have only to get it perforated on a ribbon of paper in characters known only to himself and the ambassador, and to forward it to Vienna at the rate of three hundred words per minute.

A project has been announced in the journals, which might be justly regarded as the creature of some candidate for Bedlam, if, after what we have stated as being actually practised, we could dare to pronounce anything of the kind impracticable. The project we allude to is, to carry a telegraphic communication across the Atlantic! It is proposed to encase a number of wires in a coating which will not be affected by sea water, and to sink it in the ocean! One extremity of this *electric cable* is to be fixed at New York or Boston, and the other, we presume, at Galway!

On the occasion of the first meeting of the British Association held in Dublin, in 1836, Dr. Lardner, in a speech delivered in the Rotunda, startled the public by a prediction, that "the day was at hand when a railway across Ireland, from Dublin to Galway, or some other western port connected with a line of Atlantic steamers, would render Ireland one stage on a great highway, connecting London with New York." It is a fact sufficiently curious, that this prediction has been literally verified;\* but what would have been said at that time, had the Doctor hinted at the bare

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\* It is a curious circumstance that public rumour should impute a statement to the effect, that a steam voyage across the Atlantic was a physical impossibility, to Dr. Lardner, who, as we have seen, was the first to predict the establishment of steam communication with America, and who made that prediction on an occasion at once so memorable and so public, in the presence of at least three thousand persons. The calumny, however, being fabricated and circulated by interested parties, amused those who delight to find scientific men com-



possibility of an electric wire crossing Ireland, and forming a part of one continuous wire uniting these capitals, along which streams of intelligence, political, commercial, and social, would be constantly flowing?

It is curious to observe how often that which is regarded as fantastical and chimerical in one age, acquires the character of cold reality in another. Strada, in one of his prolusions, says Addison,

"Gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if touched by two several needles, when one of these needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that two friends, being each of them possessed of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with twenty-four letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to point to any of the twenty-four letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon the dial-plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words that he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means, they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

"If M. Scudery, or any other writer of romance (continues Addison) had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two

lovers of a couple of those above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

"In the meanwhile, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose that on the lover's dial-plate there should be written, not only the twenty-four letters but several entire words, which have always a place in passionate epistles; as flames, darts, die, language, absence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant words with a single turn of the needle."

Addison wrote this in 1711. Had he lived an hundred and forty years later he would have seen not only the sympathetic needles of Strada, but even the alphabetic dial literally realised. The form of magnetic telegraph invented by M. Siemens, and constructed and in operation on some of the Prussian lines, presents the precise form described by Strada. The needles established at two distant stations play upon two dials, on which, instead of the twelve hours, are engraved the twenty-four letters, and the electric current and the mechanism connected with it cause the needles to move *sympathetically*. Whatever letter one is made to point at, the other instantly turns to the same, even though they should be separated by "cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

But he might witness still greater miracles. A lover in London might write an epistle to his mistress in Vienna, the handle of the pen being in London, and its point and the sheet of paper on which the letter is written, being in Vienna! By a further improvement, which is announced in one of the memoirs recently read before the French Institute, it appears that an individual can, by means of

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mitting blunders; and, although it has been since refuted, and the authentic reports of the day which appeared in the *Times* newspaper, of Dr. Lardner's speeches delivered in Dublin in 1836, and in Bristol in 1837, to the very contrary effect, have been republished, the public still clings to what it considers a capital joke against scientific men and their predictions. The *Times* itself revived the old story in the year 1845, when Dr. Lardner addressed a letter to the editor, in which he reproduced from the *Times* paper itself the report of the speech, from which it appeared, that the statement made by him was *precisely the reverse*. This settled the point for the moment; but it has often been since, and will probably always continue to be revived.—See *Times*, Oct. 29, 1845.

the electro-chemical telegraph, produce written characters *in ordinary writing* upon paper placed at any distance from the writer. Thus, a merchant at London may take a pen in his hand, and with it write a letter or draw a bill; this letter, or this bill, shall at the same moment be committed to paper, letter for letter, and word for word, in any desired place telegraphically connected with London, in Petersburg for example, and such letter or bill, so written, shall be *in the handwriting*, and shall be signed with the *usual signature* of the writer, and this shall be accomplished instantly upon the movement of the pen in the hands of the writer in London!

The method of working this last miracle is not given in detail, but it is indicated with sufficient clearness to enable an adept to comprehend its principle.

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At the moment we are engaged upon this article, a circumstance has occurred so closely connected with the application of physical discoveries to elevated purposes, that we cannot forbear to advert to it.

Of all the wonderful discoveries which modern science has given birth to, there is perhaps not one which has been applied to useful purposes on a scale so unexpectedly contracted as that by which we are enabled to penetrate into the immense ocean of air with which our globe is surrounded, and to examine the physical phenomena which are manifested in its upper strata. One would have supposed that the moment the power was conferred upon us to leave the surface of the earth, and rise above the clouds into the superior regions, a thousand eager inquirers would present themselves as agents in researches in a region so completely untrodden, if such term may here be permitted.

Nevertheless, this great invention of aerial navigation has remained almost barren. If we except the celebrated aerial voyage of Gay-Lussac in 1804, the balloon, with its wonderful powers, has been allowed to degenerate into a mere theatrical exhibition, exciting the vacant and unreflecting wonder of the multitude. Instead of being an instrument of philosophical research, it has become a mere expedient for profit in the hands of charlatans, so

much so, that, on the occasion to which we are now about to advert, the persons who engaged in the project incurred failure, and risked their lives, from their aversion to avail themselves of the experience of those who had made ærostation a mere spectacle for profit. They thought that to touch pitch they must be defiled, and preferred danger and the risk of failure to such association.

It is now about two months since M. Barral, a chemist of some distinction at Paris, and M. Bixio, a member of the Legislative Assembly (whose name will be remembered in connexion with the bloody insurrection of June, 1848, when, bravely and humanely discharging his duty in attempting to turn his guilty fellow-citizens from their course, he nearly shared the fate of the Archbishop, and was severely wounded), resolved upon making a grand experiment with a view to observe and record the meteorological phenomena of the strata of the atmosphere, at a greater height and with more precision than had hitherto been accomplished. But from the motives which we have explained, the project was kept secret, and it was resolved that the experiment should be made at an hour of the morning, and under circumstances, which would prevent it from degenerating into an exhibition. MM. Arago and Regnault undertook to supply the aerial voyagers with a programme of the proposed performance, and instruments suited to the projected observations. M. Arago prepared the programme, in which was stated clearly what observations were to be made at every stage of the ascensional movement.

It was intended that the balloon should be so managed as to come to rest at certain altitudes, when barometric, thermometric, hygrometric, polariscopic, and other observations, were to be taken and noted; the balloon after each series of observations to make a new ascent.

The precious instruments by which these observations were to be made were prepared, and in some cases actually fabricated and graduated, by the hands of M. Regnault himself.

To provide the balloon and its appendages, recourse was had to some of those persons who have followed the fabrication of balloons as a sort of trade, for the purposes of exhibition.

In this part of their enterprise the

voyagers were not so fortunate, as we shall presently see, and still less so in having taken the resolution to ascend alone, unaccompanied by a practised aeronaut. It is probable that if they had selected a person, such as Mr. Green, for example, who had already made frequent ascents for the mere purpose of exhibition, and who had become familiar with the practical management of the machine, a much more favourable result would have ensued. As it was, the two voyagers ascended for the first time, and placed themselves in a position like that of a natural philosopher, who, without previous practice, should undertake to drive a locomotive, with its train, on a railway at fifty miles an hour, rejecting the humble but indispensable aid of an experienced engine-driver.

The necessary preparations having been made, and the programme and the instruments prepared, it was resolved to make the ascent from the garden behind the Observatory at Paris, a plateau of some elevation, and free from buildings and other obstacles, at day-break of Saturday, the 29th June. At midnight the balloon was brought to the spot, but the inflation was not completed until nearly 10 o'clock, A.M.

It has since been proved that the balloon was old and worn, and that it ought not to have been supplied for such an occasion.

It was obviously patched, and it is now known that two sempstresses were employed during the preceding day in mending it, and some stitching even was found necessary after it had arrived at the Observatory.

The net-work which included and supported the car was new, and not originally made with a view to the balloon it enclosed, the consequences of which will be presently seen.

The night, between Friday and Saturday, was one of continual rain, and the balloon and its netting became thoroughly saturated with moisture. By the time the inflation had been completed, it became evident that the net-work was too small; but in the anxiety to carry into effect the project, the consequences of this were most unaccountably overlooked. We say unaccountably, because it is extremely difficult to conceive how experimental philosophers and practised observers, like MM. Arago and Regnault, to say nothing of numerous subordinate

scientific agents who were present, did not anticipate what must have ensued in the upper regions of the air. Nevertheless, such was the fact.

On the morning of Saturday, the instruments being duly deposited in the car, the two enterprising voyagers placed themselves in it, and the balloon, which previously had been held down by the strength of twenty men, was liberated, and left to plunge into the ocean of air, at twenty-seven minutes after ten o'clock.

The weather, as we have already stated, was unfavourable — the sky being charged with clouds. As it was the purpose of this project to examine much higher regions of the atmosphere than those which it had been customary for aeronautic exhibitors to rise to, the arrangements of ballast and inflation which were adopted were such as to cause the ascent to be infinitely more rapid than in the case of public exhibitions; in short, the balloon darted upwards with the speed of an arrow, and in two minutes from the moment it was liberated, that is to say, at twenty-nine minutes past ten, plunged into the clouds, and was withdrawn from the anxious view of the distinguished persons assembled in the garden of the Observatory.

While passing through this dense cloud, the voyagers carefully observed the barometer, and knew by the rapid fall of the mercury that they were ascending with a great velocity. Fifteen minutes elapsed before they emerged from the cloud; when they did so, however, a glorious spectacle presented itself. The balloon, emerging from the superior surface of the cloud, rose under a splendid canopy of azure, and shone with the rays of a brilliant sun. The cloud which they had just passed was soon seen several thousand feet below them. From the observations taken with the barometer and thermometer, it was afterwards found that the thickness of the cloud through which they had passed was 9,800 feet—a little less than two miles. On emerging from the cloud, our observers examined the barometer, and found that the mercury had fallen to the height of 18 inches; the thermometer showed a temperature of 45° Fahr. The height of the balloon above the level of the sea was then 14,200 feet. At the moment of emerging from the cloud, M. Barral made polariscopic observa-

tion, which established a fact foreseen by M. Arago, that the light reflected from the surface of the clouds was unpolarised light.

The continued and somewhat considerable fall of the barometer informed the observers that their ascent still continued to be rapid. The rain which had previously fallen, and which wetted the balloon, and saturated the cordage forming the net-work, had now ceased, or, to speak more correctly, the balloon had passed above the region in which the rain prevailed. The strong action of the sun, and almost complete dryness of the air in which the vast machine now floated, caused the evaporation of the moisture which enveloped it. The cordage and the balloon becoming dry, and thus relieved of a certain weight of liquid, was affected as though a quantity of ballast had been thrown out, and it darted upwards with increased velocity.

It was within one minute of eleven when the observers, finding the barometer cease the upward motion, and finding that the machine oscillated round a position of equilibrium by noticing the bearing of the sun, they found the epoch favourable for another series of observations. The barometer there indicated that the balloon had attained the enormous height of 19,700 feet. The moisture which had invested the thermometer had frozen upon it, and obstructed, for the moment, observations with it. It was while M. Barral was occupied in wiping the icicles from it, that, turning his eye upwards, he beheld what would have been sufficient to have made the stoutest heart quail with fear.

To explain the catastrophe which at this moment, and at nearly 20,000 feet above the surface of the earth, and about a mile above the highest strata of the clouds, menaced the voyagers, we must recur to what we have already stated in reference to the balloon and the net-work. As it was intended to ascend to an unusual altitude, it was of course known that in consequence of the highly rarefied state of the atmosphere, and its very much diminished pressure, the gas contained in the balloon would have a great tendency to distend, and consequently space must be allowed for the play of this effect. The balloon, therefore, at starting, was not nearly filled with gas, and yet, as we have explained it, very

nearly filled the net-work which enclosed it. Is it not strange that some among the scientific men present did not foresee, that when it would ascend into a highly rarefied atmosphere, it would necessarily distend itself to such a magnitude, that the netting would be utterly insufficient to contain it? Such effect, so strangely unforeseen, now disclosed itself practically realised to the astonished and terrified eyes of M. Barral.

The balloon, in fact, had so swelled as not only completely to fill the netting which covered it, but to force its way, in a frightful manner, through the hoop under it, from which the car and the voyagers were suspended.

In short, the inflated silk protruding downwards through the hoop, now nearly touched the heads of the voyagers. In this emergency the remedy was sufficiently obvious.

The valve must be opened, and the balloon breathed, so as to relieve it from the over-inflation. Now it is well known that the valve in this machine is placed in a sort of sleeve, of a length more or less considerable, connected with the lower part of the balloon, through which sleeve the string of the valve passes. M. Barral, on looking for this sleeve, found that it had disappeared. Further search showed that the balloon being awkwardly and improperly placed in the enclosing net-work, the valve-sleeve, instead of hanging clear of the hoop, had been gathered up in the net-work above the hoop; so that, to reach it, it would have been necessary to have forced a passage between the inflated silk and the hoop.

Now here it must be observed, that such an incident could never have happened to the most commonly-practised balloon exhibitor, whose first measure, before leaving the ground, would be to secure access to, and the play of the valve. This, however, was, in the present case, fatally overlooked. It was, in fine, now quite apparent that either of two effects must speedily ensue—viz., either the car and the voyagers would be buried in the inflated silk which was descending upon them, and thus they would be suffocated; or that the force of distention must burst the balloon. If a rupture were to take place in that part immediately over the car, then the voyagers would be suffocated by an atmosphere of hydrogen; if it should take place at a superior part, then the



balloon, rapidly discharged of its gas, would be precipitated to the earth, and the destruction of its occupants rendered inevitable.

Under these circumstances the voyagers did not lose their presence of mind, but calmly considered their situation, and promptly decided upon the course to be adopted. M. Barral climbed up the side of the car, and the net-work suspending it, and forced his way through the hoop, so as to catch hold of the valve-sleeve. In this operation, however, he was obliged to exercise a force which produced a rent in a part of the silk below the hoop, and immediately over the car. In a moment the hydrogen gas issued with terrible force from the balloon, and the voyagers found themselves involved in an atmosphere of it.

Respiration became impossible, and they were nearly suffocated. A glance at the barometer, however, showed them that they were falling to the ground with the most fearful rapidity.

During a few moments they experienced all the anguish attending asphyxia. From this situation, however, they were relieved more speedily than they could then have imagined possible; but the cause which relieved them soon became evident, and inspired them with fresh terrors.

M. Barral, from the indications of the barometer, knew that they were being precipitated to the surface of the earth with a velocity so prodigious, that the passage of the balloon through the atmosphere dispelled the mass of hydrogen with which they had been surrounded.

It was, nevertheless, evident that the small rent which had been produced in the lower part of the balloon, by the abortive attempt to obtain access to the valve, could not have been the cause of a fall so rapid.

M. Barral accordingly proceeded to examine the external surface of the balloon, as far as it was visible from the car, and, to his astonishment and terror, he discovered that a rupture had taken place, and that a rent was made about five feet in length along the equator of the machine, through which, of course, the gas was now escaping in immense quantities. Here was the cause of the frightful precipitation of the descent, and a source of imminent danger in the fall.

M. Barral promptly decided on the course to be taken.

It was resolved to check the descent by the discharge of the ballast, and every other article of weight. But this process, to be effectual, required to be conducted with considerable coolness and skill. They were some thousand feet above the clouds. If the ballast were dismissed too soon, the balloon must again acquire a perilous velocity before it would reach the earth. If, on the other hand, its descent were not moderated in time, its fall might become so precipitate as to be ungovernable. Nine or ten sand-bags being, therefore, reserved for the last and critical moment, all the rest of the ballast was discharged. The fall being still frightfully rapid, the voyagers cast out, as they descended through the cloud already mentioned, every article of weight which they had, among which were the blankets and woollen clothing which they had brought to cover them in the upper regions of the atmosphere, their shoes, several bottles of wine, all, in fine, save and except the philosophical instruments. These they regarded as the soldier does his flag, not to be surrendered save with life. M. Bixio, when about to throw over a trifling apparatus, called an aspirator, composed of copper, and filled with water, was forbidden by M. Barral, and obeyed the injunction.

They soon emerged from the lower stratum of the cloud, through which they had fallen in less than two minutes, having taken fifteen minutes to ascend through it. The earth was now in sight, and they were dropping upon it like a stone. Every weighty article had been dismissed, except the nine sand-bags which had been designedly reserved to break the shock on arriving at the surface. They observed that they were directly over some vine-grounds near Lagny, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and could distinctly see a number of labourers engaged in their ordinary toil, who regarded with unmeasured astonishment the enormous object about to drop upon them. It was only when they arrived at a few hundred feet from the surface that the nine bags of sand were dropped by M. Barral, and by this manœuvre the lives of the voyagers were probably saved. The balloon reached the ground, and the car struck among the vines. Happily the wind was gentle; but gentle as it was it was sufficient, acting upon the enor-



mous surface of the balloon, to drag the car along the ground, as if it were drawn by fiery and ungovernable horses. Now arrived a moment of difficulty and danger, which also had been foreseen and provided for by M. Barral. If either of the voyagers had singly leaped from the car, the balloon, lightened of so much weight, would dart up again into the air. Neither voyager would consent, then, to purchase his own safety at the risk of the other. M. Barral, therefore, threw his body half down from the car, laying hold of the vine-stakes, as he was dragged along, and directing M. Bixio to hold fast to his feet. In this way the two voyagers, by their united bodies, formed a sort of anchor, the arms of M. Barral playing the part of the fluke, and the body of M. Bixio that of the cable.

In this way M. Barral was dragged over a portion of the vineyard rapidly, without any other injury than a scratch or contusion of the face, produced by one of the vine-stakes.

The labourers just referred to meanwhile collected, and pursued the balloon, and finally succeeded in securing it, and in liberating the voyagers, whom they afterwards thanked for the bottles of excellent wine which, as they supposed, had fallen from the heavens, and which, wonderful to relate, had not been broken from the fall, although, as has been stated, they had been discharged above the clouds. The astonishment and perplexity of the rustics can be imagined on seeing these bottles drop in the vineyard.

This fact also shows how perpendicularly the balloon must have dropped, since the bottles, dismissed from such a height, fell in the same field where, in a minute afterwards, the balloon also dropped.

The entire descent from the altitude of twenty thousand feet was effected in seven minutes, being at the average rate of fifty feet per second.

In fine, we have to report that these adventurous partisans of science, nothing discouraged by the catastrophe which has occurred, have resolved to renew the experiment under, as may be hoped, less inauspicious circumstances; and we trust that on the next occasion they will not disdain to avail themselves of the co-operation and presence of some one of those persons, who having hitherto practised aerial navigation for the mere purposes of amuse-

ment, will, doubtless, be too happy to invest one at least of their labours with a more useful and more noble character.

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Our limits warn us that this article, which has already exceeded customary bounds, must come to a close. We must, therefore, leave to others to pursue the consequences of the inventions which we have in these pages hastily indicated. What social, commercial, and political changes may not be looked for, when all the great centres of population, industry, and commerce have been brought into *intellectual contact*! when persons and things are carried over the surface of the land at a mile a minute, and intelligence at the rate of a couple of hundred thousand miles per second!!

The author of some of the most popular fictions of the day has affirmed, that in adapting to his purpose the results of his personal observation on men and manners, he had found himself compelled to mitigate the real in order to bring it within the limits of the probable. No attentive and contemplative observer of the progress of the arts of life, at the present time, can fail to be struck with the prevalence of the same character in their results as that which compelled the writer alluded to to suppress the most wonderful of what had fallen under his eye, in order to bring his descriptions within the bounds of credibility.

Many are old enough to remember the time when persons, correspondence, and merchandise were transported from place to place in this country by stage-coaches, vans, and wagons.

In those days the fast-coach, with its team of spanking blood-horses, and its bluff driver, with broad-brimmed hat and drab box-coat, from which a dozen capes were pendant, who "*handled the ribbons*" with such consummate art, could pick a fly from the ear of the off-leader, and turn into the gateway of Charing-Cross with the precision of a geometrician, were the topics of the unbounded admiration of the traveller. Certain coaches obtained a special celebrity and favour with the public.

We cannot forget how the eye of the traveller glistened when he mentioned the Brighton "*Age*," the Glasgow "*Mail*," the Shrewsbury "*Wonder*," or the Exeter "*Defiance*,"—the *Age*,

which made its trip in five hours, and the *Defiance*, which acquired its fame by completing the journey between London and Exeter in less than thirty hours.

The rapid circulation of intelligence was also the boast of those times. With what pride was it not announced that the news of each afternoon formed a topic of conversation at tea-tables the same evening, twenty miles from London, and that the morning Journals, still damp from the press, were served at breakfast within a radius of thirty miles, as early as the frequenters of the London clubs received them.

Now let us imagine that some profound thinker, deeply versed in the resources of Science and Art at that epoch, were to have gravely and publicly predicted that the generation existing then and there would live to see all these admirable performances become obsolete, and consigned to the history of the past; that they would live to regard such vehicles as the *Age* and *Defiance* the clumsy expedients of past times, and their celerity such as to satisfy those alone who were in a backward state of civilisation!

Let us imagine that such a person were to affirm that his contemporaries would live to see a coach like the *Exeter Defiance* making its trip, not in thirty, but in five hours, and drawn, not by two hundred blood horses, but by a moderate-sized stove and four bushels of coals!

Let us further imagine the same sagacious individual to declare that his contemporaries would live to see a building erected in the centre of London, in the cellars of which machinery would be provided for the fabrication of *artificial lightning*, which

should be supplied *to order*, at a *fixed price*, in any quantity required, and of *any prescribed force*; that *conductors* would be carried from this building to all parts of the country, by which such *lightning* should be sent at will; that in the attics of this same building would be provided certain small instruments like barrel-organs or pianofortes, played on by boys; that by means of these instruments, the *afore-said lightning* should, at the will and pleasure of the said boys, deliver messages at any part of Europe, from Petersburg to Naples; and in fine, that answers to such messages should be received instantaneously, and by like means: that in this same building offices should be provided, where any lady or gentleman might enter, at any hour, and for a few shillings send a message by *lightning* to Paris or Vienna, and by waiting for a few moments, receive an answer!

If such predictions had been hazarded by any individual, however eminent might be his reputation, and great his acquirements, he would be inevitably set down as a fitter occupant of Bedlam than any other place of abode. Yet most of these things have come to pass, and the rest only wait the completion of the mechanism necessary to execute them. Such things have become so interwoven with our daily habits, that familiarity has blunted the edge of wonder.

Compared with all such realities, the illusions of Oriental romance grow pale; fact stands higher than fiction in the scale of the marvellous; the feats of Aladdin are tame and dull; and the Genius of the Lamp yields precedence to the Spirits which preside over the Battery and the Boiler.

## SCENES FROM AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN PARIS, FEBRUARY, 1848.

## CHAPTER I.

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been,  
A sound which makes us linger—yet—farewell!"—CHILDE HAROLD.

PARTINGS are rarely otherwise than sad; even the schoolboy has his little grief when starting for the holidays. It may be for a boy-friend, a tree, a flower, a pet, the young housemaid, or the old housekeeper; it is sad, indeed, to part from what we like or love; the last shake of hands, the last look, the last kiss tears the heart. But by how much sadder is it to neither press the hand nor kiss the lips which we have often pressed and kissed with fervent warmth, when parting, at the most, for four and twenty hours, to say farewell in an affected tone of carelessness, feeling one is watched, suspected, when months must intervene before we kiss those lips again, if ever.

There are such trying scenes in life, and we remember one.

Brandon, to his horror, was ushered into a crowded drawing-room. Though no skilled man of the world, the youth had still sufficient power with his lips to work them into one of those everyday smiles in common use; and though he had not seen, he guessed the presence of two soft blue eyes, which, guarded as they were, still looked on no one half so kindly as on him, and seemed to feel and know the cause why they had been as yet unnoticed by the new arrival.

"You leave us to-day, Reginald," said the hostess, mother of Blue-eyes; and being also an old friend of Brandon's, used his Christian name.

"Yes, I leave to-day."

"We'll all miss you very much."

"You're very kind to say so."

"Tom, especially."

"I wish to Jove," said the gentleman alluded to, "I was going with you, but here I'm stuck."

"I wish it too, Tom;" while Brandon's heart added, "but alone, Tom, and in my place."

"You have not looked, or bowed to Mary (Blue-eyes) yet," remarked the hostess. "She has been trying all she

can to get a bow from you; I suppose you have thrown away your manners to travel more at ease and lightly."

Blue-eyes looked up. Brandon met them, and expressed a thousand pardons for not having bowed before, but he really had not seen her, her side face was turned—as if he didn't know Blue-eye's profile, nor ever touched it with his lips. Well, well, if lies can be excused, they must be love's red lies, that publish their disgrace in blushes, and publicly atone, as Brandon's cheeks did on the moment, for the errors of his lips.

"I assure you," added Brandon, "I had no intention of going away without taking leave of you, Mary, as well as of all my kind friends here." Manly and outspoken in words, but only a throwing of dust into honest people's eyes; he had devotedly hoped and prayed to find, and—yes, why should not it be written down?—and *kiss*, Blue-eyes alone within that very drawing-room, the hostess and his other friends being out.

"I am very sure," said Blue-eyes, "you would not do any thing so rude."

This was perfectly true; he was incapable of it.

The conversation flagged, rallied, flagged again; some visitors went off, fresh came in; Blue-eyes and Brandon so placed as not even to talk commonplace, with which skilled hands can sometimes baffle a whole company, and interchange their thoughts.

An hour passed. In one hour more Brandon had to start. Brandon felt sick at heart, and then grew desperate. Blue-eyes trembled, looked to Brandon, paled, blushed, and while her lips made answer to commonplace remarks, her heart throbbed tumultuously with love and with despair.

The clock upon the chimney struck—a quarter gone from Brandon's hour; three quarters still remained to pack a trunk, catch a railway train, and bid adieu to all he cared for most in life.

It was lucky Brandon's residence was near his friends, and both were near the station, or Brandon might as well have given up his journey for that day, at all events.

"Do you know, Reginald," said Tom, "you had better not be late? it's devilish near the time." This was a heartless vagabond, whose delights were luggage, and confusion, and seeing people off.

"I must show you," said Blue-eyes to a lady visiter, "the worsted pattern I am working for a stool."

"Do ; that's a dear."

"You are a little in advance of railway time," answered Brandon to his friend.

"I am not so sure of that," rejoined young Tom.

Blue-eyes had risen for the pattern, and stood between the chair that Brandon sat on and the table in the drawer of which the pattern lay.

"I'll not be responsible, recollect, if you are late, Reginald," said Tom, after a moment's pause, in the tone of a man who has discharged his duty, and buttons his coat.

It was the very gentlest pressure in

the world, more touch than pressure, and yet it passed, like an electric shock, to Brandon's heart. Strange connexion that between a heart and a little hand that touched another hand.

"Do you know, Reginald," said the hostess, who up to this had been engaged, nose to nose, with a leading lady scandal-speaker of the day, "I quite agree with Tom, it's getting very near the time."

"Well, I believe I must at length bid you all good bye," and Brandon rose.

The worsted pattern fell, and Mary stooped, and Brandon too, to pick it up; and on his cheek he felt dear Blue-eye's warm breath beating, and clustering light brown ringlets fall, and heard the whispered Saxon word "farewell," and that was all; they picked the worsted pattern up.

"Come, now, bolt," whispered Tom, who was deep-seeing, and humane at heart, "don't mind the rest."

"Mother, Reginald hasn't time to shake hands with you all, so he won't make any jealous, but bids you all good bye through me;" and Tom pushed and bustled off with Reginald Brandon.

## CHAPTER II.

"The letter killeth—the spirit giveth life."

THAT night a girl knelt in prayer by her bedside. The sin must truly have been great, the crime of darkest dye, which the apparent fervour and deep sorrow of that prayer and girl would not have blotted out for ever in the sight of heaven. The recording angel, as he noted down that broken, irregular appeal, may have dropped tears for secret grief seeking relief from heaven; but they were not tears that blotted out; they served to register for ever a girl's heartfelt prayer for him she loved.

The prayer, perchance, might not have been considered orthodox, judged by a bench of modern bishops; there were such words, and vows, and wishes breathed, as one but rarely meets with in church rubricrons and rituals; for instance, there were phrases of this nature uttered: "Oh! may we meet again"—"Never to separate"—"Preserve him from all ill, from debt, from wine, from cards"—"And, oh! from

smoking, too—they say it leads to bad, besides 'twould spoil his lovely teeth; he always shows them when he smiles; and, oh! preserve him, too" (here there were tears and sobs), "from loving any one but me." And so the prayer went on; a strange medley, it is true, of vanities and sinful aspirations. Condemnable it may be in the eyes of stern critics; but recollect, good friends, that you must take our heroine as you find her; and she's not an angel—never tried to pass for such, but just a fair, very fair, weak—perhaps, too, some might call it very weak—kind, loving sister, woman.

And still, in spite of all, that prayer was gentle, holy, true; and such, perchance, in spirit, too, as early Christians may have breathed, when prayer as yet was young, and clumsy, and homely, full many a day ago, in their own dear land of Syria.

For true it is—and pity that it should be true—in latter days, there

has crept among our churches, to a great extent, a certain cold, formular, sacerdotal slang, which, whether it be used for discourse or for prayer, is grating to the ear; and if it ever reach a heart at all, it must be one most regularly predisposed, and nothing of a rebel.

And, notwithstanding the increased erudition of the age, and with it, too, the proved abilities of many valued chiefs of the great Established Church in England, it may be fairly speculated whether, if the liturgy of that Church was lost, in manuscript and memory, and had to be re-written, we would not have a very different production

from that which now exists. Superior it might be in the show of learning, but in purity, universality, and, perchance too, in humility, three centuries behind.

The prayer that girl breathed to heaven, we must suppose was heard, unit though it was, amid the many prayers—how many of a different sort—that rose from earth; for soon reliance came, and hope, with faith, too, in that hope. While, following them, came tears of gratitude, and gentle dreams of joyous meetings unobserved, with love, embraces, kisses given, and these were sealed with sleep.

### CHAPTER III.

"A greater wreck, a deeper fall,  
A shock to one, a thunderbolt to all."—BYRON.

WE meet our hero on a different scene from that on which we left him. He is borne along with the armed populace, who mount the staircase of the grandest palace in Europe; the old master has flown through one portal, as the new masters have entered by the other. Their fathers did the same before them; it is an old chapter of French history reprinted—the rehearsal of a favourite play.

Reginald Brandon's head was addled; the clamour and fierce looks, with the wild laughter, and wilder greetings of the victors—their swords and sabres waving in the press like tails of game hounds. The joy was great, indeed; the fox had been unearthed at last.

His head, indeed, was addled—the scene was like a vivid dream—the day of Marie Antoinette again; but still he bore along through antechambers, galleries, grand apartments. Emotions force most men, at least the young, to join or to oppose. Reginald was not the straw to struggle with that stream, and so he yelped in with the savage pack, hurrah'd, yelled, and played his part right manfully in that wondrous carnival.

And they were hot upon that old king, too; the very logs were blazing still, and not half burnt on the hearth, where, hearing counsel from a motley cabinet of boys and women, and stray men, he lingered, for the last time, as a king.

Then in they broke, through cham-

ber, bath, and boudoir, where even princes should have tapped most lovingly to be admitted; there the Bourbon women, freed from those eyes that do so love to pry into, and stare upon the great, might bathe, as Venus does, without restraint, and robe, unrobe, disport themselves as willed their humours and light whims.

Love gifts, pretty trifles, locks of braided hair, garters blue or red, sandals, robes for night and day; there they were strewed, torn, borne off in triumph. It was feeling, as it were, the glory of the thing, to roll about a royal bed, attired in a royal robe: it was a real democratic revel.

But life is everywhere made up of contrast; it is strange, it is true, Reginald had wandered at hap-hazard through the Palace of the Tuilleries, avoiding when he could the densely crowded chambers. At length he reached a little spiral staircase, thickly carpeted; he followed, and it led him to a room, whose door was closed, and on the panelling there was written in fresh ink, not yet well dried, the sentence: "Salon de lecture"—"On ne doit pas y entrer"—"Vive la Republique, le 24 Fevrier." Our hero disobeyed the order, and went in; he found himself in presence of an old man, seated tranquilly in an easy chair, reading a book, from which he raised his eyes as Brandon entered. There was such a quiet in the room, so different from the scene below, and such



composure in the old man's face, that Reginald felt as though he were a trespasser, and mechanically exclaimed:

"Pardon, sir, I fear I have intruded!"

"Not in the least, sir; you are an Englishman, and obeyed your national instinct."

"Oh, for that matter, sir, I presume I have as good a right——"

"To be here as I have; quite as good; that little *affiche* I put up on the door, in order to enjoy a quiet rest, would have kept a French mob out, but not an Englishman; the nationalities are quite distinct."

Reginald was still standing.

"Be seated, sir, I pray you," said the old man, "and tell me how are they getting on down stairs."

"Why, much the same way as when you left them, I presume."

"I left them half-an-hour ago; I knew I'd find some quiet nook to rest in."

"One would need repose after such a scene," said Brandon, feeling his addled head.

"Oh, it's very good in its way, but not complete."

"How so?"

"Why, there are only two elements en scène—the people and the palace; the absence of the king leaves a vacuum; if there were even a prince or two, or else a Bourbon woman with a child;" and the old man sighed.

"God be thanked there's not."

"Ah, sir, it's plain you are nothing of an artist—no taste for the sublime."

"I abhor blood."

"What a cold nature."

"And murder."

"I don't think I ever saw a more distinct nationality," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"I grieve to see an old man hold such sanguinary views."

"The elements of our minds are very different; I see you cannot even understand me."

"I hope there is some mistake."

"I wonder could a man get a glass of water; I feel very thirsty," said the old man, rising.

"Better have some wine, or a glass of Cognac; the brandy is exquisite; I had a petit verre of it, but I don't care to join you in another."

"Do you know, sir," and the old man eyed Brandon with an air of great attention, "I never saw a more marked nationality than your's. Brandy—brandy—wine and brandy, very marked."

"Well, sir, will you try another stroll below?"

"I have no objection."

"But I fear there's not a picture in the whole of it."

"Parbleu! I was taking off this book, and though it is very interesting, it's not my property," and the old man threw it on the table.

"Why down stairs, they're taking away every thing—who's to prevent you?"

"There it is again, your nationality. L'amour du gain—very curious. No, no, my friend, I will not take it; you can't, of course, understand why, our instincts being so different, but I won't take it. Come, shall we go down?"

There was in the Tuileries that day the portrait of a Bourbon prince, whose blue, melancholy, life-like eyes seemed to look down in sadness on a scene which France might never have recorded had he lived; it was that of Ferdinand Philippe, Duke of Orleans, the eldest and the best-beloved of Louis Philippe's sons.\*

Women loved that face; and Englishwomen above all. There was a poetic heroism, tempered with a gentleness, that came from what was good or generous, not from weakness, ever portrayed through it.

In the camp, or council, men would feel a wish to follow him; in the court and salons, women gave him more than their good wishes. He had taken up a marked line of political conduct, and yet his enemies were few; and at his early death, the young and old, the wrinkled and the fair, mourned for that brilliant man with like sincerity.

They had cut down around him, on that day, marshals, princes, dukes, every portrait, every bust, that could

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\* This is not a stretch of fancy. Up to a late hour on the 24th of February, this portrait was undamaged, nor was the writer the only witness to the scene described. A gallant, educated Irish coronet, one who can *spell blood* as well as *spill* it, was standing at the writer's side, along with other friends.

recal attachment to the Bourbon race ; even the heroes of the empire were not spared. The military fault that caused a national disaster, was visited upon the portrait with a zest diminished only by the thought that it was not alive.

And still no hand was raised, as yet, to damage or insult the portrait of that Duke of Orleans.

It must be that the good men do, or even show the wish to do, lives after them.

Brandon and his new acquaintance were gazing on this portrait. A little distance off, a woman did the same ; she was young, and of the Saxon type. Was it a deep or shallow mystery that bound her to that spot ?—a whim, arisen on the moment, for a face she could have loved, or such as some creative dream had once presented ; or was it not some deeper sentiment which gave those eyes that look of earnest sadness, those lips that quivering motion, and all that graceful figure such a grief-like attitude. What epitaph so enviable, and so true, as that which sorrow traces on a woman's heart.

A drunken vagabond in a blouse came up ; he was like a destroying devil for the fine arts ; whatever showed superior taste seemed treason to his soul. His speciality was to destroy the beautiful ; and if in the progress he hacked at chairs and tables, or slashed his gleaming sabre through a lustre or a polished mirror, it was only just to keep his hand in till some worthier object caught his eye.

He reeled up to the portrait of the royal duke, and poised his sabre for a well-directed cut ; the woman seized his arm—

"What do you mean, woman ?" he exclaimed.

"You must not touch him."

"Must not ! Who says must not ?—that's a good one."

How it might have ended if another actor had not interposed, of course is doubtful. A ragged Blouse addressed his fellow-Blouse—

"Citizen, that is the Duke of Orleans, you must not touch him ; he was a brave heart, and, besides, he is dead ; we must respect him."

"I did not know who it was—it was only at the painting I cut."

"There are plenty of others that

deserve to be cut down ; but don't touch this one."

"I tell you I did not know it was the duke—I respect him."

He lowered his destroying sabre, and, looking like a guilty man, slunk off ; but soon an object of the fine arts chased the cloud away—the sabre rallied ; and having sliced the head from off the statue of a Venus, the Blouse recovered once again his self-esteem.

"How can I thank you ?"

"Citoyenne," replied the ragged Blouse, "I accept your thanks, although I do not want them ; I am of the true Republic, and it respects the brave, no matter under what banner they may fight."

The woman courtseyed, the Blouse raised his cap ; and, with a last look at the portrait, she vanished through the crowd.

"That would make a beautiful picture," said the old man.

"Yes," answered Reginald, moved by the deepest emotion.

"*Yaes*," said the old man, in a mocking tone ; "you other English always answer by a 'yes' ; your 'yes' alone distinguishes you from the brute creation ; the sublimest emotions of life expressed by a monosyllable—*mon Dieu !* what an organisation !"

"We would be the better, I think, of a little fresh air," said Reginald.

"Of all the airs in life, give me the fresh air. Ha, ha, very good ; how your English nature, Mr.—Mr.—what is your name ?"

"Brandon."

"Brandy ! Brandy !—what a Saxon name. Well, I say, Mr. Brandy, your English nature could never have uttered that *bon-mot*."

"Never, sir, on my life."

"Come, this is the way ; let us hasten out ; this noise will destroy the unity of that scene in my head. What a soul that woman has for the sublime !—she would have given her blood for that painting."

"Do you think there was no deeper sentiment to actuate ?"

"Have you then yet to learn, my young friend, that there is no moving power in life so great as love of the sublime ? The sublime is one and indivisible—there are not two sublimes ; and once you love, you love for ever and the same. Now all other love,

even in the strongest form—for instance, what you English call domestic love, fire-side love, fourpost-bed love, wife love—all such love we see fluctuate, vary, change. Your wife dies, you take a second, or a third, as the case may be; or you die, and your wife replaces you. Now, there is nothing sublime in all that. No, rely on it, my friend, love of the sublime could alone have sustained that woman; any other supposition would argue her a fool. For how else could that portrait interest her; had it animal life?—could it speak to her? To be sure, she might kiss it; but could it kiss her? Answer me that, *voilà toute la question.*”

“Pray, sir, are you a married man?” asked Reginald.

“I am not, sir—I never will be; and I will tell you why. There was a friend of mine, an artist, who had a passion for blue eyes —”

Reginald blushed almost audibly, but at least most visibly. The old man noticed it, and smiled.

“What are you smiling at, sir?” said Brandon, rather pettishly.

“I was only thinking could that colour have a charm for you, also.”

“I did not say it had; you have no reason, sir, to —”

“Don’t get angry, I *had* no reason, but you, perhaps, are going to give me some. However, allow me to continue; my story may, perhaps, apply. Well, as I was saying, this friend of mine had a passion for blue eyes—he thought they had a touch of heaven in them. One day he knelt to them—they looked kindly on him. The upshot is, he got married. I watched his position with the deepest interest, resolving to be guided by his fate. He struggled hard, night and day, to com-

bine the two loves—the domestic and the sublime. Poor fellow, he failed; five weeks’ house-keeping convinced him of his error. I took warning, and avoided a like fate. My love can live upon *eau sucrée*; but faith his love requires champagne frappé two or three times a week. Now, my young friend, be warned in time. If you do marry, let it not be for the ideal or sublime, or you will be sadly disappointed. That marriage mania has spoiled the most promising artists of the age.”

“I am so poor an artist, that I can hardly count in the category of those to whom your law applies.”

“Well, my young friend, we must separate; I am going homeward, and sketch down the incidents of this day. Here is my card, should you wish to continue our acquaintance.”

The old man bowed, and they separated.

As he turned homeward up the centre alley of the Tuilleries, that opens upon the splendid Place de la Concorde, various and rapidly succeeding were the thoughts of Reginald Brandon; his head was in a state of ferment; it was like a panorama—he did not reflect, he did not try; his head was given up to scenic purposes.

“You have something the matter with your head, Monsieur Reginald,” said his porter, as he reached home.

“Nothing to signify, Joseph.”

Poor fellow! there was a palace full of armed men, hacking up, and down, and round about it at that very moment; while calmly looking on at the scene were two blue eyes: they, too, were sad, but softer in expression than the portrait’s—and the figure was a girl’s.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE MORNING AFTER A REVOLUTION.

“PAULINE, where the devil are my boots? Joseph’s very late with them to-day. I want to go out?”

“I’ll go see, Monsieur Reginald.”

“Joseph! Joseph! Monsieur Reginald awaits his boots.”

“Silence, my girl; don’t cry so: you’ll disturb my husband. While you speak, he organises a plan of government. I know nothing of the boots.”

“But, madam, Monsieur Reginald must have his boots.”

“Well, it is only natural he should wish to have his boots; perhaps my son knows something of them. Auguste, dear Auguste, know you anything of Monsieur Reginald’s boots?”

“I know nought of the Englishman’s boots, mamma.”

“Look, dear, if they are not behind that door.”

"In effect, they are, mamma."

"Are they cleaned, Auguste?"

"No, mamma."

"Will you polish them, dearest?"

"I cannot, upon my honour, mamma."

"You know it is for your papa."

"Well, for papa's sake I undertake them."

Reginald's boots shone with unusual splendour, as he descended the staircase, and with reason—the Gallic chaunt of

*Jamais en France l'Anglais ne regnera,*"

had harmonised so thoroughly the movement of the brush in Auguste Flottard's hand. Josephé sallied from his little studio and accosted Reginald—

"Monsieur Reginald, excuse the liberty. I must apologise for the delay in your boots: it was unavoidable."

"Oh, it matters not; besides, you are in general so punctual."

"Why, you see, Monsieur Reginald, I am, alas! past the age of military service: I must now turn *homme de lettres* and *politique*; and as it is the duty of every Frenchman to labour for his country, I have been organising a little plan for the movement of the new society. I am just sending the little Auguste with it to the Hotel de Ville, for I fear I have not time myself. I am very sorry, indeed, you had to await your boots."

"You completely absolve yourself."

"You are going out, I suppose, Monsieur Reginald, to see the state of the city?"

"Yes, I am going out for that purpose."

"Ah, you are lookers on; we Frenchmen must act. I am just going to attend an assembly of porters in our street, for the amelioration of our condition?"

"Where do you assemble?"

"Next door, au premier: the family, an English one, ran off this morning. So the apartment is vacant."

"Do you permit the presence of strangers?"

"There are no rules of any sort as yet, and if you accompany me, Monsieur Reginald, I shall be most happy to present you."

"There is nothing I desire more."

Josephé Flottard took the chair by common consent; a scar across his forehead, as a soldier of the empire, his being the longest resident concierge of the street, and his having a surplus story to his house, were claims placing rivalry out of the question.

"Now, gentlemen," said the president, "when I ring this bell, you are to be silent; when I place it on the desk, you are to talk; and when I put it in my pocket, you are to adjourn. Now, gentlemen, give attention."

The President rang the bell—the silence was profound; the President placed it on the table—the clatter deafened; the President rang the bell again—the clatter ceased.

"Gentlemen, I omitted to state that but one at a time speaks, the rest listen. It is so in England, where ——"

"A bas les Anglais!"

"Gentlemen, we have not begun business yet. You have therefore no right to cry, 'A bas les Anglais!' The bell is still in my hand; you must wait till I place it on the desk."

The bell touched the desk: the assembly cried—

"A bas les Anglais!"

"Now, gentlemen, that is business-like; I see we shall get on."

"Who speaks first?" demanded a voice.

"Moi!" responded the members.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "it is better to proceed numerically. Let number one begin. Achille Vaudart, the word is yours; you are number one. Take a minute to reflect; state your number and your age; and speak until I ring the bell."

"Monsieur le President, I am *numero un*. I was *treize-bis*. I am not forty years of age. I have a great deal to say. Since ten years I have not spoken above my breath, unless to cry 'A bas les Anglais!' Guizot put a muzzle on the porters. We took it off yesterday."

"It is true! it is true! Bravo, *numero un*!"

"I have a charming family; my wife, and the little Hercule and Auguste, are the sweetest ——"

The bell rang.

"*Numero un*, the family is abolished. You must take some social proposition, or want. Begin again."

"I want higher wages, and a new suit of clothes for the little Hercule."

"We cannot entertain the suit of clothes: they are of the family. Who disapproves higher wages?"

"Pas moi," answered a chorus.

"Higher wages are decreed," said the President.

"Number two, speak," said the President.

"Am I to reflect the minute?"

"If you require it?"

"I don't."

"Speak, then."

"I demand that there be only six hours in the day."

"Who votes, gentlemen, for six hours in the day?"

"All of us."

"Six hours in the day are then decreed."

"Number three, the Tribune is your's, proceed."

"I demand two hours of the new day for the study of letters."

"Number three requires two hours to cultivate his mind?"

"We are all willing to study," responded the porters.

"Two hours of the day are then decreed for study."

"Number four, you have the word."

"Mr. President, I think we have made the day too short."

"He is a royalist."

"An aristocrat."

"A Bourbon."

"Throw him into the street."

The assembly grew agitated.

The bell rang; there was a silence; the President broke it.

"Number four, you are a reactionary, there is the door, we denounce you."

Number four retired without any difficulty; he was helped out; every one lent a hand, and some two.

"Number five, we await you," said the President.

"I demand to go down into the street; c'est plus gai."

"He has reason," shouted the clubbists; "c'est bien plus gai."

The bell rang.

"You cannot move, gentlemen, I put the bell in my pocket."

"You know best; we are ignorant of the rule."

"Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned; the bell is in my hat, for I have no pocket large enough, but it comes to the same thing."

"We may now go down; the bell is in our president's hat, which is quite the same as if it were in his pocket."

Reginald adjourned with the meeting, but to other scenes, where each and all bore witness to the fact, that liberty, equality, fraternity, are difficult of practice at a moment's call; being mainly based on self-denial, truth, and honesty, existences indigenous to every clime, but unmistakeable slow-coaches in their growth.

## CHAPTER V.

A HONEYMOON AS IT WAS IN FEBRUARY, '48.

"You forgive me, Marie?"

"I love you, Charles."

The question and the answer were spoken in a very sumptuous bed-room; and a youth, bearing on a tray a breakfast service, managed skilfully to bend and touch the lips of a young girl, his bride, who, seated at a little table, smiled acknowledgment to this politeness.

"Here is some chocolate I have made for you."

"You are so good, Charles."

"Just let me spread the serviette; now you are served."

When the youth said that he had brought some chocolate, it was only just a manner of talking. He had served up a very perfect little breakfast;

there were an omelette, toast, kidneys, and a little tender beefsteak most artistically dressed. It is a fact, that love was never meant to live upon the air as long as it resides on earth.

"Those Bourbons had a sumptuous nest of it, dear Marie."

"How different from your Quartier Latin."

"Ay, they feasted while I was in my Quartier Latin, dunned to the death."

"I pity them, Charles; they must regret these Tuilleries."

"Yes, poor devils."

"The men were beaux garçons."

"To the devil with the men, it is only the women I pity."



"They would think it strange to see us here."

"We have as good a right as they had, and a better, to be here."

"You think so, Charles?"

"I say so."

And, after a slight pause, the youth continued—

"Are not we the children of that people who made the old usurper royal; they put him into this palace, and we have put him out of it; besides, dear Marie, you are more beautiful than the Bourbon woman who, ere last night, was sleeping in this room."

And the youth interrupted the breakfast with a very affectionate embrace.

"On that ground, Marie, you have a better right."

"In your eyes, Charles; but she was very beautiful."

"Yes, that German Nemours was a beautiful woman."

"And she had the air so good."

"She was born to be a prince's wife as she was born a German; neither are her fault."

"How long, Charles, do we stay here?"

"By my faith, dear, I know not."

"But we shall never separate."

"My love will last until the Bourbons come again."

"And mine as long."

Again there was an interruption even more serious than the first.

"It was very wrong of you to follow me yesterday, Marie."

"I could not help it, Charles. Mon Dieu! had you been wounded and I not there."

"Had I known you were so near, Marie, I might have turned coward,

and run off. What a honeymoon! the first day of my marriage building barricades."

"Will you work any more, Charles, at your painting?"

"The Republic, Marie, will not feed me any more than the Bourbons; I must work."

"I wonder has any accident happened to Brandon?"

"I was thinking, Marie, to go out and seek for him, and with your leave to ask him to our dinner; he can never see such things again within these Tuilleries, and it may serve him."

"But he may mock at me, Charles, for being here, although I would not mind him much; but the world, if it hears, may say a thousand cruel things."

"Ask them, Marie, was it we who made the Bourbons run away, and called to life this young Republic. Did we ask a duchess to give up her room to us?"

"That is true."

"It was destiny, Marie—it was that magic power, Destiny."

"Yes it was destiny," smiled the young wife; "so ask Reginald, if you please."

"I must kiss that pretty hand, Marie—you have the other occupied; but —"

But as the scene is growing tender, and more tender still, and as we do not live beneath a young Republic, one and indivisible, but under the soft shadow of a woman's throne, it will be deemed more gallant to let fall the curtain, and to leave the young pair to their destiny.

## CHAPTER VI.

"And some seemed much in love with their own dress,  
And others smoked superb pipes, decorated  
With amber mouths, and greater price or less,  
And several strutted, others slept, and some  
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum."—BYRON.

Some hours later than the *tête-à-tête* of these young lovers, our good friend, Reginald Brandon, was a unit in an animated semicircle, whose centre, a large whiskered Blouse, was seated cross-legs on a cask of the best Burgundy in France, holding in his right hand a very fair-sized silver tankard, while the left was placed upon a spigot in the big cask's side, ready to withdraw it at a moment's call.

"Well, my American, you must help to christen the Republic."

"Willingly, citizen."

In mixed companies it was often a better card of introduction to say you came from the Great Western Republic, so Reginald at least found.

"Now, my American, you have done your duty, I must do mine; I must water my horses, and I begin with the old grey. Come round here!

The old grey was a fierce, one-eyed old man, and must have been watered at a very early hour that morning, for he encored the tankard three times, and would have ventured on a fourth, had not the rider of the cask refused a fresh supply.

"Off with you, you'll get no more; do you want to break your wind."

"Come, my little chesnut mare, you must have a tankard—one tankard." This was addressed to a brown-haired girl, dressed up in a blouse, with a small sword at her side.

"There, my pretty one, there. Well, American, what do you think of my little mare's shapes."

"She looks a thoroughbred."

"Indeed you might say so, if you saw her out of harness. Hist! there, you long-legged garrin; you'd be jealous if any one got the tankard after the little mare's lips—round with you."

It took some minutes for the gentleman on the cask to water his horses, for they were twelve in number; and some of the stud were uncommonly thirsty. At length it was accomplished.

"Come, now, American, you want to be shown the duchess's apartment."

"At your leisure; I am not pressed."

"Well, come, American, you and I will drink my horses' health, and my little mare's health, and the young duchess's health, and her man's health, before we go."

"With all my heart, citizen."

"That smacks, American, like the blood of a gouty king; it is as rich, sir, if it's not as old, as a Bourbon's. Come, now, help me off the cask—I am, in verity, top-heavy; I have so much to think of, my head is crammed full."

Help, and his own weight, removed the Blouse from his eminent position; and having marshalled his horses in

pairs, he placed himself at their head; then taking Reginald's arm—a prop not to be despised in his present top-heavy condition—he emerged from the wine cave to the higher regions of the palace.

"Now, then, I must leave you my horses," said the leader, as they reached a large landing, from which branched several galleries.

"Always keep to the same stable, so that I may know where to find you; and, Long Legs, give the little mare a comfortable bed."

The setting sun had seldom looked upon a stranger scene, even in wide France, than the old Palace of the Tuilleries presented on the evening that we write of. It might be likened, in good truth, to many a thing; it might be likened to a seraglio, for every lady had her sultan, and some two or more, and these contended for her—this was its Western trait; and then it had its Eastern feature, for there were many there who, sultan-like, had more than their fair share of wanton beauties. The bedroom-doors were mostly lying open. It is wiser not to show our readers in, nor shall we venture on description. Suffice it just to say, that over the whole of this strange society, in bed room, gallery, or wine-cave, at the hour that we write of, there was a certain languor, for the men had mostly all been very drunk, and some were still so, while the terrible excitement of the previous day had used out the fever fire of their brain.

"There, now, you see that door there," said Brandon's companion, "the next room after is the duchess's apartment. Tell the duke I'd go and see him, if I hadn't my horses to look after; besides, he is bad company, although he is a good Republican."

## CHAPTER VII.

"Half the world knows not how the other half lives."

"REGINALD, you are ten minutes late," said the duke, alias Charles.

"How goes it, dear Marie?"

"Very well, my Reginald; and you?"

"I guard still my health and appetite."

"But what retarded you, Reginald?" said Charles.

"Why my guide, your friend, had to water his horses."

"What do you mean?—he has no horses."

"In other words, he was serving

out some Burgundy to his body-guard, and he calls that watering his horses."

"He is an original; but if it were not for his horses, there would not be so much order in the palace; he has the knack of organising drunken men. However, I must serve up dinner. Marie, do you entertain our old friend, while I set fire to my bifteck." And Charles went off to his business.

"How pretty you are, Marie," said Brandon, after gazing for a full minute on his young hostess.

"You think so?"

"And that blush adds to it."

"Now, Reginald, I will anger myself if you go on with your compliments."

Reginald's observation was just; Marie was very pretty. She had symmetry of figure—she had expression; and these alone win hearts. But, in addition, she expressed a perfect little piece of Grecian sculpture in her face, whose olive ground at every moment showed unrivalled little colours, from the blood-red blush to the lighter shades of animation. There was a rich luxuriance of the darkest hair; while her soft, hazel eyes were not too full of life, they had a pensive cast. Marie had selected from the neighbouring wardrobe a blue silk wrapping gown, which certainly was rather a negligé dress for dinner, but still became her wonderfully; and then, to give effect to all, Marie had such a graceful, winning manner, with a voice whose tones were little bars of music falling on the ear; that half-embarrassed awkwardness, too, caused from her strange position, added another, and the true refining charm, to this young girl.

"Do you remember, Marie, the first time I met you?"

"Yes, I do, it was in Charles's studio."

"He was making a copy from your pretty head."

"How I hated that way of living; but we were so poor."

"Yes, and you thought Charles was poor, and you would sit for nothing."

"How good he always was."

"I remember how he would advise you never to sit for young artistes, only for the old."

"He had reason, and I hated it."

"And then your head only was

worth sketching; he advised you never to think of sitting for a bust."

"You always loved Charles."

"Yes, but he did not always love me. The day I made him think that you had promised to sit to me in a short Scotch petticoat, he did not love me that day."

"Are you still fond of your Blue-eyes, Reginald?"

"Always, dear Marie."

"Have you heard of them lately?"

"I have, Marie, and they were well."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are served," said Charles, as he bore in upon a tray the dinner.

"Marie will do the honours, while I act as butler, cook, and general attendant."

The dinner proceeded cheerfully, for it was good; and the lovers and their guest were all contented with each other.

"I never eat such a dinner, Charles; you are a regular cordon bleu. I was in luck to meet you to-day."

"I was out marketing then—nor would I have invited any one save you, Reginald; but you and my dear Marie are old friends."

"You work none now, Reginald?"

"No, Marie, but I collect materials for future work."

"You cannot work in a revolution."

"You are right, Charles; too great a richness in materials, and they confused."

"You have no wine, Reginald; fill your glass, and drink to our young Republic."

"I drink anything you like, Charles, excepting bad wine."

"Every artist is at heart a Republican, and you must be one."

"I do not see the connection."

"Why, every artist loves to see his art esteemed, and it cannot be so while he himself is looked down upon. It was so here; it is so, my friend, in your England."

"Only by the vulgar."

"But what you call your vulgar is in the majority; your vulgar is public opinion."

"That is true."

"Do you like that, Reginald?"

"No, I do not, Charles."

"And are you sure, my Reginald, that it's only the vulgar who look down on artists?"

"Of course I am, who else?"

"Why, my friend, is your English court much frequented by artists?"

"Not particularly."

"And why is that?"

"Why because, you see, because—" and Reginald stammered considerably.

"Because, my friend, to be an artist is nothing—it is not even a rung in your social ladder; your public opinion does not point it out to your royalty, and your royalty knows nothing about it; it is no position, and to go to your court, you must have a position or a purse."

"But you mistake entirely, my dear Charles—the arts are highly patronised by our sovereigns; for instance, George the Fourth."

"Yes, I know what you are going to say; I understand. You English artists are like your men-cooks: their dishes are allowed to table, and your paintings are allowed to hang upon the walls of Windsor; but both cook and artist are kept off at their proper distance."

"There is some truth in what you say."

"Then, my friend, your constitution may be very good for dukes, and grandees, and big purses, but it would not suit an artiste like me."

"But things are changing; there is growing up a true taste."

"For your sake, my Reginald, I hope it will be so; but as yet there is only a pretence to taste in your England. If there were true taste, your artiste would be looked up to and not down to."

"However, Charles, I do not despair; we have a woman on the throne; she is young, she is fair. She is said to be an humble student in our glorious science."

"I love your true Englishwoman, Reginald, but your men are all sham."

"You are paying compliments to Reginald," said Marie.

"Reginald, understand me—I mean the Saxon male pretenders to taste."

"Our would-be simpering patrons, who profess to take the artist by the hand—confound them!—in the hope, confound them! that a ray of his glory may eventually be put down to their account—confound them!"

Poor Reginald began to puff and fume most fearfully.

"Now, Reginald, Reginald! we must

change the subject; once you get to your confounding, I know you are losing your temper."

"Not I, my dear fellow, I despise the whole race of —"

"Well, Reginald, what do you think of our apartment?"

"It is charming. How long do you stay here?"

"As long as my friend's horses can keep the canaille quiet."

The hour advanced; the friends had sipped their coffee; the artists had smoked, through Marie's kind permission, some very good cigars, late the property of his Grace of Nemours; and it was time for Reginald to move.

"Well, Marie, it is time to say good night."

"Good night, my dear Reginald."

"Good night, Charles."

"Good night, Reginald; let us see you soon again."

The Tuilleries had come to life; the sounds of wassail and wild revelry, that smote on Reginald's ear, were symptoms unmistakeable and undoubted of the resurrection. In his descent, he paused to look at a wild polka that had been organised in one of the large saloons. There was every variety that costume or the want of costume could afford—staff uniforms, royal liveries, with the torn, blood-stained, dusty blouse, moved and mingled in the frantic dance.

Our artist was not long without an invitation.

"Come, pretty citizen, you shall have a round with me; this brute dances on my feet."

"With pleasure, fair one."

Music, a polka, a naked bust of flesh and-blood in close proximity, to say the least, are dangerous things for youth to couple with. But Brandon was a youth of some experience—he had taken his degrees before he went abroad; and he had learned in English ball-rooms, and been schooled to gaze with due propriety on the still more lovely, naked, public bosoms of his charming countrywomen. This being so, our friend could bear, without much shock, one naked inch additional.

"That is what I call to dance; you shall be my cavalier all night."

It required some diplomacy to escape, but at length our artist reached the outside of the palace; and he wondered, as he bent his footsteps

homeward, whether plain-bred honesty was not, upon the whole, the wisest policy; and most sincerely did he wish that some of the chief statesmen of the present day could just have taken a turn or two in that same pol-

ka; it might have led them to reflect, whether their diplomatic plots and plans, through overcraft and stint of honesty, might not at length be merged into a *midnight dance*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth."

THERE may be some desirous to learn how it was our hero lived, whether by his ways and means, or lansquenet, or on his rents; we shall give one instance how our artist gained three hundred francs, enough to keep him for a month, that will suffice for all legitimate inquiry; any further pushing of the matter would strike us as impertinent.

One evening, in the month of March, Reginald was sitting in his small apartment reflecting, as he watched the smoke ascend in graceful curls from his pipe. It is past our power to tell what his reflections were, but it may be Blue-eyes played a part therein; it may be that Ambition lent a hand to colour up the scenes which Hope kept whispering were to be, for Reginald was ambitious; failure upon failure had not quelled his spirit; the morning after a complete defeat he would rise up fresh as ever; you might one time have fitted up a little Louvre with his works; he had them all upon his hands, he could not sell them, but on he worked.

His first failure was a regular rebuff, a knock-down blow; he was senseless for a day, but he got up again. The second failure stunned him for a moment, but he never lost his legs; he staggered through it very fairly. The third failure found him on his guard; his position all through the day was beautiful. Every succeeding failure found him stronger; for the eleventh failure he would not even make the slightest preparation, he felt himself so trained and strong.

Our readers must at once perceive that it was useless for any public to contend against a youth of this sort, growing every hour silently in strength, skill, determination; it may be some one gave a hint to this effect, since the eleventh failure never did arrive. As defeat had never daunted, so success had never spoiled. He was still the

same Brandon, patient, progressive, self-denying; having got at length the upper hand, he was firmly resolved to keep it. And Brandon had good reason to be thankful. How many minds have perished in the ordeal of that terrible apprenticeship—how many have run astray, to perish ere the mind has wrought its masterpiece—is sad. Alas! what visions rise to scare us as we write—it is as yesterday. We see a young man, bent like the punished schoolboy to his task—work, work; for him there seemed no holiday; ever in that iron harness, labouring on through the lone mountain-paths of stern science; the lark may sing, the world dance without, and all invite to pleasure, still is his doom to labour. At length that great mind reels, Maccullagh climbs to death, and falls a laurelled victim on that height so few attain. The tears of friendship still fall freshly on that grave; and while our country honours the great name, his friends preserve the memory of his worth.

We turn back to where we left our artist: we left him with his fancies and his pipe, and we were just about to tell our readers how it was he made three hundred francs.

The hall-bell rang, and in a moment after Brandon's servant entered to announce there was a gentleman desirous to see her master at once, on most particular affairs.

"Show the gentleman in," said Brandon.

The stranger entered; he was a young Englishman, and immediately addressed the artist—

"I have the pleasure to address Mr. Brandon?"

"My name is Brandon."

"I have a relation dying, a young girl; she may live but a few hours. Can you take a likeness at once?"

"Certainly; I shall do my best.



Had I known the lady in health, it would greatly aid me, for it is difficult to sketch a face which changes every moment."

"You must do your best; here is the address. I shall go prepare for your arrival."

Reginald was not long in making his preparations: in a few minutes he reached the house to which the stranger had directed him.

"About what age?" asked Brandon, as he waited in the drawing-room.

"About eighteen," said the mother.

"Who is it that sings?"

"It is my poor daughter."

The dying girl sung. At intervals the voice would tremble, cease, and then again roll richly, lightly on, through some soft music she had loved—attuning for the last time on this earth, so soon to be transferred to Heaven's choir, it was sorrowful to hear that voice.

"Everything is ready, Mr. Brandon; let us go in."

There are scenes which dwell and linger in the memory through this life, which even the world's commerce cannot hammer out, nor other sorrows following on remove; such was the scene we faintly give,

"Ellen, he is come so soon; my hair is not arranged."

"Your hair is very well, dear Fanny."

"Let me smooth it down."

"Now, dear, it is well."

At times her reason wandered, at times it was controlled; some little artifice had been successfully employed to gain admittance for the painter.

An oil-lamp threw rather a dull shading through the room. Brandon suggested some slight alterations in

the light; and, seated opposite the bed on which the girl lay, at length he ventured to look steadily towards that face. Could death be written there—through all that youth and beauty, death—death through those brilliant eyes—death on the coloured cheek?

The artist's hand might fairly tremble, when his heart wept. The young and innocent, like summer-blossoms, fade—wither—die. We wonder, weep, almost rebel; yet, who so fit to die? Shall none, save gnarled, blasted stumps, be gathered to those gardens? No tender fibre, stretching heavenward, to be preserved from the rude blasts of earth, and grafted in, for life undying, on that "Tree, whose leaves are for the healing" of all lands.

"Mother, I love to hold your hand. Now Mr. Brandon may begin."

Then she would wander—"I cannot sing, for I am tired; let us drive. Chazalie! Chazalie!"—this was some name. And then consciousness would come. "Mother, I am tired; let me sleep. Mr. Brandon, is it finished?"

"Nearly, very nearly."

"Thank you, I must sleep. Ellen, stay with me. Mother, good night—one kiss."

It was only a rough sketch, to be touched up afterwards from memory, and with the aid of a strong likeness done in health, but when the girl was younger by some years.

"You will let me take it home with me."

"Certainly; be careful of it. You know its value to us now."

It was thus that Brandon gained three hundred francs.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LETTER.

"This note was written upon gilt-edged paper,  
The seal a sunflower, 'Elle vous suit partout,'  
The motto cut upon a white cornelian,  
The wax was superfluous—its hue vermilion."—BYRON.

"This is too bad; now it is three weeks, soon it will be a month, and yet there is no letter—not even a common-place answer to my letters—you have not even the poor excuse of illness. A week ago you were met out at a lansquenet party by some

friends of ours; so should you write (which I must here request most emphatically that you will not to me) do not, pray, give yourself the trouble to allege some dreadful illness as your apology; for even a week's illness could not excuse to me a fortnight's

rude, ungrateful silence. And this is the reward for all my griefs and self-denial! Do you know all that I gave up for you, Reginald—all that I bore, and with such happiness, for you—for you, an *artist*? Do you know the estimation of an artist in our England? How often did my friends upbraid me; how often have they said, 'If he were even a farmer, a city clerk, anything but an *artist*—a man who *PAINTS*. Good heavens, how could you think of such a thing!' I have done with these upbraidings now. I make but one request—it is, that you will burn letters, or anything of mine that you may have; I have done so, or at least I am going to do so with all of yours. —Farewell, "MARY."

Whether Reginald was the guilty man this letter paints, the following chapter will unfold.

Reginald Brandon was some months older, and many, many years a wiser man, so at least he fancied, than when last we saw him in the month of March. It was a lovely evening of midsummer; he had strolled into the Champs Elysees, after a laborious day of earnest labour; he soon had tired of the grand promenade, and turned to lounge among the different open-air cafés, whose singers and orchestras form a grand attraction to Parisians of the less fashionable class. A length he found himself the tenant of three chairs, one small, round table, and a bottle of Parisian beer, all within the roped-round space of one of these cafés.

There was a visible agitation among the company; the conversations were animated; songs of a political caste, or at least to which a political meaning was attached, had been just sung; they had been hissed and bisped by different portions of the audience, and already an angry feeling had got up; every man that hissed frowned on the man who bisped. Reginald neither hissed nor bisped; but he had the misfortune to be seated near two tables, that clamorously demanded from time to time the old national air of "Vive Henri Quatré;" and these tables had brought themselves, and even the neighbouring ones, into general dispute, for the great majority of the café's guests were decidedly hostile to the principles of the "Henri Quatré" admirers,

The "Marseillaise" was demanded; the orchestra in a body came forward, and commenced the Republican anthem.

The Henri Quatré tables hissed louder than the orchestra could sing—matters came to a crisis.

A bottle of Strasbourg beer was flung; the projectile exploded among the Henri Quatre tables; the Henri Quatre tables responded by cries of "Bravo, bravo!"—"Vive la bière."

"A bas le Faubourg St. Germain, they are mocking us," cried a voice from the quarter whence the bottle emanated.

"En avant!" exclaimed a Blouse, as he sprung to his feet; the signal was answered by a general rising, and a general rush upon the Henri Quatré tables.

"Down with the aristocrats!" was the war-cry of the assailants. "Vive la bière" was the only answer vouchsafed; but, like magic, up rose a barricade of chairs between the assailants and their enemy. Reginald's chairs and tables were pressed into the service, while he stood bewildered behind the barricade.

"Shoulder arms! Fire, et sauons nous," exclaimed the leader of the barricade; and at his word a shower of apples, biscuits, gravel, poured upon the assailants.

"Ha! they fire on the people."

"Mourir pour la patrie."

"I am struck by a biscuit."

The barricade was neither taken, nor did it capitulate—its defenders ran off, and Reginald found himself a prisoner.

"What shall we do with him?"

"He is my prisoner."

"No, I took him."

"Pardon me, you are both wrong."

Reginald changed hands several times.

"Has any one a cord?"

"Here is a knife."

To use a very vulgar, but expressive phrase, Reginald Brandon thought "his goose was cooked." Fortune willed it otherwise.

"Citizens, let this gentleman go," said a prepossessing figure in a blouse; "he is an Englishman; accident placed him behind the barricade which I made."

Reginald was released; his substitute was pounced on; there was a

struggle—he fell—they leaped on him—they kicked at him.

"This is dreadful," thought Brandon; "they'll kill him; and it is for me he has done it—I must make an effort."

Our artist was a youth of some pluck, and considerable sinew; such as they were, he had the thorough use of all his limbs—in fact, he was the favourite pupil of two chief professors in the art of self-defence, and at one period had put himself in serious training for the ring, thinking it a surer and a safer road to worldly honours in his country, and even to royal favour, if history be correct, than the bare, desert highway of literature and the arts.

"Citizens, citizens, you will not strike a man upon the ground! Frenchmen, be Frenchmen,—in God's name, let the man get up."

But there are moments in this life when argument, eloquence, and logic are in vain—when we must have recourse to first principles; that moment had arrived.

"Damn me, if I don't!" Reginald's young blood was up, and in a right and generous line; he braced up, struck out left and right, and brushed them off the fallen man like flies.

"Up with you—can you run? My God, it is you, Pruguet!"

"I am not much hurt, Reginald; let us run."

"Run! I follow."

The fallen man ran, leaped the

ropes; Reginald was following; a blouse made at him; he was skilled in the *savate*, that is, trained to kick; he made a sweeping kick at Reginald's head. Reginald leaped back, saved his head, advanced, doubled him up in the wind, as he returned from his pirouette, and dropped him like a log.

"Come on now, any one that likes," cried Reginald.

"Ha, he boxes! En avant, down with the Englishman."

It was a sight to see! there was a perfect circle formed: the young man stood alone—an arena with one combatant—an Englishman at bay. He could not run—no thorough-blooded pupil of the ring can run, after one serious round—he is not trained for *that*.

There was a cry of "*aux armes!*" the man who raised it seized a chair; the rest followed his example.

The reader may remember to have seen recorded in the Scottish history that, once upon a time, the Birnham forest marched against King Macbeth's castle; even so, a forest of regularly thickset chairs, encircled and rushed upon poor Reginald. The fight was neither long nor doubtful; there was a dizzy ringing in the artist's head; and the last sounds that fell upon his ear were those of "*A bas les Anglais!*"—"Live the Republic, one and indivisible;" "*Liberté!*" "*Egalité!*" "*Fraternité!*" words for ever after printed on his memory.

## CHAPTER X.

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth."

"Take her gently, Robert."

"Certainly, my dear, but firmly."

They were husband and wife who thus spoke—father and mother to our dear friend, Blue-eyes, whose gentle knock was heard a moment after at the door of the apartment where the speakers sat.

"Come in!"

Blue-eyes entered; her cheeks were thinner, and, perhaps, her eyes a little redder than when last we saw her. Still Blue-eyes looked very pretty, very frightened, very sad.

"Papa wishes to speak with you, my dear Mary,"

"Mamma and I wish to speak with you, my dear Mary."

There was a little awkward pause; Blue-eyes looked down at the carpet-pattern; mamma at papa; and papa at his thumbs.

"Your papa is anxious to have a serious conversation with you, Mary, on your future happiness."

"I am anxious, Mary, to have a conversation with you, serious in its nature, on your future welfare."

All papa wanted was to be started. He was a large, unwieldy man, difficult to start; but, once set in motion, his own weight bore him on. And

through this life there have been many abler men, who, like papa, have fiddled with their thumbs, until they dropped into the grave, for want of a fair start.

"Yes, Mary," continued the papa, "a conversation serious in its nature; for what concerns our future welfare, our future state, is always serious in its nature."

Papa was rather a good sort of man, although at times a little cumbered with pomposity.

"Papa is anxious, dear, most anxious for your happiness."

"Mamma but speaks the truth, my child; but to the point. Mamma and I have perceived in you, dear Mary, a—a—what shall I call it—a liking, dear, or what erroneously you imagine in yourself to be a liking, dear, for Mr. Reginald Brandon; we have observed with pain a fretting on your part, my dear, at his absence; now, my dear, you must promise us to put out, and remove Mr. Brandon from your head, and to stop at once the fretting, dear, or else you will seriously grieve me and mamma."

"You surely would not wish to grieve us, Mary?"

"No, indeed, mamma, I could not wish it."

"Then, my dear," proceeded the papa, "you will very much oblige us both by not thinking any more about this Mr. Brandon; not that we accuse you, dear, of any marked affection for that respectable young man, but we observed a little inclined leaning, dear, in that direction, and we request of you, my dear, to rectify this silly little matter."

"Will you not try to make us happy, Mary?"

"Always, dear mamma."

"But you must do something more for us, dear Mary," continued the papa; "you must oblige us, dear, by making up your mind to marriage; we want to see you happy, dear, before we die."

"We are bent upon it, Mary."

They were going straight a-head to that desirable object.

"But still, my dear, mamma and I, we could not think of limiting your choice to one; there are four young men, any one of which we should be satisfied to see you choose, videlicet, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Brownligg, Mr.

Thompson, and Mr. Betty; my choice, I confess it frankly, dear, would be for Mr. Thompson; his fortune, his position, place him several degrees above the rest; a foolish girl might possibly object, dear, to his age, but even as to that he is considerably upon the hither side of sixty. I am several years, my child, his senior; even my own hair was getting gray when I married your mamma; but you must choose, dear, for yourself; we do not wish in any way to constrain you."

"Can anything be fairer than papa?"

"But to repeat myself, remove for ever, and at once, dear, Mr. Brandon from your head. How any person blessed with reason could think of placing up a painting man for a moment on a level with a Simpson, a Brownligg, a Betty, quite amazes me; men of position, men of family."

Poor Blue-eyes never had.

"Mr. Brandon's family, father——."

It was the first time Blue-eyes had yet spoken; her blood was just beginning to be stirred.

"I know, dear, you would say his family are as old; but the Brandons, dear, have run to seed, the pedigree has withered; seedy, dear, seedy; can Mr. Brandon, my child, put his crest upon a silver spoon? can he hang his coat of arms on the panel of a carriage; no, my dear, it is all a fudge, moonshine, shadow."

"Reginald Brandon, father——"

"Call the young man Mr. Brandon, if you please, my dear."

"Mr. Brandon, father, aims at something higher than to put his crest upon a spoon."

"Silver spoons, my dear, are scarcer than you think; I wish he may get 'em."

"Pottery, my dear, pottery—he'll be in pottery all his life," remarked mamma.

"Mr. Brandon, mother, may yet write his name——"

"I know, my dear," burst in papa, "where all the beggars write their names—upon the page of immortality; have I not hit it off? but a truce to nonsense, Mary—I do not wish to say anything harsh of Mr. Brandon, but the truth is, my dear, the man is nothing more nor less than a painter, and what that means I should pretty well comprehend, being a householder, and having paid some painting bills."

"Between a house-painter and Mr. Brandon, I presume there is a difference, father."

"Mr. Brandon belongs to a less lucrative branch of the trade, my dear, that is all."

"A trade, father, which queen and king——"

"Now, my dear, all this while we are straying from the point; no more rambling, dear. Here is the little list of names; give each name a due consideration; and whichever, dear, you may select, put a little pencil cross before it, and hand it, dear, to me or your mamma."

"How long, dear, will it take you, do you think?" (Mamma was always mild and pithy).

Blue-eyes was silent: while through her sire's mind the silver spoons and panels, with their coats of arms, came thickly crowding. The spoons, in serried order, he had counted off nine dozen and ten, when he saw the silver forks advancing, headed by a giant salver. How those silvery bayonets glittered; the sire could not count them, they waved so with the pressure from the rere, where some score of

silver-mounted dishes came pricking lightly on, to clear the way for massive squares of golden chargers. "What a glorious service," he was murmuring, when the voice of his good wife recalled him from the brilliant scene.

"Well, Mary, what answer, dear? Papa is waiting."

"Come, Mary, dear, and answer quick. A day, a week, a month?"

Blue-eyes answered not.

"Better say, Robert, a week or a month."

"Very well, my dear. Come, Mary, decide—a week, or a month?"

Blue-eyes answered not.

"Come, Mary, this is trifling; papa is waiting. If you do not say a month, I shall say a day."

"A month," at length responded Blue-eyes.

"Now, Mary, dear, you may retire; be it so—a month. Now kiss me, dear, and pray to God for mamma and papa before you go to sleep. Good night, dear."

"Well, dear, we have settled that."

"Thank God, Robert, we have her out of pottery."

"The silver spoons have carried the day!"

## CHAPTER XI.

"When a lady elopes, with a ladder of ropes," &c.

"Did you ever, in the course of your life, Brownligg, hear of such conduct as Miss Mary de Verebrain's?"

"Do you know the particulars, Thompson?"

"The particulars—two ladders of ropes."

"Two ladders of ropes! Explain yourself, Thompson."

"An empty bed-chamber, my friend, in the morning—a ladder of ropes to the bed-chamber window—and a card upon the hall table of Mr. Reginald Brandon's, marked, 'P.P.C.' Do these suffice, Brownligg?"

"But the two ladders of ropes, Thompson?"

"In case one broke, Brownligg. It shows, Brownligg, the cold-bloodedness of the whole transaction."

"Well, I am sorry for you, Thompson; she never would have had me."

"Of course not; mine was the only name on the list with the pencil cross before it: De Verebrain showed it me no later than Monday."

"You have been very badly treated, Thompson."

"Infamously; and it is all De Verebrain's fault."

"What could he do?"

"Lock her up till I got her."

"Oh, that would never have done."

"I tell you, sir, I would have made it do."

"Do Simpson and Betty know of the affair?"

"They can't yet; let us go tell them."

"Do not, they'll laugh at you, Thompson."

"Let them. All I say is, damn that ladder of ropes; and damn the whole transaction."

"My dear fellow, don't fret."

"I am not fretting, Brownligg."

"As for me," said Mr. Brownligg, striking into that justly popular air—

"When a lady elopes,  
With a ladder of ropes,  
She may go to Hong-Kong for me—  
She may go—she may go."

"That's really a very ungentlemanly fashion, Brownligg, of singing; you ought to give it up."



## CHAPTER XII.

## IN SIGHT OF HOME.

AND they have ventured into married life without the silver spoons. Blue-eyes has become the wife of Reginald Brandon; she has descended by that swinging staircase and found a husband at the bottom; may like success attend like efforts.

It was ten days since that great event—ten days of happiness—a precious rarity in life; the hour was almost sunset—summer sunset—Brandon laboured in his study, with Blue-eyes at his side; at every touch the canvas grew to life, and Blue-eyes smiled, and so he laboured on; at length the artist laid aside his brush, and placing Blue-eyes on his knee, he kissed his wife. There was nothing, reader, wrong in that.

“Shall we take our evening walk, Reginald?”

“I would not, Mary, give it up for a principality.”

Thank God that in this life there are things not made for barter—essentially to be possessed by him who has them—not to be exchanged.

The artist and his wife sauntered forth, and through a lovely scene—nature is so lovely everywhere. It would be useless, vain, and possibly might foil a slight design, to bring forth names. They gazed upon the setting sun.

“Will this feeling ever die?”

“Work, energy, are good preservatives, and God has given them both.”

“You speak humbly, Reginald.”

“As it befits one blessed above his merits with health, with work, with energy, with you, my wife; and I can well afford to laugh good-humouredly at those who only value in this life the silver spoons.”

## ÆSCHYLUS.

IN the course of God's government of this world, an epoch marked by military achievement is usually conspicuous for a display, by the victors, of literary genius; and out of the triumphs of war arise sometimes the finest structures of peace. Whatever calls out into their fullest action those intellectual energies which, however employed in different spheres, are kindred each to the other, tends to give birth, and form, and beauty to their various objects; and, accordingly, a war in which a nation's powers have been tasked, and genius displayed to the utmost, is—particularly if we add to this impulse to mental exertion that which results from the elation of success—the frequent and immediate forerunner of a period of poetic, historical, and philosophic cultivation. This concurrence appears in the history of Rome, at the age of Cicero; but perhaps more distinctly in our own, at the eras of Elizabeth, Anne, and George the Fourth. The ears which heard the national hymn of triumph at the defeat of the Armada, might

have dwelt on the poetry of Shakspeare; and Marlborough and Bolingbroke were as much contemporaries as Wellington and Byron.

Nor is there any exception in the history of Athens. The age of Miltiades and Pericles is that of Æschylus and Sophocles. In the cycle of years, from 510 to 450 B.C., military glory and intellectual accomplishments combined to gain for the Athenians the merited title “of having saved and instructed Hellas.” In this short space of time a little nation, numbering not 30,000 free inhabitants—which had previously languished under aristocratic and tyrannical despotism, and which had been humbled by the freebooters of a neighbouring rock—had withstood and overthrown the disciplined multitudes of the East, and, following up its successes, had founded an empire so broad that, in the language of its great statesman, “every land was thrown open to its valour.” And in similar progress, the rude “goat song,” which had originated at vintage-feasts, at which a jovial

populace, its labours over, congregated to applaud a wild mummary in honour of the wine-god, and which had been somewhat exalted by Thespis, was sublimed into the tragedy of *Æschylus* and of *Sophocles*—represented in a theatre capable, it is said, of holding the Athenian people, and in which the loftiest subjects of human speculation were idealised and displayed. For the first time in the history of man, the children of Japhet had shown a superiority in valour and in genius over the children of Shem. Asiatic conquest, which, in a progressing circle, had radiated from the walls of Nineveh to the Indus, the Caspian, and the Ægean, and which threatened, as Herodotus observes, “to leave no nation ignorant of the God of the Great King,” had received its first check and overthrow from a handful of warriors placed at the edge of Europe, and forming its only bulwark, and had been confined by them within a narrower limit than since the age of Cyrus it had known. And from this time the works of the mind, which with a few, though bright exceptions, had been most apparent in the East—whether in the poetry of David, the wisdom of Solomon, or the love of the Chaldees—were destined to find a conspicuous habitation in a city of Europe.

But an age of glory and of intellectual development, particularly if it be of sudden growth, while it calls forth much excellence, may give birth to, or sow the seeds of, much evil. Athens had become the ruler of all the dependencies of Persia in Greece, of most of the islands of the Ægean, and of the seaboard of Asia Minor; and, in accordance, the people's ambition and desires had received a dangerous enlargement. The Athenian who some years past had lived in repose, subject to his country's laws, content with his narrow farm, and ignorant of empire, was suddenly exalted into a participator of sovereignty, and a successful hero. To Athens, now not the ally, but the ruler of the Ionian race, flocked as tributaries, or for commercial purposes, the islanders of the Ægean, the corn-sellers of the Pontus, the traders from the Tyrrhenian sea. Her harbour of the Piræus, connected by the famous long walls with the city, gathered into its basin the sails of the navies of the world, and her streets, their dusky labyrinths contrasting

strangely with the broad areas from which the edifices of the state arose, were thronged with a mixed multitude, paying homage or respect to the new-born power. From Susa came the ambassadors of the great king, content now to ply the arms of diplomacy instead of those of force; and with them might be seen the barbarous envoys of Thrace and Macedon, intermingled with the Dorian legates of Sparta and of Corinth. Here, too, were collected the litigants of the tributaries, compelled by a severe centralisation to try their suits in the Athenian courts, and before Athenian judges; and if we may credit the old legend, hither from the “far Opicæan land” came the wise men of Rome, to seek, in the great democracy, an image of their own civil constitution. There was a burst of vigour, a display of power, and so wide a field opened for ambition, that the comic poet represents the personified people as with one eye turned to Carthage and the other to Chaonia.

But the same causes which made the Athenians masters of others, made them more equal among themselves. The old constitution of Athens was essentially oligarchic; that is, power by law centred in property, and practically, was almost unknown to the citizens of the lowest classes. But the victories which saved Athens were won, not more by the arts of the few than by the arms of the many, and the inevitable result was, the transfer of power to the force which had preponderated. The authority of the Senate was all but abolished, and that of the multitude substituted; and this revolution was confirmed by the rising genius of Pericles, by the moral effect of the victories which a free people had won, and which attested their power; and by the excited tempers of all to whom aristocracy seemed a barrier to ambition. One by one, the old oligarchic distinctions vanished in effect; after a few faint struggles, the party of the nobility submitted; and the Athenian statesman found that henceforth he had to deal with a sovereign people.

Thus equal among themselves, but dictators to their subjects, envied, admired, and feared, the Athenian people commenced that rule which, beginning in such glory, ended in such dishonour. We can but glance at the outset. They soon became arrogant and ty-

rannical in their foreign relations. A wide and tempting field for plunder and for extortion was presented by the tributaries, who soon learned to compare Athenian to Persian despotism. Their fortifications were dismantled; their domestic governments curtailed, and their tribute increased. The effects among their masters became soon apparent. They lost the sense of justice in the constant practice of iniquity; they disregarded, with the eagerness of cupidity, those common laws of sympathy which even the most prosperous would retain for their contingent benefit; and invariably applauded the adviser of the most selfish policy. Nor did Pericles arrest this inclination. His whole conduct to the dependencies of Athens is marked by a contempt for their interests, and frequently by severity; and though, humanly speaking, his wisdom would have carried his country safe through the Peloponnesian war, he was one of the causes of that outburst against Athenian oppression.

In their domestic polity the evil was greater, but of slower growth. The change within was less rapid than that which had occurred without. Their social had not met the fate of their political constitution; and, among Athenians, the framework of those laws which regulate the contracts and relations of life was for a time conserved. The state religion—the idolatry of a graceful Paganism—which, with all its faults, presented to the minds of the many fixed objects of worship, and which formed the obligation of obedience to the laws, for a time subsisted; and in the increase of the earth, in the varied blessings which the seasons bring, and in the government which, even here, generally rewards virtue and punishes vice, the Athenian was trained to recognise the agency of a superior power. For a time the Court of the Areopagus—of whose peculiar functions we know but little, but of which we generally know that it was composed of elders of probity, whose decision was held sacred, and that it claimed, by reason of its constitution, the united respect due to religion and to equity—exercised its influence; and a statesman flourished, who, with many faults, loved virtue, and ever practised justice to an Athenian. But by degrees the fences which law, religion, and sober-mindedness had set around the constitution were levelled, and morals began

to languish and to decay. The comparative and sudden opulence of the people, created by the impositions on the tributaries, produced habits of luxury and of idleness. Other causes co-operated. Athens became a place of universal resort for the inhabitants of Attica. It was there all the business of the state, in which every citizen might participate, was transacted; there was paraded all that could allure cupidity and taste—the courts of law, in which the judges were paid, the Propylea, the Odeon, and the Theatre. In this conflux of keen, restless, and inquiring natures, with none of the sober pursuits of business to follow; engaged in politics or in jurisdiction, both of which flattered their ambition and their passions; with a thousand objects around them to pamper pride and check humility; addressed by a tribe of demagogues whose flashy rhetoric was ever confounding right and wrong, and inculcating selfishness; and too well versed in mere practice to subject their minds to a reference to principle, we can see, at once, the various causes which, in an age of extreme civilisation, erased from the Athenian mind faith, reverence, and moral sobriety, the true elements of social security. The laws began to lose their sanction, and to be regarded as unjust restraints upon legitimate passion. In trials for offences against morality, the feelings of the judges were gradually warped in favour of the defendant, and were constantly exposed to every resource of sophistry and of eloquence excited in his behalf. Impiety, adultery, filial ingratitude, and embezzlement, became common and fashionable. But the decline of morals not only sapped the laws, but the religion which supported them. Coarse-minded men united to get rid of a check upon their sensualities; and intellect, which in its vigour could never submit to Paganism, earnestly sided, in the general excitation, with Infidelity. Physical science began to be cultivated; and when its professors had dethroned a Ceres or an Apollo from their divine seats, by a discovery of the causes of natural phenomena, the step was easy to disown a Zeus, the Pagan image of the Deity. But the rationalism which thus obliterated the idea of a moral governor of the universe, and which, with superstition equal to Paganism, but with far less religion, ascribed the

agency and ordinance of all things to an indiscriminating chance, necessarily removed from men's minds all sense of obligation, and made mere selfishness the rule of life. Human nature, thus relieved from all necessary checks, and revelling in license, began to fall into excesses on the side of evil: men of intellect became Atheists and sneerers; statesmen sought to shape their measures by the rule of instant expediency; the people degenerated into a mass of selfishness, corruption, and folly; "nobleness of mind," to borrow Thucydides' language, "was obliterated with derision;" until at length the great democracy sank beneath its foes.

It was at the commencement of this period that *Æschylus* flourished. His youth fell upon the days of Athenian simplicity; his earlier manhood participated in its glory; his latter years were dedicated to an attempt to arrest its decline; and the sword he wielded at Marathon for his country's liberties did not more attest his patriotism, than does the immortal verse in which he wages war against the corruptions which were destroying her. He unites in himself the functions of the poet and of the preacher; for he exercises the weapons of the highest imagination and of reason in defence of the true and of the right, against scepticism, immorality, and carelessness. He gives poetic form to the deductions of religious philosophy, and in striking and living images brings before the eye the theory of a future state of rewards and punishments; of the innate superiority of virtue over vice; and, above all, of the constant and just superintendence of a Higher Power over human affairs, with a purpose working to a fixed end. He reveals to a demoralised and light-minded people the most moral ideas, expressed in the most beautiful language; he stands forth, like his own Prometheus, a regenerator; and though he never makes his creations mere personified abstractions, they are formed by him to utter ethical and religious precepts as pure as ever passed uninspired lips.

Such is the object of *Æschylus* in his works: but it is time we should examine them. [He is the creator of the Athenian drama, as Sophocles is its artist. He found it almost a rude show, exciting the applause of rustic

spectators by its coarse scenery and wild pantomime; he left it a solemn liturgy, in which, before an awed people, and in a theatre which was actually a temple, were heard the voices of wisdom and of virtue, and the lamentations of error and of crime.] He gave the chorus, which had been merely an irregular ode, its peculiar character of thoughtful judgment; and he lengthened the dialogue, which had been quite subordinate to it. Thus he at once raised tragedy to a higher range of ideas than had ever before been contemplated for it; and he completely changed its form and scenic character. We may venture to mark out some of his peculiar excellences.

I. *Æschylus*, unlike Milton, and with far greater reverence, shrinks from an attempt to embody the Great First Cause in a finite form, and contents himself with a delineation of his attributes. God, he says, in Himself is unknown, but His works reveal Him, and He visits with their due the just and the unjust:—

"Zeus! whate'er the Godhead is—  
If to Him the name is dear—  
Zeus, I thus invoke Him here;—  
Things of human ken I wis,  
Matched with Him as nothing are;  
Then let me still His name address,  
Nor seek a fruitless care.  
He of old who mightiest shined,  
Blossoming in pride of strength,—  
Lowly lies a wreck of Eld—  
And his follower sinks at length,  
By the thrice victorious quelled.  
But whoe'r, with earnest mind,  
Hath to Zeus submission cried;  
Wisdom's mysteries he shall find—  
True to Understanding's guide:  
Who, all knowing, linketh still  
Sagest lore to saddest ill;  
Whose it is that, one by one,  
Even upon the sleeper's soul,  
Drop the thoughts of griefs by-gone;  
Who to Reason's staid control  
Oft the stubborn will hath bowed;  
Yea from throned powers of heaven  
Highest gifts to man are given!"

But the dealings of God with man, according to the poet, take place through His ministers, who wear the impress of their Great Original. Thus we have Apollo, "The Protector of Suppliants," Artemis;

"The beautiful, who loves  
E'en the fierce lion's callow young;  
And every tender thing which roves  
'Neath parent breasts the glades among;"

Dicè or Justice ;

“ Who shineth in the smoky cot,  
And blesseth Virtue's days ;  
But glittering honours, foully got,  
Shuns with averted gaze ;”

and the Furies, to whom the Deity delegates his vengeance, and who thus describe themselves :—

“ Now we link the choral ring,  
Now the descant dread we sing ;  
Solemn hests to man are ours,  
Given to us, by mightiest powers ;  
And we gladden to fulfil  
Equity's triumphant will.  
He whose holy hands are pure  
From our terrors dwells secure,  
Ever blest, his years endure ;  
But the sinner—fain to hide  
Ruthless hands, in slaughter dyed—  
Him we meet in form most dread,  
Claimants for the blood he shed,  
Witnesses to right the dead.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus we link the dreaded dance,  
Thus our dark-robed forms advance,—  
And the thoughts of men which were  
Boastful, soaring to the air,  
Wane, and sink upon the earth,  
Blasted like a withered birth.”

These form the medium of communication between man and the Deity ; but though as such they are worthy of worship, he is the centre of all veneration. But, as if to reconcile the doubting mind to the apparent inconsistencies of His government, and to confirm his belief in His righteousness, even when he sets up but one object of final worship, he subjects the universe to the influence of an almighty necessity, by which, however, no more is probably implied than that the course of nature, when once ordained, is, as far as man can see, fixed and certain ; and that to object to any one part of it is equal to objecting to the whole. But however this is, he is the constant enemy of mere presuming infidelity ; and perhaps he invests its type, the Prometheus, with every sublime intellectual quality, only to shew more forcibly the ruin into which a want of humility precipitated him.

II. The poetry of Æschylus is free from those subtle remarks on the material constitution of the world, and on the nature of man, which characterise Euripides. The agency of the elements—the influences of the “ lights

which rule the day and the night ”—the ordinary and the extraordinary phenomena of nature—are either simply described without being accounted for, or are represented by him as the work of some minister of the Most High. As a poet, he felt—

“ When Science, from Creation's face,  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions must give place  
To cold material laws !”

And, as a philosopher, he knew that the mind loses its regard of the First Cause, if constantly kept in consideration of secondary causes. Accordingly, in Æschylus, we find no traces of physical science ; and, in considering man, he is less a metaphysician than a moralist. He regards not *what* he is, but what he *ought* to do. He does not inquire what union of elements makes him a living agent : how far his spirit and substance reciprocally act ; or what is the local habitation of his faculties ; but, taking him as he is, he states broadly and clearly the obligations to which he should conform ; and thus he traces and establishes the duty of man, not only from its harmonising with his nature, but from its coincidence with a positive external law which we are capable of obeying, and which imperatively enjoins the practice of virtue. Thinkers, who have proceeded by the other method, rightly indeed conclude, that the path of duty, and that of human nature in pursuit of its proper objects, are one ; but when they attempt to define those objects, in their anxiety to make them at once lofty and general, the standard they usually raise is some bright abstraction—some ideal point of perfection, to which man's nature has a tendency, and which, under the specious names of Truth, Right, or Good, presents no real goal for his energies to attain. And thus their philosophy fails in influencing practice, for it lays man under no comprehensible obligation ; it shows him from afar the bright land he should attain, but it gives him, as it were, no map of it, and no directions to guide his way. Whereas, the recognition of a positive rule by which our habits shall be shaped, and which shall measure the worth of every action, supplies at once a check upon evil, and an index of conduct. Under one system we are



furnished with a law—under the other, left to follow what our reason sets up, or our imagination suggests. But we may sum up the moral code of Æschylus in his own words:—

“ From health of soul  
Springs what all cherish, what all wish for—  
Good.

To guide thy life, heed well this law—revere  
Th’ altar of justice; let no lucre tempt  
Thy impious feet to spurn it, else a doom  
Will follow thee, and soon will work its end.  
Wherefore the honours due to parents own—  
Still to thy dwelling may the stranger turn,  
And reverent be: thus may a man escape  
The fearful hour—and living just, live well,  
At least in complete ruin not o’erthrown.”

The peculiar duties Æschylus enjoins, exist in the relations of son to father, of wife to husband, and of subject to state. They are commanded by God, but are natural to man; and in their fulfilment is completed his idea of the social state. And thus he ascribes the origin and development of society, not to the mere expedients of selfishness, nor to the fiction of a compact between the governor and the governed, but to the operation of principles implanted in us by our Maker, and which tend to produce among men union and obedience. Civil life, in his view, is our natural, not an artificial condition; it springs from the sympathies of relationship, and is a proof of our innate recognition of authority, and, accordingly, it originates, not in *law*, but in the *ordinance* of God. And thus he fixes government upon a higher throne, and assigns to it a firmer authority, than other writers upon politics, for he gives it the voice, not of human, but of Divine wisdom, and makes its influences inherent to man, and not contingent upon opinion.

III. The tragedy in which such religious and moral canons could be set does not, of course, fulfil our idea of the drama. Our notion of the drama is of a vivid representation of *action*, of a picture, in which a series of personages seem, in their various groupings, to be contributing to some event; and accordingly, we think the excellence of a dramatic poet lies not in the majesty of his ideas, nor in the beauty of his language, but in the clear delineation of his characters, in the harmonious adaptation of each to the

other, and in the adjustment of the several parts of his work to the whole. Hence, with us the drama is not so much a reflection of the poet's thoughts, as of his capacity of imitation; and, accordingly, it abandons the oracular voices of poetic wisdom to speak the varied tones of human nature. But the tragic writers of Greece, and Æschylus especially, never permitted to their subject such scope and liberty. With him it is confined to the expression of a few great ideas, to illustrate which he moulds his characters; and if ever the spectator's attention is diverted from their language to themselves, it is recalled to the poet's teaching by the intervention of long choral odes, in which he appears to pass a solemn sentence upon the scene and the agents he has called to life. And thus the Æschylan drama is far more an appeal to truth, made vivid and striking by giving energy to its advocates, than a representation of human action. The agents through which the poet speaks are not cast in that mould of ideal humanity which Shakspeare has worked out: they bear the features of a statelier race—the children of the remote æon in which the gods conversed with men. In all their lineaments they are gigantic; but they are not impressive by those subtle influences which shape the flexible creatures of human generation. They are stirred by great and evident motives to accomplish vast ends, but they are not swayed by the complex and minute agencies of which we are susceptible. They move before us almost unchangeable, with their wisdom sphered in themselves, careless of the influences of circumstances, and with aspect stately and solemn; but they never show that delicate play of the mental features which delights us in Othello, nor, chameleon-like, seem to wear a different hue in the varying weather of fortune. And it is the oneness of character and simplicity of conduct which permits the poet to make them the types of his ideas without absolutely divesting them of a dramatic appearance. They act with energy, but speak in that abstract and lofty language which is fitting to inculcate the precepts we have been reviewing; and whether in the prophecies of Cassandra, in the exultation of Clytemnestra at her crime, or in the defiance of Prometheus, suggest to us that

their teaching is not for an audience, but for man.

IV. The dramas of Æschylus are deficient in artistic combinations to produce effect, in that succession of striking contrasts by which the attention of the spectator is kept fixed, and, if we may use the term, in that *perspective* of poetry in which a number of objects are represented, each depicted—each in its proper dimensions. Whatever he delineates stands forth bold, clear, and prominent; but the picture having no background on which the eye may rest, wants grace and refinement; and the giant outlines of his heroes and demigods are rarely relieved by the association of minor figures. But, though the piece is wanting as a whole, each character is beautifully distinct, and by the slightest touch, which is the great proof of art, is stamped with individuality; and from the casual fragments of descriptive poetry which occur, we have enough to infer, that, had Æschylus indulged in this style, he would have matched Milton and Virgil in their peculiar excellences. May we hope all beauty has not evaporated in our translation of the following celebrated passage, recounting how a father like Jephtha sacrificed his child:—

“Nought recked, I ween, the wardens,  
All eager for the strife—  
Her shrieks upon her father's name,  
Her pure and virgin life:  
That father, when the prayer was o'er,  
The temple priests commands  
To lift her on the altar,  
Like a fawn among their hands;  
To lift her whence she'd fallen,  
All swooning on the ground,  
Her robes around her floating,

In trance of horror bound;  
And, watchful of her graceful lips,  
With force, or sullen check,  
To guard a father's name  
From a daughter's parting shriek.  
But from the victim fell  
Her robes of saffron dye;  
Her murderers she smote  
With the pleadings of her eye:  
She looked—as looks a picture—  
As though she longed to speak;  
Ah! oft among her father's halls  
That voice would music make!  
Ah! oft with eager fondness,  
When thrice the cup was poured,  
A blessing on her father  
That virgin voice implored.”

We here close our remarks upon the age and writings of Æschylus. No author of antiquity, in our opinion, is more worthy of diligent study by those who regard greatness of intellect and grandeur of moral precepts. But nothing can be more different than his poetry, and that which prevails in the present day. The one is simple, stately, and severe; the other gaudy, glittering, and florid. The one gives form and vividness to a few of the loftiest ideas; the other combines, and never goes beyond, mere objects of sense. In the one, the poet taxes the reader's imagination to follow him; in the other, he satiates it with a profusion of beauties gathered at random. The one, like the telescope, mirrors what is glorious and afar; the other, like the multiplying-glass, reveals near objects in a thousand shapes and hues. But we feel we have already exceeded our limits, and must leave our poet to occupy that eminence which, in the realms of the departed, his countrymen assigned to him.

## THE MYSTERIOUS COMPACT.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

## PART II.—CONCLUSION.

SEVERAL weeks passed away. Edward spared no pains to discover some trace of the lady in question, but all in vain. No one in the neighbourhood knew the family ; and he had already determined, as soon as the spring began, to ask for leave of absence, and to travel through the country where Ferdinand had formed his unfortunate attachment, when a circumstance occurred which coincided strangely with his wishes. His commanding-officer gave him a commission to purchase some horses, which, to his great consolation, led him exactly into that part of the country where Ferdinand had been quartered. It was a market-town of some importance. He was to remain there some time, which suited his plans exactly ; and he made use of every leisure hour to cultivate the acquaintance of the officers, to inquire into Ferdinand's connexions and acquaintance, to trace the mysterious name if possible, and thus fulfil a sacred duty. For to him it appeared a sacred duty to execute the commission of his departed friend—to get possession of the ring, and to be the means, as he hoped, of giving rest to the troubled spirit of Ferdinand.

Already, on the evening of the second day, he was sitting in the coffee-room with burghers of the place and officers of different regiments.

A newly-arrived cornet was inquiring whether the neighbourhood were a pleasant one, of an infantry officer, one of Hallberg's corps. "For," said he, "I come from charming quarters."

"There is not much to boast of," replied the captain. "There is no good fellowship, no harmony among the people."

"I will tell you why that is," cried an animated lieutenant ; "that is because there is no house as a point of reunion, where one is sure to find and make acquaintances, and to be amused, and where each individual ascertains

his own merits by the effect they produce on society at large."

"Yes, we have had nothing of that kind since the Varniers left us," said the captain.

"Varniers !" cried Edward, with an eagerness he could ill conceal. "The name sounds foreign."

"They were not Germans—they were emigrants from the Netherlands, who had left their country on account of political troubles," replied the captain.

"Ah, that was a charming house," cried the lieutenant, "cultivation, refinement, a sufficient competency, the whole style of establishment free from ostentation, yet most comfortable ; and Emily—Emily was the soul of the whole house."

"Emily Varnier !" echoed Edward, while his heart beat fast, and loud.

"Yes, yes ! that was the name of the prettiest, most graceful, most amiable girl in the world," said the lieutenant.

"You seem bewitched by the fair Emily," observed the cornet.

"I think you would have been too, had you known her," rejoined the lieutenant ; "she was the jewel of the whole society. Since she went away there is no bearing their stupid balls and assemblies."

"But you must not forget," the Captain resumed once more, "when you attribute everything to the charms of the fair girl, that not only she but the whole family has disappeared, and we have lost that house which formed, as you say, so charming a point of reunion in our neighbourhood."

"Yes, yes ; exactly so," said an old gentleman, a civilian, who had been silent hitherto ; "the Varniers' house is a great loss in the country, where such losses are not so easily replaced as in a large town. First, the father died, then came the cousin and carried the daughter away."

"And did this cousin marry the

young lady?" inquired Edward, in a tone tremulous with agitation.

"Certainly," answered the old gentleman; "it was a very great match for her; he bought land to the value of half a million about here."

"And he was an agreeable, handsome man, we must all allow," remarked the Captain.

"But she would never have married him," exclaimed the lieutenant, "if poor Hallberg had not died."

Edward was breathless, but he did not speak a word.

"She would have been compelled to do so in any case," said the old man; "the father had destined them for each other from infancy, and people say he made his daughter take a vow as he lay on his death-bed."

"That sounds terrible," said Edward; "and does not speak much for the good feeling of the cousin."

"She could not have fulfilled her father's wish," interposed the lieutenant; "her heart was bound up in Hallberg, and Hallberg's in her. Few people, perhaps, knew this, for the lovers were prudent and discreet; I, however, knew it all."

"And why was she not allowed to follow the inclination of her heart?" asked Edward.

"Because her father had promised her," replied the Captain: "you used just now the word terrible; it is a fitting expression, according to my version of the matter. It appears that one of the branches of the house of Varnier had committed an act of injustice towards another, and Emily's father considered it a point of conscience to make reparation. Only through the marriage of his daughter with a member of the ill-used branch could that act be obliterated and made up for, and, therefore, he pressed the matter sorely."

"Yes, and the headlong passion which Emily inspired her cousin with abetted his designs."

"Then her cousin loved Emily?" inquired Edward.

"Oh, to desperation," was the reply. "He was a rival to her shadow, who followed her not more closely than he did. He was jealous of the rose that she placed on her bosom."

"Then poor Emily is not likely to have a calm life with such a man," said Edward.

"Come," interposed the old gentle-

man, with an authoritative tone, "I think you, gentlemen, go a little too far. I know D'Efferney; he is an honest, talented man, very rich, indeed, and generous; he anticipates his wife in every wish. She has the most brilliant house in the neighbourhood, and lives like a princess."

"And trembles," insisted the lieutenant, "when she hears her husband's footstep. What good can riches be to her? She would have been happier with Hallberg."

"I do not know," rejoined the captain, "why you always looked upon that attachment as something so decided. It never appeared so to me; and you yourself say that D'Efferney is very jealous, which I believe him to be, for he is a man of strong passions; and this very circumstance causes me to doubt the rest of your story. Jealousy has sharp eyes, and D'Efferney would have discovered a rival in Hallberg, and not proved himself the friend he always was to our poor comrade."

"That does not follow at all," replied the lieutenant, "it only proves that the lovers were very cautious. So far, however, I agree with you. I believe that if D'Efferney had suspected anything of the kind he would have murdered Hallberg."

A shudder passed through Edward's veins.

"Murdered!" he repeated, in a hollow voice; "do you not judge too harshly of this man when you hint the possibility of such a thing?"

"That does he, indeed," said the old man; "these gentlemen are all angry with D'Efferney, because he has carried off the prettiest girl in the country. But I am told he does not intend remaining where he now lives. He wishes to sell his estates."

"Really," inquired the captain, "and where is he going?"

"I have no idea," replied the other; but he is selling everything off. One manor is already disposed of, and there have been people already in negotiation for the place where he resides."

The conversation now turned on the value of D'Efferney's property, and of land in general, &c.

Edward had gained materials enough for reflection; he rose soon, took leave of the company, and gave himself up, in the solitude of his own room, to the torrent of thought and feeling which that night's conversation had let loose.

So, then, it was true; Emily Varnier was no fabulous being! Hallberg had loved her, his love had been returned, but a cruel destiny had separated them. How wonderfully did all he had heard explain the dream at the Castle, and how completely did that supply what had remained doubtful, or had been omitted in the officers' narrative. Emily Varnier, doubtless, possessed that ring, to gain possession of which now seemed his bounden duty. He resolved not to delay its fulfilment a moment, however difficult it might prove, and he only reflected on the best manner in which he should perform the task allotted to him. The sale of the property appeared to him a favourable opening. The fame of his father's wealth made it probable that the son might wish to be a purchaser of a fine estate, like the one in question. He spoke openly of such a project, made inquiries of the old gentleman, and the captain, who seemed to him to know most about the matter; and as his duties permitted a trip for a week or so, he started immediately, and arrived on the second day at the place of his destination. He stopped in the public house in the village to inquire if the estate lay near, and whether visitors were allowed to see the house and grounds. Mine host, who doubtless had had his directions, sent a messenger immediately to the Castle, who returned before long, accompanied by a chasseur, in a splendid livery, who invited the stranger to the Castle in the name of M. D'Efferney.

This was exactly what Edward wished, and expected. Escorted by the chasseur he soon arrived at the Castle, and was shown up a spacious staircase into a modern, almost, one might say, a magnificently-furnished room, where the master of the house received him. It was evening, towards the end of winter, the shades of twilight had already fallen, and Edward found himself suddenly in a room quite illuminated with wax candles. D'Efferney stood in the middle of the saloon, a tall, thin young man. A proud bearing seemed to bespeak a consciousness of his own merit, or at least of his position. His features were finely formed, but the traces of stormy passion, or of internal discontent, had lined them prematurely.

In figure he was very slender, and the deep-sunken eye, the gloomy frown

which was fixed between his brows, and the thin lips, had no very prepossessing expression, and yet there was something imposing in the whole appearance of the man.

Edward thanked him civilly for his invitation, spoke of his idea of being a purchaser as a motive for his visit, and gave his own, and his father's name. D'Efferney seemed pleased with all he said. He had known Edward's family in the metropolis; he regretted that the late hour would render it impossible for them to visit the property to-day, and concluded by pressing the lieutenant to pass the night at the Castle. On the morrow they would proceed to business, and now he would have the pleasure of presenting his wife to the visitor. Edward's heart beat violently — at length then he would see her! Had he loved her himself he could not have gone to meet her with more agitation. D'Efferney led his guest through many rooms, which were all as well furnished, and as brilliantly lighted as the first he had entered. At length he opened the door of a small boudoir, where there was no light, save that which the faint, grey twilight imparted through the windows.

The simple arrangement of this little room, with dark green walls, only relieved by some engravings and coats of arms, formed a pleasing contrast to Edward's eyes, after the glaring splendour of the other apartments. From behind a piano-forte, at which she had been seated in a recess, rose a tall, slender female form, in a white dress of extreme simplicity.

"My love," said D'Efferney, "I bring you a welcome guest, Lieutenant Wensleben, who is willing to purchase the estate."

Emily curtsied; the friendly twilight concealed the shudder that passed over her whole frame, as she heard the familiar name which aroused so many recollections.

She bade the stranger welcome, in a low, sweet voice, whose tremulous accents were not unobserved by Edward; and while the husband made some further observation, he had leisure to remark, as well as the fading light would allow, the fair outline of her oval face, the modest grace of her movements, her pretty, nymph-like figure — in fact, all those charms which seemed familiar to him through



the impassioned descriptions of his friend.

"But what can this fancy be, to sit in the dark?" asked D'Effernay, in no mild tone; "you know that is a thing I cannot bear:" and with these words, and without waiting his wife's answer, he rang the bell over her sofa, and ordered lights.

While these were placed on the table the company sat down by the fire, and conversation commenced. By the full light Edward could perceive all Emily's real beauty—her pale, but lovely face, the sad expression of her large, blue eyes, so often concealed by their dark lashes, and then raised, with a look full of feeling, a sad, pensive, intellectual expression; and he admired the simplicity of her dress, and of every object that surrounded her: all appeared to him to bespeak a superior mind.

They had not sat long, before D'Effernay was called away. One of his people had something important, something urgent to communicate to him, which admitted of no delay. A look of fierce anger almost distorted his features; in an instant his thin lips moved rapidly, and Edward thought he muttered some curses between his teeth. He left the room, but in so doing, he cast a glance of mistrust and ill-temper on the handsome stranger with whom he was compelled to leave his wife alone. Edward observed it all. All that he had seen to-day—all that he had heard from his comrades of the man's passionate and suspicious disposition, convinced him that his stay here would not be long, and that, perhaps, a second opportunity of speaking alone with Emily might not offer itself.

He determined, therefore, to profit by the present moment; and no sooner had D'Effernay left the room, than he began to tell Emily she was not so complete a stranger to him as it might seem; that long before he had had the pleasure of seeing her—even before he had heard her name—she was known to him, so to speak, in spirit.

Madame D'Effernay was moved. She was silent for a time, and gazed fixedly on the ground; then she looked up; the mist of unshed tears dimmed her blue eyes, and her bosom heaved with the sigh she could not suppress.

"To me also the name of Wensleben is familiar. There is a link be-

tween our souls. Your friend has often spoken of you to me."

But she could say no more; tears checked her speech.

Edward's eyes were glistening also, and the two companions were silent; at length he began once more:

"My dear lady," he said, "my time is short, and I have a solemn message to deliver to you. Will you allow me to do so now?"

"To me?" she asked, in a tone of astonishment.

"From my departed friend," answered Edward, emphatically.

"From Ferdinand?—and that now—after——" she shrunk back, as if in terror.

"Now that he is no longer with us, do you mean? I found the message in his papers, which have been entrusted to me only lately, since I have been in the neighbourhood. Among them was a token which I was to restore to you." He produced the ring. Emily seized it wildly, and trembled as she looked upon it.

"It is indeed my ring," she said at length, "the same which I gave him when we plighted our troth in secret. You are acquainted with everything, I perceive; I shall therefore risk nothing if I speak openly." She wept, and pressed the ring to her lips.

"I see that my friend's memory is dear to you," continued Edward. "You will forgive the prayer I am about to make to you: my visit to you concerns his ring."

"How—what is it you wish?" cried Emily, terrified.

"It was *his* wish," replied Edward. "He evinced an earnest desire to have this pledge of an unfortunate and unfulfilled engagement restored."

"How is that possible? You did not speak with him before his death; and this happened so suddenly after, that, to give you the commission——"

"There was no time for it! that is true," answered Edward, with an inward shudder, although outwardly he was calm. "Perhaps this wish was awakened immediately before his death. I found it, as I told you, expressed in those papers."

"Incomprehensible!" she exclaimed. "Only a short time before his death, we cherished—deceitful, indeed, they proved, but, oh, what blessed hopes!—we reckoned on casualties, on what might possibly occur to assist us. Nei-

ther of us could endure to dwell on the idea of separation; and yet—yet since — Oh, my God," she cried, overcome by sorrow, and she hid her face between her hands.

Edward was lost in confused thought. For a time both again were silent: at length Emily started up—

"Forgive me, M. de Wensleben. What you have related to me, what you have asked of me, has produced so much excitement, so much agitation, that it is necessary that I should be alone for a few moments, to recover my composure."

"I am gone," cried Edward, springing from his chair.

"No! no!" she replied, "you are my guest; remain here. I have a household duty which calls me away." She laid a stress on these words.

She leant forward, and with a sad, sweet smile, she gave her hand to the friend of her lost Ferdinand, pressing his gently, and disappeared through the inner door.

Edward stood stunned, bewildered; then he paced the room with hasty steps, threw himself on the sofa, and took up one of the books that lay on the table, rather to have something in his hand, than to read. It proved to be Young's "Night Thoughts." He looked through it, and was attracted by many passages, which seemed, in his present frame of mind, fraught with peculiar meaning; yet his thoughts wandered constantly from the page to his dead friend. The candles, unheeded both by Emily and him, burned on with long wicks, giving little light in the silent room, over which the red glare from the hearth shed a lurid glow. Hurried footsteps sounded in the anteroom; the door was thrown open. Edward looked up, and saw D'Efferney staring at him, and round the room, in an angry, restless manner.

Edward could not but think there was something almost unearthly in those dark looks and that towering form.

"Where is my wife?" was D'Efferney's first question.

"She is gone to fulfil some household duty," replied the other.

"And leaves you here alone in this miserable darkness? Most extraordinary!—indeed, most unaccountable!" and, as he spoke, he approached the table and snuffed the candles, with a movement of impatience.

"She left me here with old friends," said Edward, with a forced smile. "I have been reading."

"What, in the dark?" inquired D'Efferney, with a look of mistrust. "It was so dark when I came in, that you could not possibly have distinguished a letter."

"I read for some time, and then I fell into a train of thought, which is usually the result of reading Young's 'Night Thoughts.'"

"Young! I cannot bear that author. He is so gloomy."

"But you are fortunately so happy, that the lamentations of the lost mourner can find no echo in your breast."

"You think so!" said D'Efferney, in a churlish tone, and he pressed his lips together tightly, as Emily came into the room: he went to meet her.

"You have been a long time away," was his observation, as he looked into her eyes, where the trace of tears might easily be detected. "I found our guest alone."

"M. de Wensleben was good enough to excuse me," she replied, "and that I thought you would be back immediately."

They sat down to the table; coffee was brought, and the past appeared to be forgotten.

The conversation at first was broken by constant pauses. Edward saw that Emily did all she could to play the hostess agreeably, and to pacify her husband's ill humour.

In this attempt the young man assisted her, and at last they were successful. D'Efferney became more cheerful; the conversation more animated; and Edward found that his host could be a very agreeable member of society when he pleased, combining a good deal of information with great natural powers. The evening passed away more pleasantly than it promised at one time; and after an excellent and well-served supper, the young officer was shewn into a comfortable room, fitted up with every modern luxury. and weary in mind and body, he soon fell asleep. He dreamed of all that had occupied his waking thoughts—of his friend, and his friend's history.

But in that species of confusion which often characterises dreams, he fancied that he was Ferdinand, or at least, his own individuality seemed mixed up with that of Hallberg. He

felt that he was ill. He lay in an unknown room, and by his bedside stood a small table, covered with glasses and phials, containing medicine, as is usual in a sick room.

The door opened, and D'Efferney came in, in his dressing-gown, as if he had just left his bed: and now in Edward's mind dreams and realities were mingled together, and he thought that D'Efferney came, perhaps, to speak with him on the occurrences of the preceding day. But no! he approached the table on which the medicines stood, looked at the watch, took up one of the phials and a cup, measured the draught, drop by drop, then he turned and looked round him stealthily, and then he drew from his breast a pale blue, coiling serpent, which he threw into the cup, and held it to the patient's lips, who drank, and instantly felt a numbness creep over his frame which ended in death. Edward fancied that he was dead; he saw the coffin brought, but the terror lest he should be buried alive, made him start up with a sudden effort, and he opened his eyes.

The dream had passed away; he sat in his bed safe and well; but it was long ere he could in any degree recover his composure, or get rid of the impression which the frightful apparition had made on him. They brought his breakfast, with a message from the master of the house to inquire whether he would like to visit the park, farms, &c. He dressed quickly, and descended to the court, where he found his host in a riding dress, by the side of two fine horses, already saddled. D'Efferney greeted the young man courteously; but Edward felt an inward repugnance as he looked on that gloomy though handsome countenance, now lighted up by the beams of the morning sun, yet recalling vividly the dark visions of the night. D'Efferney was full of attentions to his new friend. They started on their ride, in spite of some threatening clouds, and began the inspection of meadows, shrubberies, farms, &c., &c. After a couple of hours, which were consumed in this manner, it began to rain a few drops, and at last burst out into a heavy shower. It was soon impossible even to ride through the woods for the torrents that were pouring down, and so they returned to the castle.

Edward retired to his room to change

his dress, and to write some letters, he said, but more particularly to avoid Emily, in order not to excite her husband's jealousy. As the bell rang for dinner he saw her again, and found to his surprise that the captain, whom he had first seen in the coffee-room, and who had given him so much information, was one of the party. He was much pleased, for they had taken a mutual fancy to each other. The captain was not at quarters the day Edward had left them, but as soon as he heard where his friend had gone, he put horses to his carriage and followed him, for he said he also should like to see these famous estates. D'Efferney seemed in high good humour to-day, Emily far more silent than yesterday, and taking little part in the conversation of the men, which turned on political economy. After coffee she found an opportunity to give Edward (unobserved) a little packet. The look with which she did so, told plainly what it contained, and the young man hurried to his room as soon as he fancied he could do so without remark or comment. The continued rain precluded all idea of leaving the house any more that day. He unfolded the packet; there were a couple of sheets, written closely in a woman's fair hand, and something wrapped carefully in a paper, which he knew to be the ring. It was the fellow to that which he had given the day before to Emily, only Ferdinand's name was engraved inside instead of her's. Such were the contents of the papers:—

“Secrecy would be misplaced with the friend of the dead. Therefore, will I speak to you of things which I have never uttered to a human being until now. Jules D'Efferney is nearly related to me. We knew each other in the Netherlands, where our estates joined. The boy loved me already with a love that amounted to passion; this love was my father's greatest joy, for there was an old and crying injustice which the ancestors of D'Efferney had suffered from ours, that could alone, he thought, be made up by the marriage of the only children of the two branches. So we were destined for each other almost from our cradles; and I was content it should be so, for Jules's handsome face and decided preference for me were agreeable to me, although I felt no great affection for

him. We were separated: Jules travelled in France, England, and America, and made money as a merchant, which profession he had taken up suddenly. My father, who had a place under government, left his country in consequence of political troubles, and came into this part of the world, where some distant relations of my mother's lived. He liked the neighbourhood; he bought land; we lived very happily; I was quite contented in Jules's absence; I had no yearning of the heart towards him, yet I thought kindly of him, and troubled myself little about my future. Then—then I learned to know your friend. Oh, then! I felt, when I looked upon him, when I listened to him, when we conversed together, I felt, I acknowledged that there might be happiness on earth, of which I had hitherto never dreamed. Then I loved for the first time, ardently, passionately, and was beloved in return. Acquainted with the family engagements, he did not dare openly to proclaim his love, and I knew I ought not to foster the feeling; but, alas! how seldom does passion listen to the voice of reason and of duty. Your friend and I met in secret; in secret we plighted our troth, and exchanged those rings, and hoped and believed that by showing a bold front to our destiny we should subdue it to our will. The commencement was sinful, it has met with a dire retribution. Jules's letters announced his speedy return. He had sold everything in his own country, had given up all his mercantile affairs, through which he had greatly increased an already considerable fortune, and now he was about to join us, or rather me, without whom he could not live. This appeared to me like the demand for payment of a heavy debt. This debt I owed to Jules, who loved me with all his heart, who was in possession of my father's promised word and mine also. Yet I could not give up your friend. In a state of distraction I told him all; we meditated flight. Yes, I was so far guilty, and I make the confession in hopes that some portion of my errors may be expiated by repentance. My father, who had long been in a declining state, suddenly grew worse, and this delayed and hindered the fulfilment of our designs. Jules arrived. During the five years he had been away he was much changed in appear-

ance, and that advantageously. I was struck when I first saw him, but it was also easy to detect in those handsome features and manly bearing, a spirit of restlessness and violence which had already shown itself in him as a boy, and which passing years, with their bitter experience and strong passions, had greatly developed. The hope that we had cherished of D'Efferney's possible indifference to me, of the change which time might have wrought in his attachment, now seemed idle and absurd. His love was indeed impassioned. He embraced me in a manner that made me shrink from him, and altogether his deportment towards me was a strange contrast to the gentle, tender, refined affection of our dear friend. I trembled whenever Jules entered the room, and all that I had prepared to say to him, all the plans which I had revolved in my mind respecting him, vanished in an instant before the power of his presence, and in the almost imperative manner in which he claimed my hand. My father's illness increased; he was now in a very precarious state, hopeless indeed. Jules rivalled me in filial attentions to him, that I can never cease to thank him for; but this illness made my situation more and more critical, and it accelerated the fulfilment of the contract. I was to renew my promise to him by the death-bed of my father. Alas! alas! I fell senseless to the ground when this announcement was made to me. Jules began to suspect. Alas! my cold, embarrassed manner towards him since his return had struck him as strange. He began to suspect, I repeat, and the effect that this suspicion had on him, it would be impossible to describe to you. Even now, after so long a time, now that I am accustomed to his ways, and more reconciled to my fate by the side of a noble, though somewhat impetuous man, it makes me tremble to think of those paroxysms, which the idea that I did not love him called forth. They were fearful; he nearly sank under them. During two days his life was in danger. At last the storm passed, my father died; Jules watched over me with the tenderness of a brother, the solicitude of a parent; for that indeed I shall ever be grateful. His suspicion once awakened, he gazed round with penetrating looks to discover the cause of my altered feelings. But your friend

never came to our house; we met in an unfrequented spot, and my father's illness had interrupted these interviews. Altogether I cannot tell if Jules discovered anything. A fearful circumstance rendered all our precautions useless, and cut the knot of our secret communication, to loose which voluntarily I felt I had no power. A wedding feast, at a neighbouring castle, assembled all the nobility and gentry, and officers quartered near, together; my deep mourning was an excuse for my absence. Jules, though he usually was happiest by my side, could not resist the invitation, and your friend resolved to go, although he was unwell; he feared to raise suspicion by remaining away, when I was left at home. With great difficulty he contrived the first day to make one at a splendid hunt, the second day he could not leave his bed. A physician, who was in the house, pronounced his complaint to be violent fever, and Jules, whose room joined that of the sick man, offered him every little service and kindness which compassion and good feeling prompted; and I cannot but praise him all the more for it, as who can tell, perhaps, his suspicion might have taken the right direction? On the morning of the second day—but let me glance quickly at that terrible time, the memory of which can never pass from my mind—a fit of apoplexy most unexpectedly, but gently, ended the noblest life, and separated us for ever! Now you know all. I enclose the ring. I cannot write more. Farewell!"

The conclusion of the letter made a deep impression on Edward. His dream rose up before his remembrance, the slight indisposition, the sudden death, the fearful nursetender, all arranged themselves in order before his mind, and an awful whole rose out of all these reflections, a terrible suspicion which he tried to throw off. But he could not do so, and when he met the captain and D'Efferney in the evening, and the latter challenged his visitors to a game of billiards, Edward glanced from time to time at his host in a scrutinising manner, and could not but feel that the restless discontent which was visible in his countenance, and the unsteady glare of his eyes, which shunned the fixed look of others, only fitted too well into the shape of the dark thoughts which were crossing

his own mind. Late in the evening, after supper, they played whist in Emily's boudoir. On the morrow, if the weather permitted, they were to conclude their inspection of the surrounding property, and the next day they were to visit the iron foundries, which, although distant from the Castle several miles, formed a very important item in the rent-roll of the estates. The company separated for the night. Edward fell asleep; and the same dream, with the same circumstances, recurred, only with the full consciousness that the sick man was Ferdinand. Edward felt overpowered, a species of horror took possession of his mind, as he found himself now in regular communication with the beings of the invisible world.

The weather favoured D'Efferney's projects. The whole day was passed in the open air. Emily only appeared at meals, and in the evening when they played at cards. Both she and Edward avoided, as if by mutual consent, every word, every look that could awaken the slightest suspicion, or jealous feeling in D'Efferney's mind. She thanked him in her heart for this forbearance, but her thoughts were in another world; she took little heed of what passed around her. Her husband was in an excellent temper; he played the part of host to perfection; and when the two officers were established comfortably by the fire, in the captain's room, smoking together, they could not but do justice to his courteous manners.

"He appears to be a man of general information," remarked Edward.

"He has travelled a great deal, and read a great deal, as I told you when we first met: he is a remarkable man, but one of uncontrolled passions, and desperately jealous."

"Yet he appears very attentive to his wife."

"Undoubtedly he is wildly in love with her; yet he makes her unhappy, and himself too."

"He certainly does not appear happy, there is so much restlessness."

"He can never bear to remain in one place for any length of time together. He is now going to sell the property he only bought last year. There is an instability about him; everything palls on him."

"That is the complaint of many who are rich and well to do in the world."



"Yes; only not in the same degree. I assure you it has often struck me that man must have a bad conscience."

"What an idea!" rejoined Edward, with a forced laugh, for the captain's remark struck him forcibly. "He seems a man of honour."

"Oh, one may be a man of honour, as it is called, and yet have something quite bad enough to reproach yourself with. But I know nothing about it, and would not breathe such a thing except to you. His wife, too, looks so pale and so oppressed."

"But, perhaps, that is her natural complexion and expression."

"Oh, no! no! the year before D'Efferney came from Paris, she was as fresh as a rose. Many people declare that your poor friend loved her. The affair was wrapped in mystery, and I never believed the report, for Hallberg was a steady man, and the whole country knew that Emily had been engaged a long time."

"Hallberg never mentioned the name in his letters," answered Edward, with less candour than usual.

"I thought not. Besides D'Efferney was very much attached to him, and mourned his death."

"Indeed!"

"I assure you the morning that Hallberg was found dead in his bed so unexpectedly, D'Efferney was like one beside himself."

"Very extraordinary. But as we are on the subject, tell me, I pray you, all the circumstances of my poor Ferdinand's illness, and awful sudden death."

"I can tell you all about it, as well as any one, for I was one of the guests at that melancholy wedding. Your friend, and I, and many others were invited. Hallberg had some idea of not going; he was unwell, with violent headache and giddiness. But we persuaded him, and he consented to go with us. The first day he felt tolerably well. We hunted in the open field; we were all on horseback, the day hot. Hallberg felt worse. The second day he had a great deal of fever; he could not stay up. The physician (for fortunately there was one in the company) ordered rest, cooling medicine, neither of which seemed to do him good. The rest of the men dispersed, to amuse themselves in various ways. Only D'Efferney remained at home; he was never very fond of large societies, and

we voted that he was discontented and out of humour because his betrothed bride was not with him. His room was next to the sick man's, to whom he gave all possible care and attention, for poor Hallberg, besides being ill, was in despair at giving so much trouble in a strange house. D'Efferney tried to calm him on this point; he nursed him, amused him with conversation, mixed his medicines, and, in fact, showed more kindness and tenderness, than any of us would have given him credit for. Before I went to bed I visited Hallberg, and found him much better, and more cheerful; the doctor had promised that he should leave his bed next day. So I left him and retired with the rest of the world, rather late, and very tired, to rest. The next morning I was awake by the fatal tidings. I did not wait to dress, I ran to his room, it was full of people."

"And how, how was the death first discovered?" inquired Edward, in breathless eagerness.

"The servant, who came in to attend on him, thought he was asleep, for he lay in his usual position, his head upon his hand. He went away and waited for some time; but hours passed, and he thought he ought to wake his master to give him his medicine. Then the awful discovery was made. He must have died peacefully, for his countenance was so calm, his limbs undisturbed. A fit of apoplexy had terminated his life, but in the most tranquil manner."

"Incomprehensible," said Edward, with a deep sigh. "Did they take no measures to restore animation?"

"Certainly; all that could be done was done, bleeding, fomentation, friction; the physician superintended, but there was no hope, it was all too late. He must have been dead some hours, for he was already cold and stiff. If there had been a spark of life in him he would have been saved. It was all over; I had lost my good lieutenant, and the regiment one of its finest officers."

He was silent, and appeared lost in thought. Edward, for his part, felt overwhelmed by terrible suspicions and sad memories. After a long pause he recovered himself: "and where was D'Efferney?" he inquired.

"D'Efferney," answered the Captain, rather surprised at the question; "oh! he was not in the Castle when

we made the dreadful discovery: he had gone out for an early walk, and when he came back late, not before noon, he learned the truth, and was taken out of his senses. It seemed awful to him, because he had been so much, the very day before, with poor Hallberg."

"Aye," answered Edward, whose suspicions were being more and more confirmed every moment. "And did you see the corpse, did he go into the chamber of death?"

"No," replied the Captain; "he assured us it was out of his power to do so; he could not bear the sight; and I believe it. People with such uncontrolled feelings as this D'Efferney, are incapable of performing those duties which others think it necessary and incumbent on them to fulfil."

"And where was Hallberg buried?"

"Not far from the Castle where the mournful event took place. To-morrow, if we go to the iron foundry, we shall be near the spot."

"I am glad of it," cried Edward eagerly, while a host of projects rose up in his mind. "But now, Captain, I will not trespass any longer on your kindness. It is late, and we must be up to-morrow. How far have we to go?"

"Not less than four leagues certainly. D'Efferney has arranged that we shall drive there, and see it all at our leisure: then we shall return in the evening. Good night, Wensleben."

They separated: Edward hurried to his room; his heart overflowed. Sorrows on the one hand, horror and even hatred on the other, agitated him by turns. It was long before he could sleep. For the third time the vision haunted him; but now it was clearer than before; now he saw plainly the features of him who lay in bed, and of the woman who stood beside the bed—they were those of Hallberg and of D'Efferney.

This third apparition, the exact counterpart of the two former (only more vivid, all that he had gathered from conversations on the subject, and the contents of Emily's letter, left scarcely the shadow of a doubt remaining as to how his friend had left the world.

D'Efferney's jealous and passionate nature seemed to allow of the possibility of such a crime, and it could hardly be wondered at, if Edward

regarded him with a feeling akin to hatred. Indeed the desire of visiting Hallberg's grave, in order to place the ring in the coffin, could alone reconcile Wensleben to the idea of remaining any longer beneath the roof of a man whom he now considered the murderer of his friend. His mind was a prey to conflicting doubts, detestation for the culprit, and grief for the victim, pointed out one line of conduct, while the difficulty of proving D'Efferney's guilt, and still more, pity and consideration for Emily, determined him at length to let the matter rest, and to leave the murderer, if such he really were, to the retribution which his own conscience and the justice of God would award him. He would seek his friend's grave, and then he would separate from D'Efferney, and never see him more. In the midst of these reflections the servant came to tell him, that the carriage was ready. A shudder passed over his frame as D'Efferney greeted him; but he commanded himself, and they started on their expedition.

Edward spoke but little, and that only when it was necessary, and the conversation was kept up by his two companions; he had made every inquiry, before he set out, respecting the place of his friend's interment, the exact situation of the tomb, the name of the village, and its distance from the main road. On their way home, he requested that D'Efferney would give orders to the coachman to make a round of a mile or two as far as the village of —, with whose rector he was particularly desirous to speak. A momentary cloud gathered on D'Efferney's brow, yet it seemed no more than his usual expression of vexation at any delay or hindrance; and he was so anxious to propitiate his rich visitor, who appeared likely to take the estate off his hands, that he complied with all possible courtesy. The coachman was directed to turn down a by-road, and a very bad one it was. The Captain stood up in the carriage and pointed out the village to him, at some distance off; it lay in a deep ravine at the foot of the mountains.

They arrived in the course of time, and inquired for the clergyman's house, which, as well as the church, was situated on rising ground. The three companions alighted from the carriage, which they left at the bottom of the hill, and walked up together in the di-

rection of the rectory. Edward knocked at the door and was admitted, while the two others sat on a bench outside. He had promised to return speedily, but to D'Efferney's restless spirit, one quarter of an hour appeared interminable.

He turned to the Captain and said, in a tone of impatience, "M. de Wensleben must have a great deal of business with the rector: we have been here an immense time, and he does not seem inclined to make his appearance."

"Oh, I dare say he will come soon. The matter cannot detain him long."

"What on earth can he have to do here?"

"Perhaps you would call it a mere fancy—the enthusiasm of youth."

"It has a name I suppose?"

"Certainly, but—"

"Is it sufficiently important, think you, to make us run the risk of being benighted on such roads as these?"

"Why it is quite early in the day."

"But we have more than two leagues to go. Why will you not speak?—there cannot be any great mystery."

"Well, perhaps not a mystery exactly, but just one of those subjects on which we are usually reserved with others."

"So! so!" rejoined D'Efferney, with a little sneer. "Some love affair; some girl or another who pursues him, that he wants to get rid of."

"Nothing of the kind, I can assure you," replied the Captain drily. "It could scarcely be more innocent. He wishes, in fact, to visit his friend's grave."

The listener's expression was one of scorn and anger. "It is worth the trouble certainly," he exclaimed, with a mocking laugh. "A charming sentimental pilgrimage truly; and pray who is this beloved friend, over whose resting-place he must shed a tear and plant a forget-me-not? He told me he had never been in the neighbourhood before."

"No more he had; neither did he know where poor Hallberg was buried until I told him."

"Hallberg!" echoed the other in a tone that startled the Captain, and caused him to turn and look fixedly in the speaker's face. It was deadly pale, and the Captain observed the effort which D'Efferney made to recover his composure.

"Hallberg!" he repeated again, in a calmer tone, "and was Wensleben a friend of his?"

"His bosom friend from childhood. They were brought up together at the academy. Hallberg left it a year earlier than his friend."

"Indeed!" said D'Efferney, smiling as he spoke, and working himself up into a passion. "And this Lieutenant came here on this account, then, and the purchase of the estates was a mere excuse?"

"I beg your pardon," observed the Captain, in a decided tone of voice. "I have already told you that it was I who informed him of the place where his friend lies buried."

"That may be, but it was owing to his friendship, to the wish to learn something further of his fate, that we are indebted for the visit of this romantic knight-errant."

"That does not appear likely," replied the Captain, who thought it better to avert, if possible, the rising storm of his companion's fury. "Why should he seek for news of Hallberg when he comes from the place where he was quartered for a long time, and where all his comrades now are?"

"Well, I don't know," cried D'Efferney, whose passion increased every moment. "Perhaps you have heard what was once gossiped about the neighbourhood, that Hallberg was an admirer of my wife before she married."

"Oh yes, I have heard that report but never believed it. Hallberg was a prudent, steady man, and every one knew that Mademoiselle Varnier's hand had been promised for some time."

"Yes! yes! but you do not know to what lengths passion and avarice may lead: for Emily was rich. We must not forget that, when we discuss the matter; an elopement with the rich heiress would have been a fine thing for a poor, beggarly Lieutenant."

"Shame! shame! M. D'Efferney. How can you slander the character of that upright young man? If Hallberg were so unhappy as to love Mademoiselle Varnier——"

"That he did! you may believe me so far. I had reason to know it, and I did know it."

"We had better change the conversation altogether, as it has taken an unpleasant turn. Hallberg is dead, his errors, be they what they may, are buried with him. His name stands

high with all who knew him. Even you, M. D'Efferney—you were his friend."

"I his friend? I hated him!—I hated him!" D'Efferney could not proceed; he foamed at the mouth with rage.

"Compose yourself!" said the Captain, rising as he spoke, "you look and speak like a madman."

"A madman! Who says I am mad? Now I see it all—the connexion of the whole—the shameful conspiracy."

"Your conduct is perfectly incomprehensible to me," answered the Captain, with perfect coolness. "Did you not attend Hallberg in his last illness, and give him his medicines with your own hand?"

"I!" stammered D'Efferney. "No! no!" he cried, while the Captain's growing suspicions increased every moment, on account of the perturbation which his companion displayed. "I never gave his medicines; whoever says that is a liar."

"I say it!" exclaimed the officer, in a loud tone, for his patience was exhausted. "I say it, because I know that it was so, and I will maintain that fact against any one at any time. If you choose to contradict the evidence of my senses, it is you who are a liar!"

"Ha! you shall give me satisfaction for this insult. Depend upon it, I am not one to be trifled with, as you shall find. You shall retract your words."

"Never! I am ready to defend every word I have uttered here on this spot, at this moment, if you please. You have your pistols in the carriage, you know."

D'Efferney cast a look of hatred on the speaker, and then dashing down the little hill, to the surprise of the servants, he dragged the pistols from the sword-case, and was by the Captain's side in a moment. But the loud voices of the disputants had attracted Edward to the spot, and there he stood on D'Efferney's return; and by his side a venerable old man, who carried a large bunch of keys in his hand.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" cried Wensleben.

"What are you about to do?" interrupted the Rector, in a tone of authority, though his countenance was expressive of horror. "Are you going to commit murder on this sacred spot, close to the precincts of the church?"

"Murder! who speaks of murder?"

cried D'Efferney. "Who can prove it?" and as he spoke, the Captain turned a fierce, penetrating look upon him, beneath which he quailed.

"But, I repeat the question," Edward began once more, "what does all this mean? I left you a short time ago in friendly conversation. I come back and find you both armed—both violently agitated—and M. D'Efferney, at least, speaking incoherently. What do you mean by 'proving it?'—to what do you allude?" At this moment, before any answer could be made, a man came out of the house with a pick-axe and shovel on his shoulder, and advancing towards the Rector, said respectfully, "I am quite ready, sir, if you have the key of the churchyard."

It was now the Captain's turn to look anxious: "What are you going to do, you surely don't intend——?" but, as he spoke, the Rector interrupted him.

"This gentleman is very desirous to see the place where his friend lies buried."

"But these preparations, what do they mean?"

"I will tell you," said Edward, in a voice and tone that betrayed the deepest emotion, "I have a holy duty to perform. I must cause the coffin to be opened."

"How, what?" screamed D'Efferney, once again. "Never—I will never permit such a thing."

"But, sir," the old man spoke, in a tone of calm decision, contrasting wonderfully with the violence of him whom he addressed, "you have no possible right to interfere. If this gentleman wishes it, and I accede to the proposition, no one can prevent us from doing as we would."

"I tell you I will not suffer it," continued D'Efferney, with the same frightful agitation. "Stir at your peril," he cried, turning sharply round upon the grave-digger, and holding a pistol to his head; but the Captain pulled his arm away, to the relief of the frightened peasant.

"M. D'Efferney," he said, "your conduct for the last half-hour has been most unaccountable—most unreasonable."

"Come, come," interposed Edward, "let us say no more on the subject; but let us be going," he addressed the Rector; "we will not detain these gentlemen much longer."

He made a step towards the churchyard, but D'Efferney clutched his arm, and, with an impious oath, "you shall not stir," he said; "that grave shall not be opened."

Edward shook him off, with a look of silent hatred, for now indeed all his doubts were confirmed.

D'Efferney saw that Wensleben was resolved, and a deadly pallor spread itself over his features, and a shudder passed visibly over his frame.

"You are going!" he cried, with every gesture and appearance of insanity. "Go, then;" . . . and he pointed the muzzle of the pistol to his mouth, and before any one could prevent him, he drew the trigger, and fell back a corpse. The spectators were motionless with surprise and horror; the Captain was the first to recover himself in some degree. He bent over the body with the faint hope of detecting some sign of life. The old man turned pale and dizzy with a sense of terror, and he looked as if he would have swooned, had not Edward led him gently into his house, while the two others busied themselves with vain attempts to restore life. The spirit of D'Efferney had gone to its last account!

It was, indeed, an awful moment. Death in its worst shape was before them, and a terrible duty still remained to be performed.

Edward's cheek was blanched; his eye had a fixed look, yet he moved and spoke with a species of mechanical action, which had something almost ghastly in it. Causing the body to be removed into the house, he bade the Captain summon the servants of the deceased, and then motioning with his hand to the awe-struck sexton, he proceeded with him to the churchyard. A few clods of earth alone were removed ere the Captain stood by his friend's side.

Here we must pause. Perhaps it were better altogether to emulate the silence that was maintained then and

afterwards by the two comrades. But the sexton could not be bribed to entire secrecy, and it was a story he loved to tell, with details we gladly omit. . . . how Wensleben solemnly performed his task—of how no doubt could any longer exist as to the cause of Halberg's death. Those who love the horrible must draw on their own imaginations to supply what we resolutely withhold.

Edward, we believe, never alluded to D'Efferney's death, and all the awful circumstances attending it, but twice—once, when, with every necessary detail, he and the Captain gave their evidence to the legal authorities; and once, with as few details as possible, when he had an interview with the widow of the murderer, the beloved of the victim. The particulars of this interview he never divulged, for he considered Emily's grief too sacred to be exposed to the prying eyes of the curious and the unfeeling. She left the neighbourhood immediately, leaving her worldly affairs in Wensleben's hands, who soon disposed of the property for her. She returned to her native country, with the resolution of spending the greater part of her wealth in relieving the distresses of others, wisely seeking, in the exercise of piety and benevolence, the only possible alleviation of her own deep and many-sided griefs. For Edward, he was soon pronounced to have recovered entirely from the shock of these terrible events. Of a courageous and energetic disposition, he pursued the duties of his profession with a firm step, and his mighty sorrow deep in the recesses of his heart. To the superficial observer, tears, groans, and lamentations are the only proofs of sorrow; and when they subside, the sorrow is said to have passed away also. Thus the captive, immured within the walls of his prison-house, is as one dead to the outward world, though the gaoler be a daily witness to the vitality of affliction.



## MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A SCRAPE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN I reached the quarters of the Etat Major, I found the great courtyard of the "hotel" crowded with soldiers of every rank and arm of the service. Some were newly-joined recruits waiting for the orders to be forwarded to their respective regiments. Some were invalids just issued from the hospital, some were sick and wounded on their way homeward. There were sergeants with billet rolls, and returns, and court-martial sentences. Adjutants with regimental documents, hastening hither and thither. Mounted orderlies too, continually came and went; all was bustle, movement, and confusion. Officers in staff uniforms called out the orders from the different windows, and despatches were sent off here and there with hot haste. The building was the ancient palace of the Dukes of Lorraine, and a splendid fountain of white marble in the centre of the "Cour," still showed the proud armorial bearings of that princely house. Around the sculptured base of this now were seated groups of soldiers; their war-worn looks and piled arms contrasting strangely enough with the great porcelain vases of flowering plants that still decorated the rich "plateau." Chakos, helmets, and great coats were hung upon the orange trees. The heavy boots of the cuirassier, the white leather apron of the "sapeur," were drying along the marble benches of the terrace. The richly traceried veining of gilt iron-work, which separated the court from the garden, was actually covered with belts, swords, bayonets, and horse gear, in every stage and process of cleaning. Within the garden itself, however, all was silent and still. Two sentries, who paced backwards and forwards beneath the "grille," showing that the spot was to be respected by those whose careless gestures and reckless air betrayed how little influence the mere "genius of the place" would exercise over them. To me, the interest of everything

was increasing; and whether I lingered to listen to the raw remarks of the new recruit, in wonder at all he saw, or stopped to hear the campaigning stories of the old soldiers of the army, I never wearied. Few, if any, knew whither they were going; perhaps to the north to join the army of the Sambre; perhaps to the east, to the force upon the Rhine. It might be that they were destined for Italy: none cared! Meanwhile, at every moment, detachments moved off, and their places were filled by fresh arrivals—all dusty and way-worn from the march. Some had scarcely time to eat a hurried morsel, when they were called on to "fall in," and again the word "forward" was given. Such of the infantry as appeared too weary for the march were sent on in great charrettes drawn by six or eight horses, and capable of carrying forty men in each; and of these, there seemed to be no end. No sooner was one detachment away, than another succeeded. Whatever their destination, one thing seemed evident, the urgency that called them was beyond the common. For a while I forgot all about myself in the greater interest of the scene; but then came the thought, that I too should have my share in this onward movement, and now I set out to seek for my young friend, the "Sous-Lieutenant." I had not asked his name, but his regiment I knew to be the 22nd Chasseurs à Cheval. The uniform was light green, and easily enough to be recognised; yet nowhere was it to be seen. There were cuirassiers, and hussars, heavy dragoons, and carabiniers in abundance—everything, in short, but what I sought.

At last I asked of an old quartermaster where the 22nd were quartered, and heard, to my utter dismay, that they had marched that morning at eight o'clock. There were two more squadrons expected to arrive at noon, but the orders were that they were to proceed without further halt.

"And whither to?" asked I.

"To Treves, on the Moselle," said he, and turned away as if he would not be questioned further. It was true that my young friend could not have been much of a patron, yet the loss of him was deeply felt by me. He was to have introduced me to his Colonel, who probably might have obtained the leave I desired at once; and now I knew no one, not one even to advise me how to act. I sat down upon a bench to think, but could resolve on nothing; the very sight of that busy scene had now become a reproach to me. There were the veterans of a hundred battles hastening forward again to the field; there were the young soldiers just flushed with recent victory; even the peasant boys were "eager for the fray;" but I alone was to have no part in the coming glory. The enthusiasm of all around only served to increase and deepen my depression. There was not one there, from the old and war-worn veteran of the ranks to the merest boy, with whom I would not gladly have exchanged fortunes. Some hours passed over in these gloomy reveries, and when I looked up from the stupor my own thoughts had thrown over me, "the Cour" was almost empty. A few sick soldiers waiting for their billets of leave, a few recruits not yet named to any corps, and a stray orderly or two standing beside his horse, were all that remained.

I arose to go away, but in my pre-occupation of mind, instead of turning toward the street, I passed beneath a large arch-way into another court of the building, somewhat smaller, but much richer in decoration and ornament than the outer one. After spending some time admiring the quaint devices and grim heads which peeped out from all the architraves and friezes, my eye was caught by a low, arched door-way, in the middle of which was a small railed window, like the grille of a convent. I approached, and perceived that it led into a garden, by a long, narrow walk of clipped yew, dense and upright as a wall. The trimly-raked gravel, and the smooth surface of the hedge, showed the care bestowed on the grounds to be a wide contrast to the neglect exhibited in the mansion itself; a narrow border of hyacinths and carnations ran along either side of the walk, the gorgeous blossoms appearing in strong relief against the back-ground of dark foliage.

The door, as I leaned against it, gently yielded to the pressure of my arm, and almost without knowing it, I found myself standing within the precincts of the garden. My first impulse, of course, was to retire and close the door again, but somehow, I never knew exactly why, I could not resist the desire to see a little more of a scene so tempting. There was no mark of foot-steps on the gravel, and I thought it likely the garden was empty. Or I went, therefore, at first with caution and uncertain steps; at last, with more confidence, for as I issued from the hedge-walk, and reached an open space beyond, the solitude seemed unbroken. Fruit trees, loaded with their produce, stood in a closely shaven lawn, through which a small stream meandered. The banks planted with daffodills and water-lilies. Some pheasants moved about through the grass, but without alarm at my presence; while a young fawn boldly came over to me, and although in seeming disappointment at not finding an old friend, continued to walk beside me as I went.

The grounds appeared of great extent; paths led off in every direction, and while, in some places, I could perceive the glittering roof and sides of a conservatory, in others, the human culture of a vegetable garden was to be seen. There was a wondrous fascination in the calm and tranquil solitude around; and coming, as it did, so immediately after the busy bustle of the "soldiering," I was not only forgot that I was an intruder there, but suffered myself to wander "fancy free," following out the thoughts each object suggested. I believe at that moment, if the choice were given me, I would rather have been the "Adam of that Eden" than the proudest of those generals that erected a column to victory! Fortunately, or unfortunately—it would not be easy to decide which—the alternative was not open to me. It was while I was still musing, I found myself at the foot of a little eminence, on which stood a tower, whose height and position showed it had been built for the view it afforded over a vast tract of country. Even from where I stood, at its base, I could see over miles and miles of a great plain, with the main roads leading towards the north and eastward. This spot was also the boundary of the grounds, and a portion of the old boulevard of the town formed the deter-

against the open country beyond. It was a deep ditch, with sides of sloping sward, cropt neatly, and kept in trimmest order; but, from its depth and width, forming a fence of a formidable kind. I was peering cautiously down into the abyss, when I heard a voice so close to my ear, that I started with surprise. I listened, and perceived that the speaker was directly above me; and leaning over the battlements at the top of the tower.

"You're quite right," cried he, as he adjusted a telescope to his eye, and directed his view towards the plain. He *has* gone wrong! He has taken the Strasbourg road, instead of the northern one."

An exclamation of anger followed these words; and now I saw the telescope passed to another hand, and, to my astonishment, that of a lady.

"Was there ever stupidity like that? He saw the map like the others, and yet—Parbleu! it's too bad!"

I could perceive that a female voice made some rejoinder, but not distinguish the words; when the man again spoke—

"No, no; it's all a blunder of that old major; and here am I without an orderly to send after him. Diable! it is provoking."

"Isn't that one of your people at the foot of the tower?" said the lady, as she pointed to where I stood, praying for the earth to open, and close over me; for as he moved his head to look down, I saw the epaulettes of a staff officer.

"Halloa!" cried he, "are you on duty?"

"No, sir; I was——"

Not waiting for me to finish an explanation, he went on—

"Follow that division of cavalry that has taken the Strasbourg road, and tell Major Roquelard that he has gone wrong; he should have turned off to the left at the suburbs. Lose no time, but away at once. You are mounted, of course?"

"No, sir, my horse is at quarters; but I can——"

"No, no; it will be too late," he broke in again. "Take my troop horse, and be off. You'll find him in the stable, to your left."

Then turning to the lady I heard him say—

"It may save Roquelard from an arrest."

I did not wait for more, but hurried off in the direction he had pointed. A short gravel walk brought me in front of a low building, in the cottage style, but which, decorated with emblems of the chase, I guessed to be the stable. Not a groom was to be seen; but the door being unlatched, I entered freely. Four large and handsome horses were feeding at the racks, their glossy coats and long silky manes showing the care bestowed upon them. Which is the trooper? thought I, as I surveyed them all with keen and scrutinizing eye. All my skill in such matters was unable to decide the point; they seemed all alike valuable and handsome—in equally high condition, and exhibiting equal marks of careful treatment. Two were stamped on the haunches with the letters "R. F.;" and these, of course, were cavalry horses. One was a powerful black horse, whose strong quarters and deep chest bespoke great action, while the backward glances of his eye indicated the temper of a "tartar." Making choice of him without an instant's hesitation, I threw on the saddle, adjusted the stirrups to my own length, buckled the bridle, and led him forth. In all my "school experience" I had never seen an animal that pleased me so much; his well-arched neck and slightly-dipped back showed that an Arab cross had mingled with the stronger qualities of the Norman horse. I sprung to my saddle with delight; to be astride such a beast was to kindle up all the enthusiasm of my nature, and as I grasped the reins, and urged him forward, I was half wild with excitement.

Apparently the animal was accustomed to more gentle treatment, for he gave a loud snort, such as a surprised or frightened horse will give, and then bounded forward once or twice, as if to dismount me. This failing, he reared up perfectly straight, pawing madly, and threatening even to fall backwards. I saw that I had, indeed, selected a wicked one; for in every bound and spring, in every curvet and leap, the object was clearly to unseat the rider. At one instant he would crouch, as if to lie down, and then bound up several feet in the air, with a toss up of his haunches that almost sent me over the head. At another he would spring from side to side, writhing and twisting like a fish, till the saddle seemed actually slipping

away from his lithe body. Not only did I resist all these attacks, but vigorously continued to punish with whip and spur the entire time—a proceeding, I could easily see, he was not prepared for. At last, actually maddened with his inability to throw me, and enraged by my continuing to spur him, he broke away, and dashing headlong forward, rushed into the very thickest of the grove. Fortunately for me, the trees were either shrubs or of stunted growth, so that I had only to keep my saddle to escape danger; but suddenly emerging from this, he gained the open sward, and as if his passion became more furious as he indulged it, he threw up his head, and struck out in full gallop. I had but time to see that he was heading for the great fosse of the boulevard, when we were already on its brink. A shout, and a cry of I know not what, came from the tower; but I heard nothing more. Mad as the maddened animal himself, perhaps at that moment just as indifferent to life, I dashed the spurs into his flanks, and over we went, lighting on the green sward as easily as a seagull on a wave. To all seeming, the terrible leap had somewhat sobered him; but on me it had produced the very opposite effect. I felt that I had gained the mastery, and resolved to use it. With unrelenting punishment, then, I rode him forward, taking the country as it lay straight before me. The few fences which divided the great fields were too insignificant to be called leaps, and he took them in the “sling” of his stretching gallop. He was now subdued, yielding to every turn of my wrist, and obeying every motive of my will like an instinct. It may read like a petty victory; but he who has ever experienced the triumph over an enraged and powerful horse, well knows that few sensations are more pleasantly exciting. High as is the excitement of being borne along in full speed, leaving village and spire, glen and river, bridge and mill behind you—now careering up the mountain side, with the fresh breeze upon your brow; now diving into the dark forest, starting the hare from her cover, and sending the wild deer scampering before you—it is still increased by the sense of a victory, by feeling that the mastery is with you, and that each bound of the noble beast beneath you has its impulse in your own heart.

Although the cavalry squadrons I was despatched to overtake had quitted Nancy four hours before, I came up with them in less than an hour, and inquiring for the officer in command, rode up to the head of the division. He was a thin, gaunt-looking, stern-featured man, who listened to my message without changing a muscle.

“Who sent you with this order?” said he.

“A general officer, sir, whose name I don’t know; but who told me to take his own horse, and follow you.”

“Did he tell you to kill the animal, sir,” said he, pointing to the heaving flanks and shaking tail of the exhausted beast.

“He bolted with me at first, major, and having cleared the ditch of the Boulevard, rode away with me.”

“Why its Colonel Mahon’s Arab, ‘Aleppo,’ said another officer; what could have persuaded him to mount an orderly on a beast worth ten thousand francs?”

I thought I’d have fainted, as I heard these words; the whole consequences of my act revealed themselves before me, and I saw arrest, trial, sentence, imprisonment, and heaven knew what afterwards, like a panorama rolling out to my view.

“Tell the colonel, sir,” said the major, “that I have taken the north road, intending to cross over at Beaumont; that the artillery trains have cut up the Metz road so deeply cavalry cannot travel; tell him I thank him much for his politeness in forwarding this despatch to me; and tell him, that I regret the rules of active service should prevent my sending back an escort to place yourself under arrest, for the manner in which you have ridden—you hear, sir?”

I touched my cap in salute.

“Are you certain, sir, that you have my answer correctly?”

“I am, sir.”

“Repeat it, then.”

I mentioned the reply, word for word, as he spoke it.

“No, sir,” said he, as I concluded; “I said for unsoldierlike and cruel treatment to your horse.”

One of his officers whispered something in his ear, and he quietly added—

“I find that I had not used these words, but I ought to have done so; give the message, therefore, as you heard it at first.”

"Mahon will shoot him, to a certainty," muttered one of the captains.

"I'd not blame him," joined another; "that horse saved his life at Quiberon, when he fell in with a patrol; and look at him now!"

The major made a sign for me to retire, and I turned and set out towards Nancy, with the feelings of a convict on the way to his fate.

If I did not feel that these brief records of an humble career were "upon honor," and that the only useful lesson a life so unimportant can teach is, the conflict between opposing influences, I might possibly be disposed to blink the avowal, that, as I rode along towards Nancy, a very great doubt occurred to me as to whether I ought not to desert! It is a very ignoble expression; but it must out. There were not in the French service any of those ignominious punishments which, once undergone, a man is dishonoured for ever, and no more admissible to rank with men of character than if convicted of actual crime; but there were marks of degradation, almost as severe, then in vogue, and which men dreaded with a fear nearly as acute—such, for instance, as being ordered for service at the *Bagne de Brest*, in Toulon—the arduous duty of guarding the galley slaves, and which was scarcely a degree above the condition of the condemned themselves. Than such a fate as this, I would willingly have preferred death. It was, then, this thought that suggested desertion; but I soon rejected the unworthy temptation, and held on my way towards Nancy.

Aleppo, if at first wearied by the severe burst, soon rallied, while he showed no traces of his fiery temper, and exhibited few of fatigue; and as I walked along at his side, washing his mouth and nostrils at each fountain I passed, and slackening his saddle-girths, to give him freedom, long before we arrived at the suburbs he had regained all his looks, and much of his spirit.

At last we entered Nancy about nightfall, and, with a failing heart, I found myself at the gate of the Ducal palace. The sentries suffered me to pass unmolested, and entering, I took my way through the court-yard, towards the small gate of the garden, which, as I had left it, was unlatched.

It was strange enough, the nearer I drew towards the eventful moment of my fate, the more resolute and com-

posed my heart became. It is possible, thought I, that in a fit of passion he will send a ball through me, as the officer said. Be it so—the matter is the sooner ended. If, however, he will condescend to listen to my explanation, I may be able to assert my innocence, at least so far as intention went. With this comforting conclusion, I descended at the stable door. Two dragoons in undress were smoking, as they lay at full length upon a bench, and speedily arose as I came up.

"Tell the colonel he's come, Jacques," said one, in a loud voice, and the other retired; while the speaker, turning towards me, took the bridle from my hand, and led the animal in, without vouchsafing a word to me.

"An active beast that," said I, affecting the easiest and coolest indifference. The soldier gave me a look of undisguised amazement, and I continued—

"He has had a bad hand on him, I should say—some one too flurried and too fidgety to give confidence to a hot-tempered horse."

Another stare was all the reply.

"In a little time, and with a little patience, I'd make him as gentle as a lamb."

"I am afraid you'll not have the opportunity," replied he, significantly; "but the colonel, I see, is waiting for you, and you can discuss the matter together."

The other dragoon had just then returned, and made me a sign to follow him. A few paces brought us to the door of a small pavilion, at which a sentry stood, and having motioned to me to pass in, my guide left me. An orderly sergeant at the same instant appeared, and beckoning to me to advance, he drew aside a curtain, and pushing me forward, let the heavy folds close behind me; and now I found myself in a richly-furnished chamber, at the farther end of which an officer was at supper with a young and handsome woman. The profusion of wax lights on the table—the glitter of plate, and glass, and porcelain—the richness of the lady's dress, which seemed like the costume of a ball—were all objects distracting enough, but they could not turn me from the thought of my own condition; and I stood still and motionless, while the officer, a man of about fifty, with dark and stern features, deliberately scanned me from



head to foot. Not a word did he speak, not a gesture did he make, but sat, with his black eyes actually piercing me. I would have given anything for some outbreak of anger, some burst of passion, that would have put an end to this horrible suspense, but none came; and there he remained several minutes, as if contemplating something too new and strange for utterance. "This must have an end," thought I—"here goes;" and so, with my hand in salute, I drew myself full up, and said—

"I carried your orders, sir, and received for answer that Major Roque-lard had taken the north road advisedly, as that by Beaumont was cut up by the artillery trains; that he would cross over to the Metz Chaussée as soon as possible; that he thanked you for the kindness of your warning, and regretted that the rules of active service precluded his despatching an escort of arrest along with me, for the manner in which I had ridden with the order."

"Anything more?" asked the colonel, in a voice that sounded thick and guttural with passion.

"Nothing more, sir."

"No further remark or observation?"

"None, sir—at least from the major."

"What then—from any other?"

"A captain, sir, whose name I do not know, did say something."

"What was it?"

"I forget the precise words, sir, but their purport was, that Colonel Mahon would certainly shoot me when I got back."

"And you replied?"

"I don't believe I made any reply at the time, sir."

"But you thought, sir—what were your thoughts?"

"I thought it very like what I'd have done myself in a like case, although certain to be sorry for it afterwards."

Whether the emotion had been one for some time previous restrained, or that my last words had provoked it suddenly, I cannot tell, but the lady here burst out into a fit of laughter, but which was as suddenly checked by some sharp observation of the colonel, whose stern features grew sterner and darker every moment.

"There we differ, sir," said he, "for I should not. At the same instant he pushed his plate away, to make

room on the table for a small portfolio, opening which he prepared to write.

"You will bring this paper," continued he, "to the 'Prevot Marshal.' Tomorrow morning you shall be tried by a regimental court-martial, and as your sentence may probably be the galleys and hard labour——"

"I'll save them the trouble," said I, quietly drawing my sword; but scarcely was it clear of the scabbard when a shriek broke from the lady, who possibly knew not the object of my act; at the same instant the colonel bounded across the chamber, and striking me a severe blow upon the arm, dashed the weapon from my hand to the ground.

"You want the 'fusillade'—is that what you want?" cried he, as, in a towering fit of passion, he dragged me forward to the light. I was now standing close to the table; the lady raised her eyes towards me, and at once broke out into a burst of laughter; such hearty, merry laughter, that, even with the fear of death before me, I could almost have joined in it.

"What is it—what do you mean, Laure?" cried the colonel angrily.

"Don't you see it?" said she, still holding her kerchief to her face—"can't you perceive it yourself? He has only one moustache!"

I turned hastily towards the mirror beside me, and there was the fatal fact revealed—one gallant curl disported proudly over the left cheek, while the other was left bare.

"Is the fellow mad—a mountebank?" said the colonel, whose anger was now at its white heat.

"Neither, sir," said I, tearing off my remaining moustache, in shame and passion together. "Among my other misfortunes I have that of being young; and what's worse, I was ashamed of it; but I begin to see my error, and know that a man may be old without gaining either in dignity or temper."

With a stroke of his closed fist upon the table, the colonel made every glass and decanter spring from their places, while he uttered an oath that was only current in the days of that army. "This is beyond belief," cried he. "Come, gredin, you have at least had one piece of good fortune: you've fallen precisely into the hands of one who can deal with you. Your regiment?"

"The Ninth Hussars."

"Your name?"

"Tierney."

"Tierney; that's not a French name?"

"Not originally; we were Irish once."

"Irish," said he, in a different tone from what he had hitherto used. Any relative of a certain Comte Maurice de Tierney, who once served in the Royal Guard?"

"His son, sir."

"What—his son! Ar't certain of this, lad? You remember your mother's name then—what was it?"

"I never knew which was my mother," said I. "Mademoiselle de la Lasterie or——"

He did not suffer me to finish, but throwing his arms around my neck, pressed me to his bosom.

"You are little Maurice, then," said he, "the son of my old and valued comrade! Only think of it, Laure—I was that boy's godfather."

Here was a sudden change in my fortunes; nor was it without a great effort that I could credit the reality of it, as I saw myself seated between the colonel and his fair companion, both of whom overwhelmed me with attention. It turned out that Colonel Mahon had been a fellow-guardsmen with my father, for whom he had ever preserved the warmest attachment. One of the few survivors of the "Garde du Corps," he had taken service with the Republic, and was already reputed as one of the most distinguished cavalry officers.

"Strange enough, Maurice," said he to me, "there was something in your look and manner, as you spoke to me there, that recalled your poor father to my memory; and without knowing or suspecting why, I suffered you to bandy words with me, while at another moment I would have ordered you to be ironed and sent to prison."

(Of my mother, of whom I wished much to learn something, he would not speak, but adroitly changed the conversation to the subject of my own adventures, and these he made me recount from the beginning. If the lady enjoyed all the absurdities of my chequered fortune with a keen sense of the ridiculous, the colonel apparently could trace in them but so many resemblances to my father's character, and constantly broke out into exclamations of "How like him!" "Just what he would have done

himself!" "His own very words!" and so on.

It was only in a pause of the conversation, as the clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven, that I was aware of the lateness of the hour, and remembered that I should be on the punishment-roll the next morning for absence from quarters.

"Never fret about that, Maurice, I'll return your name as on a special service; and to have the benefit of truth on our side, you shall be named one of my orderlies, with the grade of corporal."

"Why not make him a sous-lieutenant?" said the lady, in a half whisper. "I'm sure he is better worth his epaulettes than any I have seen on your staff."

"Nay, nay," muttered the colonel, "the rules of the service forbid it. He'll win his spurs time enough, or I'm much mistaken."

While I thanked my new and kind patron for his goodness, I could not help saying, that my heart was eagerly set upon the prospect of actual service; and that proud as I should be of his protection, I would rather merit it by my conduct, than owe my advancement to favour.

"Which simply means that you are tired of Nancy, and riding drill, and want to see how men comport themselves where the manœuvres are not arranged beforehand. Well, so far you are right, boy. I shall, in all likelihood, be stationed here for three or four months, during which you may have advanced a stage or so towards those epaulettes my fair friend desires to see upon your shoulders. You shall, therefore, be sent forward to your own corps. I'll write to the colonel to confirm the rank of corporal; the regiment is at present on the Moselle; and, if I mistake not, will soon be actively employed. Come to me to-morrow before noon, and be prepared to march with the first detachments that are sent forward."

A cordial shake of the hand followed these words; and the lady having also vouchsafed me an equal token of her good will, I took my leave, the happiest fellow that ever betook himself to quarters after hours, and as indifferent to the penalties annexed to the breach of discipline as if the whole code of martial law were a mere fable.

## CHAPTER X.

## AN ARISTOCRATIC REPUBLICAN.

If the worthy reader would wish to fancy the happiest of all youthful beings, let him imagine what I must have been, as, mounted upon Aleppo, a present from my godfather, with a purse of six shining Louis in my pocket, and a letter to my colonel, I set forth for Metz. I had breakfasted with Colonel Mahon, who, amid much good advice for my future guidance, gave me, half sily, to understand that the days of Jacobinism had almost run their course, and that a reactionary movement had already set in. The Republic, he added, was as strong, perhaps stronger than ever, but that men had grown weary of mob tyranny, and were, day by day, reverting to the old loyalty, in respect for whatever pretended to culture, good breeding, and superior intelligence. "As in a shipwreck, the crew instinctively turn for counsel and direction to the officers, you will see that France will, notwithstanding all the libertinism of our age, place her confidence in the men who have been the tried and worthy servants of former governments. So far, then, from suffering on account of your gentle blood, Maurice, the time is not distant when it will do you good service; and when every association that links you with family and fortune will be deemed an additional guarantee of your good conduct. I mention these things," continued he, "because your colonel is what they call a 'Grosbleu,' that is, a coarse-minded, inveterate republican, detesting aristocracy and all that belongs to it. Take care, therefore, to give him no just cause for discontent, but be just as steady in maintaining your position as the descendant of a noble house, who has not forgotten what were once the privileges of his rank. Write to me frequently and freely, and I'll take care that you want for nothing, so far as my small means go, to sustain whatever grade you occupy. Your own conduct shall decide whether I ever desire to have any other inheritor than the son of my oldest friend in the world."

Such were his last words to me, as I set forth, in company with a large party, consisting, for the most part, of under officers and employes attached

to the medical staff of the army. It was a very joyous and merry fraternity, and, consisting of ingredients drawn from different pursuits and arms of the service, infinitely amusing from contrast of character and habits. My chief associate amongst them was a young sous-lieutenant of dragoons, whose age, scarcely much above my own, joined to a joyous, reckless temperament, soon pointed him out as the character to suit me: his name was Eugene Santron. In appearance he was slightly formed, and somewhat under-sized, but with handsome features, their animation rendered sparkling by two of the wickedest black eyes that ever glistened and glittered in a human head. I soon saw that, under the mask of affected fraternity and equality, he nourished the most profound contempt for the greater number of associates, who, in truth, were, however "braves gens," the very roughest and least-polished specimens of the polite nation. In all his intercourse with them, Eugene affected the easiest tone of camaraderé and equality, never assuming in the slightest, nor making any pretensions to the least superiority on the score of position or acquirements, but on the whole consoling himself, as it were, by "playing them off" in their several eccentricities, and rendering every trait of their vulgarity and ignorance tributary to his own amusement. Partly from seeing that he made me an exception to this practice, and partly from his perceiving the amusement it afforded me, we drew closer towards each other, and before many days elapsed, had become sworn friends.

There is probably no feature of character so very attractive to a young man as frankness. The most artful of all flatteries is that which addresses itself by candour, and seems at once to select, as it were, by intuition, the object most suited for a confidence. Santron carried me by a *coup de main* of this kind, as taking my arm one evening, as I was strolling along the bank of the Moselle, he said—

"My dear Maurice, it's very easy to see that the society of our excellent friends yonder is just as distasteful to you as to me. One cannot always be

satisfied laughing at their solecisms in breeding and propriety. One grows weary at last of ridiculing their thousand absurdities; and then there comes the terrible retribution in the reflection of what the devil brought me into such company? a question that, however easily answered, grows more and more intolerable the oftener it is asked. To be sure, in my case there was little choice in the matter, for I was not in any way the arbiter of my own fortune. I saw myself converted from a royal page to a printer's devil by a kind old fellow, who saved my life by smearing my face with ink, and covering my scarlet uniform with a filthy blouse; and since that day I have taken the hint, and often found the lesson a good one—the dirtier the safer!

"We were of the old nobility of France, but as the name of our family was the cause of its extinction, I took care to change it. I see you don't clearly comprehend me, and so I'll explain myself better. My father lived unmolested during the earlier days of the revolution, and might so have continued to the end, if a detachment of the Garde Republicaine had not been despatched to our neighbourhood of Sarre Louis, where it was supposed some lurking regard for royalty yet lingered. These fellows neither knew nor cared for the ancient noblesse of the country, and one evening a patrol of them stopped my father as he was taking his evening walk along the ramparts. He would scarcely deign to notice the insolent '*Qui va là!*' of the sentry, a summons *he* at least thought superfluous in a town which had known his ancestry for eight or nine generations. At the repetition of the cry, accompanied by something that sounded ominous, in the sharp click of a gun-lock, he replied haughtily, '*Je suis le Marquis de Saint-Trone.*'

"'*There are no more Marquises in France!*' was the savage answer.

"My father smiled contemptuously, and briefly said, '*Saint-Trone.*'

"'*We have no Saints either,*' cried another.

"'*Be it so, my friend,*' said he, with mingled pity and disgust. '*I suppose some designation may at least be left to me, and that I may call myself Trone.*'

"'*We are done with thrones long ago,*' shouted they in chorus, '*and we'll finish you also.*'

"Aye, and they kept their word too. They shot him that same evening, on very little other charge than his own name! If I have retained the old sound of my name, I have given it a more plebeian spelling, which is, perhaps, just as much of an alteration as any man need submit to for a period that will pass away so soon."

"How so, Eugene? you fancy the republic will not endure in France. What, then, can replace it?"

"Anything, everything; for the future all is possible. We have annihilated legitimacy, it is true, just as the Indians destroy a forest, by burning the trees, but the roots remain, and if the soil is incapable of sending up the giant stems as before, it is equally unable to furnish a new and different culture. Monarchy is just as firmly rooted in a Frenchman's heart, but he will have neither patience for its tedious growth, nor can he submit to restore what has cost him so dearly to destroy. The consequences will, therefore, be a long and continued struggle between parties, each imposing upon the nation the form of government that pleases it in turn. Meanwhile you and I, and others like us, must serve whatever is uppermost—the cleverest fellow he who sees the coming change, and prepares to take advantage of it."

"Then are you a royalist?" asked I.

"A royalist! what! stand by a monarch who deserted his aristocracy, and forgot his own order; defend a throne that he had reduced to the condition of a *fauteuil de Bourgeois*?"

"You are then for the Republic?"

"For what robbed me of my inheritance—what degraded me from my rank, and reduced me to a state below that of my own vassals! Is this a cause to uphold?"

"You are satisfied with military glory, perhaps," said I, scarcely knowing what form of faith to attribute to him.

"In an army where my superiors are the very dregs of the people; where the *canaille* have the command, and the chivalry of France is represented by a *sans-culotte*!"

"The cause of the Church——"

A burst of ribald laughter cut me short, and laying his hand on my shoulder he looked me full in the face; while with a struggle to recover his gravity, he said—

"I hope, my dear Maurice, you are

not serious, and that you do not mean this for earnest! Why, my dear boy, don't you talk of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Delphic Oracle, of Alchemy, Astrology—of anything, in short, of which the world, having amused itself, has, at length, grown weary? Can't you see that the Church has passed away, and these good priests have gone the same road as their predecessors. Is any acuteness wanting to show that there is an end of this superstition that has enthralled men's minds for a couple of thousand years? No, no, their game is up, and for ever. These pious men, who despised this world, and yet had no other hold upon the minds of others than by the very craft and subtlety that world taught them. These heavenly souls, whose whole machinations revolved about earthly objects and the successes of this grovelling planet! Fight for *them*! No, *par-bleu*; we owe them but little love or affection. Their whole aim in life has been to disgust one with whatever is enjoyable, and the best boon they have conferred upon humanity, that bright thought, of locking up the softest eyes and fairest cheeks of France in cloisters and nunneries! I can forgive our glorious revolution much of its wrong when I think of the Pretre; not but that they could have knocked down the Church without suffering the ruins to crush the Chateau!"

Such, in brief, were the opinions my companion held, and of which I was accustomed to hear specimens every day; at first, with displeasure and repugnance; later on, with more of toleration; and, at last, with a sense of amusement at the singularity of the notions, or the dexterity with which he defended them. The poison of his doctrines were the more insidious, because, mingled with a certain dash of good nature, and a reckless, careless easiness of disposition, always attractive to very young men. His reputation for courage, of which he had given signal proofs, elevated him in my esteem; and, ere long, all my misgivings about him, in regard of certain blemishes, gave way before my admiration of his heroic bearing and a readiness to confront peril, wherever to be found.

I had made him the confidant of my own history, of which I told him everything, save the passages which related to the Père Michel. These I either

entirely glossed over, or touched so lightly as to render unimportant; a dread of ridicule restraining me from any mention of those earlier scenes of my life, which were alone of all those I should have avowed with pride. Perhaps it was from mere accident—perhaps some secret shame to conceal my forlorn and destitute condition may have had its share in the motive; but, for some cause or other, I gave him to understand that my acquaintance with Colonel Mahon had dated back to a much earlier period than a few days before, and, the impression once made, a sense of false shame, led me to support it.

"Mahon can be a good friend to you," said Eugene; "he stands well with all parties. The Convention trust him, the sansculottes are afraid of him, and the few men of family whom the guillotine has left look up to him as one of their staunchest adherents. Depend upon it, therefore, your promotion is safe enough, even if there were not a field open for every man who seeks the path to eminence. The great point, however, is to get service with the army of Italy. These campaigns here are as barren and profitless as the soil they are fought over; but, in the south, Maurice, in the land of dark eyes and tresses, under the blue skies, or beneath the trelliced vines, there are rewards of victory more glorious than a grateful country, as they call it, ever bestowed. Never forget, my boy, that you or I have no Cause! It is to us a matter of indifference what party triumphs, or who is uppermost. The government may change to-morrow, and the day after, and so on for a month long, and yet we remain just as we were. Monarchy, Commonwealth, Democracy—what you will—may rule the hour, but the sous-lieutenant is but the servant who changes his master. Now, in revenge for all this, we have one compensation—which is, to "live for the day." To make the most of that brief hour of sunshine granted us, and to taste of every pleasure—to mingle in every dissipation—and enjoy every excitement that we can. This is my philosophy, Maurice, and just try it."

Such was the companion with whom chance threw me in contact, and I grieve to think how rapidly his influence gained the mastery over me.



## CHAPTER XI.

## “THE PASSAGE OF THE RHINE.”

I PARTED from my friend Eugene at Treves, where he remained in garrison, while I was sent forward to Coblenz to join my regiment, at that time forming part of Ney's division.

Were I to adhere in my narrative to the broad current of great events, I should here have to speak of that grand scheme of tactics by which Kleber, advancing from the Lower Rhine, engaged the attention of the Austrian Grand Duke, in order to give time and opportunity for Hoche's passage of the river at Strasbourg, and the commencement of that campaign which had for its object the subjugation of Germany. I have not, however, the pretension to chronicle those passages which history has for ever made memorable, even were my own share in them of a more distinguished character. The insignificance of my station must, therefore, be my apology if I turn from the description of great and eventful incidents to the humble narrative of my own career.

Whatever the contents of Colonel Mahon's letter, they did not plead very favourably for me with Colonel Hacque, my new commanding officer; neither, to all seeming, did my own appearance weigh anything in my favour. Raising his eyes at intervals from the letter to stare at me, he uttered some broken phrases of discontent and displeasure; at last he said—“What's the object of this letter, sir; to what end have you presented it to me?”

“As I am ignorant of its contents, colonel,” said I, calmly, “I can scarcely answer the question.”

“Well, sir, it informs me that you are the son of a certain Count Tiernay, who has long since paid the price of his nobility; and that being an especial protégé of the writer, he takes occasion to present you to me; now I ask again, with what object?”

“I presume, sir, to obtain for me the honour which I now enjoy—to become personally known to you.”

“I know every soldier under my command, sir,” said he, rebukingly, “as you will soon learn if you remain in my regiment. I have no need of recommendatory letters on that score. As to your grade of corporal, it is not

confirmed; time enough when your services shall have shown that you deserve promotion. Parbleu, sir, you'll have to show other claims than your *ci-devant* countship.”

“Colonel Mahon gave me a horse, sir, may I be permitted to retain him as a regimental mount?” asked I, timidly.

“We want horses—what is he like?”

“Three quarters Arab, and splendid in action, sir.”

“Then of course, unfit for service and field manœuvres. Send him to the *Etat Major*. The Republic will find a fitting mount for you; you may retire.”

And I did retire, with a heart almost bursting between anger and disappointment. What a future did this opening present to me! What a realisation this of all my flattering hopes!

This sudden reverse of fortune, for it was nothing less, did not render me more disposed to make the best of my new condition, nor see in the most pleasing light the rough and rude fraternity among which I was thrown. The Ninth Hussars were reputed to be an excellent service-corps, but, off duty, contained some of the worst ingredients of the army. Play, and its consequence Duelling, filled up every hour not devoted to regimental duty; and low as the tone of manners and morals stood in the service generally, “Hacque's Tapageurs,” as they were called, enjoyed the unflattering distinction of being the leaders. Self-respect was a quality utterly unknown amongst them—none felt ashamed at the disgrace of punishment—and as all knew that, at the approach of the enemy, prison-doors would open, and handcuffs fall off, they affected to think the *Salle de Police* was a pleasant alternative to the fatigue and worry of duty. These habits not only stripped soldiering of all its chivalry, but robbed freedom itself of all its nobility. These men saw nothing but licentiousness in their newly-won liberty. Their “Equality” was the permission to bring everything down to a base and unworthy standard; their “Fraternity,” the appropriation of what belonged to one richer than themselves.

It would give me little pleasure to recount, and the reader, in all likelihood, as little to hear, the details of my life among such associates. They are the passages of my history most painful to recall, and least worthy of being remembered; nor can I even yet write without shame the confession, how rapidly *their* habits became *my own*. Eugene's teachings had prepared me, in a manner, for their lessons. His scepticism extending to everything and every one, had made me distrustful of all friendship, and suspicious of whatever appeared a kindness. Vulgar association, and daily intimacy with coarsely-minded men, soon finished what he had begun; and in less time than it took me to break my troop-horse to regimental drill, I had been myself "broke in" to every vice and abandoned habit of my companions.

It was not in my nature to do things by halves; and thus I became, and in a brief space too, the most inveterate Tapageur of the whole regiment. There was not a wild prank or plot in which I was not foremost, not a breach of discipline unaccompanied by my name or presence, and more than half the time of our march to meet the enemy, I passed in double irons under the guard of the Provost-marshal.

It was at this pleasant stage of my education that our brigade arrived at Strasbourg, as part of the corps d'armée under the command of General Moreau.

He had just succeeded to the command on the dismissal of Pichegru, and found the army not only dispirited by the defeats of the past campaign, but in a state of rudest indiscipline and disorganization. If left to himself, he would have trusted much to time and circumstances for the reform of abuses that had been the growth of many months long. But Regnier, the second in command, was made of "different stuff;" he was a harsh and stern disciplinarian, who rarely forgave a first, never a second offence, and who deeming the Salle de Police as an incubance to an army on service, which, besides, required a guard of picked men, that might be better employed elsewhere, usually gave the preference to the shorter sentence of "four paces and a fusillade." Nor was he particular in the classification of those crimes he thus expiated: from the most trivial excess to the wildest scheme of insubordination, all came under the one category.

More than once, as we drew near to Strasbourg, I heard the project of a mutiny discussed, day after day. Some one or other would denounce the "scelerat Regnier," and proclaim his readiness to be the executioner; but the closer we drew to head-quarters, the more hushed and subdued became these mutterings, till at last they ceased altogether; and a dark and foreboding dread succeeded to all our late boastings and denunciations.

This at first surprised and then utterly disgusted me with my companions. Brave as they were before the enemy, had they no courage for their own countrymen? Was all their valour the offspring of security, or could they only be rebellious when the penalty had no terrors for them? Alas! I was very young, and did not then know that men are never strong against the right, and that a bad cause is always a weak one.

It was about the middle of June when we reached Strasbourg, where now about forty thousand troops were assembled. I shall not readily forget the mingled astonishment and disappointment our appearance excited as the regiment entered the town. The Tapageurs, so celebrated for all their terrible excesses and insubordination, were seen to be a fine corps of soldier-like fellows, their horses in high condition, their equipments and arms in the very best order. Neither did our conduct at all tally with the reputation that preceded us. All was orderly and regular in the several billets; the parade was particularly observed; not a man late at the night muster. What was the cause of this sudden and remarkable change? Some said that we were marching against the enemy; but the real explanation lay in the few words of a general order read to us by our colonel the day before we entered the city:—

"The 9th Hussars have obtained the unworthy reputation of being an ill-disciplined and ill-conducted regiment, relying upon their soldierlike qualities in face of the enemy to cover the disgrace of their misconduct in quarters. This is a mistake that must be corrected. All Frenchmen are brave; none can arrogate to themselves any prerogative of valour. If any wish to establish such a belief, a campaign can always attest it. If any profess to think so without such proof, and acting

in conformity with this impression, disobey their orders or infringe regimental discipline, I will have them shot.

“REONIER,  
“Adjutant-general.”

This was, at least, a very straightforward and intelligible announcement, and as such my comrades generally acknowledged it. I, however, regarded it as a piece of monstrous and intolerable tyranny, and sought to make converts to my opinion by declaiming about the rights of Frenchmen, the liberty of free discussion, the glorious privilege of equality, and so on; but these arguments sounded faint in presence of the drum-head; and while some slunk away from the circle around me, others significantly hinted that they would accept no part of the danger my doctrines might originate.

However I might have respected my comrades, had they been always the well-disciplined body I now saw them, I confess that this sudden conversion from fear was in nowise to my taste, and rashly confounded their dread of punishment with a base and ignoble fear of death. “And these are the men,” thought I, “who talk of their charging home through the dense masses of Austria—who have hunted the leopard into the sea! and have carried the flag of France over the high Alps!”

A bold rebel, whatever may be the cause against which he revolts, will always be sure of a certain ascendancy. Men are prone to attribute power to pretension, and he who stands foremost in the breach will at least win the suffrages of those whose cause he assumes to defend. In this way it happened that exactly as my comrades fell in esteem, I was elevated in theirs; and while I took a very depreciating estimate of their courage, they conceived a very exalted opinion of mine.

It was altogether inexplicable to see these men, many of them the bronzed veterans of a dozen campaigns—the wounded and distinguished soldiers in many a hard-fought field, yielding up their opinions and sacrificing their convictions to a raw and untried stripling, who had never yet seen an enemy.

With a certain fluency of speech I possessed also a readiness at picking up information, and arraying the scattered fragments of news into a certain consistence, which greatly imposed upon my comrades. A quick eye for

manœuvres, and a shrewd habit of combining in my own mind the various facts that came before me, made me appear to them a perfect authority on military matters, of which I talked, I shame to say, with all the confidence and presumption of an accomplished general. A few lucky guesses, and a few half-hints, accidentally confirmed, completed all that was wanting; and what says “Le Jeune Maurice,” was the inevitable question that followed each piece of flying gossip, or every rumour that rose of a projected movement.

I have seen a good deal of the world since that time, and I am bound to confess, that not a few of the great reputations I have witnessed have stood upon grounds very similar, and not a whit more stable than my own. A bold face, a ready tongue, a promptness to support, with my right hand, whatever my lips were pledged to, and, above all, good luck, made me the king of my company; and although that sovereignty only extended to half a squadron of hussars, it was a whole universe to me.

So stood matters when, on the 23rd of June, orders came for the whole *corps d'armée* to hold itself in readiness for a forward movement. Rations for two days were distributed, and ammunition given out, as if for an attack of some duration. Meanwhile to obviate any suspicion of our intentions, the gates of Strasbourg, on the eastern side, were closed—all egress in that direction forbidden—and couriers and *estalettes* sent off towards the north, as if to provide for the march of our force in that direction. The arrival of various orderly dragoons during the previous night, and on that morning early, told of a great attack in force on Mannheim, about sixty miles lower down the Rhine, and the cannonade of which some avowed that they could hear at that distance. The rumour, therefore, seemed confirmed, that we were ordered to move to the north, to support this assault.

The secret despatch of a few dismounted dragoons and some rifle-men to the banks of the Rhine, however, did not strike me as according with this view, and particularly as I saw that, although all were equipped, and in readiness to move, the order to march was not given, a delay very unlikely to be incurred, if we were destined to act

as the reserve of the force already engaged.

Directly opposite to us, on the right bank of the river, and separated from it by a low flat, of about two miles in extent, stood the fortress of Kehl, at that time garrisoned by a strong Austrian force; the banks of the river, and the wooded islands in the stream, which communicated with the right by bridges, or fordable passes, being also held by the enemy in force.

These we had often seen, by the aid of telescopes, from the towers and spires of Strasbourg; and now I remarked that the general and his staff seemed more than usually intent on observing their movements. This fact, coupled with the not less significant one, that no preparations for a defence of Strasbourg were in progress, convinced me that, instead of moving down the Rhine to the attack on Mannheim, the plan of our general was, to cross the river where we were, and make a dash at the fortress of Kehl. I was soon to receive the confirmation of my suspicion, as the orders came for two squadrons of the 9th to proceed, dismounted, to the bank of the Rhine, and, under shelter of the willows, to conceal themselves there. Taking possession of the various skiffs and fishing boats along the bank, we were distributed in small parties, to one of which, consisting of eight men under the orders of a corporal, I belonged.

About an hour's march brought us to the river side, in a little clump of alder willows, where, moored to a stake, lay a fishing boat with two short oars in her. Lying down beneath the shade, for the afternoon was hot and sultry, some of us smoked, some chatted, and a few dozed away the hours that somehow seemed unusually slow in passing.

There was a certain dogged sullenness about my companions, which proceeded from their belief, that we and all who remained at Strasbourg, were merely left to occupy the enemy's attention, while greater operations were to be carried on elsewhere.

"You see what it is to be a condemned corps," muttered one; "it's little matter what befalls the old 9th, even should they be cut to pieces."

"They didn't think so at Engbien," said another, "when we rode down the Austrian cuirassiers."

"Plain enough," cried a third, "we are to have skirmishers' duty here,

without skirmishers' fortune in having a force to fall back upon."

"Eh! Maurice, is not this very like what you predicted for us?" broke in a fourth ironically.

"I'm of the same mind still," rejoined I coolly, "the General is not thinking of a retreat; he has no intention of deserting a well-garrisoned, well-provisioned fortress. Let the attack on Mannheim have what success it may, Strasbourg will be held still. I overheard Colonel Guyon remark, that the waters of the Rhine have fallen three feet since the drought set in, and Regnier replied 'that we must have no time, for there will come rain and floods ere long.' Now what could that mean, but the intention to cross over yonder?"

"Cross the Rhine in face of the army of Kehl!" broke in the corporal.

"The French army have done bold things before now!" was my reply, and whatever the opinion of my comrades, the flattery ranged them on my side. Perhaps the corporal felt it beneath his dignity to discuss tactics with an inferior, or perhaps he felt unable to refute the specious pretensions I advanced; in any case he turned away, and either slept, or affected sleep, while I strenuously laboured to convince my companions that my surmise was correct.

I repeated all my former arguments about the decrease in the Rhine, showing that the river was scarcely two-thirds of its habitual breadth, that the nights were now dark, and well suited for a surprise, that the columns which issued from the town took their departure with a pomp and parade far more likely to attract the enemy's attention than escape his notice, and were, therefore, the more likely to be destined for some secret expedition, of which this display was but the blind. These, and similar facts, I grouped together with a certain ingenuity, which, it failed to convince, at least silenced my opponents. And now the brief twilight, if so short a struggle between day and darkness deserved the name, passed off, and night suddenly closed around us—a night black and starless, for a heavy mass of lowering cloud seem to unite with the dense vapour that arose from the river, and the low-lying grounds along side of it. The air was hot and sultry, too, like the precursor of a thunder storm, and the rush

the stream as it washed among the willows, sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness.

A hazy, indistinct flame, the watch-fire of the enemy, on the island of Eslar, was the only object visible in the murky darkness. After a while, however, we could detect another fire on a smaller island, a short distance higher up the stream. This, at first dim and uncertain, blazed up after a while, and at length we descried the dark shadows of men as they stood around it.

It was but the day before that I had been looking on a map of the Rhine, and remarked to myself that this small island, little more than a mere rock in the stream, was so situated as to command the bridge between Eslar and the German bank, and I could not help wondering that the Austrians had never taken the precaution to strengthen it, or at least place a gun there, to enfilade the bridge. Now, to my extreme astonishment, I saw it occupied by the soldiery, who, doubtless, were artillery, as in such a position small arms would prove of slight efficiency. As I reflected over this, wondering within myself if any intimation of our movements could have reached the enemy, I heard along the ground on which I was lying the peculiar tremulous, dull sound communicated by a large body of men marching. The measured tramp could not be mistaken, and as I listened I could perceive that a force was moving towards the river from different quarters. The rumbling roll of heavy guns and the clattering noise of cavalry were also easily distinguished, and awaking one of my comrades I called his attention to the sounds.

"Parbleu!" said he, "thou'rt right; they're going to make a dash at the fortress, and there will be hot work ere morning. What say you now, corporal, has Maurice hit it off this time?"

"That's as it may be," growled the other sulkily; "guessing is easy work ever for such as thee! but if he be so clever, let him tell us why are we stationed along the river's bank in small detachments. We have had no orders to observe the enemy, nor to report upon anything that might go forward; nor do I see with what object we were to secure the fishing boats; troops could never be conveyed across the Rhine in skiffs like these!"

"I think that this order was given to prevent any of the fishermen giving

information to the enemy in case of a sudden attack," replied I.

"Mayhap thou wert at the council of war when the plan was decided on," said he, contemptuously. "For a fellow that never saw the smoke of an enemy's gun thou hast a rare audacity in talking of war!"

"Yonder is the best answer to your taunt," said I, as in a little bend of the stream beside us, two boats were seen to pull under the shelter of the tall alders, from which the clank of arms could be plainly heard; and now another larger launch swept past, the dark shadows of a dense crowd of men showing above the gunwale.

"They are embarking, they are certainly embarking," now ran from mouth to mouth. As the troops arrived at the river's bank they were speedily "told off" in separate divisions, of which some were to lead the attack, others to follow, and a third portion to remain as a reserve in the event of a repulse.

The leading boat was manned entirely by volunteers, and I could hear from where I lay the names called aloud as the men stepped out from the ranks. I could hear that the first point of attack was the island of Eslar. So far there was a confirmation of my own guessing, and I did not hesitate to assume the full credit of my skill from my comrades. In truth, they willingly conceded all or even more than I asked for. Not a stir was heard, not a sight seen, not a movement made of which I was not expected to tell the cause and the import; and knowing that to sustain my influence there was nothing for it but to affect a thorough acquaintance with everything, I answered all their questions boldly and unhesitatingly. I need scarcely observe that the corporal in comparison sunk into downright insignificance. He had already shown himself a false guide, and none asked his opinion further, and I became the ruling genius of the hour. The embarkation now went briskly forward, several light field guns were placed in the boats, and two or three large rafts, capable of containing two companies each, were prepared to be towed across by boats.

Exactly as the heavy hammer of the cathedral struck one, the first boat emerged from the willows, and darting rapidly forward, headed for the middle of the stream; another and another in quick succession followed, and speedily



were lost to us in the gloom; and now, two four-oared skiffs stood out together, having a raft, with two guns, in tow; by some mischance, however, they got entangled in a side current, and the raft swerving to one side, swept past the boats, carrying them down the stream along with it. Our attention was not suffered to dwell on this mishap, for at the same moment the flash and rattle of fire-arms told us the battle had begun. Two or three isolated shots were first heard, and then a sharp platoon fire, accompanied by a wild cheer, that we well knew came from our own fellows. One deep mellow boom of a large gun resounded amidst the crash, and a slight streak of flame, higher up the stream, showed that the shot came from the small island I have already spoken of.

"Listen, lads," said I, "that came from the 'Fels Insel.' If they are firing grape yonder, our poor fellows in the boats will suffer sorely from it. By Jove there is a crash!"

As I was speaking a rattling noise like the sound of clattering timber was heard, and with it a sharp, shrill cry of agony, and all was hushed.

"Let's at them, boys; they can't be much above our own number. The island is a mere rock," cried I to my comrades.

"Who commands this party?" said the corporal, "you or I?"

"You, if you lead us against the enemy," said I; "but I'll take it if my comrades will follow me. There goes another shot, lads—yes or no—now is the time to speak."

"We're ready," cried three, springing forward, with one impulse.

At the instant I jumped into the skiff, the others took their places, and then came a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, and a seventh, leaving the corporal alone on the bank.

"Come along, corporal," cried I, "we'll win your epaulettes for you;" but he turned away without a word; and not waiting further, I pushed out the skiff, and sent her skimming down the stream.

"Pull steady, boys, and silently," said I; "we must gain the middle of the current, and then drop down the river without the least noise. Once beneath the trees, we'll give them a volley, and then the bayonet. Remember, lads, no flinching; it's as well to

die here as be shot by old Regier tomorrow."

The conflict on the Eslar island was now, to all seeming, at its height. The roll of musketry was incessant, and sheets of flame, from time to time, streaked the darkness above the river.

"Stronger and together, boys—more—there it is—we are in the current, now; in with you, men, and to your carbines—see that the firing is safe; every shot soon worth a fusilade. Lie still now, and wait for the word to fire."

The spreading foliage of the trees was rustling over our heads, and the sharp skiff, borne by the current, glided smoothly on till it struck the rock. With high hearts we clambered up the little island, and as we reached the top, immediately beneath us, in a slight depression of the ground, several figures and a gun, which they were busy in loading. I looked right and left to see if my little party were all assembled, and without waiting for more, gave the order—fire!

We were within pistol range, and the discharge was a deadly one. The terror, however, was not complete; for all who escaped death from the spot, and dashing through brushwood, made for the shallow of the stream, between the island and the right bank.

Our prize was a brass eight-pounder, and an ample supply of ammunition. The gun was pointed towards the middle of the stream, where the current being strongest, the boats would necessarily be delayed; and in all likelihood some of our gallant comrades had already experienced its fatal fire. We wheeled it right about, and pointed it at the Eslar bridge, was the work of a few minutes; and while three of our little party kept up a steady fire on the retreating enemy, the others loaded the gun and prepared to fire.

Our distance from the Eslar island and bridge, as well as I could judge from the darkness, might be about a hundred and fifty yards; and as we had the advantage of a slight elevated ground, our position was admirable.

"Wait patiently, lads," said I, "straining, with difficulty, the patience of my men. Wait patiently till the retreat has commenced over the bridge. The work is too hot to be

no longer on the island; to fire upon them there, would be to risk our own lives as much as the enemy. See what flashes of flame break forth among the brushwood; and listen to the cheering now. That was a French cheer!—and there goes another! Look!—look, the bridge is darkening already! That was a bugle-call, and they are in full retreat. Now, lads—now!”

As I spoke, the gun exploded, and the instant after we heard the crashing rattle of the timber, as the shot struck the bridge, and splintered the wood-work in all directions.

“The range is perfect, lads,” cried I. “Load and fire with all speed.”

Another shot, followed by a terrific crash from the bridge, told how the

work was doing. Oh! the savage exultation, the fiendish joy of my heart, as I drank in that cry of agony, and called upon my men to load faster.

Six shots were poured in with tremendous precision and effect, and the seventh tore away one of the main supports of the bridge, and down went the densely crowded column into the Rhine; at the same instant, the guns of our launches opened a destructive fire upon the banks, which soon were swept clean of the enemy.

High up on the stream, and for nearly a mile below also, we could see the boats of our army pulling in for shore; the crossing of the Rhine had been effected, and we now prepared to follow.

LINES BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

GLENGARIFFE.

SCENE after scene, like clouds by loose winds blown,  
Fades unremembered. Lost in Hope, Love, Fear,  
We see, and we behold not;—eye and ear  
Take little note of stream, or tree, or stone.

How calm the trance of changeless beauty here!  
Heard in the stillness of this twilight place,  
What voices murmur back, with lingering tone,  
The dreamy days of youth, that left no trace!

This is a woman's magic—one, whose heart,  
Waked by the mighty poets, learned their art,  
And made the mystery of song her own;  
And henceforth will a deeper interest  
Than Nature's silent loveliness, invest  
Esk's eagle height, GLENA, GLENGARIFFE lone.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LIX.

## LORD GOUGH.

"*Quisque maximus quoque negotiosus.*" The gallant subject of this sketch would figure more than he does in the annals of war, had he been more scribe, and less of a soldier. Considering the distinguished commands which he held, and how long he has been before the world as the bravest of the brave, the reader would scarcely credit the difficulty which we have found in gathering from his friends and relatives, any anecdotes of his early life, or details of particular services, beyond those to be collected from the most ordinary sources of public intelligence.

Lord Gough is the youngest son of the late gallant Lieut.-Colonel Gough and Letitia, daughter of Thomas Bunbury, of Limerick, a most worthy and respectable gentleman, who for many years represented the county of Cork. The first settlement in Ireland of the Gough family took place in 1626. Francis Gough, whose remains repose in his own Cathedral of St. Mary, Limerick, was appointed to the bishopric of that diocese.

The father of the present nobleman long commanded the Limerick militia, and was present with them when they did good service upon the landing of the French in Ireland. He died in 1836, beloved and honoured by all who knew him; having had the satisfaction of witnessing the rising renown of his grandson, whose military achievements, we have very little doubt, gave that son as much satisfaction for the joy which they sent to the heart of a venerated parent, as for any delight in the contemplation of them of which he himself was capable. Nor was he the only son by whom parental pride might be gratified—the present nobleman had two brothers in the army, both of whom were creditably distinguished.

Lord Gough was born at the seat of his father, Woodstown, county Limerick, on the 3rd November, 1779, and was educated at home, under a private tutor. The military passion had, from boyhood, taken possession of him, and he obtained a commission in his father's regiment, the Limerick militia, at an early age of thirteen. His lieutenancy followed in a few months after, and he was then transferred, as lieutenant, to the 119th Regiment of the line, in which he must already have approved himself as an active, intelligent, and steady officer, as we find him serving as adjutant of that corps at an unprecedentedly early age. Upon the disbandment of that regiment, he was transferred to the 78th Highlanders, which he joined at the Cape of Good Hope, and was present at the surrender of the Dutch fleet in Saldanah Bay.

The second battalion of the 78th Regiment having been reduced, he was transferred to the 87th, his present regiment, and having proceeded with it to the West Indies, was present at the attack upon Porto Rico, the brigades in St. Lucia, and the taking of Surinam.

And now the time approached when our hero was to enter upon a larger field of action, and the valour and steadiness of British troops to be tested in conjunction with the conquerors of Europe. Spain was in arms; its wrongs had aroused a spirit of patriotic vengeance in the hearts of its tranquil and peace-loving population. Great Britain, lately its enemy, now its ally, had fanned the flame; her legions and her treasures were lavishly proffered in defence of the nation's independence. The perfidious tyrant, whose wanton aggression had provoked this holy war, imagined, when he found our armies in the field, that he had taken the English out of their element; that the sea, not the land, was the appropriate field of action; and that, while he prosecuted more extensive views of aggrandisement upon the Continent, his marshals, who had so frequently seen the chivalry of Europe wither before him, would deem it but a little matter to drive the Leopard into the sea.

Nor could it be denied that hitherto the achievements of this extraordinary being had kept pace with the Ossianic grandeur of his conceptions. L



*Dublin James M' Glashan 1950*





combination which had been formed against him had hitherto failed, and every project upon which he had fixed his heart had proved successful. Upon Spain he had pounced as an eagle upon its prey; and no wonder that he looked upon the interference of England, when she came to the rescue of that devoted country, with a lofty and Titanic scorn, as but provoking for herself the doom from which she would fain deliver others.

But already had he begun to experience misgivings to which his indurated heart had hitherto been a stranger. The Leopard was *not* driven into the sea. The battles of Rolica, Vimiero, and Corunna had been fought; and the star of Wellesley had begun to ascend; at first, indeed, with a quiet grandeur, but with such measured and regulated steadiness, as indicated clearly, to competent observers, that it was no meteoric effulgence, which comes suddenly, and as suddenly passes away. Had he read the signs of the times aright, he would have foregone every other object, and concentrated all his powers and all his energies upon the destruction of one who was to give a death-blow to his ambition. But he was intoxicated by success, and would not, or could not, see things in their true light;—until that truth had burst upon him in a voice of thunder, announcing, at the same time, his political annihilation.

Napoleon had surrounded himself with warriors, who had won for themselves an European reputation, and regarded him as a tutelary god. Wellesley had just begun to train the soldiers of the British army into fit antagonists of the forces to whom they were opposed; and Gough, arrived at man's estate, and already a seasoned soldier, was then before Oporto, in the temporary command of his regiment, the 87th, taking an active part in the brilliant operations by which Soult was dislodged from that important place, and Portugal delivered from the enemy.

His next scene of action was Talavera, where he was severely wounded, and had a horse shot under him. On this occasion the mettle of our troops was severely tried, and they learned to feel a confidence both in themselves and their commander which was the best presage of future victory. So much did Major Gough, who was wounded, and had a horse shot under him, distinguish himself, that he was recommended for a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy on the spot. Before this distinction was conferred, it was doubly earned.

At Barossa his regiment, in which he still held the rank of major, was greatly distinguished. Here, not only were our troops, under Graham, greatly outnumbered by the French, under Victor, but they were hastily drawn up for action, while yet in a state of disorder after a harassing march through a wood, and left alone to contend against overwhelming numbers; the Spaniards having abandoned the heights, which were deemed the key of the position, and which an hesitation of one moment on the part of General Graham would have placed in the hands of the enemy. But he did not hesitate. He instantly anticipated the consequences of attempting a retreat in the face of such a foe, which would have led to the destruction of the whole allied army in that part of Spain.

The 87th, as constituted at that time, had scarcely been regimented at all. They consisted of volunteer drafts from various militia regiments; and had so recently come together, that many of them still wore the uniform of their former corps, and were quite unacquainted with active service in the presence of an enemy. As fast, after their harassing march and countermarch, as they could be extricated from the wood, they were drawn up in line upon the slope of the hill. A dense French column was coming in great force against them; their men were dropping fast; and when Major Gough looked along the line, he saw symptoms of wavering, which, for a moment, made him a little anxious. "Steady, my men," he said, as he rode in their front, "hold yourselves in readiness: see what we'll give these fellows by and by." His words and his gallant bearing produced their effect; and when the enemy came within the proper distance, "Now, my lads," he cried, "pour it into them; *vive!*" The volley was given with deadly effect; and before the smoke had rolled away, Gough, waving his hat over his head, gave the word, "*Charge!*" With a tremendous cheer they sprang upon the enemy, their ranks overlapping the column, which did not await the shock, but fled on every side with precipitation.

"The animating charges of the 87th," writes General Graham, "were most

distinguished." They captured a French eagle, the first taken during the war. It belonged to the 8th regiment of light infantry, and bore a collar of gold round its neck, an honour conferred upon that regiment because it had distinguished itself so as, on a former occasion, to deserve the thanks of Bonaparte in person. "No expression of mine," adds the General, "could do justice to the conduct of the troops throughout. Nothing less than the most unparalleled exertions of every officer, the invincible bravery of every soldier, and the most determined devotion to the honour of his Majesty's arms in all, could have achieved such brilliant success against such a formidable enemy so posted."

These are the occasions where no strategy, and no amount of professional accomplishment, can compensate the absence of personal valour; nor is it possible to over-estimate the value of that quality in the officers who are in command, and to whom the men instinctively look for guidance and example. They may be great men upon paper—in logarithms and mathematics they may have few superiors—but if they have not dash and daring to meet emergencies like these in a proper spirit, the men will catch from them no inspiration. There will be a want of the ardour necessary to accomplish great achievements. Hesitancy and distrust will take the place of confidence and courage, and rout and disgrace will ensue; whereas, had one gallant spirit led the band, difficulties, the most apparently insuperable, would be overcome, and the result would be glorious victory.

We do not know whether Major Gough could, at that time, have stood an examination in those branches of the severer sciences, which are now deemed requisite to qualify for military command. But we do not believe that the most successful of those who may be thus distinguished could, at Barossa, have better performed a soldier's part, or fired the hearts of his men with a nobler ardour, when, against overwhelming numbers, they were contending for the victory they so bravely won. On this occasion he was again recommended for promotion, and shortly after obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

At Tarifa his next service was performed. Soult now held the chief command in the south of Spain, and was exceedingly desirous of securing the possession of this little town, as he was at that time negotiating with Morocco for a supply of grain, and its position, being only five leagues distant from Tangiers, would render it impossible for England, with all her naval means, to prevent his receiving the supplies which were absolutely necessary for his subsistence.

This town seemed to have been equally neglected, and its importance overlooked, by the leaders of both armies. When the French entered the south of Spain, it became an easy conquest; but, satisfied with taking possession of it, it was left so feebly garrisoned that the British and Spanish forces found no difficulty in recovering it again. When the expedition under La Pena and General Graham was resolved on, the small force stationed there was withdrawn, for the purpose of acting under these leaders; and when, after the battle of Barossa, that expedition came to an end, General Graham left the place uncovered. But General Colin Campbell, at that time Governor of Gibraltar, saw, at once, that it was too important to be abandoned; and although it was not, strictly speaking, under his command, took upon himself the responsibility of securing it, by sending thither marines from the ships at Gibraltar. Soon after, Major King, of the 82nd, was appointed to the command, and he, in conjunction with the Governor, D. Manuel Dauban, failed not to take active measures of precaution against coming dangers.

Nor was it one moment too soon. The town had been reported indefensible. Not so deemed General Campbell, who was, however, not entitled to exercise any authority over the operations; and Captain Felix Smith, the officer of engineers, who served under Colonel Skerret. To Smith belongs the merit of all the internal arrangements for the defence, which, under many difficulties, were completed with consummate skill, and so contrived as to draw the investing force to that very point where he most wished to find it.

The little town was divided by a river, and ascended from its banks on either side, the fronts of the houses presented to the river being necessarily much taller than those to their rear. These were all loopholed, so as to enable the little garrison to give to any invading force a warm reception from both sides. The entrance of the stream into the town was barred by a tower with a portcullis, before which palisades were planted across the river's bed; and other precau-

tions were taken, with a view to secure a good retreat in the event of the enemy's succeeding in the capture of the town, which reflect the highest credit on Captain Smith, but not necessary to be here specified, as happily, by the event, they were not required.

All this was accomplished by Smith under discouragements which would have damped the ardour of many other officers, and without any of that sympathy from his chief, Colonel Skerret, which, under his circumstances, was so much required. The truth is, Skerret participated in the impression that the town could not be defended, although, when the moment of action came, he did his duty like a gallant soldier.

Nor was it without good reason that such an opinion was entertained. The walls were old and thin, and incapable of withstanding long the fire of even field artillery. The investing force amounted to eleven thousand men, under brave and skilful leaders, furnished with all means and appliances for a regular siege; against which only two twenty-four-pounders and two mortars could be brought to bear in defence of the town, "as," to use the words of the great military historian, General Napier, "the walls and towers of the latter were too weak and narrow to sustain heavy guns." But British hearts were there, which served instead of walls and ramparts.

The fire of the enemy was directed, as Captain Smith had anticipated, against the portcullis and the adjacent wall, which soon crumbled under the heavy shot, and exposed the place both to assault and escalade. "But behind the breach, the depth to the street was above fourteen feet; the space below was covered with iron window-gratings, having every second bar turned up; the houses there, and behind all points liable to escalade, were completely prepared and garrisoned, and the troops were dispersed all round the ramparts, each regiment having its own quarter assigned." The portcullis-tower and the rampart to the left were occupied by Colonel Gough and the 87th. This was foreseen to be the post of danger, and well did this gallant regiment justify the selection that had been made.

Proposals of capitulation having been offered and rejected, the breaching fire was renewed, and the wall broken to the extent of sixty feet. But it was not only the force of the enemy which was to be apprehended. The besieged, who momentarily expected the assault, were indefatigable in clearing away the rubbish, and augmenting their defences behind the breach, when a heavy rain filled the bed of the river, which, swollen into a torrent, swept down from the French camp, bringing with it planks, fascines, gabions, and dead bodies, which, dashing against the pallisades, broke them with a shock, "bent the portcullis backward, and, with the surge of the waters, even injured the defences," upon which they had bestowed so much skill and labour. The night was employed in repairing the damage thus done; and when the first light dawned, Colonel Gough was looking intently for the approach of the assailants.

Nor did he long look in vain. A boat, freighted with French grenadiers, was seen to glide rapidly down the stream, without noise or tumult; and when the colonel saw that they did not quit the river to mount the breach, but continued their course, until they reached the portcullis, which they seemed to expect should fly open before them, he was instantly at the head of his men, and drawing his sword, and flinging away his scabbard, he desired the band to strike up "Garryowen." The tune, and the gallant bearing of their leader, sent an electric thrill to the hearts of the soldiers, who rose as one man, "and with a crashing volley, smote the head of the French column. The leading officer, covered with wounds, fell against the portcullis, and gave up his sword, through the bars, to Colonel Gough; the French drummer, a gallant boy, who was beating the charge, dropped lifeless by his officer's side, and the dead and wounded filled the hollow. The remainder of the assailants, breaking out to the right and left, spread along the slopes of ground under the ramparts, and opened a quick and irregular musketry." Then it was that Gough, seeing the repulse complete, ordered the band to strike up "Patrick's Day," which so maddened his men, that all his power over them was required to keep them from breaking bounds, and pursuing the routed enemy. "Bloody wars, colonel," said one of them, who was present when the eagle was taken at Barossa,

"I only want to teach 'em what it is to attack the Aiglers." Well might Skerret say, in his despatch to Major-General Cook, "that the conduct of Colonel Gough and the 87th exceeded all praise."

Such was he when serving as a regimental officer—the life and soul of his men in action. Nor can it be doubted, that, if to Smith was due the merit of the defences, to *his* gallantry on the present occasion, in defending the breach, where he was twice wounded, was owing the speedy termination of the siege. The value of the advantage thus obtained may be gathered from some expressions contained in intercepted despatches of Soult himself, some months afterward. "The taking of Tarifa will be more hurtful to the English, and to the defenders of Cadiz, than the taking of Alicant, or even Badajos, where I cannot go without first securing my left, and taking Tarifa."

Lord Wellington foretold that the town would not be again attacked; and with good reason, for he was about to change the theatre of war, and to draw to another and a distant quarter the attention of the enemy.

Having secured Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos as a base for his operations, our great commander was enabled to direct his attention to the north of Spain; and Vittoria was the next battle-field on which the subject of this sketch was distinguished. Here his regiment, which he gallantly led, captured the baton of Marshal Jourdan, the only trophy of this kind taken during the war. Lord Wellington sent it to England, to be laid at the feet of the Prince Regent, who, in return, gracefully sent him the baton of a field-marshal of England.

At the battle of the Nivelle, a hard-fought field, he was again severely wounded.

For his services in the Peninsula, he received, from the King of Spain, the honour of knighthood.

At the close of the war, and upon the reduction of the army, he had an interval of repose. He was then appointed to the command of the 22nd regiment, and was stationed in the county of Cork. This was in the interval between 1821 and 1824. Many of our readers well remember the disturbances by which this part of the country was harassed during those years; so that, in truth, his service in a time of peace was little less harassing than during the war. He was appointed a magistrate of the three adjoining counties, Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary; and not only, by his gentle and engaging manners, conciliated the good will of all the gentry with whom he had to act, but, by a system of mingled firmness and mildness, succeeded, to a great extent, in winning the respect and the confidence of even the disorderly peasantry themselves.

The reader who has only seen him, as we have hitherto described him, in the din of arms, and amidst the tumult of battle, would form a very erroneous idea of this gallant soldier, if they regarded him as a mere fire-eater; one whose boiling valour led him ever into the thickest of the strife, and who had no room in his bosom for the gentler emotions. Probably there never lived a man of kindlier domestic qualities, or whose unobtrusive gentleness would more have marked him as fitted to adorn private life, and to spread happiness around the family circle, had not duty summoned him to the field of honour. His mind, too, had been early and constantly impressed by the power of true religion. Family prayer was strictly observed in his household; and never, during the hottest period of his services abroad, did he omit the duty of seeking for aid and protection from that Power "whose he was and whom he served;" nor did he, we believe, ever seek it in vain.

All this was done without any puritanical moroseness, or ostentatious parade of piety. His religion appeared less in his words, or his outward demeanour, than in the internal regulation of his thoughts and affections, and the strict observance of all his duties both to God and to man. Although never unprepared to give a reason for the faith that was in him, he shrank instinctively from the entertainment of "foolish and unlearned questions that engender strife;" as he wisely felt that, in his position, such a course would be worse than unprofitable, and that, if he would recommend the Gospel to the serious attention of others, it should be by the strictness of his life, the healthy and cheerful tone of his mind, and the engaging simplicity of his example. Many, we would fain believe, were moved by what they witnessed, both in his public and his private conduct, to feel the entire compatibility between their duties to their country

and their God; and that none are better fitted to brave the dangers of the service, than those who are best prepared to pass into the presence of their Maker.

As a country gentleman, when he went to sojourn upon his Tipperary estate, he was, in the highest degree, respected. On one occasion, when he was serving as a grand juror, a question arose respecting a memorial which was presented by a farmer residing at Bansagh, in that county, asking for compensation for the loss of his fire-arms, which had been taken from him by some of the midnight disturbers. Some said he was entitled to none, inasmuch as he delivered up his gun while it was yet charged. Others said that he had but the one charge, and that if he had fired upon them, both he and his family would have been murdered. The dispute ran high, each party pertinaciously maintaining his own opinion; when, at length, Sir Hugh arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, I beg pardon for interfering on an occasion like the present, when the regularly resident gentry are so much better able to form a correct judgment than I can be. But if I may presume to give an opinion, I would say, that if I were in that farmer's situation I would have done just what he did; and been, moreover, very much obliged to the midnight gentlemen for letting me off so easily, when such dreadful consequences might have resulted from refusing to comply with their demand. Nor do I think that the man who thus made discretion the better part of valour, would be one whit less brave than the bravest amongst us, on a *proper occasion*, when his courage could be turned to good account." We need not say that the words of the hero of Barossa and Tarifa fell upon the ears of his hearers as words of authority—that there was an instantaneous acquiescence in his opinion; and that the poor farmer got his full compensation, the granting of which before had been very doubtful.

We well remember, when quartered in Dublin, his regular attendance at early service in St. Catherine's Church. His humble and fervent piety was edifying to all who beheld him, and knew that it was the same who, at the breach or in the field, so nobly led his gallant fellows to victory.

In 1830 he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and in 1837 he was appointed to the staff in India, and assumed the command of the Mysore division. When this offer was made him his first inclination was to decline it; and a letter was actually written to that effect, and would have been despatched to the Horse Guards, but that he was led, by a friend to whom he accidentally communicated his views, to change his mind,—a change which was productive of important results both to himself and to his country.

In 1840 he was selected to take the command of the troops employed in China. It is not within our province at present to dwell upon the causes of that war. Suffice it to say, it was entrusted to one who was sure to conduct it with vigour and humanity. The peaceful and inoffensive people upon whom the thunder burst were altogether unprepared for such warlike operations as they had now to encounter. They had been slumbering in opulence for one thousand years, and could scarcely believe that "the barbarians" were serious, when town after town yielded to the vigour of our arms; and although rout and slaughter were the certain consequences of every conflict with British troops, neither his Imperial Majesty, nor the authorities at Peking, could believe for a moment that there was any real cause for alarm in these distant and inconsiderable successes, or that the insolent invaders would not be instantly annihilated whenever it might please the brother of the Sun to put forth the might and the majesty of the celestial empire.

Already the British commander had proved victorious in eight general engagements: viz., storming the heights above Canton; the action of the 30th of May before Canton; the taking of Amoy; the second capture of Chusan; storming the fortified heights of Chemhai; action at Tsi-kee; capture of Chapoo; attack and capture of Roosung and Shanghai; when no impression having been made upon the enemy which could lead to an honourable peace, he resolved upon a plan of operations which he had long meditated, and by which he hoped, by one bold stroke, to put an end to this miserable war, where, hitherto, there was no advantage in success, and but little glory in victory. We here avail ourselves of a communication kindly made to us by a very observant and intelligent young nobleman, who was, during the operations of the army, present with his regiment in China, and which presents the subject in so clear and just a light, that we could not,



without injustice to the subject of this sketch, withhold it from our readers :—

#### MEMS OF CHINA.

“ The Chinese empire is divided into two nearly equal parts by the great river Yang-Tze-Kiang, which rises in the deserts of Thibet, and discharges itself into the sea at about 32 deg. north latitude. The country lying to the north of this river, *taken as a whole*, produces the usual fruits of a temperate climate, while the portion to the south of it is fertile in tea, sugar, silk, cotton, and other productions of a warmer region. The wants of an enormous population render the quick and easy interchange of the commodities of these two great divisions of the empire of vital importance. The sea, one would have supposed, offered the cheapest and most expeditious mode of transport; but the Chinese are far from expert sailors, although they do sometimes venture on long voyages; and besides, the north-east monsoon renders the whole eastern coast of the empire impracticable for their heavy, unmanageable craft, for six months in the year. In order, therefore, to ensure a constant communication between the two great divisions of the empire, it was necessary to have recourse to artificial means; and perhaps the enterprise and indefatigable industry of this extraordinary people was never exhibited more conspicuously than by the great canal which they constructed to meet the difficulty. The canal commences at the city of Soo-Choo-Foo, in the province of Kiangnan, crosses the Yang-Tze-Kiang at Ching-Kiang-Foo, and ends at the imperial city of Pekin. It is capable of floating boats of 200 tons burden, and its length is upwards of 1200 miles. In addition to the main canal, there are several branches running in different directions to the various cities on each side; so that the canal affords, in combination with the natural facilities offered by the rivers, an almost perfect chain of inland navigation. It is reported by the Jesuit missionaries that the journey from Canton to Pekin, a distance of 2000 miles, can be made by water, with the exception of thirty miles land-carriage over a chain of mountains. The leaders of the British forces which were sent to invade China in the years 1840, 1841, and '42, were placed in a very peculiar position. They had at their disposal, it is true, a body of men highly disciplined, brave, and furnished with all the implements of modern warfare; but their number was most insignificant; and from the great distance of the scene of their operations from the mother country, and even from the nearest part of the possessions of the East India Company, they could never hope that their available force could exceed five or six thousand men at the utmost. Thus armed, they were to attack a people, unwarlike it is true, unskilled in military science, but still numbering three hundred millions of souls. Our commanders commenced by attacking the principal towns and islands along the coast, which were most easily accessible. These were subdued without difficulty, with small loss in our ranks, and great slaughter among our opponents; but we were as far from peace as ever. The immense body scarcely felt the blow which had been struck at one of its distant extremities; and when the news of one of these disasters reached Pekin, it was talked of as an insignificant affair with barbarous pirates, who had, indeed, been momentarily successful, but who would surely be crushed whenever the Emperor should think fit to direct his whole force against them. In vain the officers of the beaten armies represented that these barbarians, though few in number, were able to put to flight thousands of the ill-armed, untrained militia of the country. The national pride refused to believe it; and town after town was taken by the British troops without opening the eyes of the Chinese government to its danger, nor to the great amount of injury and suffering which was being inflicted on its subjects. The war might have gone on in this way for years without producing any satisfactory result; but happily Lord Gough, who commanded the British land forces in the latter part of the war, devised a plan by means of which his small force could be brought to bear upon the whole Chinese nation, and extort a favourable peace from them.

“ Lord Gough saw that the great canal was the channel through which the whole internal commerce of the country flowed. He argued, that whoever could obtain the command of it would in a great measure command the means of subsistence of the whole nation. He therefore boldly resolved to take the fleet and army two hundred miles up an unknown river, and seize upon the town of Ching-Kiang-Foo, which commands the intersection of the great canal with the Yang-tze-Kiang river. It is not necessary to detail the difficulties which presented themselves; let it suffice to say, that, after much toil, the fleet and army reached their destination; the town was attacked, gallantly defended by its Tartar garrison, and at length taken, after some bloodshed. The good effect of this measure became immediately apparent. Three weeks after the town fell into our hands, the broad river was covered by an innumerable fleet of boats, which our steamers would not suffer to pass. The corn from the north was stopped on its way southward, as well as sugar and other tropical products, which were being carried to Pekin. Three months of this blockade would have starved the whole empire. It is true that our troops proceeded to Nankin after the taking of Ching-Kiang-Foo; but it was scarcely necessary—the government would have been obliged to make peace without it. They showed how earnestly they desired it, by promising to pay twenty-one millions of dollars for it, and more wonderful still, by keeping their promise after the forces of England had been withdrawn.

"It has been asked, why did not Lord Gough strike a blow at Pekin, which is only one hundred miles from the coast, instead of undertaking the dangerous task of ascending an unurveyed river full of shoals, and rendered doubly hazardous by violent tides and currents. A glance at the map of China will answer the question. The coast, from the city of Ningpo to Hunan Head, is belted by mountains, and deeply indented by bays and inlets, which afford anchorage and deep water for the largest ships. It resembles, in this particular, the western coast of Ireland. North of Ningpo, however, the coast presents a very different appearance; it is low and flat,—destitute of harbours, except where the rivers enter the sea, and most of their mouths are barred. The water, too, is shallow for miles out to sea, so that in many places large ships cannot even approach within sight of land. When a part of our fleet went out to the Gulf of Pet-Chili, in 1840 or '41, the frigates had to anchor eleven miles out to sea, and it was with difficulty that they reached the shore with one of the small iron boats drawing only six feet water. It is easy to see, therefore, that it would have been hazardous to leave the fleet in such an exposed situation, during the necessarily indefinite period while the troops were carrying on operations on shore. The fleet, too, assisted greatly in the operations in the river, its cannon being often brought into play against the forts. If Pekin had been attacked, the sailors could not have given the least help.

"Captain, now Admiral Ceble, who commanded a French frigate, which followed our expedition up the river, was heard to say, that no people in the world could have brought a fleet up it, and got them down again, but the English."

What the ultimate consequences of the impression thus made upon the Chinese Empire may be, it would be impossible as yet to anticipate; but that it must result in good can scarcely be doubtful. That new lights have dawned upon them, to the disturbance of ignorance and dispelling of error, is most true; but it must be long before they can operate any important change in the inveterate characteristics of that peculiar people. It is to be hoped that openings will have been made for Christian influences, by which the pure spirit of the Gospel may find admission into regions hitherto inaccessible to its blessed light; and that the spirit of mammon, which, in its worst form, provoked the war, may have been the unconscious precursor and herald of that spirit of peace and love which will render China indeed a celestial empire. Thus would the aspirations of its people be best gratified, and his pure and noble spirit find its highest enjoyment, not from any honours or emoluments resulting to himself, but in the consciousness of being the providential instrument of spiritual blessings to a population which are even now as the sands of the sea for multitude.

It will interest the Christian reader to see the care which this good and great man took that this harmless people should suffer as little as possible of the miseries of war, while he did his duty as a gallant soldier:—

"All the villages in the neighbourhood of our route were apparently deserted by the inhabitants; but, I am happy to say, in no one instance was a house entered on our line of march, along which no trace was left betokening a movement of troops through a hostile country. Indeed, with the exception of a very few killed in houses where the Chinese troops sought refuge the preceding day, I did not see amid the slain one individual who was not a soldier; which, as the peasantry were in many instances intermingled with the soldiers, goes far to show the forbearance and discrimination of our men, even in the heat of battle."—*Tucker.*

It affords me great satisfaction to perceive the unusual degree of confidence manifested by the people. It is true a great proportion of the wealthiest inhabitants had left it; but the middle classes and the great body of the shopkeepers remained, and freely brought in poultry and vegetables, so that I was enabled to give the troops a good portion of these necessary articles, after living for some time on salt provisions. I have done everything in my power to ensure that the confidence was not misplaced, and I am most happy to say that the troops, by their orderly and forbearing conduct in the midst of that pernicious liquor, sham-shoo, and large stores of which we are surrounded, conducted themselves to my entire satisfaction, and I re-embarked the whole force, with its numerous followers, yesterday morning, without a single instance of inebriety.

The only injury done at Shanghai was by Chinese robbers, who had commenced their course of depredation before we entered it. I issued a very strong edict, which before we left produced, in a great measure, the desired effect; and I was enabled to induce many of the respectable Chinese to take charge of large establishments (principally pawnbrokers'), the proprietors of which had fled, with a promise they would protect them from the rabble."—*Report dated March 19, 1842, Ningpo.*

By an extensive, though necessarily rapid, survey of the river, Sir William Parker has nearly ascertained the practicability of moving on Loochoo by this route: but as I consider it

an object of the most vital importance to reach the point of intersection of the imperial canal with the Yang-tse-kiang as early as possible, and to take the strong fortress and important city of Ching-kiang-foo commanding that part, we have deemed it right to forego all other operations for this most important one, after which I shall be anxious at once to move on Nankin. These commanding positions in our possession, as I before stated to your Lordship, both Loochoo and Hangchoo must fall."—*June 24, 1842, Wusseung.*

Too much praise cannot be given to the gallant Admiral Sir William Parker for the skill and daring with which he conducted the large fleet under his command up and down the great river Yang-tse-kiang. The navigation and soundings of it were quite unknown to him when he entered its mouth; and the nobleman who was so kind as to furnish the extract in a former page assured the writer of this paper, that when in its centre, where he could not see land on either side, the water was but six feet deep. Of the accidents which were to be guarded against, and the countless dangers which presented themselves, any one of which might have compromised the safety of the whole force, the reader should have been present to form the least idea; as well as of the vigilance, the promptitude, the enterprise, and the determination by which they were surmounted.

All our general's plans were laid so as to secure speedy and decisive victory. And his great stroke, namely, that of proceeding up the river to the point where it was intersected by the imperial canal, and taking possession of the great city, Ching-kiang-foo, by which he placed his thumb, as it were, upon the throat of the Empire, was but an anticipation of the instructions sent out to him by his illustrious master in the art of war, and must have speedily enabled him to dictate peace upon any terms. By the advance upon Nankin, he made assurance doubly sure; by his arrangements before that city he made it manifest that he was prepared for all extremities, and that nothing could withstand the combinations of skill and of bravery by which the assault would be made. But the reader should know the man, his gentleness, his goodness, his humanity, his horror at the shedding of human blood, to understand the satisfaction which he felt when he learned that terms were acceded to on the part of the Chinese authorities, which would put an end to the war. He had witnessed the dreadful slaughter and suicides which the Chinese had inflicted upon themselves and upon each other at Ching-kiang-foo; and we verily believe he rejoiced more to be spared a second contemplation of such horrors, than he did in his greatest victory.

We cannot afford space to enter into the particulars of the treaty which was concluded. The Chinese agreed to pay, in four instalments, twenty-one million of dollars; and upon the payment of the first instalment the troops were withdrawn and Sir Hugh Gough returned to India.

Nor was it to a bed of roses the General was called, upon resuming his command. Sir Charles Napier had just added the kingdom of Scinde to the Company's territories, by a series of victories unparalleled for success and daring in the annals of British warfare; and those who read the signs of the times aright, saw clearly that dangers from the Punjaub impended, although the cloud in that direction was yet scarcely larger than a man's hand.

On the 11th of August, 1843, Sir Hugh was invested with the chief command in India. He was soon again in the field. Of the causes which led to the Maharatta war we cannot now speak at length, and must refer the reader to the general history of India; but of the promptitude, decision, and energy with which the exigencies of the war were met, and the strategy by which the enemy was subdued, the following extract from a general order, issued after the great victories of Maharaghpoor and Puniar, by the governor-general, speaks in terms by no means doubtful:—

"The governor-general cordially congratulates his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, upon the success of his able combination, by which two victories were obtained on the same day; and the two wings of the army, proceeding from distant points, have now been united under the walls of Guialior."

Of the general features of this well-contested and most bloody action, let the following extract from Sir Hugh's despatch, describing it to the governor-general, suffice:—

"Your Lordship must have witnessed, with the same pride and pleasure that I did, the brilliant advance of these columns under their respective leaders; the European and native

soldiers appearing emulous to prove their loyalty and devotion. And here I must do justice to the gallantry of their opponents, who received the shock without flinching, their guns doing severe execution as we advanced; but nothing could withstand the rush of British soldiers.

"Her Majesty's 89th foot, with their accustomed dash, ably supported by the 56th regiment of native infantry, drove the enemy from their guns in the village, bayonetting the gunners at their posts. Here a most sanguinary conflict ensued; the Maharatta troops, after discharging their match-locks, fought, sword in hand, with the most determined courage.

"General Valliant's brigade, with equal enthusiasm, took Maharaghpoor in reverse, and twenty-eight guns were captured by this combined movement; so desperate was their resistance, that very few of the defenders of the very strong position escaped. During these operations, Brigadier Scott was opposed by a body of the enemy's cavalry on the extreme left, and made some well-executed charges with the 10th Light Cavalry, most ably supported by Captain Grant's troop of horse artillery and 4th Lancers, capturing some guns and taking two standards, then threatening the right flank of the enemy."

That an universal conspiracy was at that time in progress throughout the whole of British India, and that thousands and tens of thousands were preparing to take advantage of any accidents or reverses which might enable them to throw off a hated yoke, was not more than might have been expected, when the disastrous mischances of the campaign in Affghanistan had dissolved the charm of British invincibility. The occupation of Scinde was provocative almost as much of indignation as of terror; and the disordered state of the Punjaub, in which a military force had existed, which had been trained and disciplined under that compound of the fox and the lion, old Runjeet Singh, threatened such disturbance as was but too likely to call for our interference, and thus embroil us in hostilities of which our enemies on all sides might take advantage. We have no doubt whatever that the stunning blow which the most formidable of our adversaries within the limits of British India received at Maharaghpoor, repressed a rising spirit of insurrection throughout the whole of our territories, prevented a threatened invasion on the part of Akbar Khan and the tribes of Affghanistan, and gave pause to the proceedings both in the Punjaub and Scinde, which, had we been defeated in that great battle, might have led to the loss of British India.

But the court of directors did not view matters in this light. They looked at the cost of the war through one end of the telescope, while they saw only through the other the dangers which it averted; and they had recourse, for the first time since they were a company, to the extraordinary measure of recalling Lord Ellenborough, irrespectively of the wishes of his Majesty's government, by whom his high merits were appreciated, and who were only reconciled to this extraordinary act of power by their adoption of Sir Henry Hardinge, who had been selected by the illustrious Duke as the very fittest man to supply his place, and who, to the promptitude and determination which the occasion required, united a prudence and caution which would render him wary of even the appearance of any offensive measures which might wantonly embroil us with any of the native powers.

He, therefore, when he entered upon his high office, had a two-fold duty to perform: he had to watch the movements and detect the designs of an insidious enemy, while yet he did not alarm the fears of the over-circumspect directors. He had to eschew the reproach of provoking war from ambitious desires of territorial aggrandisement, while yet he had to hold himself prepared to repel hostilities, whenever the "*Iræ leonum vincla recusantum*" might stimulate the native powers to throw off their disguise, and appear in arms as the assertors of the national independence. How he performed these arduous duties, history will tell; and how he was seconded in their performance by the subject of this sketch, it is now our duty to lay before our readers.

After a series of horrid butcheries, unrivalled for ruthless and sanguinary atrocity, Heerah Singh grasped the dominion of the Punjaub, and for a season attached to himself the restless and turbulent Sikh soldiery, by means of the treasures which he found at Lahore. But these could not last always; and he soon found that he should lose his influence over them if he did not, in the hope of more extensive plunder, direct their attention to foreign objects. His claim was founded upon that of a minor, of whom he assumed the guardianship, averring that in him was vested the right of succession; which right was disputed by his



uncle, Gholab Singh, who, setting up another puppet as the legitimate son of Runjeet, claimed in his name authority and dominion. It is obvious that, in a country so circumstanced, might must always prevail over right; and it may easily be understood that neither of these hopeful candidates for empire relied so much upon the validity of their title-deeds, as the force of arms by which they might be asserted.

The present crisis Lord Ellenborough had long foreseen; and his opinion was, that until the Punjaub was at our complete disposal, there could be no security for the tranquil possession of our more southern and eastern dependencies. How far his judgment would have led him to anticipate aggression on the part of the Sikhs, we are not authorised to say; but, undoubtedly, with his temperament and his very decided views, he was very little likely to give the enemy an opportunity of taking the initiative with advantage. Not so the new governor-general. He knew that he was placed in his present position for the purpose of guarding against the supposed rashness of his predecessor; he knew the outcry to which he should be exposed, if, from anything short of actual necessity, he embroiled the company in another war; and he was, therefore, cautious, not only in avoiding all interference between the contending parties in the Punjaub, but even in keeping any formidable demonstration of force upon their frontier, which might excite their jealousy or provoke their resentment. It was therefore that Sir Hugh Gough, who had been on a tour of inspection in the northern provinces, received special directions to abstain from visiting Loodwinah and Ferozepore.

The reader will, we think, admit, that by proceedings such as these the most timid of the directors could not be offended. Sir Henry knew the risk he ran; but he knew also that any precipitancy on his part, while it could not seriously diminish that risk, would expose him to imputations, both at home and abroad, which might give the enemy a still greater advantage. And he relied, with a justifiable confidence, upon Sir Hugh Gough, and the troops under his command.

The nearest positions of our army were at Umballah, 150 miles from Ferozepore, which, by a sudden and unprovoked invasion of the Sikh army from the other side of the Sutlej, on the eleventh of December, 1845, was invested with a force of 108 guns, and an army of fifty thousand men, disposed with a view to the interception of any British force which might be sent to its relief. On the same day, our troops began, by rapid marches, to advance towards the seat of war. The enemy had taken up an entrenched position at the village of Ferozeshah, about ten miles in advance of Ferozepore, and about the same distance from the village of Moodkee. On the 18th, our troops reached the latter, and, on the evening of the same day, repulsed an attack of the Sikh army, and captured seventeen guns. On the 21st, the army moved on Ferozepore, where it was formed into order of battle by the commander-in-chief, who attacked the enemy's entrenched camp, "and on that evening, and the following morning, captured seventy pieces of artillery, taking possession of the enemy's camp, with large quantities of ammunition and warlike stores."\*

Upon these signal and brilliant successes, the Sikh army retreated to the other side of the Sutlej, while we took up our position between the fords of that river and Ferozepore.

In the battle of Moodkee, fought by troops famishing and exhausted, Sir Robert Salo and Sir John M'Caskill were killed;—a heavy price even for such a victory.

We cannot do more than refer to Sir Harry Smith's brilliant victory at Aliwal, which so materially contributed to forward the views of the governor-general and the commander-in-chief, and the details of which are, we are persuaded, fresh in the minds of most of our readers.

Of the battle of Sobraon, where the enemy was dislodged from his last stronghold on the British side of the Sutlej, the governor-general thus speaks:—

"The governor-general most cordially congratulates the commander-in-chief, and the British army, on their exploit, *one of the most daring ever achieved*, by which, in open day, a triple line of breastworks, flanked by formidable redoubts, bristling with artillery, manned

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\* Lord Hardinge's despatch.



by thirty-two regular regiments of infantry, was assaulted and carried by the forces under his Excellency's command."

"The governor-general again congratulates the commander-in-chief on the important results obtained by this memorable achievement. The governor-general, in the name of the government and the people of India, offers to his Excellency, the commander-in-chief, and to the general officers, and all the officers, and the troops under their command, his grateful and heartfelt acknowledgment for the services they have performed."

This great victory led to the complete rout of the Sikh forces, the crossing of the Sutlej by our troops, and the peace which we were enabled to dictate before their capital of Lahore; and in which, if we did not show our judgment, we very strikingly evinced our moderation.

It is, we think, abundantly manifest, that the British practised forbearance the most extreme, before they had recourse to hostilities; that no motives of ambition can be alleged against them for an invasion of the Sikh territory; and that they actually waited to be invaded themselves, before they were stirred up to repel a wanton and most unprovoked attack of the enemy. How this came to pass, by which, in the opinion of many, our Indian empire was compromised, is a question that concerns the governor-general much more than the subject of this sketch, who was necessarily subordinate to the supreme authority, and could only act according to orders. But, in judging Sir Henry Hardinge's policy, we cannot do so, with fairness to him, without considering the very peculiar position in which he was placed. He came out as the successor of one who was withdrawn from the government because of a suspected predilection for military achievement, by which additional territory might be acquired. While, therefore, he was obliged to watch the enemy with one eye, he was constrained to keep the other fixed upon the India Board at home, and take no step which would give his masters in Leadenhall-street reason to suspect that he, too, was actuated by motives of ambition. Therefore it was that our troops were kept so far from the frontier, and that the enemy, finding the Sutlej undefended, burst across with such overwhelming force, and obtained those temporary successes which spread a momentary panic throughout the whole of British India.

But not in vain did he rely upon the vigour of that arm which was commanded by Gough. When the crisis came, and the brave old soldier felt himself at liberty to act, every energy was summoned to the conflict. With exhausted troops, not numbering one half of the enemy, fresh, vigorous, ably commanded, and flushed by success; he not only opposed a barrier to their further progress, but, in a series of actions, dislodged them from their strongholds, and drove them in rout and confusion into their own territories again;—territories which, indeed, they could no longer call their own, as they were soon to be at the mercy of conquerors, who were to dictate terms of peace under the walls of their capital.

In the battles on the Sutlej, our losses were great; but, considering the circumstances in which we engaged, not greater than should have been expected. The victories were such as nothing but skill and bravery the most consummate could have achieved, and they were indispensable for the security of British India.

In the several actions where he commanded, Gough was ever in the thickest of the fight. His presence was actually necessary to cheer and reassure his men; and whenever they caught a glimpse of his beaming countenance, and witnessed his gallant bearing, as he rode along the ranks, or animated the charges, they felt confident of victory. But it was not in the field alone, or under the fire of the enemy, that their hearts kindled to this gallant soldier. In the hospitals, when, after the actions, he visited the wounded, and was surrounded by the dead and dying, his demeanour was such as to touch their hearts with a warmer sentiment of love and admiration than they felt for him even in his hour of victory. "The man to-day who sheds his blood with me, shall be my brother," was the feeling which he evinced, as he talked kindly and encouragingly to the poor soldier on his bed of pain; and the cheek became flushed with pride and gratitude, and the eye kindled with enthusiasm, as the wounded man responded to his kind inquiries, and listened, with a feverish transport, to "the good account which he gave of the enemy." Nor was he wanting, on proper occasions, to drop those words of comfort by which a Christian hope became triumphant over suffering, and the soldier's death, in a good cause,

but the passage to a blessed immortality. But we must suffer one who attended him officially on these occasions to give his own impressions of what passed before his eyes.

“ Lord Gough possesses in a very eminent degree the qualities calculated to render him a popular military commander. His tall, noble figure, his gallant bearing, his kind and insinuating tone of voice, racy of the land which gave him birth, the impetuous dash of his temperament, all conspire to invest him with an irresistible charm in the eye of the soldier. The writer of this has had the honour of serving under him during the very eventful and critical campaign of 1845–46 in India, and had frequent opportunities of observing his character. Of his military skill he will not presume to offer an opinion, leaving that to more competent judges; but he can bear his most strenuous testimony to the humanity, kindness, and noble nature of the hero of the Sutlej. Never will the writer forget the scene which was presented in Ferozepore after the bloody battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah. The entire range of the barracks in that cantonment were crowded with the wounded, many hundreds in number. Death was busy there—many of the wounds being of a character to preclude all hope of recovery. In the immediate vicinity of the hospitals were lines of tents appropriated to the wounded officers. It was part of Lord Gough's duty to visit these retreats of suffering and pain, and certainly no one could perform the office with more effect. He did not discharge the duty as if it were merely a routine, formal act, incumbent upon him in his capacity of commander-in-chief. Lord Gough evidently felt it to be a labour of love, and went through it accordingly. As he passed slowly through the immense barracks (now converted into hospitals, whose atmosphere was tainted with woe and anguish), the eye of the poor wounded, and too often dying soldier, brightened up when he recognised his beloved chief—‘*Tipperary Joe*’ (his well-known *soubriquet* in India). For every one he had a kind word of condolence and encouragement. To one poor fellow, who had sustained a most awful hacking at the hands of Sikhs, having upon his person some nine or ten sabre wounds, he said, ‘My fine fellow, you have got as much as ought to suffice half-a-dozen men. Never mind, we are going to cross the river, and we'll pay them off for this. I hope you will be able to come with us.’ The poor fellow, a sergeant of the gallant, invincible 50th Regiment (a corps which suffered more than any other in the battles on the Sutlej, having sustained a loss in killed and wounded of upwards of 600 men, exclusive of about thirty officers) smiled with pleasure at thus being so cordially addressed by the commander-in-chief, and expressed his hope that he would soon be up and at them again. That hope was never realised. In a few days he slept ‘the sleep that knows no waking.’ By acts such as these—by his unmistakeable goodnature and kindness of heart—Lord Gough was almost idolised by the British soldier. With the Sepoys he was equally an object of veneration and affection. The writer was, notwithstanding the scene of suffering around, much amused with an incident which occurred at the field-hospital after the battle of Sobraon. Lord Gough as usual was there, comforting and encouraging. A poor Sepoy, who had been shot through the mouth, and in consequence almost unable to articulate, signified by gesture that he wished to convey some wish to Lord Gough. His lordship approaching wished to know what he could do for him. Most indistinctly and with thick, almost unintelligible utterance, the Sepoy endeavoured to express a hope that he would receive a medal for his services. His lordship, in the kindest and most cordial manner, assured him that he should most certainly be decorated for his gallant conduct. Many acts, evincing the humane, kind, and generous heart of Lord Gough could be easily adduced. A more universally beloved, or in every sense popular commander-in-chief, never led on a British army to victory. It was impossible it could be otherwise. Foremost in every danger, he never spared himself; wherever the fire was hottest—where death reigned most supremely—where the enemy's guns levelled destruction with most faithful and unerring effect—where British soldiers fell in thickest numbers—there was ‘*Tipperary Joe*,’ guiding the movements of a devoted and an ever victorious, because an invincible army.”

The Punjaub was now our own. Peerages to Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough, and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, were the rewards of the noble daring by which our Indian territories were secured, as we thought permanently, against the insidious attacks of a treacherous enemy. The terms

conceded to the conquered, while they vindicated our supremacy, proved our moderation, and that, provided tranquillity was obtained, and our frontier effectively guarded, our sway would be merely nominal, and the native authorities might remain in the actual possession of a country of which they had proved themselves unworthy, but which they might now govern on principles of wisdom and equity, having felt our power, and the fruitlessness of contending against it.

But the lesson was in vain. Scarcely had Lord Hardinge vacated his high office, when symptoms unequivocal appeared that the Sikhs would again attempt the overthrow of British power; and he had scarcely reached England, when he learned that his old companion in arms had been again called into the field, and that a new series of victories over overwhelming numbers of brave men, most ably officered, was necessary to subjugate the rebellious spirit which again began to actuate and agitate the minds of our Indian subjects.

Of the actions fought by Lord Gough on the renewal of hostilities, we have not space to write at large, and we must leave the details of these splendid achievements of our great general to the analysis and the criticism of the military historian.

Of the battle of Chillianwallah, the plan of which, we are told, obtained the approval and won the admiration of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, we shall only observe, that it was fought under circumstances in which it could not be avoided, and that, if accidents occurred which marred its perfect success, they were such as could not be foreseen, nor could any strategy have provided against them. Had time been afforded, Lord Gough might have manœuvred so as to draw the Sikhs from their very strong position, and give them battle upon more favourable ground. But, as the reader will see, he had good reason to believe, that if he did not at once beat the enemy in his front, he would have to contend against him, augmented prodigiously by the force under Chutter Singh, which, after the fall of Attock, on the Indus, was coming from the west, and the junction of which with Shere Singh's army might be hourly expected. A moment, therefore, was not to be lost.

The following we extract from Lord Gough's despatch after the battle, dated

*"Camp of Chillianwallah, January 16, 1849.*

"Major Mackeson, your Lordship's political agent with my camp, communicated to me, on the 10th inst., the fall of Attock, and the advance of Sirdar Chutter Singh in order to concentrate his force with the army in my front under Shere Singh, already amounting to from 30,000 to 40,000 men, with sixty-two guns; concluding his letter thus: 'I would urge, in the event of your Lordship finding yourself strong enough, with the army under your command, to strike an effectual blow at the enemy in our front; that blow should be struck with the least possible delay.' Concurring entirely with Major Mackeson, and feeling that I was perfectly competent effectually to overthrow Shere Singh's army, I moved from Loah Tibbliah, at daylight on the 12th, to Dingee, about twelve miles. Having learned from my spies, and from other sources of information, that Shere Singh still held, with his right, the village of Luckne Wallah, with his left at Russoul on the Jhelum, strongly occupying the southern extremity of a low range of difficult hills, intersected by ravines, which extend nearly to that village, I made my arrangements accordingly that evening, and communicated them to the commanders of the several divisions; but to insure correct information as to the nature of the country, which I believe to be excessively difficult, and ill adapted to the advances of a regular army, I determined upon moving to this village, with a view to reconnoitre. On the morning of the 13th the force advanced."

In the following he describes the accident and the disaster which made his success short of what he confidently expected:—

"This last (the right) brigade, I am informed, mistook, for the signal to move in double-quick time, the action of their brave leaders, Brigadier Pennycuik and Lieut.-Colonel Brooke (two officers not surpassed for sound judgment and military daring in this or any other army), who waved their swords over their heads as they cheered on their gallant comrades. This unhappy mistake led to the European outstripping the native corps, which could not keep pace, and arriving, completely blown, at a belt of thicker jungle, where they got into some confusion, and Colonel Brooke, leading the 24th, was killed between the enemy's guns. At this moment a large body of infantry, which supported their guns, opened upon them so destructive a fire, that the brigade was forced to retire, having lost their gallant and lamented leader, Brigadier Pennycuik, and the three other field officers of the 24th, before it gave way; the native regiment, when it came up, also suffering severely.

"The right brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier Pope, was not, I regret to say, so successful. Either by some order, or misapprehension of an order, they got into much confusion, hampered the fine brigade of horse artillery, which, while getting into action against a portion of the enemy's cavalry that was coming down upon them, had their horses separated from their guns by the false movements of our cavalry, and, notwithstanding the heroism of the gunners, four of whose guns were disabled to an extent which rendered their withdrawal at the moment impossible. The moment the artillery was extricated, and the cavalry reformed, a few rounds put to flight the enemy that had occasioned this confusion.

"Although the enemy, who defended not only his guns, but his position, with desperate valour, was driven, in much confusion, and with heavy loss, from every part of the field, and a greater part of his field-artillery was actually captured, the march of the brigades to the flanks to repel parties that had rallied, and the want of numbers, and consequent support on our right flank, aided by the cover of the jungle, and the close of the day, enabled him to check our further advance in pursuit, to return, and carry off unobserved the greater portion of the guns thus gallantly captured.

"The victory was complete as to the total overthrow of the enemy; and his sense of his discomfiture and defeat will, I trust, soon be made apparent, unless, indeed, the rumours prevalent this day, of his having been joined by Chutter Singh, prove correct."

Such was the battle of Chillianwallah—a battle which, though actually frustrated the complete success, succeeded in the great object aimed at, of giving a serious check to the enemy, and obtaining time for taking such actual measures as might enable our great commander to annihilate his power. When the news reached England, never was a military chief so grossly run at, or so foully slandered. The *Times* was the first to storm against him, and endeavour to sneer away his military reputation. He was, indeed, personally brave, but he had no head; his military combinations were faulty; it was unadvisable to leave the army any longer in his hands. He was an *Irishman*; and the editors and conductors of that leading journal chuckled over his supposed discomfiture, and the ruin of his military reputation, after a fashion, which would, positively, have been disgraceful to the enemy who had felt his prowess in India.

But this was not all. The Government itself took, or seemed to take, alarm. The order for his recall was issued, and Sir Charles Napier appointed to succeed him. But the interval between the issue of the order and its execution was marked by events by which this great man reinstated himself in public opinion, and put all his traducers to shame.

The blow, although a stunning one, at Chillianwallah, did not prevent our troops from the West effecting a junction with Shere Singh, their united armies falling nothing short of sixty thousand fighting men; the Ameer of Cabul, Abdur Mahomed, casting off all disguise, and furnishing a contingent of sixteen hundred cavalry, under the command of his son. Indeed we cannot doubt that this was the crisis in our Indian affairs. Had Gough been defeated, or outmanœuvred by this formidable army, all would have been lost. It would have been the signal for an universal uprising, which might have ended, throughout the whole of the Peninsula, in British extermination.

The object of the enemy was, by combined movements, and rapid marches, to get before Lahore; and, could this be accomplished, they had much reason to believe that that capital would speedily fall into their hands. But Gough, with a comparatively small force, was not to be taken at fault. He contrived, by rapid movements and skilful manœuvring, to hold them in check at every point where the passage by the fords of the Chenab might be effected; until they were compelled to give him battle, upon ground sufficiently strong, indeed, and which might have been well maintained against any other troops, but where he, by generalship the most consummate, gained a decisive victory.

The position of the enemy almost surrounded the town of Googerat. His right wing was protected by a deep, dry nullah, which covered his infantry, in advance of his guns, and ran directly through the position which our army occupied; his left wing was protected by a wet nullah, running into the Chenab, in the direction of Wuzer. The ground between these nullahs being deemed fit by Lord Gough for military operations, he determined to make his principal attack in that direction. "With my right wing," he writes in his despatch to the governor-general, "I penetrated the centre of the enemy's line, so as to turn the position of their front in rear of the nullah, and thus enable my left to cross it with little loss, and in co-operation with the right, to double upon the centre the wing of the enemy."



force opposed to them." When this was done, as it was done by felicitous attacks and movements in which there was "no mistake," all was accomplished. The enemy was driven from all his strong positions; his guns, and camp, provisions, and ammunition all taken; and he himself driven in rout and confusion to a distance of twelve miles from the field of battle, where, from sheer weariness, we ceased pursuit. This great victory put an end to the war. Well might Lord Gough, in writing to the governor-general, give vent, in the following words, to his feelings of gratitude and exultation:—

"The ranks of the enemy broken, their position carried, their guns, ammunition, camp-equipage, and baggage captured, their flying masses driven before their victorious pursuers from mid-day to dusk, receiving most severe punishment in their flight; and, my lord, with gratitude to a merciful Providence, I have the satisfaction of adding, that, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of the enemy, this triumphant success, this brilliant victory, has been achieved with comparatively little loss on our side."

The veteran had now done his work in India. He had silenced his calumniators by annihilating the enemy. Honours and rewards of every kind awaited his return home, after he had handed over the command to the hero by whom he was succeeded; and who, notwithstanding the chagrin he must have felt at having nothing to do, at least nothing worthy his reputation and genius, was amongst the foremost to congratulate Lord Gough upon the glorious victory, by which he put his crowning stone upon that triumphal column of military renown which will transmit his name to the latest posterity. Nor was it without a justifiable pride that he said, in his farewell address to his brave companions in arms—"That which Alexander attempted, the British army have accomplished."

"The mere battle day, when every glowing feeling of the soldier and the gentleman is called into action, will ever be encountered nobly where British armies are engaged; but it is in the privations, the difficulties, and endless toils of war, that the trial of an army consists; it is these which denote its metal, and show of what materials it is formed.

"Since the day when, at Ramnuggar, the too hasty ardour and enthusiasm of the troops first gave signal of the determined character of the war, and of the fierceness with which a mistaken but brave enemy were bent to oppose the progress of our arms; till now, that a crushing and overwhelming victory has prostrated, at the feet of our ruler and his government, an independent, a proud, and a warlike people, Lord Gough, relying upon British courage and endurance, has never for one moment entertained a doubt of the result, nor yielded, even to adverse chances and circumstances, a lurking fear of the successful issue which true constancy and firmness never fail to attain.

"The commander-in-chief lingers upon the severance of those ties which have bound him to that army, the last which, in the field, it was his duty and his pride to command. Long practice and experience of war, and its trying vicissitudes, have enabled him to form a just estimate of the conduct and merit of the troops now being dispersed; and the ardour, the vigilance, the endurance, the daring and triumphant bravery, and discipline, which have marked their path in the Punjaub, will often recur to him in that retirement which he is about to seek, and in which the cares, the earnest exertions, and grave anxieties inseparable from the duties of high military command, will be richly recompensed and rewarded by the sense of duty performed, and the consciousness of unwearied and uncompromising devotion to that sovereign and country which, in common with the British Indian army, it will ever be his boast and his pride to have so successfully served."

To our minds there never appeared in arms an individual who united in himself so many of the qualities which Wordsworth has enumerated in his sublime conception of "the happy Warrior:"—

"CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

"Who is the happy warrior? who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That make the path before him always bright:  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;



Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care :  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
 In face of these doth exercise a power  
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;  
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives,—  
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
 Her feeling, rendered more compassionate :  
 Is placable, because occasions rise  
 So often that demand such sacrifice :  
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
 As tempted more ; more able to endure  
 As more exposed to suffering and distress,—  
 Thence also more alive to tenderness.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Who, if he rise to station of command,  
 Rises by open means, and there will stand  
 On honourable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire :  
 Who comprehends his trust, and in the same  
 Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim ;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :  
 Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :  
 Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment, to which heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,  
 And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will is equal to the need.”

Go, then, grey-headed warrior, to thy happy retirement ; not more  
 years than of virtues ; with all

“ That should accompany old age,  
 Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

May the evening of thy days be as peaceful, as the morning was  
 honourable, and the noontide glorious ! May others catch, from thee  
 how Christian excellence is compatible with military renown ! how the man  
 has learned to govern himself, is ever the best fitted for governing others—  
 how the sovereign is ever best served by him who is, in the truest sense  
 word, the servant of his God ! Mayest thou long be spared to the task  
 whom thou art adored, to teach thy children, and thy children's children  
 to live, and how to die, as best becomes the British soldier !

## LATTER-DAY POETS.\*

DE VERE—TENNYSON—THE VIRGIN WIDOW.

THERE is a passage in the preface to one of Joanna Baillie's volumes of plays, in which she speaks of the disadvantage which any work of art suffers from being seen at the same time with others; and she requests her readers to interpose some three or four days, at least, between the perusal of any two of her dramas. She is, no doubt, right, and we wish we could act on the principle. Still it is one that, in our "hurry work, weary work" line, will not do. Our readers must pass on, as they best can, through a dozen different articles, and in one article we must, if we can, dispose of some half-dozen poets or poetesses. We do not remember that any of our brotherhood have lately written about Henry Taylor or Alfred Tennyson in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We, ourselves, who are now deputed to execute justice on them, certainly have not; and we are very much in the temper of the critic in Sterne, who, so that he was pleased, did not much care for the whys and the wherefores. Here, then, are some three or four books before us, which we have read with pleasure, and which we cannot lay by without saying a few kindly words in season. And first comes a poem in prose, of which hereafter we must give an account somewhat more formal. It is Aubrey de Vere's "Travels in Greece," a book exceedingly pleasant, and from which more may be learned of what it most imports us to know, than from any book we could name. The state of society in Greece is singularly like that in Ireland; and more lessons of real use to the politician may be learned from this book than any one could suspect. We, of course, speak of society as it exists among the lower and the middle classes of both countries. What makes us class it with poems is, its exceeding beauty of description, in which everything comes to the eye; and still more, the perfectness of the narrative, which

almost reminds us of the graceful simplicity of the Odyssey. De Vere is one of the great poets of our time. In his descriptions, the beauty of single words—a landscape expressed often in a word—is the most exquisite thing we know in language; but for this the reader must study the book for himself. All we can do at present is to plunder De Vere of an adventure, which is one of the best, and best told stories we have ever read:—

"A short time before leaving Constantinople I enjoyed a piece of good fortune which I believe has fallen to the lot of few men. Often as I passed by the garden walls of some rich Pacha, I felt, as every one who visits Constantinople feels, no small desire to penetrate into that mysterious region, his harem, and see something more than the mere exterior of Turkish life. 'The traveller landing at Stamboul complains,' I used to say to myself, 'of the contrast between its external aspect and the interior of the city; but the real interior, that is, the inside of the houses, the guarded retreats of those veiled forms which one passes in gilded caiques—of these he sees nothing.' Fortune favoured my aspirations. I happened to make acquaintance with a young Frenchman, lively, spirited, and confident, who had sojourned at Constantinople for a considerable time, and who bore there the character of prophet, magician, and I know not what beside.

"One day this youth called on me, and mentioned that a chance had befallen him which he should be glad to turn to account, particularly if sure of not making too intimate an acquaintance with the Bosphorus in the attempt. A certain wealthy Turk had applied to him for assistance under very trying domestic circumstances. His favourite wife had lost a precious ring, which had doubtless been stolen either by one of his other wives, under the influence of jealousy, or by a female slave. Would the magician pay a visit to his house, recover the ring, and expose the delinquent? 'Now,' said he, 'if I once get within the walls, I shall be sure to force my way into the female apartments on some pretence. If I find the ring, all is well; but if not, this Turk will discover that I have been making a fool of him. However,

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\* De Vere's "Greece;" "Fides Laici;" Lee's "Empire of Music;" Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" and Taylor's "Virgin Widow."

as he is a favourite at court, and cannot but know in what flattering estimation I am held there, he will probably treat me with the distinction I deserve. In fine, I will try it. Will you come, too? you can help me in my incantations, which will serve as an excuse.' The proposal was too tempting to be rejected, and at the hour agreed on we set off in such state as we could command (in the East, state is essential to respect), jogging over the rough streets in one of those hearse-like carriages without springs, which bring one's bones upon terms of far too intimate a mutual acquaintance.

"We reached at last a gate, which promised little; but ere long we found ourselves in one of those 'high-walled gardens, green and old,' which are among the glories of the East. Passing between rows of orange and lemon-trees, we reached the house, where we were received by a goodly retinue of slaves, and conducted, accompanied by our dragoman, through a long suite of apartments. In the last of them stood a tall, handsome, and rather youthful man, in splendid attire, who welcomed us with a grave courtesy. We took our seats, and were presented in due form with long pipes, and with coffee, to me far more acceptable. After a sufficient interval of time had passed for the most meditative and abstracted of men to remember his purpose, our host, reminded of what he had apparently forgotten by my companion's conjuring robes, an electrical machine, and other instruments of incantation, which the slaves carried from our carriage, civilly inquired when we intended to commence operations. 'What operations?' demanded my companion, with much apparent unconcern. 'The discovery of the ring.' 'Whenever his highness pleased, and it suited the female part of his household to make their appearance,' was the answer.

"At this startling proposition even the Oriental sedateness of our majestic host gave way, and he allowed his astonishment and displeasure to become visible. 'Who ever heard,' he demanded, 'of the wives of a true believer being shown to a stranger, and that stranger an Infidel and a Frank?' As much astonished in our turn, we demanded, 'When a magician had ever been heard of, who could discover a stolen treasure without being confronted either with the person who had lost or the person who had appropriated it?' For at least two hours, though relieved by intervals of silence, the battle was carried on with much occasional vehemence on his part, and on ours with an assumption of perfect indifference. Our host at last, perceiving that our obstinacy was equal to the decrees of fate, retired, as we were informed, to consult his mother on the subject. In a few minutes he returned, and assured us that our proposition was ridiculous; upon which we rose with much disguised displeasure, and moved toward the door, stating that our beards had been made little of. A grave-looking man

who belonged to the household of our host, and occupied apparently a sort of semi-ecclesiastical position, now interposed, and after some consultation it was agreed that as we were not mere men, but prophets, and infidel saints, an exception might be made in our favour without violation of the Mussulman law; not, indeed, to the extent of allowing us to profane the inner sanctuary of the harem with our presence, but so far as to admit us into an apartment adjoining it, where the women would be summoned to attend us.

"Accordingly, we passed through a long suite of rooms, and at last found ourselves in a chamber lofty and large, fanned by a breeze from the Bosphorus, over which its lattices were suspended, skirted by a low divan, covered with carpets and cushions, and 'invested with purpureal gleams,' by the splendid hangings, through which the light feebly strove. Among a confused heap of crimson pillows and orange drapery, at the remote end of the apartment, sat, or rather reclined, the mother of our reluctant host. I could observe only that she was aged, and lay there as still as if she had belonged to the vegetable, not the human world. Usually, she was half-veiled by the smoke of her long pipe; but when its wreaths chanced to float aside, or grow thin, her dark eyes were fixed upon us with an expression half indifferent and half averse.

"Presently a murmur of light feet was heard in an adjoining chamber; on it moved along the floor of the gallery, and in trooped the company of wives and female slaves. They laughed softly and musically as they entered, but seemed frightened also; and at once raising their shawls, and drawing down their veils, they glided simultaneously into a semicircle, and stood there with hands folded on their breasts. I sat opposite to them drinking coffee, and smoking, or pretending to smoke, a pipe eight feet long: at one side stood the Mollah, and some male members of the household: at the other stood the handsome husband, apparently but little contented with the course matters had taken; and my friend, the magician, moved about among the implements of his art, clad in a black gown, spangled with flame-coloured devices, strange enough to strike a bold heart with awe. Beyond the semicircle stood two children, a boy and a girl, holding in their hands twisted rods of barley-sugar about a yard long each, which they sucked assiduously the whole time of our visit. There they stood, mute, and still as statues, with dark eyes fixed, now on us, and now on the extremity of their sugar wands.

"My companion commenced operations by displaying a number of conjuring tricks, intended to impress all present with the loftiest opinion of his powers, and stopped every now and then to make his dragoman explain that it would prove in vain to endeavour to deceive a being endowed with such gifts. To

these expositions the women apparently paid but little attention; but the conjuring feats delighted them, and again and again they laughed, until, literally, the head of each dropped on her neighbour's shoulder. After a time the husband, who alone had never appeared the least entertained, interposed, and asked the conjuror whether he had yet discovered the guilty party? With the utmost coolness my friend replied, 'Certainly not; how could he, while his highness's wives continued veiled?' This new demand created new confusion and a long debate; I thought, however, that the women seemed rather to advocate our cause. The husband, the Molah, and the mother again consulted, and in another moment the veils had dropped, and the beauty of many an eastern nation stood before us revealed.

"Four of these unveiled Orientals were, as we were informed, wives, and six were slaves. The former were beautiful indeed, though beautiful in different degrees, and in various styles of beauty: of the latter, two only. They were all of them tall, slender, and dark-eyed, 'shadowing high beauty in their airy brows,' and uniting a mystical with a luxurious expression, like that of Sibyls who had been feasting with Cleopatra. There was something to me strange, as well as lovely, in their aspect—as strange as their condition, which seems a state half-way between marriage and widowhood. They see no man except their husband; and a visit from him (except in the case of the favourite), is a rare and marvellous occurrence, like an eclipse of the sun. Their bearing toward each other was that of sisters; in their movements I remarked an extraordinary sympathy, which was the more striking on account of their rapid transitions from the extreme of alarm to child-like wonder, and again to boundless mirth.

"The favourite wife was a Circassian, and a fairer vision it would not be easy to see. Intellectual in expression she could hardly be called; yet she was full of dignity, as well as of pliant grace and of sweetness. Her large black eyes, beaming with a soft and stealthy radiance, seemed as if they would have yielded light in the darkness; and the heavy waves of her hair, which, in the excitement of the tumultuous scene, she carelessly flung over her shoulders, gleamed like a mirror. Her complexion was the most exquisite I have ever seen; its smooth and pearly purity being tinged with a colour, unlike that of flower or of fruit, of bud, or of berry, but which reminded me of the vivid and delicate tints which sometimes streak the inside of a shell. Though tall, she seemed as light as if she had been an embodied cloud, hovering over the rich carpets, like a child that does not feel the weight of its body; and though stately in the intervals of rest, her mirth was a sort of rapture. She, too, had that peculiar luxuriousness of aspect, in no degree opposed to modesty, which belongs to the

East; around her lips was wreathed, in their stillness, an expression at once pleasurable and pathetic, which seemed ever ready to break forth into a smile; her hands seemed to leave with regret whatever they had rested on, and in parting, to leave something behind; and, in all her soft and witching beauty, she reminded me of Browning's lines:—

" 'No swan-soft woman, rubbed in lucid oils,  
The gift of an enamoured god more fair.'

"As feat succeeded to feat, and enchantment to enchantment, all remnant of reserve was discarded, and no trace remained of that commingled alarm and pleased expectation which had characterised those beaming countenances, when first they emerged from their veils. Those fair women floated around us, and tossed their hands in the air, wholly forgetting that their husband was by. Still, however, we had made but little progress in our inquiry; and when the magician informed them that they had better not to try to conceal anything from him, their only answer was a look that said, 'You came here to give us pleasure, not to cross-question us.' Resolved to use more formidable weapons, he began to arrange an electrical machine, when the Molah, after glancing at it two or three times, approached, and asked him whether that instrument also was supernatural. The quick-witted Frenchman replied at once, 'By no means; it is a mere scientific toy.' Then, turning to me, he added, in a low voice, 'He has seen it before—probably he has travelled.' In a few minutes the women were ranged in a ring, and linked hand in hand. He then informed them, through our interpreter, that if a discovery was not immediately made, each person should receive, at the same moment, a blow from an invisible hand; that the second time the admonition would be yet severer; and that the third time, if his warning was still despised, the culprit would drop down dead. This announcement was heard with much gravity, but no confession followed it. The shock was given, and the lovely circle was speedily dislinked, 'with shrieks and laughter.' Again the shock was given, and with the same effect; but this time the laughter was more subdued. Before making his last essay, the magician addressed them in a long speech, telling them that he had already discovered the secret, that if the culprit confessed, he would make intercession for her; but that if she did not, she must take the consequences. Still no confession was made. For the first time my confident friend looked downcast. 'It will not do,' he said to me; 'the ring cannot be recovered—they know nothing about it—probably it was lost. We cannot fulfil our engagement; and, indeed, I wish,' he added, 'that we were well out of all this.'

"I confess I wished the same, especially when I glanced at the master of the household, who stood apart, gloomy as a thunder-

cloud, and with the look of a man who thinks himself in a decidedly false position. The Easterns do not understand a jest, especially in a harem; and not being addicted to irony (that great safety-valve for enthusiasm), they pass rapidly from immoveability to very significant and sometimes disagreeable action. Speaking little, they deliver their souls by acting. I should have been glad to hear our host talk, even though in a stormy voice; on the whole, however, I trusted much to the self-possession and address of my associate. Nor was I deceived. 'Do as you see me do,' he said to me and the dragoman; and then, immediately after giving the third shock, which was as ineffectual as those that preceded it, he advanced to our grim host with a face radiant with satisfaction, and congratulated him vehemently. 'You are a happy man,' he said. 'Your household has not a flaw in it. Fortunate it was that you sent for the wise man: I have discovered the matter.' 'What have you discovered?' 'The fate of the ring. It has never been stolen: if it had, I would have restored it to you. Fear nothing; your household is trustworthy and virtuous. I know where the ring is; but I should deceive you if I bade you hope ever to find it again. This is a great mystery, and the happy consummation surpasses even my hopes. Adieu. The matter has turned out just as you see. You were born under a lucky star. Happy is the man whose household is trustworthy, and who, when his faith is tried, finds a faithful counsellor. I forbid you, henceforth and for ever, to distrust any one of your wives.'"

Well, how do you like this, gentle reader? In the spirit of Miss Baillie's preface, it would, perhaps, be a pleasant thing to dwell upon it for some three or four days before taking up anything else; but such is not the condition of life—not of our's, a reviewer's life; or of yours, who have resigned yourselves to our guidance for a little while. Away, then, with *De Vere*!—forget him if you can, and let us see who next comes. What is this? "*Fides Laici*"—a poem—in verse too, and in something of the verse of Dryden—bringing him to the ear and to the mind—with some touches of Crabbe; and something of the author's own, different from, and perhaps better than anything in either. The writer loves the Church of England, and is scandalised with her dissensions. Listen to the opening of the poem:—

"Come, let us then awhile the scene survey,  
Where hot dispute frets out its little day;  
And see what causes vex the quiet state  
Of England's Church, with wrangling harsh debate.  
There are who seem to think that Church a theme  
Fit only for some fond enthusiast's dream;—

As though Religion were a thing of Art,  
Where each might play a sentimental part.  
Thus in God's temple sense they gratify,  
With all that soothes the ear and charms the eye;  
Music, and flowers, and altar-cloths inland  
With holy symbols by fair fingers made:  
The fretted roof with gewgaw gilding gleams,  
And softened light through tinted windows streams;  
While tapers burning in the face of day  
With import deep mysterious truth convey.  
Devotion surely is a sickly plant  
The aid of such appliances to want;  
Nor feels that soul its own tremendous stake  
Which of religion can a plaything make.  
But more than this: we must adopt the tone  
Of bygone days, abandoning our own,  
As though it were a sacrilegious crime  
To use a word or term of modern time;  
And Christians dared not utter prayer or praise,  
Except in some old mediæval phrase.

"Sometimes the evil they admit—but say,  
'The Rubric orders, and we must obey—  
The Church ordains—the Canons are her voice—  
Our law her mandates—and we have no choice—  
It is a point of conscience.' Oh! beware,  
A morbid conscience is a dangerous snare.

"Suppose, for some quaint oddity of dream,  
I cite the usage under good Queen Bess;  
Or in slashed doublet clothed, with ribands gay,  
Point to the gallants of King Charles's day:  
If I should walk the street thus strangely clad,  
Could I complain if people called me mad?  
Yet surely to defend my tailor's creed,  
I might like you ancestral *habits* plead.  
As Time rolls onward in its silent course,  
New customs rise, and statutes lose their force;  
Without express repeal a law may die,  
And long disuse can void authority."

The subterfuges by which an escape is made from the doctrines of Christianity, in the novel devices of "*Development*" and "*Reserve*," as if Christianity had any esoteric doctrines, are exceedingly well exposed; but we prefer giving the close of the poem:—

"See! where the Southern Cross is hung on high,  
That mystic symbol glitters in the sky;  
And beckons men across the pathless sea,  
Lighted by that resplendent galaxy.  
And not in vain! I see a pilgrim host  
Go forth to seek New Zealand's island coast,  
And found an Empire which perhaps will last  
When England's name and glory shall be past.  
It is not Mammon's voice nor lust of sway  
That sends that band of wanderers away;  
But zeal to spread through earth the Word of Heaven,  
Through her to whom that Word was first divinely  
given;  
A noble deed! and Faith prophetic cries  
That God will bless the holy enterprise.

"Bright is the hope we cherish, when at length  
For her great task the Church is gathering strength;  
And unborn millions of a foreign clime,  
May yet hereafter live to bless the time,  
Which some, faint-hearted, deem with ruin rife,  
Because around us roars the din of strife.  
Such fears are treason—and themselves create  
The dangers which they only seem to state;  
Patience and Faith their sure reward receive,  
And happiest they, who firmest can believe  
That God knows how His promise to fulfil,  
And all things but conspire to work His sovereign  
will."

In the same serious spirit with this poem, is the next volume which we



open—"Wills's Moral and Religious Epistles." One of the most beautiful is addressed, in a calm and elevated tone, which reminds us of Milton's "Sonnet to a virtuous Young Lady," to one who, we learn from other verses of the same writer, has been since removed from earth:—

"Lone is the path, apart from worldly ways,  
Where walk salvation's wise in prayer and praise:  
Rejected, like their Master, by the crowd,  
Spurned by the sensual, slighted by the proud—  
Condemned to bear the world's vindictive sneer,  
That fain would silence what it will not hear;  
Still led by hope that passeth earthly show,  
The faith which ends not in this world below.  
Lone—but, how blest!—extending far and wide,  
The ways of error lead on every side  
To Death's broad portal, end of sin and strife;  
But this—this only is the way to life."

The poem on this lady's death is of singular beauty. We can give but a sentence:—

"O, friend, I stood beside thee at thy tomb,  
Filled with a thousand bleeding memories;  
Thine image rose upon my thoughts, and filled  
My spirit with sad love. I thought, dear friend,  
That in the strife of thy long-suffering  
I had not mourned enough for one so loved.  
I then wept inly. But a thought returned,  
As though an angel clothed in shining raiment  
Stood by the opening tomb, and said—'Weep not,  
For she is not in dust, but far away,  
Even with the deathless, where no pains can come—  
Beyond the reach of sorrows.' Then I looked  
On those who stood with solemn aspect round,  
And knew we were the dead in sin, not thou!"

"Thou art not of the dead: or if so named,  
The tomb grows holy when we think of thee.  
No more than cavern of decay from which  
The bosom shrinks appalled—but holy—holy  
The sacred portal of the realm beyond,  
Where they who follow thee are found with God."

"The Empire of Music, and other Poems," by Alfred Lee, is a volume of very considerable promise. We wish we had room for an extract.

The next volume is Tennyson's "In Memoriam," greatly the most beautiful and best of his works that we have seen. It is a series of elegiac thoughts on the death of a son of Hallam the historian, who was his chosen friend, and to whom his sister was betrothed. The death occurred in 1833. What interval past between it and Tennyson's writing all, or any of these poems, we are not told. There is scarce a reason for selecting one rather than another of these; all are beautiful—all are consolatory; though we think that some of the truer topics of consolation are more happily dwelt on in the poem of Mr. Wills, which

we quoted in a former part of this paper:—

"A happy lover who has come  
To look on her that loves him well,  
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,  
And learns her gone and far from home,  
He saddens, all the magic light  
Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight;  
So find I every pleasant spot  
In which we two were wont to meet,  
The field, the chamber, and the street,  
For all is dark where thou art not.  
Yet as that other, wandering there  
In those deserted walks, may find  
A flower beat with rain and wind,  
Which once she foster'd up with care;  
So seems it in my deep regret,  
O my forsaken heart, with thee,  
And this poor flower of poesy  
Which little cared for fades not yet.  
But since it pleased a vanish'd eye  
I go to plant it on his tomb,  
That if it can it there may bloom,  
Or dying there at least may die."  
—  
"When I contemplate all alone,  
The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown;  
I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
On all the branches of thy blood;  
'Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;  
For now the day was drawing on,  
When thou should'st link thy life with one  
Of mine own house, and boys of thine  
Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee;  
But that remorseless iron hour  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.  
I seem to meet their least desire,  
To clasp their cheeks, to call them mine.  
I see their unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire.  
I see myself an honour'd guest,  
Thy partner in the flowery walk  
Of letters, genial table-talk,  
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;  
While now thy prosperous labour fills  
The lips of men with honest praise,  
And sun by sun the happy days  
Descend below the golden hills  
With promise of a morn as fair;  
And all the train of bounteous hours  
Conduct by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair;  
Till slowly worn her earthly robe,  
Her lavish mission richly wrought,  
Leaving great legacies of thought,  
Thy spirit should fall from off the globe;  
What time mine own might also flee,  
As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait  
To the other shore, involved in thee,  
Arrive at last the blessed goal,  
And he that died in Holy Land  
Would reach us out the shining hand,  
And take us as a single soul.  
What reed was that on which I leant?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
The old bitterness again, and break  
The low beginnings of content."

\* "Moral and Religious Epistles." By the Rev. James Wills. Dublin: Curry & Co. 1848.

The intended marriage of the deceased with a sister of the poet is often alluded to :—

"Oh! what to her shall be the end?  
And what to me remains of good;  
To her perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend?  
\* \* \*

"With weary steps I loiter on,  
Though always under alter'd skies;  
The purple from the distance dies,  
My prospect and horizon gone.

"No joy the blowing season gives—  
The herald melodies of spring;  
But in the songs I love to sing  
A doubtful gleam of solace lives."

The following Christmas carol, as it may be called, is a fine thing :—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light.  
The Year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The Year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of God.

"Ring out the shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

But of all the volumes of poetry which we have lately seen, the "*Virgin Widow*" most demands attentive perusal. It will reward a careful study. A new work by the author of "*Philip Von Artevelde*," even though it did not purport to be of a character new to our literature, is one having more than common claims to notice.

We do not incline, with our author, to class his work with the earlier English drama. In the plays of our earlier dramatists—call them comedies, or

what you please—a story is told very much for the purpose of telling a story. There is no ulterior purpose of imparting truth under fiction; nothing more or other is thought of, than making out, as the author best can, with the materials that chance may present, an evening's entertainment. Nothing that can produce effect, which is within the compass of the author's powers, is neglected. If there be a general truth to nature in the groundwork of the character, the author is satisfied with this basis of reality, and then exaggerates it beyond all measure and all proportion, relying on the confidence that has been established between himself and his audience. Even a general truth to nature is dispensed with, whenever from any cause—as, for instance, the hero being taken from romance, or having some fixed brand of character stamped on him by traditional history—the hearer's sympathy may be reckoned on. The improbable—the outrageous—is preferred, as any one will acknowledge who looks at any volume of these old plays, and does not confine his attention to selected scenes.

Selected scenes mislead us, from the fact that the language of that earlier day was less formal than that of the century which followed; and whatever is expressed in natural language seems, at first view, to have, from that very fact, some foundation in truth. But we think a little fair reading of the works themselves will satisfy most readers that the passions and feelings represented in them are exaggerated, fantastical, silly; and that to class with them, considered as works of art, the present drama, would be greatly to underrate its fair claims. On the other hand, the lavish profusion of imagery everywhere found in those old plays, the variety of incident, the fearlessness with which all subjects, even the most revolting, are treated, give us impressions of the genius of these old giants of this irregular literature of Elizabeth's day, which nothing produced in our own time at all approaches.

But it is by his own work, and not by its relation to that of others, that an author must be judged; and we shall endeavour to assist our readers by an analysis of Mr. Taylor's play.

The scene is in Sicily; the time is not very definitely fixed; but as we have tournaments, and pilgrimages to the Holy Land, we may refer it to such

convenient date of the middle ages as may best please the fancy. Society has advanced beyond its heroics; even love itself seems a well-tempered and regulated passion; still it is the moving impulse which animates every one of the leading characters. If we ask who are the hero and heroine, we suppose we must answer, Silisco, Marquis of Malespina, and Rosalba, the virgin widow. Still the system of our author prevents his making any pair of lovers very prominent; and the grave Ruggiero and the comic Fiordeliza, another couple whose destinies are united, divide the reader's cares. We become early interested, too, for Lisana, on whom the king has fixed his dangerous regards; and her escape from the toils is an underplot skilfully connected with the main story.

The first act shows us Silisco on the high road to ruin. He is wealthy, but unboundedly extravagant. His lands are mortgaged to Ugo, Count of Arezzo; and we find him borrowing money and hiring a ship from the Jews.

In the following scene we have passages which we select, not alone on account of the aid they give us in relating the story, but because they express some of our author's notions on Art. The comments of the singing-girls and the players are conceived in the manner of Goethe. There is a scene of the same kind in the second part of Faust, where the phantoms of Helen and Paris are evoked.

*The Palazzo Malespina—SILISCO, RUGGIERO, and other noblemen. BRUNO and CONRADO. A Manager and three Players. Singers and Dancers, and amongst the former ARETINA.*

SILISCO.

"Off with these viands and this wine, Conrado; Feasting is not festivity: it cloyes  
The finer spirits. Music is the feast  
That lightly fills the soul. My pretty friend,  
Touch me that lute of thine, and pour thy voice  
Upon the troubled waters of this world.

ARETINA.

"What ditty would you please to hear, my lord?

SILISCO.

"Choose thou, Ruggiero. See now, if that knave—  
Conrado, ho! A hundred times I've bid thee  
To give what wine is over to the poor  
About the doors.

CONRADO.

Sir, this is Malvoisie  
And Muscadet, a ducat by the flask.

SILISCO.

"Give it them not the less; they'll never know;  
And better it went to enrich a beggar's blood  
Than surfeit ours;—choose thou, Ruggiero!

RUGGIERO.

"I!

have not heard her songs.

SILISCO.

"Thou sang'st me once  
A song that had a note of either muse,  
Not sad, nor gay, but rather both than neither.  
What call you it?

ARETINA (*touching her lute*).

"I think, my lord, 'twas this.

SILISCO.

"Yes, yes, 'twas so it ran; sing that, I pray thee.

ARETINA (*sings*).

I.

"I'm a bird that's free  
Of the land and sea,  
I wander whither I will;  
But oft on the wing,  
I falter and sing,  
Oh, fluttering heart, be still,  
Be still,  
Oh, fluttering heart, be still.

II.

"I'm wild as the wind,  
But soft and kind,  
And wander whither I may,  
The eye-bright sighs,  
And says with its eyes,  
Thou wandering wind, oh stay,  
Oh stay,  
Thou wandering wind, oh stay."

SILISCO.

"There! have you heard elsewhere a voice like hers?  
The soul it reaches not is far from Heaven,  
Is't not, Ruggiero?

RUGGIERO.

"To say ay to that  
Were for myself to claim a place too near;  
For it not reaches only, but runs thro' me.

MANAGER.

"Now, had she clapped her hand upon her heart  
In the first verse, which says, 'Oh, fluttering heart'—

FIRST PLAYER.

"And at 'oh stay' had beckoned thus, or thus—

SECOND PLAYER.

"And with a speaking look—

MANAGER.

"But no—she could not—  
It was not in her.

SILISCO.

"You'll not take the gold?  
Wear this then for my sake. It once adorned  
The bosom of a Queen of Samarcand,  
And shall not shame to sit upon this throne.  
[Hangs a jewel round her neck.

ARETINA.

"My heart, my lord, would prize a gift of yours,  
Were it a pebble from the brook.

SILISCO.

"What ho!  
Are not the players in attendance? Ah!  
A word or two with you, my worthy friends.

FIRST SINGING GIRL.

"Why, Aretina, 'tis the diamond  
Was sold last winter for a thousand crowns.

SECOND SINGING GIRL.

"A princely man!

THIRD SINGING GIRL.

"In some things; but in others  
He's liker to a patriarch than a prince.

FIRST SINGING GIRL.

"I think that he takes us for patriarchs,  
He's so respectful.

SECOND SINGING GIRL.

"Tell Spadons that;  
Bid him believe such gifts are given for nothing;  
A diamond for a song!

SILISCO.

"With all my heart;  
We'll have the scene where Brutus from the bench  
Condemns his son to death. 'Twas you, Ruggiero,  
Made me to love that scene.

MANAGER.

"I think, my lord,  
We pleased you in it.

RUGGIERO.

"Oh, you did, you did;  
Yet still with reservations; and might I speak  
My untaught mind to you that know your art,  
I should beseech you not to stare, and gasp,  
And quiver, that the infection of the sense  
May make our flesh to creep! for as the hand  
By tickling of our skin may make us laugh  
More than the wit of Plantus, so those tricks  
May make us shudder. But true art is this,  
To set aside your sorrowful pantomime,  
Pass by the senses, leave the flesh at rest,  
And working by the witcheries of words  
Felt in the fulness of their import, call  
Men's spirits from the deep; that pain may thus  
Be glorified, and passion, flashing out  
Like noiseless lightning in a summer's night,  
Show Nature in her bounds from peak to chasm,  
Awful, but not terrific.

MANAGER.

"True, my lord;  
My very words; 'tis what I always told them.  
Now, Folco, speak thy speech.

BRUNO.

"A word, my lord;  
The Maddelena's mate is here without,  
And craves to see you.

SILISCO.

"Call him in. Your pardon.  
[To the players.  
One moment and we'll hear you.

RUGGIERO.

"Tis a speech  
That by a language of familiar lowness  
Enhances what of more heroic vein  
Is next to follow. But one fault it hath:  
It sits too close to life's realities,  
In truth to Nature missing truth to Art;  
For Art commends not counterparts and copies,  
But from our life a nobler life would shape,  
Bodies celestial from terrestrial raises,  
And teach us, not jejune what we are,  
But what we may be when the Parian block  
Yields to the hand of Phidias."

The vessel which the marquis has hired from the Jews is waiting for sailing-orders. The crew is impatient; and we have a conversation between the captain, mate, and boatswain, which shews that their cupidity has been awakened—"When we reach Rhodes," says Spadone, the captain, "we shall take such a treasure of jewels and ingots aboard, as the good ship never lodged before." Spadone now sends for sailing-orders, and the Jews make their appearance.

Aretina is the mistress of Spadone, and is to meet him at the catacombs under the western suburb of Palermo.

ARETINA.

"He loves my singing, but he loves not me.  
How should he? knowing me so vilely link'd  
With this Spadone. To have fallen was sad,  
But for the love of such a knave as this,  
To fall, was falling doubly;—not as Eve  
Lur'd by the fruit, but by the Serpent's self.  
Yet is the Serpent not so very wise,  
To think that, having fallen, I am his  
For ever, and must evermore misdeem  
His venom to be nectar. No, could I pierce  
The plot that now he hatches—sure I am

There's perfly design'd—the last were this  
That I should see of these detested caves,  
Or of this wretch and his barbarities.

Enter SPADONE.

SPADONE.

"According to thy wont—blear-ey'd, I see. What  
hath sprung the leak now?

ARETINA.

"Were I to tell thee I should find no pity; so I  
may keep my counsel.

SPADONE.

"Pity! As great a pity to see a woman weep, as  
to see a goose go barefoot. 'Tis their nature. But,  
hark you, my girl; if gold can make thee merry,  
thou shalt not maunder long. When I come back  
from Rhodes . . .

ARETINA.

"Yes. Shalt thou bring much gold with thee?

SPADONE.

"Treasure upon treasure! heap upon heap! Here,  
in this very cave, thou shalt see it; and what is more,  
thou shalt have it in thy keeping. For when I shall  
have seen it safe with thee, it will be needful I should  
make away for Calabria, and whistle off a month or  
two till I shall see how things be taken.

ARETINA.

"But whence will this treasure come?

SPADONE.

"When the Maddelena shall be seen in the offing,  
hither. Wait not till she comes into port,  
for that may chance to be a tedious time; and if  
they should tell thee that we have gone to the bottom,  
heed not that; for thou shalt find me here notwith-  
standing.

ARETINA.

"But tell me, whence is the treasure?

SPADONE.

"For the gold, it comes out of the bowels of the  
earth. The diamonds were digg'd up in the farther  
Ind. Touching the pearls, thou shalt ask of an  
oyster; and in respect of the jewels, a toad could tell  
thee somewhat. Hark! I hear the Mate bellowing  
for me through the caverns like a calf that hath lost  
its dam. Fare thee well!

ARETINA.

"Here then we meet when thou return'st. Farewell.  
[Exit SPADONE.

And for the gold thou bringest, whence it comes  
Thou know'st not better than I know myself.  
It is Silisco's gold. Whither it goes,  
Thou know'st not better—nor so well. In trust  
For him I'll take it. Falsehood to the false  
Is woman's truth, and fair fidelity."

[Exit

The next scene exhibits Silisco and Ruggiero on the sea-coast, near Palermo. They see Silisco's vessel, the Maddalena, departing, and the Zita coming into port. In the Zita are Rosalba and Fiordeliza.

Ruggiero describes them, before they land, to Silisco, who, it would appear, had not seen them before.

SILISCO.

"First for the island Countess.

RUGGIERO.

"First for her.

In the soft fulness of a rounded grace,  
Noble of stature, with an inward life  
Of secret joy sedate, Rosalba stands,  
As seeing and not knowing she is seen,  
Like a majestic child without a want.  
She speaks not often, but her presence speaks,  
And is itself an eloquence, which withdrawn,  
It seems as though some strain of music came'd  
That fill'd till then the palpitating air

With sweet pulsations. When she speaks, indeed,  
 'Tis like some one voice eminent in the choir,  
 Heard from the midst of many harmonies  
 With thrilling singleness, yet clear accord.  
 So heard, so seen, she moves upon the earth,  
 Unknowing that the joy she ministers  
 Is aught but Nature's sunshine.

SILISCO.

"Call you this  
 The picture of a woman or a Saint?  
 When Cimabue next shall figure forth  
 The hierarchies of heaven, we'll give him this  
 To copy from. But said you, then, the other  
 Was fairer still than all this?"

RUGGIERO.

"I may have said it;  
 I should have said, she's fairer in my eyes.  
 Yet must my eyes be something worse than blind,  
 And see the thing that is not, if the hand  
 Of Nature was not lavish of delights  
 When she was fashion'd. But it were not well  
 To blazon her too much; for mounted thus  
 In your esteem, she might not hold her place,  
 But fall the farther for the fancied rise.  
 For she has faults, Silisco, she has faults:  
 And when you see them you may think them worse  
 Than I, who know, or think I know, their scope.  
 She gives her moods the mastery, and fash'd  
 With quickenings of a wild and wayward wit,  
 Flits like a firefly in a tangled wood,  
 Restless, capricious, careless, hard to catch,  
 Though beautiful to look at.

SILISCO.

"By my faith  
 She's a wild growth, to judge her by her fruits,  
 For she torments you vilely. Prudent friend,  
 Rosalba being what you say, why fix  
 Your heart on Fiordeliza?"

RUGGIERO.

"Wherefore? why?  
 When hearts are told by number, weight, and  
 measure,  
 I'll render you a reason for my love.  
 Till then, I say it was my luck to love her;  
 Ill luck or good, I know not yet. For you,  
 I would it were your luck to love Rosalba,  
 So you might wed her. But the rumour is  
 That she is brought from Procida to be given  
 To old Count Ugo.

SILISCO.

"Good old man, he's welcome.  
 A simpler hearted creature never liv'd  
 To put on spectacles and see the world  
 Grow wise and honest, and I wish him joy.  
 And I will take example by him, too,  
 And marry when I'm seventy; and till then  
 I'll live as heretofore, and take delight  
 In God's creation revell'd in at large,  
 And not this work or that."

They land; and Ruggiero's painting  
 is felt to be cold and colourless, when  
 the original is seen. Some conversa-  
 tion takes place, but Silisco knows not  
 what he says.

The second act shows Silisco's ruin.  
 His vessel sinks as it is coming into  
 port. The three Jews, knowing his  
 land to be mortgaged to Ugo, issue  
 writs against his person. He seeks to  
 conceal himself, and uses, for this pur-  
 poses, a secret passage between his  
 garden and the catacombs. The ves-  
 sel had been scuttled by her officers,  
 and Spadone conceals the stolen trea-  
 sure in the catacombs. Aretina has  
 met him here in pursuance of their  
 agreement; he leaves her, at the same

time shewing her a ring: when he has  
 gone, we have a few words from Arc-  
 tina, and the scene concludes with the  
 following incident:—

ARETINA.

"O monstrous crime! Ruthless, remorseless wretch!  
 And so besotted as to think my love  
 Would hold thro' all! A gurgling, sobbing sound!  
 Is in my ears—a booming overhead!  
 My blood runs cold. Oh, I shall faint! and here!  
 And should the light go out . . . I hear a step . . .

(Enter SILISCO.)

Who's there? Who are you?

[Utters a sharp cry.

SILISCO.

"Nay, but who art thou?  
 I swear 'tis Aretina—cold as stone!  
 What dost thou here?—nay, courage—come, look up;  
 A friendly arm is round thee—know'st not me?"

ARETINA.

Oh yes, my lord, I know you—sent by Heaven,  
 For I have that to tell you . . .  
 SPADONE (who had re-entered unobserved, and stands  
 her from behind.)

"Which thy throat  
 Shall utter through a bloody new-made mouth.  
 [ARETINA shrieks and flies.  
 And now, my lord, for you!

SILISCO.

"A woman's blood,  
 Dastard! is all that thou shalt shed to-day.  
 [They fight. SPADONE falls.  
 Slain is he? No, I think not—but he swoons.  
 Where's that unhappy girl? Fled forth the caves?  
 Well doth this caltiff merit to be left  
 To meet his fate. But should he wake to life  
 And find himself in darkness left to die  
 Unshriven and unassail'd! Most horrible!  
 Gerbetto's house is on the beach hard by;  
 I'll take him there: the worthy doctor's skill  
 May call him from his trance, and he may thus  
 Repent and live, or be absolv'd and die."  
 [Exit, bearing out SPADONE.

About the time this scene is taking  
 place in the catacombs, we have Spa-  
 done's mate and boatswain waiting  
 for him at the shore. Ruggiero saves  
 a drowning sailor, and learns the vil-  
 lany by which the vessel has been de-  
 stroyed, and pursues the mate and  
 boatswain.

The third act shows us the gardens  
 of Ubaldo's palace. Rosalba, for a  
 lady engaged to be married to another,  
 gives at least sufficient encouragement  
 to Silisco, in her promise to delay her  
 marriage till All Saints' Day, in order  
 to have him, if he can, break down her  
 father's obstinate determination; nay,  
 from the opening of this third act, he  
 would almost seem an accepted lover:—

Gardens of UBALDO'S Palace—ROSALBA and  
 FIORDELIZA.

FIORDELIZA.

"Rosalba, nay, Rosalba.

ROSALBA.

"Am I not patient?"

FIORDELIZA.

"Well, I think you are: but I would have you  
 cheerful. Look at me. Has not my lover vanished,  
 too?"



ROSALBA.

" True, Fiordeliza; sorrow is wont to be vilely selfish, and I am forgetting your trouble in mine own. Yet if I were not driven to marry another, methinks I also could be cheerful.

FIORDELIZA (*sings*).

I.

" Oh, had I the wings of a dove,  
Soon would I fly away,  
And never more think of my love,  
Or not for a year and a day:  
If I had the wings of a dove.

II.

" I would press the air to my breast,  
I would love the changeful sky,  
In the murmuring leaves I would set up my rest,  
And bid the world good-bye:  
If I had the wings of a dove."

ROSALBA.

" Is you my father? Alas! I fear the very sight of him now?

FIORDELIZA.

" Were I a nursing mother I should fear it, lest it should sour my milk.

ROSALBA.

" He is always in the same story—that Silisco never will be seen again, and that Count Ugo cannot wait.

FIORDELIZA.

" Well, as to the story, there is this truth in it—that the rich Silisco will not be seen, and that Ugo will never again be as young as he is now. Indeed, your father may have some cause to fear lest his purpose to marry be crossed by that hasty humour which happens to men at his time of life, of going to the grave at one jump.

ROSALBA.

" Fie, Fiordeliza; it makes me sad, not merry, to hear you talk so lightly. Count Ugo, though he hath not, nor has had, the gifts and faculties which you set store by, was ever a just, courteous, and bountiful man, of good life and conversation, with a gentle and generous heart, and, peradventure, as much understanding as innocence has occasion for.

FIORDELIZA.

" Oh! I grant him that; but nevertheless the good old golden pippin is ripe, and may drop while the gardener is getting the ladder.

(*Sings*.)

I.

" The last year's leaf, its time is brief  
Upon the beechen spray;  
The green bud springs, the young bird sings,  
Old leaf, make room for May:  
Begone, fly away.  
Make room for May.

II.

" Oh, green bud, smile on me awhile,  
Oh, young bird, let me stay—  
What joy have we, old leaf, in thee?  
Make room, make room, for May!  
Begone, fly away.  
Make room for May."

The marriage is hurried on, Rosalba being misled into believing the infidelity of Silisco.

The next scene of this act is a conversation between Ruggiero and Silisco. It is scarcely susceptible of abridgement, and if it were, abridgement would not answer our purpose, as our object is to show how the dramatist makes the story relate itself in action. Not one line can for this purpose be omitted without loss; and in our own study of the play we have felt, at each successive perusal, the importance of even

single words, which at a first reading had escaped our attention. The triumph of the poet is that of having succeeded in the production of a consummate work of art. Of this none can judge who will not contemplate it from many positions before the proper point of view is obtained. What may be written by ourselves or others on the subject we feel to be nothing, unless we get our readers to study the work for themselves. The Argument of "Paradise Lost" might as well be substituted for the poem, as the plot of the story which the dramatist brings before the eye in scenes successively disclosing his secret, be supposed to give any notion whatever of what he has done:—

*A Farmstead on the Lands of Malespina, in the Neighbourhood of the Castle.*

Enter SILISCO and RUGGIERO.

RUGGIERO.

" We chased them that night and the next day, gaining on them by little and little; but as evening fell, there came into the horizon a cloud no bigger than your hand, and in an instant the storm swept upon them like a bird of prey, and they went to destruction before our eyes, thief and booty together.

SILISCO.

" Best friend and boldest, how fared you, I pray?

RUGGIERO.

" The storm spared us, but we were sorely tormented by hunger and thirst that night; and when we landed next morning at Vetri, in Calabria, my strength was clean spent, and a fever was upon me that laid me low for many a day. When that left me, I found my way back with all speed, and learning from Monna the direction of your flight, I sped hither. Such is my history.

SILISCO.

" Of mine remains

But little to recount. Spadone, or, If he was dead, Spadone's corpse, I left In old Gerbetto's cottage on the beach; Nor waiting his return (for he was forth). Back to the Catacombs I sped, and search'd Each cranny, but could nowhere find, my friend, The luckless Arctina. In the caves I dwelt by day. The night I chiefly spent In my own garden.

RUGGIERO.

In your garden?

SILISCO.

" Yes;

Behind the statue of Proserpina There is a cavern fring'd with pensile plants, By which, well-known to me in boyhood, open A passage to the Catacombs. Thro' this, When first I heard that writs were out against me, I, like a land-crah, into the earth had dropp'd. And afterwards thro' this I issued thence When darkness and the owls possess'd the world. Ere long, impatient of my dreary life, I meditated flight; and strange you'll deem The choice I made of whither to betake me. But having not since childhood seen my lands, A humour seiz'd me to revisit them; And seeing I was here as little known As elsewhere I could be, and peradventure Should be less look'd for, hither did I come. I found Count Ugo's people in possession, The sometime mortgagee, the owner now.

RUGGIERO.

" Why hither? It can bring you little joy To look upon the lands that you have lost.

SILISCO.

"To look upon the *days* that I have lost,  
Ruggiero, brings me less; and here I thought  
To get behind them; for my childhood here  
Lies round me. But it may not be. By Heavens!  
That very childhood bitterly upbraids  
The manhood vain that did but travesty,  
With empty and unseasonable mirth,  
Its joys and lightness. From each brake and bower  
Where thoughtless sports had lawful time and place,  
The manly child rebukes the childish man;  
And more reproof and bitterer do I read  
In many a peasant's face, whose leaden looks  
My host the farmer construes to my shame.  
Injustice, rural tyranny more dark  
Than that of courts, have laid their brutal hands  
On those that claim'd my tendance. Want and vice  
And injury and outrage filled my lands,  
Whilst I, who saw it not, my substance threw  
To feed the fraudulent and tempt the weak.  
Ruggiero, with what glittering words so'er  
We smear the selfishness of waste, and count  
Our careless tossings bounties, this is sure,  
Man sinks not by a more unmanly vice  
Than is that vice of prodigality—  
Men find not more dishonour than in debt.

RUGGIERO.

"Farewell my function! I perceive that now  
You need no more a monitor. To me,  
Who, when the past was present, sigh'd to see it,  
The present brings its joy. One work is wrought;  
Adversity hath borne its best of fruits;  
And, issuing from this gorge, the tract you tread,  
Though it be ne'er so beggarly and shorn,  
Shall lie, I augur in the sunshine.

SILISCO.

"No;

Not in the sunshine; that may never be;  
Upon my path the sun shall shine no more.  
It is not poverty will darken it—  
In many another point I erred, but not  
In deeming wealth to me was little worth;  
Nor self reproach—for this, though sharp, will work  
Its own purgation; nor the world's contempt,  
Which with a light and friendly disregard  
I soon could conquer. But one hope there was  
That in the darkness and the frosty air  
Burnt brighter still and brighter, which is now  
Set, not to rise again. In this I own  
Needful severity; for this apart  
My joyfulness of nature had escaped  
The hands of justice and all worldly ills  
Had left me unchastised.

RUGGIERO.

"Rosalba false!

SILISCO.

"No, say not so—she means not to be false.  
No—falseness could no more have place in her  
Than could the cankerworm in Paradise.  
She promis'd, it is true, till All-Saints-Eve  
To hold herself in freedom unbetroth'd;  
'Tis likewise true, or publicly proclaim'd,  
Count Ugo is to marry her to-morrow.  
But doubtless she has deem'd herself releas'd  
By my desertion. Since that fatal night  
She knows of me no more than that I vanish'd;  
For how could I, a beggar, plead to her.  
An heiress, her past promise? With what aim?  
Since should she wait the term, the issue still  
Must be obedience to her sire's behest,  
And what can now move him?

RUGGIERO.

"I know not what.

But what we know not of may haply be,  
And this I know,—what rules the true of heart  
Is plighted faith, not circumstance. To-morrow?  
I think it may be done—Ronzino's legs  
Will carry me if legs of mortal steed  
Can span the distance in the time—and so  
My presence and my protest shall precede  
This woeful wedding.—Yes, ere noon to-morrow,  
Before Rosalba face to face I'll stand,  
And, be it at the altar's foot, oppose  
Her prior promise to her marriage vow.  
Leandro, ho! my horse.

SILISCO.

"At least there's truth  
In friendship. But be gentle to Rosalba."  
[*Exeunt.*]

Ruggiero is too late: the wedding is  
already celebrated. A masked ball,  
given by the king, follows among the  
wedding festivities:—

"RUGGIERO

"Too late—too late! Yet shall the truth be heard!  
Though what is irremediable be done,  
Let what is just be spoken. To that ball  
Shall come a dreary and unwelcome guest."

Ruggiero, with his scourge and lamp,  
moves about, personating Conscience,  
searching out sins, and chastising the  
hearts of sinners.

The voice of Conscience disturbs the  
poor bride, who has married an old  
man, in violation of her promise to a  
young one; and the old man does not  
escape unwhipped, for, in addition to  
his sin of being in the way of the young  
people, he, it seems, had vowed a pil-  
grimage to the Holy Land, at the time  
of his former wife's death, and this he  
will now fulfil.

The next act opens with a scene at  
the royal palace of Palermo. We learn  
from a conversation between Ubaldo  
and the chief justiciary, that the king's  
passion for the doctor's daughter has  
risen into actual frenzy. She has not  
been seen since the night of the mar-  
riage. Ruggiero is suspected of hav-  
ing carried her away; and colourable  
charges touching matters of account,  
and malversations, are got up against  
him by the king, in the hope of thus  
extorting from him, by fear, the secret  
of her place of concealment. "The  
king," says the chief justice to Ubal-  
do, "as you say, my lord, must be  
clean lunatic, to make this ado about  
a doctor's daughter, seeing that he  
might disport himself at his pleasure  
with a hundred doctors' daughters, not  
to say a hundred ladies of greater esti-  
mation and nobility."

Ubaldo does not altogether agree  
with the king's interpretation of Rug-  
giero's conduct, and thinks that "the  
cock is most likely to be found where  
the hen-bird hath her nest;" and he  
tells the justiciary "that Fiordeliza hath  
lately gone to sojourn for a season with  
his daughter, who lives like a nun since  
her marriage, and hath chosen for her  
nunnery the convent of Malespina,

which fell to Count Ugo in satisfaction of the debt due to him from the former lord of it, that castaway Silisco." Where Silisco has gone no one knows; but Rosalba knows that, from about the time of his disappearance from Palermo, there has been lodging at the farm near the castle "a person of a light, lofty, and graceful appearance, courteous and winning of demeanour," who answers to Silisco in everything, except that he was not gay, but pensive and retiring. We thus see in what direction Rosalba's thoughts and hopes are tending. The mysterious visitor is regarded by the farmers and farm-servants, as a conjuror. On the night of his coming strange sounds are heard in the air; and, soon after the sounds were heard, he came knocking at the door! Surely no one but a conjuror was ever known to come flying through the air in that way. And besides that, he is a magnificent man to look at; and orders this, and orders that, as though the powers of the air were at his bidding. He cures agues, and old women with warts come to be charmed. The priest is in alarm. It were better, he says, to die and be saved, than be healed and be damned; and he will have none of the conjuror's cures. The falconer at the castle has his scruples as to Christian ailments; but one of his birds has not taken her food for three days, and as she has no soul to trouble her, he thinks she may safely take any cure she can come by; and sends to consult the ladies on this point of casuistry. Fiordeliza, weary of the solitude of the place, affects, or fancies herself sick, and sends for the conjuror. The conjuror proves to be Ruggiero. In a short soliloquy before their meeting, we find Fiordeliza's heart relenting towards her former lover; but in their conversation she betrays her jealousy of Lisana, and is offended at Ruggiero's refusal to explain the mystery of that lady's disappearance, and his relation to her.

Fiordeliza has spoken harshly; and he replies:—

RUGGIERO.

"No need of this;

Of vehement disavowal there's no need  
To undeceive me, had I thought you kind.  
I have but to recall the past.

FIORDELIZA.

"What past?

Speak out your quarrel with the past; and I  
Will tell you of my quarrel with the present.  
I was kind once, unless my memory errs,  
And if I seem'd to change without a cause.

What since has follow'd shows that cause enough  
There might have been: for aught I know there was.  
How read you then the history of the past  
To make me seem too harsh?

RUGGIERO.

"How read I it?

I read it but as they that run may read;  
A tale of no unc customary kind.  
The love whose dawn beheld its earliest glow  
Reflected, as it rose to perfect day,  
Saw the bright colouring of the vaporous cloud  
Grow pale and disappear. My springing love,  
So long as it was pleasant, light, and free,  
Was prosperous; but it pass'd too soon to passion.  
I could not make a plaything of my love;  
I could not match it with your sportive moods,  
'Till garlands should be conjur'd into chains;  
I could not lightly agitate and fan  
The airier motions of an amorous fancy,  
And by a skill in blowing hot and cold,  
And changeful dalliance, quicken you with doubts,  
And keep you in the dark till you should kindle.  
I was not ignorant that arts like these  
Avail, when bare simplicity of love  
Falls flat; but be they strong or weak, those means  
Were none of mine; and though my heart should  
break,  
(As humbly I believe it will not,) still  
More willingly would I suffer by such arts  
Than practise them.

FIORDELIZA.

"Have I then practis'd arts?

One art I know—to judge men by their acts,  
And not their seemings. I should not be loath  
Some faults to own, Ruggiero, did I know  
That he to whom I own'd them would own his.  
But there should be a justice in confession.  
Yours is the greater fault; confess you first.

RUGGIERO.

"Most fully, frankly, freely, from the heart  
Will I pour out confessions. I am proud,  
Inflexible, undutiful, self-will'd,  
In anger violent, of a moody mind,  
And latterly morose; what further?—and,  
Severe, vindictive.

FIORDELIZA.

"How confession loves

To fight with shadows, whilst the substance flies.  
You have not said that in a slippery hour  
You stain'd a maiden's honour and your own.

RUGGIERO.

"That which I have not said, I have not done.

FIORDELIZA.

"Where is Lisana?

RUGGIERO.

"Whence'er she be,

Her innocence is with her.

FIORDELIZA.

"But where is she?

RUGGIERO.

"Secrets that are my own you may command.  
This is another's.

As he leaves the castle, he is taken by the provost and marshallmen, who have tracked him to Fiordeliza's residence.

At the opening of the fifth act, we meet Silisco, who had not been heard of since Rosalba's marriage:—

*The Station of St. Elmo in the Forest—Silisco on pilgrim's weeds.*

SILISCO.

"Full many from the Holy Land return  
Less holy than they went. My pilgrimages,  
In gratitude and earthly love begun,  
To heavenly, let me hope, shall lead at last;  
For 'twas not en-ied when I westward turn'd

Nor was I more in Palestine, methinks,  
A pilgrim and a stranger in the land  
Than here in Sicily I feel myself.  
Hark! there are voices! travellers, no doubt.  
This shelter then will not be all mine own.  
Why should it be? So churlish am I grown  
That nothing pleases me but solitude,  
She that for shadows keeps an open house,  
And entertains the future and the past.  
Yes—there are voices—from which side I know not;  
And through the mist is nothing to be seen  
But apparitions thin—the ghosts of trees."

While he is still speaking, the provost and marshals enter with their prisoner. We learn, from a conversation between them, the secret, which Ruggiero has hitherto kept. He has hidden Lisana in the Convent of San Paolo, of which his aunt is abbess. Her noviciate will not have expired till St. Michael's Eve, when she is to take the veil, and be thus safe from the king's courtship. Silisco rescues Ruggiero from his captors by a stratagem; and Ruggiero proposes that they shall live like wild hunters in the woods, till St. Michael's Eve.

"Have with you—there's no roof-tree that I love  
Like the live roof-tree of the forest lone."

The next scene is in the palace of Palermo. The talk is of the homage Rosalba is to perform for her lands.

*A Room of State in the King's Palace at Palermo—*

ROSALBA, FIORDELIZA, and an USHER.

USHER.

"Madame, his good Lordship, your father, bade me say he is seeking the King, and will presently bring you word what day is fixed for your investiture.  
[Exit.]

ROSALBA.

"This is the chamber. When I see again  
The tapestry and old chairs, a very dream  
Seems the past year, from which, awakening now,  
My childhood seems the sole reality.

FIORDELIZA.

"Yet, if I err not, when we last were here  
Your childhood was the dream; the life you then  
Were wakening to seem'd very sweetly real.  
Do you remember? 'twas the second time  
You met Silisco.

ROSALBA.

"Three long days had past  
(Long though delightful, for they teem'd with thoughts  
As Maydays teem with flowers), since I had first  
Beheld him, standing in the sunset lights,  
Beside a wreck, half-buried in the sand,  
Upon the western shore. I see him now  
A radiant creature with the sunset glow  
Upon his face, that mingled with a glow,  
Yet sunnier from within. When next we met  
'Twas here, as you have said; and then his mien  
Was lighter, with an outward brightness clad,  
For all the court was present; yet I saw  
The other ardour through."

The king has discovered that Lisana is in the Convent of San Paolo. She has been seen attending Aretina, who is

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dying. The king, on hearing this, exclaims:—

THE KING.

"Go to Haggai, the old Jew, and bid him come to me instantly. Provide me a habit of a Franciscan friar, and meet me here an hour after sunset."

We next behold Lisana taking the veil, and are told of Aretina's death:—

RUGGIERO.

"Is Aretina dead?"

SILISCO.

"Died in my arms but now, meek penitent!  
With love and joy upon her lips—so sweet  
'Twas as the dying of a summer's day;  
And blessed was the chance which brought me here  
In time to make her happier in her death.

RUGGIERO.

"What was it you could do?"

SILISCO.

"Her mind, poor girl,  
Was burden'd with two secrets—one, the love  
She bore me in our earlier jocund days,  
Which 'twas a solace to disclose in death;  
The other of strange import, on her tongue  
To tell me when we jostled in the cave,  
And base Spadone stabbed her from behind,  
'Twas this—that that same treasure which was  
brought  
From Rhodes on board the luckless Maddalena—  
That treasure which we deem'd Calabrian seas  
Had swallow'd with the boatswain and the mate—  
What time you chas'd them, riding on the storm,  
And saw them founder—that that treasure still  
Is extant upon earth, lodg'd in that cave."

The next scene exhibits the Pass of Smarrimento, in the mountains, near the Convent of San Paolo, and hiding among the shadows of the rocks are our three Israelitish friends. They have supplied the king with money for an adventure, indicated when he had heard of Lisana's whereabouts, and they seem to have the same notion of lending money as is expressed by a more respectable authority in an early part of the play:—

"Give thou to no man, if thou wish him well,  
That he may not in borrowing interest take,  
Else thou shalt but befriend his faults, allied  
Against his better, with his baser half."

We have Haggai reasoning in the same way; and the great value of these prudential aphorisms is, as Benjamin Franklin long ago observed, that they give a man a formal excuse for doing on any occasion whatever he likes:—

HAGGAI.

"Briefly, the King sent for me secretly this morning, to borrow ten thousand ducats, and for a small consideration I learnt from Master Nitido, that it was wanted for the spolling of a maiden which prepareth herself to be a nun, and that the King should disguise himself as a friar, and go forth this night to seek her at the Convent of San Paolo, and should take the money with him. Monstrous! that such store of gold should be lavished in the trafficking with a convent and the loosening of the girdle of a maid! Well! he shall shortly pass this way, and then shall we take

back, to be used in an honest and profitable employment, that gold which, to serve a filthy and villainous attempt, I was, as it were, almost constrained to give.

SHALLUM.

"Haggai! Thou would'st not rob the King.

HAGGAI.

"Yea, mine own father, if it were to save him from sin.

SHALLUM.

"The whole country should be aroused to discover who were the robbers which had robbed the King.

HAGGAI.

"Thou errest. To disclose the robbery were to betray himself. He will return discomfited from his enterprise, and hide his countenance from the shame thereof. Come, be of a good courage, and get thee ready. Look up, Shallum! make a cheerful noise to the God of Jacob. When it came into my heart to think this thing, and I considered that the gold which passed from me at noon should return to me ere the second watch, I was as a man that rejoiceth in his own; yea, I skipped like a ram."

The king enters, and is attacked by the Jews; Silisco, still in his pilgrim's dress, comes up in time to rescue the king, and in the scuffle Haggai is slain.

The next scene is in the audience-chamber at Palermo. It is St. Michael's festival. The king demands if any one has a suit, that now is his time to speak. The pilgrim, who has rescued him from the Jews, steps forward. Before he can speak, he is interrupted by the king, who does not wish that he should distinctly state the nature of the service he has lately rendered him, but who acknowledges obligations which none other can estimate aright, and then confers on him the property of the three Jews, which had become forfeited.

Rosalba now enters to do homage for Count Ugo's lands. Ugo's will is first read. He leaves his goods to his wife while unwedded; should she wed, they were left to a pilgrim named Buonaiuto.

The pilgrim is Silisco, who from the day of the marriage had accompanied the Count in his pilgrimage.

We cannot find room for the whole scene, but Rosalba's words must be given:—

ROSALBA.

"So strangely fast

Events have come upon me, that my head  
Is half-bewild'ed; but my heart is clear;  
And lost indeed to sense, and love, and life,  
That heart must be or e'er it could deny  
That it is all your own."

A characteristic dialogue between Ruggiero and Fiordeliza follows. The king interrupts:—

THE KING.

"Surely now

You will not so untoward be to try  
His patience longer. Think how many a year  
His cut hath linger'd.

FIORDELIZA.

"Well, sir, if your Grace

Hath less of patience left in looking on  
Than I, that bear the burthen, then, I think,  
It may be, for your ease and for mine own,  
I shall be tutored to say, 'Yes'—in time.  
The scarecrow, sir, was married to the maypole  
In time; but, bless me! 'twas a tedious courtship

RUGGIERO.

"On your own time and humour will I wait  
As heretofore.

FIORDELIZA.

"Then, dear Ruggiero, Yea.

For 'tis my humour that the time be now.

SILISCO.

"Then shall this glorious now be crowned the Queen  
Of all the hours in all the ages past,  
Since the first morning's rosy finger touch'd  
The bowers of Eden. Grace defend my heart  
That now it bound not back to what it was  
In days of old, forgetting all that since,  
Has tried and tamed it! No, Rosalba, no—  
Albeit you waves be bright as on the day  
When, dancing to the shore from Procida,  
They brought me a new joy, yet fear me not—  
The joy falls now upon a heart prepar'd  
By many a trouble, many a trial past,  
And striking root, shall flourish and stand fast."

Our extracts have not been selected with any view of presenting to our readers the best passages in the drama. There are in it no very prominent or separable passages, and the beauty of this work is not in its parts, but as a whole. It is scarce possible to think of the effect of any one scene detached from the rest. No one passage stands very distinctly forward; and while the characters of the *dramatis personæ* are distinguished from each other by very marked traits, yet there is little as borrowed from soliloquy or narrative. The conventional artifices by which the dramatist makes the audience acquainted with what it is difficult to represent as acted, and which, therefore, is generally told in some heavy narration, are here wholly avoided, and this renders it necessary to watch every turn in the dialogue, lest something of interest or of character should escape attention. To the formal drama the work is what the novel is to the romance. The style is perfectly graceful, reminding us of the conversations in Miss Bailie's comedies. In Mr. Taylor there is, however, more ease and less of mannerism; but in both there is the same good sense and good feeling, and the same total absence of glitter, which even in Sheridan becomes wearisome, and makes too severe a demand on the attention. Mr. Taylor's style is as pure something less rounded, perhaps, and less studied than that of Miss Edgeworth. It often reminds us of a writer, some of whose works are inscribed to



Mr. Taylor—the author of “Essays written in the Intervals of Business.”\* In that writer, the happiness of particular words strikes us more often than in Henry Taylor; but we are far from sure that this, while it increases the momentary effect, is a merit. Is it fanciful in us to think that in these occasional felicities of language which separate, as it were, a word from those around it—a paragraph from its context—we see the imagination playing with its subject, rather than the whole mind engaged?

“I marked

That mild the chequer-work of light and shade,  
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers  
But those on which the moonlight fell.”

Still, to criticise in this spirit works which have given us great delight, disputing or dispelling beauty after beauty, will not do; and we must remember that an author who thus seems to play with his subject, may, in fact, be but seeking to communicate truths which would otherwise have little chance of access to his hearer's mind, in a less obtrusive character than that of a teacher of indisputable proportions. Whatever is original in speculation, must be presented as if it were doubtful, or an author will seem to claim the right of an instructor, instead of appearing to be one engaged on an inquiry in common with the hearer whom he seeks to interest. We are, however, straying from our subject, and are dwelling on points which concern the essayist rather than the dramatist, for, as faults or as merits, they can scarce exist, except in passages where the author speaks in his own person, and not in that of an imaginary character.

We are told by our author that he feels the scenes in modern fiction to be often painfully harrowing. In many of these cases it can be plainly shown

that the limits of Art are transcended. In the ancient tragedy, there was always reason for the suffering. It was not pain for the sake of excitement, or exhibited for the sake of showing the skill of the poet or the actor, but it was the measure of divine wrath, or of superhuman endurance. It was the suffering of a god or a demigod. The scene was cast in the heroic ages. There is a story told by Herodotus, and commented on by Schlegel, which is calculated to illustrate the view which the Greeks took of such things. Miletus had been destroyed by the Persians. In Herodotus's account of its destruction, we are given the language of the oracle concerning it:—

Καὶ τίνοι δὲ Μίλητον, παντὶ ἱερὸν ἔχοντι,  
Πολλοῖσι δειπνέοντι καὶ ἀγλαὰ δοῖς γινέσκει.

Σαὶ δ' ἄλοχοι πολλοῖσι ποδας νύφουσι καμηστῆαι·  
Νηοῦ δ' ἡμιστερον Δίδυμοι ἄλλοισι μελέσκει.†

The words of the oracle were fulfilled. The men were slain by the “long-haired” Persians—the women were treated as slaves. As to the temple and the shrine at Didymi, it ceased to be tended by the Milesians, which perhaps satisfies the meaning of the words of the oracle; but so far from being tended by others, it was burnt and pillaged. The poet Phrynichus composed a drama upon “the capture of Miletus. When it was acted at Athens, the whole theatre burst into tears; but the poet was fined a thousand drachmæ for renewing the memory of their domestic misfortunes, and orders were given that no one should thenceforward act that drama.”

The example of the ancients, then, so far from supporting the writers who seek to produce effect by excitement, is, when examined, entirely in the other way. To calm the perturbation of the passions seems, in any interpretation we

\* We have reviewed, in former volumes, this writer's “Claims of Labour,” see DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXV., and his “Henry II.” DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XXIII. We take shame to ourselves for not having before now called our readers' attention to the essays on slavery in the second volume of his “Friends in Council,” and to the illustrations of that most important and most perplexing chapter on the history of the human race given in his “Conquerors of the New World.” Of these books—the last, most probably, in connection with the American historian Prescott—we must soon find or make an opportunity of communicating with our readers.

† “And thou Miletus, contrived of wicked deeds,  
Though shalt become a banquet and rich spoils to many;  
Thy wives shall wash the feet of many long-haired,  
And others shall have the care of our temple at Didymi.”

can give to the language of the most subtle of the ancient critics, to have been, if not the absolute purpose of the dramatic poet, yet the presupposed condition on which alone it was possible for the mind to receive the lessons of wisdom which it was the business of the drama to give. This, however, we must leave for the present undiscussed.

Among the volumes which we had thought of bringing before our readers' notice is one of exceeding beauty—"Annesley and other Poems"—by Anna Harriet Drury. "Annesley" was sent to us on its first publication, but by some accident the volume was mislaid, and has almost by accident again met our eye, when we were looking at the books which we have been just speaking of. We have room but for the opening of the poem, but even in the passages we have selected from Tennyson and Henry Taylor there is nothing more touchingly beautiful:—

"He was the favoured friend of early days;  
My generous rival for scholastic praise;  
My pure example in the paths of right,  
In all superior—save in boyish might.  
Pale, weak of frame, a slight and studious youth,  
His eye all intellect, his lip all truth,  
Marked for his genius, for his learning crowned,  
He shunned the sports for which we were renowned.

I was his champion then, though but in name—  
What but respect and love could Annesley claim?  
He was to me, what I remember still—  
The guide, the magnet, of my wayward will—  
Had I ne'er left his side!—but manhood's tale  
Drove me to gather wealth in Eastern spoils,  
And Annesley, when his college honours ceased,  
Merged a bright genius in a parish priest—

"It ceased at last: the passion, and the strife:  
And I retreated from my Eastern life.  
Laden with wealth, and scared before my time,  
Returned repining to my native clime.  
My end of being gained, my labour o'er,  
I had no more to gain, yet sighed for more.  
The world was mine, with all the world can be:  
I tried it all, and found it, vanity!  
Restless from spot to spot I wandered on,  
Seeking for peace on earth, and finding none,  
Till to the village where my footsteps went,  
Where the brief manhood of my friend was spent.  
There, like a wellspring to its ancient track,  
Came the checked tide of old affection back.  
I reached his Church: I paced the silent aisle.  
Till fancy heard his voice, and caught his smile:  
Till mixing things that are with things that seem,  
Our separation but appeared a dream,  
And when again I sought the open air,  
I almost started not to find him there."

Annesley's story is told to his old friend by a venerable man whom he meets in the churchyard. It is a romance of domestic life, which it would not be fair to tell in any but the author's words, and for this we have not space.

We have seldom been more pleased than with the poem of "Annesley."

A.

## ANDREW CARSON'S MONEY; A STORY OF GOLD.

THE night of a bitter winter day had come; frost, and hail, and snow carried a sense of new desolation to the cold hearths of the moneyless, whilst the wealthy only drew the closer to their bright fires, and experienced stronger feelings of comfort.

In a small back apartment of a mean house, in one of the poorest quarters of Edinburgh, a young man sat with a pen in his fingers, endeavouring to write, though the blue tint of his nails shewed that the blood was almost frozen in his hands. There was no fire in the room; the old iron grate was rusty and damp, as if a fire had not blazed in it for years; the hail dashed against the fractured panes of the window; the young man was poorly and scantily dressed, and he was very thin, and bilious to all appearance; his sallow yellow face and hollow eyes told of disease, misery, and the absence of hope.

His hand shook with cold, as, by the light of the meanest and cheapest of candles, he slowly traced line after line, with the vain thought of making money by his writings. In his boyish days he had entered the ranks of literature, with the hopes of fame to lead him on, but disappointment after disappointment, and miserable circumstances of poverty and suffering had been his fate: now the vision of fame had become dim in his sick soul—he was writing with the hope of gaining money, any trifle, by his pen.

Of all the ways of acquiring money to which the millions bend their best energies, that of literature is the most forlorn. The artificers of necessities and luxuries, for the animal existence, have the world as their customers; but those who labour for the mind have but a limited few, and therefore the supply of mental work is infinitely greater than the demand, and thousands of the unknown and struggling, even though possessed of much genius, must sink before the famous few who monopolise the literary market, and so the young writer is overlooked. He may be starving, but his manuscripts will be returned to him; the emoluments of

literature are all flowing in other channels; he is one added to the thousands too many in the writing world; his efforts may bring him misery and madness, but not money.

The door of the room opened, and a woman entered; and advancing near the little table on which the young man was writing, she fixed her eyes on him with a look in which anger, and the extreme wretchedness which merges on insanity, were mingled. She seemed nearly fifty; her features had some remaining traces of former regularity and beauty, but her whole countenance now was a volume filled with the most squalid suffering and evil passions; her cheeks and eyes were hollow, as if she had reached the extreme of old age; she was emaciated to a woeful degree; her dress was poor, dirty, and tattered, and worn without any attempt at proper arrangement.

"Writing! writing! writing! Thank God, Andrew Carson, the pen will soon drop from your fingers with starvation."

The woman said this in a half-screaming, but weak and broken-down voice.

"Mother, let me have some peace," said the young writer, turning his face away, so that he might not see her red glaring eyes fixed on him.

"Ay, Andrew Carson, I say thank God that the force of hunger will soon now make you drop that cursed writing. Thank God, if there is the God that my father used to talk about in the long nights in the bonnie highland glen, where it's like a dream of lang syne that I ever lived."

She pressed her hands on her breast, as if some recollections of an overpowering nature were in her soul.

"The last rag in your trunk has gone to the pawn; you have neither shirt, nor coat, nor covering now, except what you've on. Write—write—if you can, without eating; to-morrow you'll have neither meat nor drink here, nor aught now to get money on."

"Mother, I am in daily expectation of receiving something for my writing now; the post this evening may bring me some good news."

He said this with hesitation, and there was little of hope in the expression of his face.

"Good news! good news about your writing! that's the good news 'ill never come; never, you good-for-nothing scribbler!"

She screamed forth the last words in a voice of frenzy. Her tone was a mixture of Scotch and Irish accents. She had resided for some years of her earlier life in Ireland.

As the young writer looked at her and listened to her, the pen shook in his hand.

"Go out, and work, and make money. Ay, the working people can live on the best, whilst you, with that pen in your fingers, are starving yourself and me."

"Mother, I am not strong enough for labour, and my tastes are strongly, very strongly, for literature."

"Not strong enough! you're twenty past. It's twenty long years since the cursed night I brought you into the world."

The young writer gazed keenly on his mother, for he was afraid she was under the influence of intoxication, as was too often the case; but he did not know how she could have obtained money, as he knew there was not a farthing in the house. The woman seemed to divine the meaning of his looks—

"I'm not drunk, don't think it," she cried; "it's the hunger and the sorrow that's in my head."

"Well, mother, perhaps this evening's post may have some good intelligence."

"What did the morning's post bring? There, there—don't I see it—them's the bonnie hopes of yours."

She pointed to the table, where lay a couple of returned manuscripts. Andrew glanced towards the parcel, and made a strong effort to suppress the deep sigh which heaved his breast.

"Ay, there it is—there's a bundle of that stuff ye spend your nights and days writing; taking the flesh off your bones, and making that face of yours so black and yellow; it's your father's face, too—ay—well it's like him now, indeed—the ruffian. I wish I had never seen him, nor you, nor this world."

"My father," said Andrew, and a feeling of interest overspread his bloodless face. "You have told me little of him. Why do you speak of him so harshly?"

"Go and work, and make money, I say. I tell you I must get money; right or wrong, I must get it; there's no living longer, and enduring what I've endured. I dream of being rich; I waken every morning from visions where my hands are filled with money; that wakening turns my head, when I know and see there is not a halfpenny in the house, and when I see you, my son, sitting there, working like a fool with pen and brain, but without the power to earn a penny for me. Go out and work with your hands, I say again, and let me get money—do anything, if it brings money. There is the old woman over the way, who has a working son; his mother may bless God that he is a shoemaker and not a poet; she is the happy woman, so cozily covered with warm flannel and stuff, in the weary weather, and her mutton, and her tea, and her money jingling in her pocket for ever; that's what a working son can do—a shoemaker can do that."

At this some noise in the kitchen called Mrs. Carson away, to the great relief of Andrew. He rose, and closed the door gently after her. He seated himself again, and took up his pen, but his head fell listlessly on his hand; he felt as if his mother's words were yet ringing in his ears. From his earliest infancy he had regarded her with fear and wonder, more than love.

Mrs. Carson was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, who was suspected by his brethren in the ministry of entertaining peculiar views of religion on some points, and also of being at intervals rather unsound in his mind. He bestowed, however, a superior education on his only daughter, and instructed her carefully himself until his death, which occurred when she was not more than fourteen. As her father left her little if any support, she was under the necessity of going to reside with relations in Ireland, who moved in a rather humble rank. Of her subsequent history little was known to Andrew; she always maintained silence regarding his father, and seemed angry when he ventured to question her. Andrew was born in Ireland, and resided there until about his eighth year, when his mother returned to Scotland.

It was from his mother Andrew had gained all the little education that had been bestowed on him. That education was most capriciously imparted, and in its extent only went the length

of teaching him to read partially ; for whatever further advances he had made, he was indebted to his own self-culture. At times his mother would make some efforts to impress on him the advantages of education : she would talk of poetry, and repeat specimens of the poets which her memory had retained from the period of her girlhood in her father's house ; but oftenest the language of bitterness, violence, and execration was on her lips. With the never-ceasing complaints of want—want of position, want of friends, but, most of all, want of money—sounding in his ears, Andrew grew up a poet. The unsettled and aimless mind of his mother, shadowed as it was with perpetual blackness, prevented her from calmly and wisely striving to place her son in some position by which he could have aided in supporting himself and her. As a child, Andrew was shy and solitary, caring little for the society of children of his own years, and taking refuge from the never-ceasing violence of his mother's temper in the privacy of his own poor bed-room, with some old book which he had contrived to borrow, or with his pen, for he was a writer of verses from an early age.

Andrew was small-sized, sickly, emaciated, and feeble in frame ; his mind had much of the hereditary weakness visible in his mother ; his imagination and his passions were strong, and easily excited to such a pitch as to overwhelm for the moment his reason. With a little-exercised and somewhat defective judgment ; with no knowledge of the world ; with few books ; with a want of that tact possessed by some intellects, of knowing and turning to account the tendencies of the age in literature, it was hardly to be expected that Andrew would soon succeed as a poet, though his imagination was powerful, and there was pathos and even occasional sublimity in his poetry. For five long years he had been toiling and striving without any success whatever in his vocation, in the way of realising either fame or emolument.

Now, as he sat with his eyes fixed on the two returned manuscripts on his table, his torturing memory passed in review before him the many times his hopes had been equally lost. He was only twenty years of age, yet he had endured so many disappointments ! He shook and trembled with a convulsive agony as he recalled poem after poem,

odes, sonnets, epics, dramas—he had tried everything ; he had built so many glorious expectations on each as, night after night, shivering with cold and faint with sickness, he had persisted in gathering from his mind, and arranging laboriously, the brightest and most powerful of his poetical fancies, and hoped, and was often almost sure, they would spread broadly, and be felt deeply in the world. But there they had all returned to him—there they lay, unknown, unheard of—they were only so much waste paper.

As each manuscript had found its way back to him, he had received every one with an increasing bitterness and despair, which gradually wrought his brain almost to a state of mental malady. By constitution he was nervous and melancholy : the utmost of the world's success would hardly have made him happy ; he had no internal strength to cope with disappointment—no sanguine hopes pointing to a brighter future : he was overwhelmed with present failures. One moment he doubted sorely the power of his own genius ; and the thought was like death to him, for without fame—without raising himself a name and a position above the common masses—he felt he could not live. Again, he would lay the whole blame on the undiscerning publishers to whom his poetry had been sent ; he would anathematise them all with the fierce bitterness of a soul which was, alas ! unsubdued in many respects by the softening and humbling influences of the religion of Christ. He had not the calm reflection which might have told him that, young, uneducated, utterly unlearned in the world and in books as he was, his writings must of necessity have a kind of inferiority to the works of those possessed of more advantages. He had no deep, sober principles or thoughts ; his thoughts were feelings which bore him on their whirlwind course to the depths of agony, and to the brink of the grave, for his health was evidently seriously impaired by the indulgence of long-continued emotions of misery.

He took up one of the rejected manuscripts in his hand : it was a legendary poem, modelled something after the style of Byron, though the young author would have violently denied the resemblance. He thought of the pains he had bestowed on it—of the amount



of thought and dreams—the sick languid headaches, the pained breast, the weary mind it had so often occasioned him; then he saw the marks of tears on it—the gush of tears which had come, as if to extinguish the fire of madness which had kindled in his brain. When he saw that manuscript returned to him, the marks of the tears were there staining the outside page. He looked fixedly on that manuscript, and his thin face became darker, and more expressive of all that is hopeless in human sorrow; the bright light of success shone as if so far away from him now—away at an endless distance, which neither his strength of body or mind could ever carry him over.

At that moment the sharp rapid knock of the postman sounded in his ears. His heart leaped up, and then suddenly sank with suffocating fear, for the dark mood of despair was on him—could it be another returned manuscript? He had only one now in the hands of a publisher; the one on which he had expended all his powers—the one to which he trusted most: it was a tragedy. He had dreamed the preceding night that it had been accepted; he had dreamed it had brought him showers of gold; he had been for a moment happy beyond the bounds of human happiness, though he had awoke with a sense of horror on his mind he knew not why. The publisher to whom he had sent his tragedy was to present it to the manager of one of the London theatres. Had it been taken, performed, successful?—a dream of glory, as if heaven had opened on him, bewildered his senses.

The door was rudely pushed open; his mother entered and flung the manuscript of the returned tragedy on the table.

“There—there’s another of them!” she cried; rage choked her voice for a moment.

Andrew was stunned. Despair seemed to have frozen him all at once into a statue. He mechanically took up the packet, and opening it, he read the cold, polite, brief note which told of the rejection of his play both by theatres and publishers.

“Idiot—fool—scribbling fool!”

The unfortunate poet’s mother sank into a chair, as if unable to support the force of her anger.

“Fool!—scribbling madman! will ye never give over?”

Andrew made no answer; but every one of his mother’s furious words sank into his brain, adding to the force of his unutterable misery.

“Will ye go now, and take to some other trade, will ye?—will ye, I say?”

Andrew’s lips moved for a moment, but no sound came from them.

“Will ye go out, and make money, I say, at some sensible work? Make money for me, will you? I’ll force you out to make money at some work by which there’s money to be made; not the like of that idiot writing of yours, curse it. Answer me, and tell me you’ll go out and work for money now?”

She seized his arm, and shook it violently; but still he made no response.

“You will not speak. Listen, then—listen to me, I say; I’ll tell it all now: you’ll hear what you never heard before. I did not tell you before, because I pitied you—because I thought you would work for me, and earn money; but you will not promise it. Now, then, listen. You are the very child of money—brought into existence by the influence of money; you would never have been in being had it not been for money. I always told you I was married to your father; I told you a falsehood—he bound me to him by the ties of money only.”

A violent shudder passed over Andrew’s frame at this intelligence, but still he said nothing.

“You shall hear it all—I shall tell you particularly the whole story. It was not for nothing you were always afraid of being called a bastard. It’s an ugly word, but it belongs to you—ay, ay, ye always trembled at that word since ye were able to go and play among the children in the street. They called ye that seven years ago—ten years ago, when we came here first, and you used to come crying to me, for you could not bear it, you said. I denied it then—I told you I was married to your father; I told you a lie: I told you that, because I thought you would grow up and work for me, and get me money. You won’t do it; you will only write—write all day and all night, too, though I’ve begged you to quit it. You have me here starving. What signifies the beggarly annuity your father left to me, and you, his child? It’s all spent long before it comes, and here we are with nothing, not a crust, in the house.

and it's two months till next paying-time.

"Listen—I'll tell you the whole story of your birth; maybe that will put you from writing for a while, if you have the spirit you used to have when they told you what you were."

She shook his arm again, without receiving any answer; his head had fallen on his hands, and he remained fixed in one position. His mother's eyes glared on him with a look in which madness was visible, together with a tigress-like expression of ferocity which rarely appears on the face of a mother, or of any human being, where insanity does not exist. When she spoke, however, her words were collected, and her manner was impressive and even dignified; the look of maniac anger gradually wore away from her face, and in every sentence she uttered there were proofs that something of power had naturally existed in her fallen and clouded mind.

"Want of money was the earliest thing I remember to feel," she said, as she seated herself, with something more of composure in her manner. "There was never any money in my father's house. I wondered at first where it could all go; I watched and reflected, and used all means of finding out the mystery. At last I knew it—my father drank; in the privacy of his room, when no eye was on him, he drank, drank. He paid strict enough attention to my education. I read with him much; he had stores of books. I read the Bible with him, too; often he spent long evenings expounding it to me. But I saw the hollowness of it all—he hardly believed himself; he doubted—doubted all, whilst he would fain have made me a believer. I saw it well: I heard him rave of it in a fever, into which drink had thrown him. All was dark to him, he said, when he was near dying; but he had taught his child to believe; he had done his best to make her believe. He did not know my heart; I was his own child; I longed for sensual things; my heart burned with a wish for money, but it all went for drink. Had I but been able then to procure food and clothes as others of my rank did, the burning wish for money that consumed my heart then and now might never have been kindled, and I might have been rich as those often become who have never wished for riches. Yes,

the eagerness of my wishes has always driven money far away from me; that cursed gold and silver, it flows on them who have never worshipped it—never longed for it till their brain turned; and it will not come to such as me, whose whole life has been a desire for it. Well, my father died, and I was left without a penny; all the furniture went to pay the spirit-merchant. I went to Ireland; I lived with relations who were poor and ignorant: I heard the cry of want of money there too. A father and mother and seven children, and me, the penniless orphan: we all wanted money—all cried for it. At last my cry was answered in a black way; I saw the sight of money at last; a purse heaped, overflowing with money, was put into my hands. My brain got giddy at the sight; sin and virtue became all one to me at the sight. Gold, gold!—my father would hardly ever give me one poor shilling; the people with whom I lived hardly ever had a shilling among them. I became the mistress of a rich man—a married man; his wife and children were living there before my eyes—a profligate man; his sins were the talk of the countryside. I hated him; he was old, deformed, revolting; but he chained me to him by money. Then I enjoyed money for a while; I kept that purse in my hand; I laid it down so as my eyes would rest on it perpetually. I dressed; I squandered sum after sum; the rich man who kept me had many other expenses; his money became scantier; we quarrelled; another offered me more money—I went to him."

A deep groan shook the whole frame of the unfortunate young poet at this statement—a groan which in its intensity might have separated soul and body.

"Let me go—let me go!" he cried, raising himself for a moment, and then sinking back again in his chair in a passive state.

His mother seemed a little softened by his agitation, though she made no comment on it, but continued her narrative as if no interruption had taken place.

"Money took me to a new master; he was richer than the first; he bound my heart to him by the profusion of his money. He was old and withered, but his gold and silver reflected so brightly on his face, I came to think

him handsome ; he was your father ; you were born ; after your birth I think I even loved him. I urged him to marry me ; he listened ; he even promised—yes, marriage and money—money—they were almost in my very grasp. I was sure—sure—when he went to England to arrange some business, he said ; he wrote fondly for a while ; I lived in an elysium ; money and an honourable marriage were my own. I had not one doubt ; but he ceased to write to me—all at once he ceased ; had it been a gradual drawing off, my brain would not have reeled as it did. At last, when fear and anxiety had almost thrown me into a fever, a letter came. It announced in a few words that your father was married to a young, virtuous, and wealthy lady ; he had settled a small annuity on me for life, and never wished to see or hear from me again. A violent illness seized me then ; it was a kind of burning fever. All things around me seemed to dazzle, and assume the form of gold and silver ; I struggled and writhed to grasp the illusion ; they were forced to tie my hands—to bind me down in my bed. I recovered at last, but I had grown all at once old, withered, stricken in mind and body by that sickness. For a long time—for years—I lived as if in a lingering dream ; I had no keen perceptions of life ; my wishes had little energy ; my thoughts were confused and wandering ; even the love of money and the want of money failed to stir me into any kind of action. I have something of the same kind of feeling still," she said, raising her hand to her head. "The burning fever into which I was thrown when your father's love vanished from me, is often here even yet, though its duration is brief ; but it is sufficient to make me incapable of any exertion by which I could make money. I have trusted to you ; I have hoped that you might be the means of raising me from my poverty ; I have long hoped to see the gold and silver of your earning. I did not say much at first, when I saw you turning a poet ; I had heard that poetry was the sure high-road to poverty, but I said little then. I was hardly able to judge and know rightly what you should do when you commenced writing in your boyhood ; but my head is a little cooler now ; the scorching fire of the money your father tempted me with, and then withdrew, is quenched a little by years.

Now at last I see that you are wasting your time and health with that pen ; you have not made one shilling—one single sixpence for me, yet, with that pen of yours ; your health is going fast ; I see the colour of the grave on your thin cheeks. Now I command you to throw away your pen, and make money for me at any trade, no matter how low or mean."

As she spoke, there was a look approaching to dignity in her wasted face, and her tones were clear and commanding—the vulgar Irishism and Scoticism of dialect which, on common occasions, disfigured her conversation, had disappeared, and it was evident that her intellect had at one period been cultivated, and superior to the ordinary class of minds.

Andrew rose without saying one syllable in answer to his mother's communication ; he threw his manuscripts and the sheets which he had written into a desk ; he locked it with a nervous, trembling hand, and then turned to leave the room. His face was of the most ghastly paleness ; his eyes were calm and fixed ; he seemed sick at heart by the disclosure he had heard ; his lips trembled and shook with agitation.

"Where are you going, Andrew ? It's a bitter night."

"Mother, it is good enough for me—for a ——"

He could not speak the hated word which rose to his lips ; he had an early horror of that word ; he had dreaded that his was a dishonourable birth : even in his boyish days he had feared it ; his mother had often asserted to the contrary, but now she had dispelled the belief in which he had rested.

He opened the door hastily, and passed out into the storm, which was rushing against the windows.

A feeling of pity for him—a feeling of a mother's affection and solicitude, was stirred in Mrs. Carson's soul, as she listened to his departing footsteps, and then went and seated herself beside the embers of a dying fire in the kitchen. It was a small, cold, miserably furnished kitchen ; the desolation of the severe season met no counterbalancing power there ; no cheering appearances of food, or fire, or any comforts were there. But the complaining spirit which cried and sighed perpetually was for once silent within Mrs. Carson's mind ; something—per-

haps the death-like aspect of her son, or a voice from her long stifled conscience—was telling her how ill she had fulfilled the duties of a mother. She felt remorse for the reproaches she had heaped on him before he had gone out in the storm.

She waited to hear his knock at the door ; she longed for his returning steps ; she felt that she would receive him with more of kindness than she had for a length of time displayed to him ; she kept picturing to herself perpetually his thin face and emaciated figure, and a fear of his early death seized on her for the first time ; she had been so engrossed by her own selfish wants, that she had scarcely remarked the failing health of her son. She started with horror at the probabilities which her naturally powerful fancy suggested. She resolved to call in medical aid immediately, for she was sure now that Andrew's constitution was sinking fast. But how would she pay for medical aid ?—she had not one farthing to procure advice. At this thought the yearning, burning desire for money which had so long made a part of her existence came back with full force ; she sat revolving scheme after scheme, plan after plan, of how she could procure it. Hours passed away, but still she sat alone, silently cowering over the cinders of the fire.

At length she started up, fully awake to a sense of wonder and dread at Andrew's long absence. She heard the sound of distant clocks striking twelve. It was unusual for Andrew to be out so late, for he had uniformly kept himself aloof from evil companions. The high poetical spirit within him, a spirit which utterly engrossed him, had kept him from the haunts of vice. His mother went to the door, and opening it, gazed on the narrow, mean street. The storm had passed away ; the street was white with hail and snow ; the moon shone clearly down between the tall but dilapidated houses of which the street or lane was composed ; various riotous-looking people were passing by ; and from a neighbouring house the brisk strains of a violin came, together with the sound of voices and laughter. The house had a bad repute in the neighbourhood, but Mrs. Carson never for an instant suspected her son was there. She looked anxiously along the street, and at every

passing form she gazed earnestly, but none resembled her son.

For a long time she stood waiting and watching for the appearance of Andrew, but he did not come. At last, sinking with cold and weariness, and with a host of phantom fears rising up in her bewildered brain, and almost dragging her mind down into the gulf of utter madness, on the brink of which she had so long been, Mrs. Carson returned to the kitchen. As she looked on the last ember dying out on the hearth, a feeling of frenzy shook her frame. Andrew would soon return, shivering with cold, and she had no fire to warm him—no money to purchase fire. She thought of the wealthy—of their bright fires—and bitter envy and longing for riches gnawed her very heart and life. A broken deal chair was in a corner of the kitchen ; she seized it, and after some efforts succeeded in wrenching off a piece, which she placed on the dying ember, and busied herself for some time in fanning ; then she gathered every remaining fragment of coals from the recess at one side of the fire-place, in which they were usually kept, and with the pains and patience which poverty so sorely teaches, she employed herself in making some appearance of a fire. Had she been in her usual mood, she would have sat anathematising her son for his absence at such an hour ; but now every moment, as she sat awaiting his return, her heart became more kindly disposed towards him, and an uneasy feeling of remorse for her past life was each instant gaining strength amidst the variety of strange spectral thoughts and fancies which flitted through her diseased mind. At some moments she fancied she saw her father seated opposite to her on the hearth, and heard him reading from the Bible, as he did so often in her girlish days : then again he was away in the privacy of his own room, and she was watching him through a crevice of the door, and she saw him open the cabinet he kept there, and take out liquor, ardent spirits, and he drank long and deep draughts, until gradually he sank down on his bed in the silent, moveless state of intoxication which had so long imposed on her, for she had once believed that her father was subject to fits of a peculiar kind. She groaned and shuddered as this vision was impressed on her ; she saw the spirit of evil which had de-

stroyed her father attaching itself next to her own fate, and leading her into the depths of guilt, and she trembled for her son. Had he now fallen in sin?—was some evil action detaining him to such an hour? He was naturally inclined to good, she knew—strangely good and pure had his life been, considering he was her child, and reared so carelessly as she had reared him; but now he had been urged to despair by her endless cry for money, and perhaps he was at that very instant engaged in some robbery, by which he would be able to bring money to his mother.

So completely enslaved had her mind become to a lust for money, that the thought of his gaining wealth by any means was for some time delightful to her; she looked on their great poverty, and she felt, in her darkened judgment, that they had something of a right to take forcibly a portion of the superabundant money of the rich. Her eyes glared with eagerness for the sight of her son returning with money, even though that money was stolen; the habitual mood of her mind prevailed rapidly over the impressions of returning goodness and affection which for a brief period had awoke within her.

In the midst of the return of her overwhelming desire for money, Andrew's knock came to the door. The eager inquiry whether he had brought any money with him was bursting from her lips the moment she opened the door and beheld him, but she was checked by the sight of two strangers who accompanied him. Andrew bade the men follow him, and walked rapidly to the kitchen; the tones of his voice were so changed and hollow that his mother hardly recognised him to be her son.

He requested the men to be seated, telling them that when the noise on the street would be quiet and the people dispersed they would get that for which they had come. At that moment a drunken broil on the street had drawn some watchmen to the neighbourhood.

He bade his mother follow him, and proceeded hastily to his own room. By the aid of a match he lit the miserable candle by which, some hours previously, he had been writing.

"Mother, here is money—gold—here—your hand." He pressed some gold coins into her hand.

"Gold! ay, gold, gold indeed!"

gasped his mother, the intensity of her joy repressing for the instant all extravagant demonstrations of it.

"Go, go away to the kitchen; in about five or ten minutes let the men come here, and they will get what I have sold them."

"Money! money at last; gold—gold!" cried his mother, altogether unconscious of what her son was saying, and only awake to the blessed sense of having at last obtained money.

"Away, I say; go to the kitchen. I have no time to lose."

"Money! blessings, blessings on you and God—money!" She seemed still in ignorance of Andrew's request that she would withdraw.

"Away, I say, I must be alone; away to the kitchen, and leave me alone; but let the men come here in a few minutes and take what they have purchased."

He spoke with a strange energy. She obeyed him at last, and left the room: she remembered afterwards that his face was like that of a dead man when he addressed her.

She returned to the kitchen. The two men were seated where she had left them, and were conversing together: their strong Irish accent told at once their country. Mrs. Carson paid no attention to them; she neither spoke to them nor looked at them; she held tightly clasped in her hand the few gold coins her son had given her. she walked about like one half-distracted, addressing audible thanksgiving to God one instant, and the next felicitating herself in an insane manner on having at last obtained some money. The two men commented on her strange manners, and agreed that she was mad, stating their opinions aloud to each other, but she did not hear them.

The noise and quarrelling on the street continued for some time, and the men manifested no impatience whilst it lasted. All became quiet after a time; the desertion and silence of night seemed at last to have settled down on the street. The two men then manifested a strong wish to finish the business on which they had come.

"I say, whereabouts is it—where's the snatch, my good woman?" said one of the men, addressing Mrs. Carson.

She looked on him and his companion with amazement mingled with something of fear, for the aspects of both were expressive of low ruffianism.



"She's mad, don't you see," said the one who had not addressed her.

The other cursed deeply, saying that as they had given part payment, they would get their errand, or their money back again.

At this a gleam of recollection crossed Mrs. Carson's mind, and she informed them that her son had mentioned about something they had purchased, which was in his room. She thought at the instant that perhaps he had disposed of one of his manuscripts at last, though she wondered at the appearance of the purchasers of such an article.

"That's it," cried the men ; "shew us the way to the room fast ; it's all quiet now."

Anxious to get rid of the men, Mrs. Carson proceeded hastily to her son's room, followed closely by the men. The first object she saw, on opening the door, was Andrew leaning on his desk ; the little desk stood on the table, and Andrew's head and breast were lying on it, as if he was asleep. There was something in his fixed attitude which struck an unpleasant feeling to his mother's heart.

"Andrew," she said, "Andrew, the men are here."

All was silent. No murmur of sleep or life came from Andrew. His mother ran to his side and grasped his arm ; there was no sound, no motion. She raised his head with one hand whilst at the same time she glanced on an open letter, on which a few lines were scrawled in a large hurried hand. Every word and letter seemed to dilate before her eyes, as in a brief instant of time she read the following :—

"Mother, I have taken poison. I have sold my body to a doctor for dissection ; the money I gave you is part of the price. You have upbraided me for never making money ; I have sold all I possess—my body, and given you money. You have told me of the stain on my birth ; I cannot live and write after that ; all the poetical fame in this world would not wash away such a stain. Your bitter words, my bitter fate, I can bear no longer ; I go to the other world ; God will pardon me. Yes, yes, from the bright moon and stars this night there came down a voice, saying, God would take me up to

happiness amidst his own bright worlds. Give my body to the men who are waiting for it, and so let every trace of Andrew Carson vanish from your earth."

With a lightning rapidity Mrs. Carson scanned each word ; and not until she had read it all did a scream of prolonged and utter agony, such as is rarely heard even in this world, of grief burst from her lips ; and with a gesture of frenzied violence she flung the money she had kept closely grasped in her hand at the men. One of them stooped to gather it up, and the other ran towards Andrew, and raised his inanimate body a little from its recumbent position. He was quite dead, however ; a bottle, marked "Prussic Acid," was in his hand. The two men, having recovered the money, hurried away, telling Mrs. Carson they would send immediate medical aid, to see if anything could be done for the unfortunate young man. Mrs. Carson did not hear them ; a frenzied paroxysm seized her, and she lay on the floor screaming in the wild tones of madness, and utterly incapable of any exertion. She saw the money she had received with such rapture carried away from before her eyes, but she felt nothing—money had become terrible to her at last.

Her cries attracted a watchman from the street. A doctor was soon on the spot ; but Andrew Carson was no more connected with flesh, and blood, and human life ; he was away, beyond recall, in the spirit-world.

An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of temporary insanity returned, as is usual in such cases of suicide. The young poet was buried and soon forgotten.

Mrs. Carson lingered for some weeks ; her disease assumed something of the form of violent brain-fever ; in her ravings she fancied perpetually that she was immersed in streams of fluid burning gold and silver. They were forcing her to drink draughts of that scorching gold, she would cry—all was burning gold and silver—all drink, all food, all air, and light, and space around her. At the very last she recovered her senses partially, and calling, with a feeble but calm voice, on her only beloved child, Andrew, she died.

## THOUGHTS IN THE WOODLANDS.

BY JONATHAN FREE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, July 20, 1850.

THIS is a glorious summer day, dear Anthony. The mists of morning have rolled away from the hill-tops, and the sun shines down, hot and dazzling, in the still, fervid noon. Not a cloud floats to chequer the azure with its whiteness, or the earth with its shadow. Nature is teeming with its wondrous riches. The corn scarce waves its loaded head; the sheared meadows are bleaching in the sun; the white blossoms of the potato are fading, while the green leaves of the turnip and the mangold-wurzel relieve the eye with their freshness. All around is the promise of abundance; and the heart feels, in the words of our own poet, M'Carthy—

"The summer is come! The summer is come!  
With its flowers and its branches green;  
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,  
And the sunlight struggles between."

Is not all this enough to make the soul glad and thankful? Doubtless it is. And yet with me the intensity of a summer noontide ever brings a sentiment of pensive contemplation, that if not sadness, is nearly allied to it. I am not philosopher enough to account for this feeling; I can only attest the fact. It may be a divine appointment, that in moments when the heart is filled with the material beauty of the lovely world, a feeling, as of satiety, creeps upon it; a monition that everything of earth is fleeting and transitory; a conviction that "all that's bright must fade;" a fear that the blight or the storm may wither or devastate the teeming fields and the burthened garden, and that the rank stench of pestilence may succeed the sweet odours of herb and flower: or, haply it may be that the body is relaxed and enervated, and the spirits dissipated by the heats of summer, which, in the sharp cold of a clear and frosty winter day, are braced and buoyant. But be this as it may, I am disposed to consider the feeling as neither unwise nor unhealthy. If it be well, in the hour of gloom and sorrow, that the soul should rebound with the hope of brighter days in store, it is surely not unsalutary that, in moments of plenitude and prosperity, thoughts of change and trial should chasten and moderate the exuberance of our pleasure; and so, by a gracious dispensation of Him who ordereth all things aright, induce, under all circumstances, an equable and moderated frame of mind. I love not altogether the ethics either of the laughing or the crying philosopher; but I deem him most wise, as well as most happy, who can temper his joy with sobriety, and chase away his tears with a smile.

Thinking somewhat as I have endeavoured to detail to you, I strayed this morning up the hill-side that rises behind my sylvan retreat, and sought shelter from light and heat in the wood that clothes it to the summit. There is no place so suited for meditation as the dark shadows of the woodlands—no hour more fitting in such a place than the noon of summer. The change from the sultry blaze of the sun, and the boundless prospect of life and nature, to the cool, silent, shady denseness of the dark and tangled wood, acts with a sudden revulsion of feeling on the spirits, and disposes the mind to the not unpleasing, though melancholy, contemplation of the unseen realities of man's state and nature. And so it was that thoughts of life,—its trials, its tribulations, its uncertainty,—the memory of the past—the prospect of the future—crowded on my mind. I cannot better express the train of my musings, than in the eloquent estimate of life given by one who had well known its sins, its sorrows, and its trials, and yet who was enabled to extricate himself from its allurements and follies, to repose on those high and heavenly hopes which have never failed man in his extremity. You must pardon me for giving you a long quotation in Latin, without marring its power and pithiness by translation. Thus writes St. Augustine, in his commentary on St. James, iv. 14, "For what is your life":—  
"Vita hæc est vita dubia, vita cæca, vita ærumnosa, quam humores tumidant,

dolores extenuant, ardores exsiccant, æera morbidant, escæ inflant, jejunia macerant, joci dissoluunt, tristitiæ consumunt, sollicitudo coarctat, securitas hebetat, divitiæ jactitant, paupertas dejicit, juvenus expollit, senectus incurrat, infirmitas frangit, mæror deprimit, et post hæc omnia mors interimit, universis gaudiis finem imponit."

This is a sad, yet a most true picture of human life ; still, amidst all its tribulations and trials, there is "a light shining in darkness"—the conviction that they were sent for a wise and loving purpose, by HIM who is Wisdom and Love. This it is that has inspired dying martyrs with songs of exultation, and "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has perfected praise," which, in the beautiful language of one of the ancient fathers of the church, "gives a joy in affliction which is like a song in the night."

The gloomier reflections which at first occupied my mind were suddenly arrested by a simple incident, which turned my musing into a cheerier course. Deep in the shadiest recesses of the grove some wood-pigeons had made their nest, and their soft and plaintive cooing proclaimed the presence of that mysterious and holy feeling which permeates life, in all its gradations and forms, from the lowliest of God's creatures. And so I traced it upwards reverently to its adorable source, where it is no longer an attribute, but an essence ; and then my spirit was awed and admonished, and my querulous thoughts were rebuked, for I felt all must be wisely ordered, when ordered by DIVINE LOVE ; that HE who has ordained that the bruised herb shall yield a balm, and the broken flower an odour, has, by the same loving economy, decreed that trial shall sanctify the soul, though sin may convert the medicine into poison.

And so, dear Anthony, I mused and meditated, till at length I sallied forth into the bright sunshine, in harmony with all that was good and beautiful around me, and cast my meditations into rhyme, which I place at your service. I owe you some apology for this very egotistical introduction to so trifling a composition ; but the only one which I believe can be truly offered, in such a case, is, that when one discourses of mental impressions, he can only do so experimentally from his own knowledge, and must inevitably speak of self, whether the form of speech be personal or impersonal.

Ever yours, in mirth or melancholy,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

I.

Into the greenwood  
When the sun's shining,  
I rove where the branches  
Thickest are twining—  
Pondering with tearful eye,  
Breathing the bootless sigh  
For joys and friends gone by,  
In vain repining.

II.

Marking where leaflets  
To the winds quiver,  
The green and the sear ones  
Fall in the river ;  
Down on that dark stream's flow  
Eddying about they go,  
Swiftly some, others slow,  
Onward for ever.

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\* "Carmen in nocte est lætitia in tribulatione."

## III.

Then I remember  
 Dear ones departed,  
 The old in their ripe years,  
 The young still green-hearted.  
 Sure and unsparingly  
 Death shakes Life's loaded tree,  
 And hearts that fondest be  
 Rudely are parted.

## IV.

When through the still boughs  
 Sunbeams are straying,  
 I watch on the green bank  
 The golden light playing.  
 But when the breezes wake,  
 Then the lithe branches shake,  
 And shades the sunshine break  
 In dark o'erlaying.

## V.

Then o'er my heart comes  
 The mem'ry returning  
 Of joys that, like sunlight,  
 Make bright our life's morning:  
 Till storms rise fitfully,  
 And o'er life's sunny sky,  
 Like gloomy shadows, fly  
 Sorrow and Mourning.

## VI.

Deep in the covert  
 The young blackbird dwelling,  
 Pours out the melody  
 In her heart swelling.  
 Ah! me, I think of one,  
 In happy days now gone,  
 Who sang with gladsome tone  
 Sweet beyond telling.

## VII.

Sleep in their dark beds  
 Most I loved dearest,  
 Cold and estranged now  
 Are some once nearest.  
 Yet happier far for me  
 Th' unalloyed memory  
 Of those true dead, who see  
 Now all hearts clearest.

## VIII.

In a vain shadow  
 Man's ever straying,  
 Error and passion  
 His judgment betraying.  
 But Time is draining fast  
 Life's sands, and *then* at last  
 Truth's light shall search the past,  
 All things displaying.

## IX.

Hark ! through the still air  
 Comes a low cooing  
 Soft on the soothed ear—  
 The woodpigeons wooing.  
 Where branches overhead  
 Leafy sprays densest spread,  
 Love finds a fitting bed,  
 Far from eye's viewing.

## X.

And on my spirit  
 Placidly stealing,  
 Thoughts, like balm, comfort  
 The heart's troubled feeling ;  
 How, in life's darkest hour,  
 Where shadows gloomiest lour,  
 Love ! with its holy pow'r,  
 Brings peace and healing.

## XI.

Life hath no sorrow  
 But Love will share it—  
 No load so heavy lies  
 That Love can't bear it.  
 Love lightens every doom,  
 Love brightens every gloom,  
 Love cheers us to the tomb,  
 Death's self will spare it.

## XII.

All have our crosses.  
 Who hath decreed them ?  
 He that is Love himself—  
 He knows we need them.  
 God wills that man be tried,  
 Thus souls are purified,  
 God's Son for men hath died,  
 His cross hath freed them.

## XIII.

Manfully bear we then  
 All trials given,  
 Thankful for life and food  
 Morning and even.  
 Let each, with strong control,  
 In patience keep his soul,  
 Still speeding towards the goal  
 Whose gate is heaven.

## XIV.

Out of the greenwood,  
 While the sun's shining,  
 From where the branches  
 Thickest are twining,  
 Come I forth cheerfully,  
 Breathing no sinful sigh  
 O'er joys or friends gone by,  
 In vain repining.



## HORACE TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

## TENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK.

[HAD Horace not told us, as he does, that this epistle was pencilled in the open air, in the solitudes of his country retirement, the fact might have been inferred from the fresh and bracing tone by which it is pervaded. Nowhere do the simple tastes, the fine heart, the vigorous sense of the poet, present themselves in a more pleasing aspect, than in this defence of his rustic tastes against the town-loving propensities of his friend. Of Fuscus Aristius, beyond the fact that he was worthy of being esteemed by Horace in the foremost rank of his friends, nothing of moment is known. He may have had a disposition to be over-careful for the things of this world, which is gently glanced at and rebuked in the following epistle; but that he was sound at heart, Horace's estimate of him, and the simple description in another place—*mihi carus*—sufficiently demonstrate. It was to him, too, that Horace addressed the noble ode—“*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*,” &c., which we thus inadequately essay to transmute into English:—

Fuscus, the man of upright life, and pure,  
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,  
Nor arrows tipp'd with venom, deadly sure,  
Loading his quiver;  
Whether o'er Afric's whirling sands he rides,  
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,  
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,  
That storied river.

For, as I stray'd along the Sabine wood,  
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,  
Lo! all at once a wolf before me stood,  
Then turned and fled:  
Creature so huge did warlike Dania ne'er  
Engender in her forests' wildest lair;  
Not Juba's land, parch'd nurse of lions, e'er  
Such monster bred.

Place me where no life-laden summer breeze  
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mong the trees,  
Where clouds and blighting tempests ever freeze,  
From year to year;  
Place me where neighbouring sunbeams fiercely broil  
A weary waste of scorched and homeless soil,  
Still will my Lalage's sweet voice and smile  
To me be dear!]

To Fuscus, our most city-loving friend,  
We, lovers of the country, greeting send—  
We, whom in this most diverse views divide,  
Though well-nigh twins in everything beside.  
True mental brothers we—what one denies  
The other questions; and in self-same wise  
Are we in fancies one, in tastes, in loves,  
As any pair of year-long mated doves.  
You keep the nest; I love the country brooks,  
The moss-grown rocks, and shady woodland nooks.  
And why? Because I live and am a king,  
The moment I can far behind me fling  
What you extol with rapture to the skies;  
And, like the slave that from the temple flies,  
Because on sweet-cakes he is daily fed,  
So I, a simple soul, lack simple bread,  
With honey'd dainties pall'd and surfeited.

If it be proper, as it ever was,  
To live in consonance with nature's laws ;  
Or if we'd seek a spot, whereon to raise  
A home to shelter our declining days,  
What place so fitting as the country? Where  
Comes nipping winter with a kindlier air?  
Where find we breezes balmier to cool  
The fiery dog-days, when the sun's at full?  
Or where is envious care less apt to creep,  
And scare the blessings of heart-easing sleep?  
Is floor mosaic, gemm'd with malachite,  
One half so fragrant or one half so bright  
As the sweet herbage? Or the stream town-fed,  
That frets to burst its cerements of lead,  
More pure than that which shoots and gleams along,  
Murmuring its low and lulling undersong?  
Nay, nay, your veriest townsman loves to shade  
With sylvan green his stately colonnade;  
And his is deemed the finest house which yields  
The finest prospect of the open fields.  
Turn Nature, neck-and-shoulders, out of door,  
She'll find her way to where she was before;  
And imperceptibly in time subdue  
Wealth's sickly fancies, and her tastes untrue.

The man that's wholly skillless to descry  
The common purple from the Tyrian dye,  
Will take no surer harm, nor one that more  
Strikes to his marrow in its inmost core,  
Than he who knows not with instinctive sense  
To sever truth from falsehood and pretence.  
Whoc'er hath wildly wantoned in success,  
Him will adversity the more depress.  
What's dearly prized we grudgingly forego.  
Shun mighty aims; the lowliest roof may know  
A life that more of heartfelt comfort brings,  
Than kings have tasted, or the friends of kings.

Once on a time a stag, at antlers' point,  
Expelled a horse he'd worsted, from the joint  
Enjoyment of the pasture both had cropp'd:  
Still, when he ventured near it, rudely stopped,  
The steed called in man's aid, and took the bit:  
Thus backed, he charged the stag, and conquer'd it.  
But woe the while! nor rider, bit, nor rein  
Could he shake off, and be himself again.  
So he, who, fearing poverty, hath sold  
His freedom, better than uncounted gold,  
Will bear a master and a master's laws,  
And be a slave unto the end, because  
He will not learn, what fits him most to know,  
How far, discreetly used, small means will go.  
Whene'er our mind's at war with our estate,  
Like an ill shoe, it trips us if too great;  
Too small, it pinches. Thou art wisely bent  
To live, Aristius, with thy lot content;  
Nor wilt thou fail to chide in me the itch,  
Should it infect me, to be greatly rich;  
For hoarded wealth is either slave or lord,  
And should itself be pulled, not pull the cord.

These near Vacuna's crumbling fane I've penned,  
Blest, save in this, in lacking thee, my friend.

## SUMMER PASTIME.

Do you ask how I'd amuse me  
When the long bright summer comes,  
And welcome leisure woos me  
To shun life's crowded homes;  
To shun the sultry city,  
Whose dense, oppressive air  
Might make one weep with pity  
For those who must be there.

I'll tell you then—I would not  
To foreign countries roam,  
As though my fancy could not  
Find occupance at home;  
Nor to home-haunts of fashion  
Would I, least of all, repair,  
For guilt, and pride, and passion,  
Have summer-quarters there.

Far, far from watering-places  
Of note and name I'd keep,  
For there would vapid faces  
Still throng me in my sleep;  
Then contact with the foolish,  
The arrogant, the vain,  
The meaningless—the mulish,  
Would sicken heart and brain.

No—I'd seek some shore of ocean  
Where nothing comes to mar  
The ever-fresh commotion  
Of sea and land at war;  
Save the gentle evening only  
As it steals along the deep,  
So spirit-like and lonely,  
To still the waves to sleep.

There long hours I'd spend in viewing  
The elemental strife,  
My soul the while subduing  
With the littleness of life;  
Of life, with all its paltry plans,  
Its conflicts and its cares—  
The feebleness of all that's man's—  
The might that's God's and theirs!

And when eve came I'd listen  
To the stilling of that war,  
Till o'er my head should glisten  
The first pure silver star;  
Then, wandering homeward slowly,  
I'd learn my heart the tune  
Which the dreaming billows lowly,  
Were murmuring to the moon!

R. C.

## SIRR'S CEYLON.\*

Our colonies, we believe, never before presented so many topics of interest as they now afford—never was it more desirable that these should be well considered, and the home-public enabled to form an enlightened opinion upon some of the great questions connected with them; as, for example, the commercial value of these national offsets, the pending difficulties of their government, and the advantages which they respectively offer for emigration. Impressed with this view, we are much disposed to welcome any work which promises to contribute even a little honest aid towards so important an object, and therefore gladly take up the two tempting volumes now before us.

Of all the daughter-lands of England, none is so fair, and hardly one so precious to us, as that isle of palms, Ceylon. The beauty of this dependency is more generally known than its political importance; we shall therefore commence by adverting to the latter subject. It is well understood by all who have to do with India, that the tenure of our empire there cannot be yet regarded as safe or certain. Very many are the imperfections of our rule, both in regard to fiscal arrangements and to the administration of justice; and were we in these, and in some other matters of equal moment, altogether blameless, we should still be exposed to the malignant influence of that hatred which every nation feels against a foreign yoke. Our power hangs, as Warren Hastings observed, by a thread so fine, that the touch of chance may break, or the breath of opinion dissolve it; and should this disastrous contingency ever take place, Ceylon would be not only the most favourable point whence to attempt the regaining of our lost domi-

nion, but might, together with Bombay and the Mauritius, at once, and in any case, secure to us the commerce of the Malabar and the Coromandel coasts, as well as the command of the Indian seas. That its value in these respects was appreciated by the Portuguese, is attested by the well-known saying of one of their kings: "Let all India be lost so that Ceylon is saved." These considerations may suffice to show the paramount importance of our holding this oriental possession, which, we may add, is likely very soon to become the great depot of our commerce, and the centre of our steam-navigation in the East, connecting us with China, with that vast archipelago which, through the devoted energies of one whom, alas, no services can save from slander,† is now opening to receive us, with, perhaps, the far-off empire of Japan, with Australia, with the countries around the Persian Gulf, with Egypt, and, by the double courses of the Euphrates‡ and the Red Sea, with the Mediterranean. A railway, some fifty miles long, made from a little below Antioch, on the Orontes, may henceforth, as we have in a former number suggested, facilitate communication with the Mediterranean, and Ceylon would then become the connecting point between Asia, Australia, Africa, and Europe.

It is not, however, for its prospective advantages alone that we are to prize Ceylon. The wealth of its resources, although they are but imperfectly developed, renders its present commerce of the utmost importance, while it offers to some classes of our redundant population a hopeful field for emigration. It is mainly with the purpose of exhibiting its capabilities in the last-mentioned respects, that Mr. Sirr has brought out his work; and

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\* "Ceylon and the Cingalese." By Henry Charles Sirr, M.A., Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Shoberl. 1850.

† This was written before the late discussion in the House of Commons on the subject of Borneo, and Mr. Dunscombe's able and manly vindication of Sir James Brooke.

‡ We hope soon to notice Colonel Chesney's comprehensive and very beautiful work on the countries about the Euphrates, embracing subjects which were at all times interesting, and which Mr. Layard's researches have of late made popular.

before we proceed to show how well he has performed the task, we must endeavour to make our readers a little better acquainted with the island itself.

The primary steps towards a knowledge of a country are, first, an acquaintance with its geographical bearings, and next, with its geological formations. After glancing at these characteristics of Ceylon, we may, with the aid of the work before us, touch upon its history, its resources, and the advantages which it offers to settlers, together with some of the many traits of popular interest or amusement which are connected with it.

Ceylon is, in size, about one-sixth less than Ireland; in form resembling the section of a divided pear, having the larger end toward the south. It lies between  $5^{\circ} 56'$  and  $9^{\circ} 50'$  north latitude, and between  $80^{\circ}$  and  $82^{\circ}$  east longitude. Its extreme length is about 276 miles, and greatest breadth 103. Its superficial area is 24,000 square miles, with a population of about a million and-a-half, which, for what we may consider the most fertile country in the world, is little better than desolation. The island is, on the north-east, separated from the mainland by the Gulf of Mannar, and the Indian Ocean washes its other shores.

In regard to its geology, primitive rock is the main constituent of the island; the only recent formations are limestone and sandstone, which are only found in a particular neighbourhood, that of Jaffanapatam. "The varieties of primitive rock are innumerable, but the species are ill-defined and few. Granite is the most dominant species, while dormolite, quartz, and hornblend are less frequently to be met with." Iron and manganese are the only metallic ores. Nitrate of lime and nitre are not uncommon. Salt lakes exist to a large extent in the district called Nugampattoo; and the salt monopoly brings into the government a yearly revenue of £42,000. "If," adds Mr. Sirr, "this portion of the government property were superintended, and conducted upon scientific principles, there can be little doubt that the revenue would be twice, if not three times the present amount."

"All the soils of the island appear to have originated from decomposed granite rock,

gneiss, or clay-iron stone, and in the majority of cases quartz is the largest, and frequently nearly the sole ingredient. It is very remarkable that the natural soils of Lanka-diva do not contain more than between one and three per cent. of vegetable substance, which may be attributed to the rapid decomposition occasioned by a high degree of temperature and heavy falls of rain.

"The most abundant crops are produced in the dark-brown loam, which is formed from decomposed granite and gneiss, or in reddish loam, which is formed from kabook stone, or clay-iron stone. The soils which have been found to produce inferior crops are those in which a large proportion of quartz is contained. The soil derived from clay-iron stone is of a reddish brown colour, and has the property of retaining water for a very long time, to which may be attributed its productive quality. To the practical and scientific agriculturists, Lanka-diva affords abundant opportunity for experiment and investigation, where the soil is in a state of nature, and unimproved by the intermixture of any description of manure."—V. i., p. 142.

Ceylon is well supplied with spring and river water, and from the magnificent remains of tanks and artificial lakes, it is evident that the ancient inhabitants knew how to avail themselves of the advantages of irrigation. It is much to be regretted that no effectual effort has yet been made to repair those gigantic tanks, and re-adapt them to their useful objects. The consequence is, that large tracts, which might be paddy-fields, are now neglected. Sir Thomas Maitland, Sir Robert Brownrigg, and Sir Robert W. Horton—all active governors—had caused inquiries to be made with a view to the restoration of the tanks, and they all arrive at the same conclusion, that the undertaking should be carried out by government. But they never advanced beyond good intentions, and the tanks, to our reproach, remain in ruins. We are happy to learn that Sir Emerson Tennent, the present Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, whose energy and distinguished talents are well known, has directed his attention to this subject, and we may hope that he will be enabled to overcome the difficulties which proved so repulsive to his predecessors. The importance of this question may be estimated from the fact, that while in the high-lands, where the appliances for irrigation are attainable, the farmer grows two, and often three crops every year from the same field, in the low grounds; where he is depending on the



rainy season, he can only hope to have one.

The origin of the name of Ceylon is, like that of most other countries, only to be guessed. In its earliest annals we find it called "Selan," or "Sielan Diva"—that is, the island of Sielan—a very near approximation to the present name. In the Hindoo records, and by the Cingalese of the present day, it is called "Lanka-Diva," or the island of Lanka. Whatever be the origin of the name of Ceylon, it seems strange that the natives call themselves by a name which has no apparent connexion with it—"Singalese," or, as it is now more often written, "Cingalese." There are two pedigrees for this title, and the more intelligible of the twain is that which traces it to the Sings or Rajpoots of India, by whom the island was conquered and the people named. The other assigns to them a half celestial, half ignoble origin. It states that some Chinese vessels being wrecked on the coast of Ceylon, the crews were saved, and finding the island fertile, settled there. That shortly afterwards the Malabars sent thither their exiles, by them called Galas, who intermarried with the Chinese, and that their descendants, combining the names, called themselves Chingalees. This, like much good heraldry, will not bear a close examination. It is at once disproved by the physical characteristics of the people, which are manifestly Indian, and without any one of the Chinese peculiarities, their small elliptic eyes, yellow skins, broad faces, and flat features. There is, indeed, a third theory, which we presume, because it is fabulous, is more readily believed by the people themselves. The word *Singhala* means *the blood of the Lion*, and they all claim descent from that royal animal and forest king.

It appears that the earliest account we have of Ceylon is derived from a Macedonian admiral, named Onesiculus, who lived in the fourth century before our Christian era. It was well known to the Romans by the name of Taprabane. Strabo tells of its elephants; and Dionysius, A.D. 36, describes these then celebrated animals, as well as the gems and spices of the island. Cosmas, an Egyptian merchant in the time of Justinian, that is in the sixth century, describes Ceylon as largely engaged in commerce; and Marco Polo, who made it a visit in the

thirteenth century, speaks of its great beauty, and tells of the pilgrims to Adam's Peak. Sir John Mandeville, who was there about two centuries later, gives a nearly accurate account of its dimensions. About the year 1550, the Portuguese formed a settlement there, and extending their rule along the coast, held possession for more than a century, when the natives, to escape from their oppression, called in the assistance of a more rising power in the East, the Dutch. In the year 1658, the latter people had expelled the Portuguese, and established themselves; but their dominion, like that of their predecessors, never extended beyond the maritime provinces, which girt the island with a belt from eight to thirty miles in breadth; the remainder of the island, and the central kingdom of Kandy, remaining all along untouched. In the revolutionary war, and the year 1796, we took the Dutch provinces of Ceylon, and succeeded to them, but in their own districts only. We had hardly established our power so far, when we became engaged in war, and a disastrous war, with the King of Kandy. The Kandians are a very different people from the inhabitants of the lowlands and maritime districts, who are alone called Cingalese. Although most writers conceive that they are but the mountain and lowland varieties of the same race, Mr. Sirr regards them as of distinct descent, and as, probably, the offspring of Malabars, who had intermarried with the Veddahs, or aborigines of Ceylon. They are, at all events, of purer race than the people of the shore districts, who have, probably, been deteriorated by constant association with the worst classes of the various nations who from time to time settled on their coasts.

"The bearing of the Kandians is," says Mr. Sirr, "haughty and erect; the complexion bright bronze, or brown; the eye large, meeting the observer's fixedly and undauntedly; the brow high; nose well-formed, and prominent; and the expression of the face intelligent; while, on the contrary, the deportment of the Cingalese is servile and crouching; their complexion of a yellow brown; the eye, although of good size, seldom fully opens, and endeavours to avoid looking fixedly on the observer; the brow is low, the nose less prominent, and not so well formed."

as that of the Kandian; and the expression of the countenance has a character of servile low cunning." The Kandians have shown themselves to be a bold and vigorous people, by their long resistance to foreign rule, whether Portuguese, Dutch, or English. They are, however, cruel and rapacious, and we who, to our honour be it said, had respected their independence, made no effort to subdue them, until these latter qualities were signally, and more than once, exhibited, at the cost of British subjects. The first act of transgression—the plundering of some of our traders—came from them. This was followed, in 1803, by the massacre of a small force which had surrendered, on conditions, to superior numbers; the men were taken out, one by one, and beheaded, while their officers, grasping their pistols, terminated their own existence. In this manner they nearly all perished. This treachery was too long unavenged; the Kandians even invaded our provinces in 1804, and again in 1805, and the English governor, content with repulsing, did not overthrow them, until another outrage compelled their ruin as a separate state. They had a monster king, named Sri Wikrama, pre-eminent in the annals of atrocity, who practised on his own people cruelties which, one would imagine, no nation would long endure, and of which the following fact, being actually but a small part of a single transaction, may serve as a faint example: "The children," as stated in a report of the punishments inflicted on the family of one of his nobles, and which punishment extended to the death of seventy persons, "were ordered to be decapitated before their mother's face, and their heads to be pounded, with her own hands, in a rice mortar, which, to save herself from a diabolical torture and exposure, she submitted to attempt. The eldest boy shrank from the dread ordeal, and clung to his agonised parent for safety; but his youngest brother, stepping forward, encouraged him to submit to his fate, and placed himself before the executioner, by way of setting an example. The last of the children to be beheaded was an infant at the breast, from which it was forcibly torn away, and its mother's milk was dripping from its innocent mouth as it was put into the hands of the grim executioner." In 1814, this tyrant extended his cruelties to

British subjects, that is, to ten Cingalese merchants, natives of our provinces, and trading under our protection. Some of these were sent home with their ears and noses fastened to their necks, and some made their escape, but without eyelids, or maimed in hands or feet.

An explanation being demanded, none was given, whereupon the English governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, marched a force into Kandy, took possession of capital and kingdom, and relieved the people from their king and his dynasty for ever. He was dethroned amidst the curses of his subjects, none standing by him except his Malabar guard, who, however, fought gallantly in his defence. A treaty establishing the British rule was entered into with the chiefs, and Sri Wikrama was carried off a prisoner to the fortress of Vellore, in India, where, after some years—that is in 1832—he died. Mr. Bennet, in his book on Ceylon, published some years ago, describes him as "stout, good-looking Malabar, with a peculiarly keen and roving eye, and a restlessness of manner, marking unbridled passions." His only child—a son—died in exile in 1843, and thus closed his dynasty, and so righteously was his kingdom gained and taken possession of by the English government.

The great strength of the Kandians lay in their forest, their fortresses, and their want of roads. These difficulties are now nearly overcome. Roads have been made in various directions, and a very fine one connects the two great cities of the island, Kandy and Colombo, the distance between them being seventy-two miles. The former, which is on every side approached by high mountains, was made directly accessible to our troops by a tunnel through one of them, five hundred and seventy-five feet in length, which was commenced by Sir Edward Barnes, and was finished in 1823. This did much, not only towards consolidating our military power in the island, but also in establishing our sovereignty in the minds of the people. One of their legends says, that "*no foreign power could retain the dominion of Kandy until a path was forced through the mountain.*" The weird saying is fulfilled—British soldiers hold the capital; the highway was made through the mountain, but, alas for the uncertainty

of the oracle! the tunnel, as we learn, has collapsed, and the road is now impassible.

In 1817, and again in 1835, the Kandians exhibited some disposition to rebel against our rule. These efforts were easily put down, and the colony, under the superintendence of good and able governors—amongst whom we may name Sir Wilmot Horton and Sir Colin Campbell, was rapidly improving. In 1845, Ceylon was constituted an episcopal see, by the title of the Bishopric of Colombo, and Dr. Chapman went out as the first bishop. "I have come to Ceylon," said he, in addressing a native congregation, "to live among you, and learn your language; with God's blessing to benefit you, and, with His permission, to die in your country." It appears that the Bishop of Colombo's life, since the day he reached the island, has been in unison with these sentiments of missionary devotion, and his exertions, as we collect from Mr. Sirr, have done more towards the conversion of the heathen than had been effected during previous centuries by merely nominal Christians.

"Every part of his diocese," says Mr. Sirr, "is visited constantly by Dr. Chapman; unwearied in his duty, undaunted by the fear of contagion, he visits hospital, jail, and the unwholesome jungle, sedulously learning the native language, whereby he may be enabled to communicate with, and to preach to the Cingalese, without the aid or intervention of an interpreter."

In 1848, a rebellion broke out in Ceylon, which for some time wore a serious aspect, and to which Mr. Sirr devotes a good deal of his attention. As he ascribes its origin, and indeed its termination, in great measure to the influence of a singular superstition, it may, in this view, have a more than ordinary interest for the reader:—

"To understand the events connected with it clearly," says Mr. Sirr, "the reader must remember that Ceylon is the stronghold of the purest and most enthusiastic Buddhism; and the priests of this religion have long been dissatisfied with a government over which they have no control, but with which, until lately, they might have considered themselves in some measure connected. This connection was severed when our government surren-

dered to the priests the custody of the tooth of Buddha, which had ever been regarded as the palladium of Cingalese sovereignty. The abandonment of this sacred charge on the part of the government has been regarded, by its present sacerdotal guardians, not only as a breach of faith, and a mark of great disrespect, but also as an exhibition of political weakness in reference to the ancient traditions before referred to, namely, that whoever possessed this sacred relic should govern the island."—Vol. i., p. 348.

The tooth of Buddha, called also the Dalada relic, is remarkable in the history of superstitions. It is supposed to have been brought to Ceylon from Northern India, in the year 810 of our era; and Buddhists affirm that the country which has the good fortune to possess it will be taken under the special protection of Buddha, and must be regarded as a sacred nation. Hence, too, Ceylon is called by the Cingalese the Sacred Island. The popular faith has always been, that Ceylon would never be subdued until another power had possession of the Dalada. After the suppression of the rebellion of 1817, Sir Robert Brownrigg secured this relic, and Dr. Davy, who was at that time in Ceylon, thus speaks of the influence connected with it:—

"Here it may be remarked, that, when the relic was taken, the effect of its capture was astonishing, and almost beyond the comprehension of the enlightened; for now, they said, the English are indeed masters of the country; for they who possess the relic have a right to govern four kingdoms: this, for 2,000 years, is the first time the relic was ever taken from us. The Portuguese declare that, in the sixteenth century, they obtained possession of the relic, which the Cingalese deny, saying, that when Corta was taken, the relic was secretly removed to Saffragam. They also affirm, that when Kandy was conquered by us in 1815, the relic was never surrendered by them to us, and they considered it to be in their possession until we took it from them by force of arms. The first adikar also observed, that whatever the English might think of having taken Pilimi Talawe, and other rebel leaders, in his opinion, and in the opinion of the people in general, the taking of the relic was of infinitely more moment."<sup>a</sup>

The Dalada was retained in our possession from 1817 until 1847, and was,

<sup>a</sup> This extract, taken from Davy's Ceylon, is cited by Mr. Sirr.

during that period, exhibited by our officials to the followers of Buddha who came to worship it. The Europeans who have examined this relic, take it to be a piece of discolored ivory. It is slightly carved, nearly two inches long, and one in diameter at the base; if at all a natural tooth, it was possibly an alligator's, but never belonged to a human being. Major Forbes, who assisted at an exhibition of the Dalada, thus describes it:—

“ On the 29th May, 1828, the three large cases having been previously removed, the relic contained in the three inner caskets was placed on the back of an elephant, richly caparisoned; over it was the ransuigé, a small octagonal cupola, the top of which was composed of alternate plain and gilt silver plates, supported by silver pillars. When the elephant appeared coming out of the temple-gate, two lines of magnificent elephants, forming a double line in front of the entrance, knelt down, and thus remained; while the multitude of people, joining the points of their fingers, raised their arms above their heads, and then bent forward, at the same time uttering in full, deep tones, the shout of *Sa-dhie*: this, joined and increased by those at a distance, swelled into a grand and solemn sound of adoration. The elephant bearing the relic, followed by the establishments of the temples, with their elephants, also those of the chiefs, after proceeding through the principal streets of the town, returned to the great bungalow; here the first adikar removed the relic from the back of the elephant, and conveyed it to the temporary altar on which it was exhibited. The rich hangings were now closed around the altar, and the three inner cases opened in the presence of Sir Edward Barnes, the Governor. The drapery being again thrown open, disclosed the tooth, placed on a gold lotus flower, which stood on a silver table; this was covered with the different cases of the relic, various gold articles, and antique jewellery, the offerings of former devotees.”

The relic, we are told, was an object of intense veneration to the Buddhists, and especially to those of the Kandian provinces, who regard it as the pædium of their country. We can easily believe that so solemn a feeling exhibited by assembled multitudes, and aided by such a magnificent display, rendered the ceremony exceedingly imposing. It is, however, to be lamented that the representative of a Christian monarch and a Christian people should have ever lent the influence of his presence

to so idolatrous an institution. The religious prejudices of a nation must always be respected; but the authorities should beware that they do not appear to share them; and no official, no soldier should be allowed to attend at ceremonies such as we have described, save so far as may be needful for the maintenance of order. The Dalada was held to be of sufficient importance to be the subject of a despatch from Lord Torrington to Lord Grey, in 1848; and Mr. Sirrascribes the suppression of the rebellion in Ceylon in that year, in a good measure, to our having the custody of the relic. We confess we cannot but think that he overrates its value in this respect, and we have a strong hope that extending civilisation, the wider diffusion of education, and the reflected light of Protestantism, have already done much to dispel its illusive powers. This, too, seems to be countenanced by a fact mentioned by Mr. Sirr, that on the restoration of order, in 1848, several of the chiefs and of the priests proposed sending the Dalada to England, to be placed in the keeping of our Queen; but this, as he very properly adds, could not be acceded to by a Christian government.

We may appear to have dwelt too long upon this topic; but a ruling superstition is never unimportant, and there are always occurrences in the history of a nation which, without an acquaintance with its legends, can hardly be comprehended. We find in Mr. Grote's able history of Greece an illustration of this remark, at once so apposite and so just, that we are tempted to transcribe it:—

“ I venture, however, to forewarn the reader that there will occur numerous circumstances in the after political life of the Greeks which he will not comprehend, unless he be initiated into the course of their legendary associations. He will not understand the frantic terror of the Athenian public during the Peloponnesian war, on the occasion of the mutilation of the statues called *Hermæ*, unless he enters into the way in which they connected their stability and security with the domiciliation of the gods in the soil; nor will he adequately appreciate the habit of the Spartan king on military expeditions, when he offered his daily public sacrifices on behalf of his army and his country—‘always to perform this morning service immediately before sunrise, in order that he might be beforehand in obtaining the favour of the gods,’—if he be not familiar with the Homeric con-



ception of Zena, going to rest at night, and awaking to rise at early dawn from the side of the white-armed Hérê.\*

Having glanced enough at the history of this island, now, we trust, our secure possession, we have to add a word or two upon another subject connected with it, and to which Mr. Sirr devotes a good deal of his attention—that is, emigration. To those who have some capital, and who are disposed to invest it in the cultivation of cinnamon and coffee, Ceylon offers a fair field for enterprise; they are, however, but the select few. To some of that very very large majority who are longing to seek, in a foreign clime, the shelter, and food, and fire which unhappily, they cannot find at home, Ceylon offers at this moment advantages which it is quite important should be made known in this country, and it is to Mr. Sirr that we are indebted for having directed our attention to them.

In the highlands of Ceylon, 6,300 feet above the level of the sea, there is an extensive plain called Newera Ellia, where the temperature of the winter months resembles the bracing atmosphere of a fine October in England, and summer combines the genial warmth of August with the refreshing showers of spring. From November to April, the thermometer is rarely above 65° Fahr.; frosts are not unfrequent, but snow is unknown. For nearly the year round a fire is desirable.

"The soil varies, as in Great Britain, from the rich brown to the black loam, and all English produce succeeds in a most luxuriant manner, although hitherto the farming has been almost entirely in the hands of the natives, who, notwithstanding their ignorance of the subject, have amassed large sums from the cultivation of potatoes, carrots, turnips, and other vegetables; their farming implements not extending beyond these simple endeavours. Many gentlemen, for their amusement, have planted English grass, clover, wheat, oats, barley, beans, peas, and have found green crops of every description thrive and yield in the most extraordinary manner."—Vol. i., p. 123.

This temperate zone was first visited by Dr. Davy, in 1819, and he at once announced its healthful attributes. It

was not, however, until ten years afterwards that even the government availed itself of its palpable advantages. In 1829, Sir Edward Barnes, the then governor, made the village of Newera Ellia—now called by the natives the City of the Plain—a convalescent military station, and the experiment was altogether successful:—

"Nothing about Newera Ellia Plain tells of the tropics; the bracing air enabling Europeans to walk out at any hour of the day, the mental and bodily faculties soon regain their lost vigour, the frame is invigorated, the palled appetite recovers its tone, and speedily the sallow cheek becomes rounded, and assumes health's roseate hue; many a desponding invalid, whose large family and slender means forbade return to his native land, has reason to bless the day the sanatorium of Lanka-diva was discovered.

"The beauties of vegetation also wear a familiar aspect, as the eye is gladdened with floral gifts that appertain especially to the temperate zone, such as rhododendrons, the white, guelder, damask, and pink rose-trees, violets, sweet-peas, accacia, peach, apple and pear-trees, with nearly every fruit and vegetable that are produced and consumed by us, can be met with in the immediate neighbourhood."—Vol. i., pp. 120-1.

The same good governor connected this district with Kandy by the means of a well-made road. Sir Edward Barnes was, indeed, the Colossus of roads in Ceylon; for of the many fine thoroughfares now there, almost every one was commenced and finished in his time. Since this district has become the sanatorium of the island, the town of Newera Ellia has very much increased, and there is now a church there, besides the governor's house, with residences belonging to the bishop, to the commander of the forces, the colonial secretary, the other government officials, and hospital and barracks, in which last there is at all times a detachment of troops. To this healthful and civilised region emigrants are invited to come, free of expense, with the assurance of a comfortable farm house and out-offices, all fit for immediate occupation. A Mr. Baker, an enterprising gentleman, who is desirous of forming a settlement there, has issued a circular, in which he puts forward the agricultural ad-

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\* Cited from a review of "Grote's Greece," in the June No. of our Magazine for the present year.



vantages of this district, and offers what must be to many the tempting terms above mentioned. The classes to which he addresses himself seem to be small farmers and farm-servants; and it does not appear that he has fixed a limit to the numbers he proposes to take out. Any of our readers who may interest themselves for those who are disposed to emigrate, are referred for all further particulars to S. W. Baker, Esq., No. 4, Wolsley-terrace, Cheltenham, who has, we understand, already sent out some English farm-servants, with a large supply of agricultural implements. Mr. Sirr submits this gentleman's plan as being well worthy the consideration of those who may wish to emigrate. There can be no doubt that a scheme which offers to emigrants a free passage to a land of beauty and of health, a comfortable house, a farm where no tax-man ever comes, a school for children, and the house of God within their reach, is, indeed, worthy of the attention of very large numbers in this country.

"He," says Mr. Sirr, "can bear witness to the advantages offered in this mountain district for a European settlement; and the only matter of astonishment is, that so many years of British rule should have elapsed before the attempt was made. Newera Ellia is a district blessed with a peculiarly salubrious climate, and in every way adapted for the production of those necessities of life which at this moment are imported into the colony at an enormous expense, and capable of raising supplies considerably beyond the wants of the inhabitants, for which ready markets may be obtained. 'The natives,' says Mr. Baker, 'now produce five successive crops of potatoes from the same land; thus, even from their ignorant farming, they adduce a proof of the peculiar quality of the soil.'

"Stock of all kinds is remarkably cheap; and the draught-buffalo is an animal which entirely supersedes the horse for all heavy work, not only on account of his great strength, but from the fact of his requiring no other food than pasture. Cows and buffaloes may be purchased from 25s. to 40s. per head; sheep, from 3s. to 7s.; pigs, from 8s. to 7s.; fowls, from 7s. per dozen; ducks, from 12s. ditto. Mr. Baker proceeds to show that, notwithstanding the very low price of stock, fine meat is unknown in Ceylon, the beasts being unfattened, and slaughtered without discretion. Although, in many parts of the island, the calf is permitted to take the whole supply from the mother, yet not a cheese has ever been manufactured in Ceylon, and butter sells for 2s. 6d. per pound. Notwithstanding the abundance and cheap-

ness of pigs, hams and bacon have never been cured; and yet all these articles are consumed in large quantities, and imported from England at an enormous price, ~~cheese~~, hams, and bacon being generally sold at 2s. per pound.

"All these articles may be prepared at Newera Ellia with the same facility, and at one-fourth of the cost of these produced in England, and would, therefore, sell at a large profit, both for home consumption, and for exportation. The island is chiefly supplied by Bombay with potatoes; but those of a superior quality now produced at Newera Ellia sell at 2s. per cwt. In three months from the planting of the sets, they are fit to dig, and one set has frequently been known to produce fifty potatoes. Wheat has been experimented upon, and the quantity produced proved infinitely superior to the seed imported; and yet Ceylon is entirely dependent upon America for the supply of flour. Oats and beans thrive well, but have been neglected, consequently the horses of the island are fed expensively upon paddy and grain. The principal portion of wheat is imported from India; thus a most extensive market is open to supply the home market as well as that of the Mauritius."—V. I. 1, 125-7.

No apology is needful for dwelling upon the details of so important a subject; but we must take care that there is no misapprehension about it. Mr. Sirr vouches that all that Mr. Baker states about the climate, circumstances, and position of the settlement, is perfectly correct; and that there can be little doubt that the fattening and improving of the breeds, both of cattle and poultry, would be remunerative, as well as the growing of seed and green crops; but that settlers are not to expect luxuries, or to make large fortunes, but to limit their views to moderate comforts and an honest livelihood; and that able-bodied and industrious Irish labourers, with their wives and families, would do well.

In the warmer regions of the island, the natives are easily independent; any one who has a bread-fruit tree, a cocoa-nut tree, and a jack-tree, may have all his wants provided for, and nowhere do these trees grow more rapidly, or thrive better. It is said that numbers of the Kandians have no houses, but live in trees, secure from snakes and wild beasts, with, perhaps, the leaf of the Talapat palm to protect them from snow and rain. In the forests of the eastern districts of the island there dwells a hardy race,

The Veddas of Ceylon are a people of whom little is known. They are said to be the original inhabitants of the island, and to have been driven into the forests by their invaders. It is at all events, a sure and singular fact, that they have, for many centuries, retained their peculiar language, and kept their race unmixed.

The forests and jungles of Ceylon offer such first-class forms of field-sports, that no work on this island can be regarded as perfect that does not refer to them. Mr. Sirt has, accordingly, some of those moving accidents which have startled the readers of Forbes and Campbell,\* and some new illustrations of the habits and faculties of the animals which haunt the woods. The following is a well-authenticated

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While we have seen the animal, it was observed in 1813, and the animal had never been seen before. It was said to perform the dances and to which he had been trained. We have seen it be disposed to civil conversation; the extraordinary intelligence and sagacity evinced by the creature. Space will not permit us to bring forward other instances to demonstrate our assertion; but volumes might be written to demonstrate the elephant's sagacity and memory, being second only to those of man."—Vol. i. pp. 135-7.

The perils and escapes of the hunters in Ceylon make what Colonel Campbell, we remember, calls "tough stories"—stories nearly as marvellous as those of Gulliver or Sinbad, yet coming in such a form, so authenticated by colonels and majors, that no prudent man would venture to disbe-

\* "Eleven Years in Ceylon." By Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders. 2 Vols. Hentley London. 1849.  
 "Excursions, A. I. and Field Sports in Ceylon." By Lieutenant Colonel Forbes. London. 1813.  
 Capital Books.

lieve them. Of this character is the narrative of Colonel Hardy, given in Colonel Campbell's book; and also the adventure of a private soldier named Jones, in the same work. Mr. Sirr has no tale to rival these, but he has some anecdotes of stirring interest, and amongst them the following. The hero of the exploit was a Major Rogers, long, as we can well believe, the most celebrated hunter in Ceylon, and who, we are told, had slain more than fourteen hundred elephants:—

"The major had shot at an elephant, but the ball had glanced off, merely inflicting a flesh wound. The creature, infuriated with pain, raised its trunk, uttering the terrific trumpet-like squeal which they always make preparatory to a charge. The elephant seized Rogers with the proboscis, and carried him a short distance, then dashed him on the ground into a deep hole, and trampled upon him, breaking his right arm in two places, and several of his ribs; and it was only the small size of the hole into which he had been thrown that saved his life, as the elephant had not sufficient room to use his full strength. When his brother-sportsmen came up to the major, they found him lying senseless; and as soon as he recovered his speech, he stated that he was perfectly conscious when the elephant both seized and trampled upon him, but that he knew attempting to escape or struggling was far worse than futile, and that he was entirely passive upon principle, as he had often reflected upon such an event occurring, and had resolved to remain perfectly stationary. We believe no greater mastery of mind over matter, or resolution, was ever recorded than this."—Vol. i pp. 194–5.

Major Rogers had many such singular escapes, and at last closed his career of hazards by a form of death which it is possible he had never thought of. While travelling in the interior, in the June of 1846, he was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and killed by lightning.

In regard to the industrial resources of Ceylon, the most important for a length of time was the cultivation of cinnamon, which was introduced by the Dutch about thirty years before our connexion with the island. Before that period, the only purpose to which the tree was applied was, to the making of candles for the kings of Kandy, its berries yielding an unctuous fragrant substance, of which these articles were made exclusively for the palace. Falk, a Dutch governor, after persevering long through many diffi-

culties, taught the natives and his own government the true value of the tree.

Under the Dutch, the Portuguese, and in the time of the Kandian rulers, cinnamon was a government monopoly, and was so continued by the British authorities until the year 1833, when the monopoly was abolished, and the large cinnamon-gardens which belonged to the government were disposed of to private individuals, and farmed out to the highest bidder. This was well; but the government, careful to lose nothing by liberality, imposed the high duty of two shillings per pound on exported cinnamon. In 1842 the duty was reduced one-half. This was found to be still too high, and accordingly, in 1848, the export duty on the article was further reduced to four pence per pound colonial charge, with a duty of three pence a pound on importation into England; and under this regulation the government expect that the cultivation of cinnamon will prove as profitable as it had been for many a year before. In this there is reason to apprehend they will be disappointed. It is always dangerous to interfere with a thriving trade. "Let well alone" ought, one might suppose, to be the maxim of the government, as it is the practice of every prudent man. But the statesmen of Ceylon thought proper to make experiments; and under their tampering the cinnamon trade has fallen off more than one-half, and what is more alarming still, has become, to a great extent, fixed in rival settlements. The East India Company now cultivate this spice on the coast of Malabar, and can sell it cheaper than the Ceylon planter; and the Dutch in Java, taking prompt advantage of the high export duty of two shillings a pound, imposed by the Ceylon authorities, applied themselves again to the cultivation of the shrub, and can grow it cheaper, and it appears import it into England, at a duty less by one penny a pound than our planters in Ceylon.

Coffee is another of the staples of Ceylon, and has become an article of much speculation since the year 1820. It is generally supposed that the culture of the plant was introduced by the Dutch from Java, where they had carried it on with great success from about the date of 1723, when they brought seedlings of the plant from Mocha, and formed their first planta-

tions. Mr. Sirr, however, relying on the authority of some intelligent natives, conceives that the plant is indigenous in Ceylon, and says that it has been known in a wild state in the island for ages past, and that a decoration of the berry has been used by the natives from time immemorial. Clearing the jungle for the formation of a coffee estate is a singular proceeding:

"The first step in this clearance is both arduous and imposing to witness. The plantations being formed on the mountain sides, the coolies are set to work on the forest trees on the base of the hill, whose trunks they cut half way through; thus labouring on the way up to the mountain's summit, upon which the uppermost trees are continually falling, and then simultaneously falling on those beneath, carry them, with a terrific crash, in their downward course. The falling mass, like the avalanche, increasing at each step in bulk and weight, acquires a great impetus in its progress, overpowering all obstacles; and thus, with the roar of thunder, thousands of noble forest trees are felled in a few seconds. The prostrated timber is usually fired and reduced to ashes. The seedlings are generally planted out in the rainy season, and require constant care and attention to prevent them from being overgrown with weeds and jungle grass."—*L. L.* pp. 138-9.

In the year 1846, the coffee exported amounted to one hundred and seventy thousand eight hundred and sixty-two cwt; while in 1849 it had increased to forty millions of pounds.

The sugar-cane grows in every village; but it is only lately that the cultivation of it was at all attended to. Mr. Hudson, who has some sugar plantations near Peradenia, is making the cane of Ceylon a very important article in her commerce, and his good measures have been adopted by other plantations. The cotton-tree grows in Ceylon to a gigantic size, and is capable, it is said, of producing cotton of as fine a quality as was ever grown. On this important point, which has hitherto not been enough attended to, Mr. Sirr has made a report made to the East India Company by an American planter in his service, and to the following effect:—

"I am of opinion, from what I saw of the air, temperature, and soil, that Ceylon produces cotton equal in quality, and in the comparatively small amount of labour required is considered, I doubt not it

may even produce the article cheaper, than we can in America, where a large sum must be laid out for labour, and where the expense of food and clothing is much greater than the cost of importing labour into Ceylon, independently of the risk of a mortality among the labourers, after they had been purchased."

A commencement has been made, and some cotton from American seed grown in the neighbourhood of Batticaloo, but not to any extent, or enough for the consumption of the island. The areka, or betel-nut tree (*Areka catechu*), is also of some importance in the commerce of Ceylon, and the cultivation of tobacco is extending. One of the grand vegetable products of Ceylon is the ebony tree (*Dyospiras obonum*). The colour of the trunk is nearly white, and the branches, springing about thirty feet from the root, and clad with dark—almost sable—foliage, give it an imposing, but a mournful aspect. The wood is hard, heavy, and much valued for articles of furniture. There is a variety called the Calamander-tree, a variegated ebony, which is more prized, and is even more majestic. This, however, like the red sandal and satinwood trees of the Ceylon forests, is now becoming rare.

The pearl fisheries, once a great source of wealth in Ceylon, are now unproductive. In 1798 they produced £140,000, while in 1844 they only realised £105. The banks, however, are protected, and nets and implements which might be made use of to their injury, prohibited, so that in time the fishery may revive.

There is another topic we would gladly enter on—that is, an account of the attempts made from time to time for the diffusion of Christianity in Ceylon; but Sir Emerson Tennant's forthcoming work may afford us a more appropriate opportunity of examining this ever-interesting subject. In the meantime we must express our impression that Mr. Sirr does not do justice to the efforts of the Dutch. "Cent. per cent." he says, "was their faith, gold their object, and mammon their god." Commercial advantages are and ever have been the main objects of parent states; but while the Dutch have shown a very intelligent regard to these, it must be admitted that they have not had the reputation of giving themselves much concern for the religious advancement of the countries with which they were

or are connected, and their position in Japan is to this hour their reproach. In Ceylon, however, they appear to have acted so as to deserve our high praise. They made considerable way towards the establishment of parish schools. They had the Scriptures of the New Testament, and a great part of Old, translated into the Tamul, which is read by the Cingalese, and several editions of which have been printed in Madras as well as in Ceylon. They introduced their own mode of public worship, and made a rule that no native should hold any office, however humble, under their government, except he professed to belong to their church. In this last particular they acted in accordance with the opinions of their day, and perhaps ought not to be judged by the better views of our's. It is an undisputed fact, that there are considerable numbers of the Cingalese who now profess Christianity, whose fathers were brought within the pale of

the church by the Dutch, and who, with their families, are now accessible to religious instruction. Tried by the standard of duty, this is not much for a Christian nation in such circumstances to effect, but when we consider our own short-comings in a more advanced, and more enlightened age, it ought to be enough to prevent us from speaking of our Protestant predecessors in Ceylon with anything like contempt.

In closing Mr. Sirr's unpretending volumes, we have to thank him for the useful knowledge with which they are replete. They do not offer the wild adventures and stirring accidents which amused us so much in the narratives of Forbes and of Campbell—they are not such sporting calendars; but to any one who is desirous of becoming acquainted with the capabilities and condition of Ceylon, we can commend them as, undoubtedly, the best for their purpose.



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MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "A GLANCE AT STAFF-DUTY."

ALTHOUGH the passage of the Rhine was but the prelude to the attack on the fortress, that exploit being accomplished, Kehl was carried at the point of the bayonet, the French troops entering the outworks pell-mell with the retreating enemy, and in less than two hours after the landing of our first detachments, the "tri-color" waved over the walls of the fortress.

Lost amid the greater and more important successes which since that time have immortalised the glory of the French arms, it is almost impossible to credit the celebrity attached at that time to this brilliant achievement, whose highest merits probably were rapidity and resolution. Moreau had long been jealous of the fame of his great rival, Bonaparte, whose tactics, rejecting the colder dictates of prudent strategy, and the slow progress of scientific manœuvres, seemed to place all his confidence in the sudden inspirations of his genius and the indomitable bravery of his troops. It was necessary, then, to raise the *morale* of the army of the Rhine, to accomplish some great feat similar in boldness and heroism to the wonderful achievements of the Italian army. Such was the passage of the Rhine at Strasbourg, effected in the face of a great enemy, advantageously posted, and supported by one of the strongest of all the frontier fortresses.

The morning broke upon us in all the exultation of our triumph, and as our cheers rose high over the field of the late struggle, each heart beat proudly with the thought of how that news would be received in Paris.

"You'll see how the bulletin will

spoil all," said a young officer of the army of Italy, as he was getting his wound dressed on the field. "There will be such a long narrative of irrelevant matter—such details of this, that, and t'other—that the public will scarce know whether the placard announces a defeat or a victory."

"Parbleu!" replied an old veteran of the Rhine army, "what would you have? You'd not desire to omit the military facts of such an exploit?"

"To be sure I would," rejoined the other. "Give me one of our young general's bulletins, short, stirring, and effective—'Soldiers! you have crossed the Rhine against an army double your own in numbers and munitions of war. You have carried a fortress, believed impregnable, at the bayonet. Already the great flag of our nation waves over the citadel you have won. Forward, then, and cease not till it float over the cities of conquered Germany, and let the name of France be that of Empire over the continent of Europe.'"

"Ha! I like that," cried I, enthusiastically; "that's the bulletin to my fancy. Repeat it once more, mon lieutenant, that I may write it in my note-book."

"What! hast thou a note-book?" cried an old staff-officer, who was preparing to mount his horse; "let's see it, lad."

With a burning cheek and trembling hand, I drew my little journal from the breast of my jacket, and gave it to him.

"Sacre bleu!" exclaimed he, in a burst of laughter, "what have we here? Why, this is a portrait of old

General Moricier, and although a caricature, a perfect likeness. And here comes a plan for 'manœuvring a squadron by threes from the left.' This is better—it is a receipt for an 'Omelette à la Hussard;' and here we have a love-song, and a moustache-paste, with some hints about devotion, and diseased frog in horses. Most versatile genius, certainly!" and so he went on, occasionally laughing at my rude sketches and ruder remarks, till he came to a page headed "Equitation, as practised by Officers of the Staff," and followed by a series of caricatures of bad riding, in all its moods and tenses. The flush of anger which instantly coloured his face soon attracted the notice of those about him, and one of the bystanders quickly snatched the book from his fingers, and, in the midst of a group all convulsed with laughter, proceeded to expatiate upon my illustrations. To be sure, they were absurd enough. Some were represented sketching on horseback, under shelter of an umbrella; others were "taking the depth of a stream" by a "header" from their own saddles; some again were "exploring ground for an attack in line," by a measurement of the rider's own length over the head of his horse. Then there were ridiculous situations, such as "sitting down before a fortress," "taking an angle of incidence," and so on. Sorry jests all of them, but sufficient to amuse those with whose daily associations they chimed in, and to whom certain traits of portraiture gave all the zest of a personality.

My shame at the exposure, and my terror for its consequences, gradually yielded to a feeling of flattered vanity at the success of my lucubrations; and I never remarked that the staff-officer had ridden away from the group, till I saw him galloping back at the top of his speed.

"Is your name Tiernay, my good fellow?" cried he, riding close up to my side, and with an expression on his features I did not half like.

"Yes sir," replied I.

"Hussar of the Ninth, I believe?" repeated he, reading from a paper in his hand.

"The same, sir."

"Well, your talents as a draughtsman have procured you promotion, my friend; I have obtained your dis-

charge from your regiment, and you are now my orderly,—orderly on the staff, do you mind; so mount, sir, and follow me."

I saluted him respectfully, and prepared to obey his orders. Already I foresaw the downfall of all the hopes I had been cherishing, and anticipated the life of tyranny and oppression that lay before me. It was clear to me that my discharge had been obtained solely as a means of punishing me, and that Captain Discau, as the officer was called, had destined me to a pleasant expiation of my note-book. The savage exultation with which he watched me, as I made up my kit and saddled my horse—the cool malice with which he handed me back the accursed journal, the cause of all my disasters—gave me a dark foreboding of what was to follow; and as I mounted my saddle, my woeful face and miserable look brought forth a perfect shout of laughter from the bystanders.

Captain Discau's duty was to visit the banks of the Rhine and the Eslar island, to take certain measurements of distances, and obtain accurate information on various minute points respecting the late engagement, for, while a brief announcement of the victory would suffice for the bulletin, a detailed narrative of the event in all its bearings must be drawn up for the minister of war, and for this latter purpose various staff-officers were then employed in different parts of the field.

As we issued from the fortress, and took our way over the plain, we struck out into a sharp gallop; but as we drew near the river, our passage became so obstructed by lines of baggage-wagons, tumbrils, and ammunition-carts, that we were obliged to dismount and proceed on foot; and now I was to see for the first time that dreadful picture, which, on the day after a battle, forms the reverse of the great medal of glory. Huge litters of wounded men on their way back to Strasbourg, were drawn by six or eight horses, their jolting motion increasing the agony of sufferings that found their vent in terrific cries and screams; oaths, yells, and blasphemies, the ravings of madness, and the wild shouts of infuriated suffering, filled the air on every side. As if to give the force of contrast to this uproar of misery, two regiments of Swabian infantry marched past as prisoners. Silent, crest-fallen, and wretched-look-

ing, they never raised their eyes from the ground, but moved, or halted, wheeled, or stood at ease, as though by some impulse of mechanism; a cord coupled the wrists of the outer files, one with another, which struck me less as a measure of security against escape, than as a mark of indignity.

Carts and charettes with wounded officers, in which often-times the uniform of the enemy appeared side by side with our own, followed in long procession; and thus were these two great currents—the one hurrying forward, ardent, high-hearted, and enthusiastic; the other returning maimed, shattered, and dying!

It was an affecting scene to see the hurried gestures, and hear the few words of adieu, as they passed each other. Old comrades who were never to meet again, parted with a little motion of the hand; sometimes a mere look was all their leave-taking: save when, now and then, a halt would for a few seconds bring the two lines together, and then many a bronzed and rugged cheek was pressed upon the faces of the dying, and many a tear fell from eyes bloodshot with the fury of the battle! Wending our way on foot slowly along, we at last reached the river side, and having secured a small skiff, made for the Eslar island; our first business being to ascertain some details respecting the intrenchments there, and the depth and strength of the stream between it and the left bank. Discau, who was a distinguished officer, rapidly possessed himself of the principal facts he wanted, and then, having given me his portfolio, he seated himself under the shelter of a broken wagon, and opening a napkin, began his breakfast off a portion of a chicken and some bread,—viands which, I own, more than once made my lips water as I watched him.

“You’ve eaten nothing to-day, Tiernay?” asked he, as he wiped his lips, with the air of a man that feels satisfied.

“Nothing, *mon capitaine*,” replied I.

“That’s bad,” said he, shaking his head; “a soldier cannot do his duty, if his rations be neglected. I have always maintained the principle: Look to the men’s necessities—take care of their food and clothing. Is there anything on that bone there?”

“Nothing, *mon capitaine*.”

“I’m sorry for it; I meant it for you; put up that bread, and the re-

mainder of that flask of wine. Bourdeaux is not to be had every day. We shall want it for supper, Tiernay.”

I did as I was bid, wondering not a little why he said “*we*,” seeing how little a share I occupied in the co-partnery.

“Always be careful of the morrow on a campaign, Tiernay—no squandering, no waste; that’s one of my principles,” said he, gravely, as he watched me while I tied up the bread and wine in the napkin. “You’ll soon see the advantage of serving under an old soldier.”

I confess the great benefit had not already struck me, but I held my peace and waited; meanwhile he continued—

“I have studied my profession from my boyhood, and one thing I have acquired, that all experience has confirmed, the knowledge, that men must neither be taxed beyond their ability nor their endurance; a French soldier, after all, is human; eh, isn’t not so?”

“I feel it most profoundly, *mon capitaine*,” replied I, with my hand on my empty stomach.

“Just so,” rejoined he; “every man of sense and discretion must confess it. Happily for you, too, I know it; ay, Tiernay, I know it, and practise it. When a young fellow has acquitted himself to my satisfaction during the day—not that I mean to say that the performance has not its fair share of activity and zeal—when evening comes and stable duty finished, arms burnished, and accoutrements cleaned, what do you think I say to him?—eh, Tiernay, just guess now?”

“Probably, sir, you tell him he is free to spend an hour at the canteen, or take his sweetheart to the theatre.”

“What! more fatigue! more exhaustion to an already tired and worn out nature!”

“I ask pardon, sir, I see I was wrong; but I had forgotten how thoroughly the poor fellow was done up. I now see that you told him to go to bed.”

“To bed! to bed! Is it that he might writhe in the nightmare, or suffer agony from cramps? To bed after fatigue like this! No, no, Tiernay; that was not the school in which I was brought up; we were taught to think of the men under our command; to remember that they had wants, sympathies, hopes, fears, and emotions like our own. I tell him to seat himself at



the table, and with pen, ink, and paper before him, to write up the blanks. I see you don't quite understand me, Tiernay, as to the meaning of the phrase, but I'll let you into the secret. You have been kind enough to give me a peep at your note-book, and you shall in return have a look at mine. Open that volume, and tell me what you find in it."

I obeyed the direction, and read at the top of a page the words "Skeleton, 5th Prarial," in large characters, followed by several isolated words, denoting the strength of a brigade, the number of guns in a battery, the depth of a fosse, the height of a parapet, and such like. These were usually followed by a flourish of the pen, or sometimes by the word "Bom." which singular monosyllable always occurred at the foot of the pages.

"Well, have you caught the key to the cipher?" said he, after a pause.

"Not quite, sir," said I, pondering; "I can perceive that the chief facts stand prominently forward, in a fair, round hand; I can also guess that the flourishes may be spaces left for detail; but this word "Bom." puzzles me completely."

"Quite correct, as to the first part," said he, approvingly; "and as to the mysterious monosyllable, it is nothing more than an abbreviation for 'Bombaste,' which is always to be done to the taste of each particular commanding officer."

"I perceive, sir," said I, quickly; "like the wadding of a gun, which may increase the loudness, but never affect the strength of the shot."

"Precisely, Tiernay; you have hit it exactly. Now I hope that, with a little practice, you may be able to acquit yourself respectably in this walk; and now to begin our skeleton. Turn over to a fresh page, and write as I dictate to you."

So saying, he filled his pipe and lighted it, and disposing his limbs in an attitude of perfect ease, he began:—

"8th Thermidor, midnight—twelve battalions, and two batteries of field—boats and rafts—Eslar Island—stockades—eight guns—Suabian infantry—sharp firing, and a flourish—strong current—flourish—detachment of the 28th carried down—'Bom.' Let me see it now—all right—nothing could be better—proceed. The 10th, 45th, and 48th landing together—more

firing—flourish—first gun captured—Bom.—bayonet charges—Bom. Bom.—three guns taken—Bom. Bom. Bom.—Swabs in retreat—flourish. The bridge eighty toises in length—flanking fire—heavy loss—flourish."

"You go a little too fast, mon Capitaine," said I, for a sudden bright thought just flashed across me.

"Very well," said he, shaking the ashes of his pipe out upon the rock, "I'll take my doze, and you may awaken me when you've filled in those details—it will be a very fair exercise for you;" and with this he threw his handkerchief over his face, and without any other preparation was soon fast asleep.

I own that, if I had not been a spectator of the action, it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for me to draw up anything like a narrative of it, from the meagre details of the captain's note-book. My personal observations, however, assisted by an easy imagination, suggested quite enough to make at least a plausible story, and I wrote away without impediment and halt till I came to that part of the action in which the retreat over the bridge commenced. There I stopped. Was I to remain satisfied with such a crude and one-sided explanation as the note-book afforded, and merely say that the retreating forces were harassed by a strong flank fire from our batteries? Was I to omit the whole of the great incident, the occupation of the "Fels Insel," and the damaging discharges of grape and round shot which plunged through the crowded ranks, and ultimately destroyed the bridge? Could I—to use the phrase so popular—could I, in the "interests of truth," forget the brilliant achievement of a gallant band of heroes who, led on by a young hussar of the 9th, threw themselves into the "Fels Insel," routed the garrison, captured the artillery, and directing its fire upon the retiring enemy, contributed most essentially to the victory. Ought I, in a word, to suffer a name so associated with a glorious action to sink into oblivion? Should Maurice Tiernay be lost to fame out of any neglect or false shame on my part? Forbid it all truth and justice, cried I, as I set myself down to relate the whole adventure most circumstantially. Looking up from time to time at my officer, who slept soundly, I suffered myself to dilate upon a theme in which somehow,

I felt a more than ordinary degree of interest. The more I dwelt upon the incident, the more brilliant and striking did it seem. Like the appetite, which the proverb tells us comes by eating, my enthusiasm grew under indulgence, so that, had a little more time been granted me, I verily believe I should have forgotten Moreau altogether, and coupled only Maurice Tiernay with the passage of the Rhine, and the capture of the fortress of Kehl. Fortunately Captain Discau awoke, and cut short my historic recollections, by asking me how much I had done, and telling me to read it aloud to him.

I accordingly began to read my narrative slowly and deliberately, thereby giving myself time to think what I should best do when I came to that part which became purely personal. To omit it altogether would have been dangerous, as the slightest glance at the mass of writing would have shown the deception. There was, then, nothing left, but to invent at the moment another version, in which Maurice Tiernay never occurred, and the incident of the Fels Insel should figure as unobtrusively as possible. I was always a better improvisatore than amanuensis; so that without a moment's loss of time I fashioned a new and very different narrative, and detailing the battle tolerably accurately, *minus* the share my own heroism had taken in it. The captain made a few, a very few corrections of my style, in which the "flourish" and "bom" figured, perhaps, too conspicuously; and then told me frankly, that once upon a time he had been fool enough to give himself

great trouble in framing these kind of reports, but that having served for a short period in the "bureau" of the minister of war, he had learned better—"In fact," said he, "a district report is never read! Some hundreds of them reach the office of the minister every day, and are safely deposited in the "archives" of the department. They have all, besides, such a family resemblance, that with a few changes in the name of the commanding officer, any battle in the Netherlands would do equally well for one fought beyond the Alps! Since I became acquainted with this fact, Tiernay, I have bestowed less pains upon the matter, and usually deputed the task to some smart orderly of the staff."

So, thought I, I have been writing history for nothing; and Maurice Tiernay, the real hero of the passage of the Rhine, will be unrecorded and unremembered, just for want of one honest and impartial scribe to transmit his name to posterity. The reflection was not a very encouraging one; nor did it serve to lighten the toil in which I passed many weary hours, copying out my own precious manuscript. Again and again during that night did I wonder at my own diffuseness—again and again did I curse the prolix accuracy of a description that cost such labour to reiterate. It was like a species of poetical justice on me for my own amplifications; and when the day broke, and I still sat at my table writing on, at the third copy of this precious document, I vowed a vow of brevity, should I ever survive to indite similar compositions.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A FAREWELL LETTER.

It was in something less than a week after, that I entered upon my new career as orderly in the staff, when I began to believe myself the most miserable of all human beings. On the saddle at sunrise, I never dismounted, except to carry a measuring-chain, "to step distances," mark out entrenchments, and then write away, for hours, long enormous reports, that were to be models of calligraphy, neatness and elegance—and never to be read. Nothing could be less like soldiering than the life I led; and were

it not for the clanking sabre I wore at my side, and the jingling spurs that decorated my heels, I might have fancied myself a notary's clerk. It was part of General Moreau's plan to strengthen the defences of Kehl before he advanced farther into Germany; and to this end repairs were begun upon a line of earth-works, about two leagues to the northward of the fortress, at a small village called "Ekheim." In this miserable little hole, one of the dreariest spots imaginable, we were quartered, with two

companies of "sapeurs" and some of the wagon-train, trenching, digging, carting earth, sinking wells, and in fact engaged in every kind of labour save that which seemed to be characteristic of a soldier.

I used to think that Nancy and the riding-school were the most dreary and tiresome of all destinies, but they were enjoyments and delight compared with this. Now it very often happens in life, that when a man grows discontented and dissatisfied with mere monotony, when he chafes at the sameness of a tiresome and unexciting existence, he is rapidly approaching to some critical or eventful point, where actual peril and real danger assail him, and from which he would willingly buy his escape by falling back upon that wearisome and plodding life he had so often deplored before. This case was my own. Just as I had convinced myself that I was exceedingly wretched and miserable, I was to know there are worse things in this world than a life of mere uniform stupidity. I was waiting outside my captain's door for orders one morning, when at the tinkle of his little hand-bell I entered the room where he sat at breakfast, with an open despatch before him.

"Tiernay," said he, in his usual quiet tone, "here is an order from the adjutant-general to send you back under an escort to head-quarters. Are you aware of any reason for it, or is there any charge against you which warrants this?"

"Not to my knowledge, mon capitaine," said I, trembling with fright, for I well knew with what severity discipline was exercised in that army, and how any, even the slightest, infractions met the heaviest penalties.

"I have never known you to pillage," continued he; "have never seen you drink, nor have you been disobedient while under my command; yet this order could not be issued on light grounds; there must be some grave accusation against you, and in any case you must go; therefore arrange all my papers, put everything in due order, and be ready to return with the orderly."

"You'll give me a good character, mon capitaine," said I, trembling more than ever—"you'll say what you can for me, I'm sure."

"Willingly, if the general or chief were here," replied he; "but that's not so. General Moreau is at Strasbourg.

It is General Regnier is in command of the army; and unless specially applied to, I could not venture upon the liberty of obtruding my opinion upon him."

"Is he so severe, sir?" asked I, timidly.

"The general is a good disciplinarian," said he, cautiously, while he motioned with his hand towards the door, and accepting the hint, I retired.

It was evening when I re-entered Kehl, under an escort of two of my own regiment, and was conducted to the "Salle de Police." At the door stood my old corporal, whose malicious grin as I alighted revealed the whole story of my arrest; and I now knew the charge that would be preferred against me—a heavier there could not be than—was, "disobedience in the field." I slept very little that night, and when I did close my eyes, it was to awake with a sudden start, and believe myself in the presence of the court-martial, or listening to my sentence, as read out by the President. Towards day, however, I sunk into a heavy, deep slumber, from which I was aroused by the reveille of the barracks.

I had barely time to dress when I was summoned before the "Tribunal Militaire"—a sort of permanent court-martial, whose sittings were held in one of the churches of the town. Notwithstanding all the terror of my own precarious position could overcome the effect of old prejudices in my mind, as I saw myself led up the dim aisle of the church towards the altar rails, which, around a large table, were seated a number of officers, whose manner and bearing evinced but little reverence for the sacred character of the spot.

Stationed in a group of poor wretches whose wan looks and anxious glances told that they were prisoners like myself, I had time to see what was going forward around me. The President, who alone wore his hat, read from a sort of list before him the name of a prisoner and that of the witnesses in the cause. In an instant they were drawn up and sworn. A few questions followed, rapidly put, and almost as rapidly replied to. The prisoner was called on then for his defence; if this occupied many minutes, he was sure to be interrupted by an order to be brief. Then came the command to "stand by;" and after a few seconds consultation together, in which many times

burst of laughter might be heard, the court agreed upon the sentence, recorded and signed it, and then proceeded with the next case.

If nothing in the procedure imposed reverence or respect, there was that in the despatch which suggested terror, for it was plain to see that the Court thought more of the cost of their own precious minutes than of the years of those on whose fate they were deciding. I was sufficiently near to hear the charges of those who were arraigned, and, for the greater number, they were all alike. Pillage, in one form or another, was the universal offending; and from the burning of a peasant's cottage, to the theft of his dog or his "poulet," all came under this head. At last came number 82—"Maurice Tiernay, hussar of the Ninth." I stepped forward to the rails.

"Maurice Tiernay," read the President, hurriedly, "accused by Louis Gaussin, corporal of the same regiment, 'of wilfully deserting his post while on duty in the field, and in the face of direct orders to the contrary; inducing others to a similar breach of discipline.' Make the charge, Gaussin."

The corporal stepped forward, and began—

"We were stationed in detachment on the bank of the Rhine, on the evening of the 23rd —"

"The Court has too many duties to lose its time for nothing," interrupted I. "It is all true. I did desert my post; I did disobey orders; and, seeing a weak point in the enemy's line, attacked and carried it with success. The charge is, therefore, admitted by me, and it only remains for the Court to decide how far a soldier's zeal for his country may be deserving of punishment. Whatever the result, one thing is perfectly clear, Corporal Gaussin will never be indicted for a similar misdemeanour."

A murmur of voices and suppressed laughter followed this impertinent and not over discreet sally of mine; and the President calling out, "Proven by acknowledgment," told me to "stand by." I now fell back to my former place, to be interrogated by my comrades on the result of my examination, and hear their exclamations of surprise and terror at the rashness of my conduct. A little reflection over the circumstances would probably have brought me over to their opinion, and

shown me that I had gratuitously thrown away an opportunity of self-defence; but my temper could not brook the indignity of listening to the tiresome accusation and the stupid malevolence of the corporal, whose hatred was excited by the influence I wielded over my comrades.

It was long past noon ere the proceedings terminated, for the list was a full one, and at length the Court rose, apparently not sorry to exchange their tiresome duties for the pleasant offices of the dinner-table. No sentences had been pronounced, but one very striking incident seemed to shadow forth a gloomy future. Three, of whom I was one, were marched off, doubly guarded, before the rest, and confined in separate cells of the "Salle," where every precaution against escape too plainly showed the importance attached to our safe keeping.

At about eight o'clock, as I was sitting on my bed—if that inclined plane of wood, worn by the form of many a former prisoner, could deserve the name—a serjeant entered with the prison allowance of bread and water. He placed it beside me without speaking, and stood for a few seconds gazing at me.

"What age art thou, lad?" said he, in a voice of compassionate interest.

"Something over fifteen, I believe," replied I.

"Hast father and mother?"

"Both are dead!"

"Uncles or aunts living?"

"Neither."

"Hast any friends who could help thee?"

"That might depend on what the occasion for help should prove, for I have one friend in the world."

"Who is he?"

"Colonel Mahon, of the *Cuirassiers*."

"I never heard of him—is he here?"

"No; I left him at Nancy; but I could write to him."

"It would be too late, much too late."

"How do you mean—too late?" asked I, tremblingly.

"Because it is fixed for to-morrow evening," replied he, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What? the — the —" I could not say the word, but merely imitated the motion of presenting and firing. He nodded gravely in acquiescence.

"What hour is it to take place?" asked I.

"After evening parade. The sentence must be signed by General Berthier, and he will not be here before that time."

"It would be too late, then, serjeant," said I, musing, "far too late. Still I should like to write the letter; I would like to thank him for his kindness in the past, and show him, too, that I have not been either unworthy or ungrateful. Could you let me have paper and pen, serjeant?"

"I can venture so far, lad; but I cannot let thee have a light; it is against orders; and during the day thou'lt be too strictly watched."

"No matter; let me have the paper and I'll try to scratch a few lines in the dark; and thou'lt post it for me, serjeant? I ask thee as a last favour to do this."

"I promise it," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. After standing for a few minutes thus in silence, he started suddenly and left the cell.

I now tried to eat my supper; but although resolved on behaving with a stout and unflinching courage throughout the whole sad event, I could not swallow a mouthful. A sense of choking stopped me at every attempt, and even the water I could only get down by gulps. The efforts I made to bear up seemed to have caused a species of hysterical excitement that actually rose to the height of intoxication, for I talked away loudly to myself, laughed, and sung. I even jested and mocked myself on this sudden termination of a career that I used to anticipate as stored with future fame and rewards. At intervals, I have no doubt that my mind wandered far beyond the control of reason, but as constantly came back again to a full consciousness of my melancholy position, and the fate that awaited me. The noise of the key in the door silenced my ravings, and I sat still and motionless as the serjeant entered with the pen, ink, and paper, which he laid down upon the bed, and then as silently withdrew.

A long interval of stupor, a state of dreary half consciousness, now came over me, from which I aroused myself with great difficulty to write the few lines I destined for Colonel Mahon. I remember even now, long as has been the space of years since that event, full as it has been of stirring and strange incidents, I remember perfectly the thought which flashed across me as I

sat, pen in hand, before the paper. It was the notion of a certain resemblance between our actions in this world with the characters I was about to inscribe upon that paper. Written in darkness and in doubt, thought I, how shall they appear when brought to the light! Perhaps those I have deemed the best and fairest shall seem but to be the weakest or the worst! What need of kindness to forgive the errors, and of patience to endure the ignorance! At last I began:—"MON COLONEL,—Forgive, I pray you, the errors of these lines, penned in the darkness of my cell, and the night before my death. They are written to thank you ere I go hence, and to tell you that the poor heart whose beating will soon be still throbbed gratefully towards you to the last! I have been sentenced to death for a breach of discipline of which I was guilty. Had I failed in the achievement of my enterprise by the bullet of an enemy, they would have named me with honour; but I have had the misfortune of success, and to-morrow am I to pay its penalty. I have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that my share in that great day can neither be denied nor evaded; it is already on record, and the time may yet come when my memory will be vindicated. I know not if these lines be legible, nor if I have crossed or recrossed them. If they are blotted they are not my tears have done it, for I have a firm heart and a good courage; and when the moment comes——"; here my hand trembled so much, and my brain grew so dizzy, that I lost the thread of my meaning, and merely jotted down at random a few words, vague, unconnected, and unintelligible, after which, and by an effort that cost all my strength, I wrote—"MAURICE TIERNAY, late Hussar of the 9th Regiment."

A hearty burst of tears followed the conclusion of this letter; all the pent-up emotion with which my heart was charged broke out at last, and I cried bitterly. Intense passions are, happily, never of long duration, and better still, they are always the precursors of calm. Thus, tranquil, the dawn of morn broke upon me, when the serjeant came to take my letter, and apprise me that the adjutant would appear in a few moments to read my sentence, and inform me when it was to be executed.

"Thou'lt bear up well, lad; I know



thou wilt," said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes. "Thou hast no mother, and thou'lt not have to grieve for her."

"Don't be afraid, serjeant; I'll not disgrace the old 9th. Tell my comrades I said so."

"I will. I will tell them all! Is this thy jacket, lad?"

"Yes; what do you want it for?"

"I must take it away with me. Thou art not to wear it more!"

"Not wear it, nor die in it; and why not?"

"That is the sentence, lad; I cannot help it. It's very hard, very cruel; but so it is."

"Then I am to die dishonoured, serjeant; is that the sentence?"

He dropped his head, and I could see that he moved his sleeve across his eyes; and then, taking up my jacket, he came towards me.

"Remember, lad, a stout heart; no flinching. Adieu—God bless thee." He kissed me on either cheek, and went out.

He had not been gone many minutes, when the tramp of marching outside apprised me of the coming of the adjutant, and the door of my cell being thrown open, I was ordered to walk forth into the court of the prison. Two

squadrons of my own regiment, all who were not on duty, were drawn up, dismounted, and without arms; beside them stood a company of grenadiers and a half battalion of the line, the corps to which the other two prisoners belonged, and who now came forward, in shirt-sleeves like myself, into the middle of the court.

One of my fellow-sufferers was a very old soldier, whose hair and beard were white as snow; the other was a middle-aged man, of a dark and forbidding aspect, who scowled at me angrily as I came up to his side, and seemed as if he scorned the companionship. I returned a glance, haughty and as full of defiance as his own, and never noticed him after.

The drum beat a roll, and the word was given for silence in the ranks—an order so strictly obeyed, that even the clash of a weapon was unheard, and, stepping in front of the line, the Auditeur Militaire read out the sentences. As for me, I heard but the words "Peine afflictive et infamante;" all the rest became confusion, shame, and terror co-mingled; nor did I know that the ceremonial was over when the troops began to defile, and we were marched back again to our prison quarters.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A SURPRISE AND AN ESCAPE.

It is a very common subject of remark in newspapers, and as invariably repeated with astonishment by the readers, how well and soundly such a criminal slept on the night before his execution. It reads like a wonderful evidence of composure, or some not less surprising proof of apathy or indifference. I really believe it has as little relation to one feeling as to the other, and is simply the natural consequence of faculties over-strained, and a brain surcharged with blood; sleep being induced by causes purely physical in their nature. For myself, I can say that I was by no means indifferent to life, nor had I any contempt for the form of death that awaited me. As localities, which have failed to inspire a strong attachment, become endowed with a certain degree of interest when we are about to part from them for ever, I never held life so desirable as

now that I was going to leave it; and yet, with all this, I fell into a sleep so heavy and profound, that I never awoke till late in the evening. Twice was I shaken by the shoulder ere I could throw off the heavy weight of slumber; and even when I looked up, and saw the armed figures around me, I could have lain down once more and composed myself to another sleep.

The first thing which thoroughly aroused me, and at once brightened up my slumbering senses, was missing my jacket, for which I searched every corner of my cell, forgetting that it had been taken away as the nature of my sentence was declared, "infamante." The next shock was still greater, when two sapeurs came forward to tie my wrists together behind my back; I neither spoke nor resisted, but in silent submission complied with each order given me.

All preliminaries being completed, I was led forward, preceded by a pioneer, and guarded on either side by two sappers of "the guard;" a muffled drum, ten paces in advance, keeping up a low monotonous rumble as we went.

Our way led along the ramparts, beside which ran a row of little gardens, in which the children of the officers were at play. They ceased their childish gambols as we drew near, and came closer up to watch us. I could mark the terror and pity in their little faces as they gazed at me; I could see the traits of compassion with which they pointed me out to each other, and my heart swelled with gratitude for even so slight a sympathy. It was with difficulty I could restrain the emotion of that moment, but with a great effort I did subdue it, and marched on, to all seeming, unmoved. A little further on, as we turned the angle of the wall, I looked back to catch one last look at them. Would that I had never done so! They had quitted the railings, and were now standing in a group, in the act of performing a mimic execution. One, without his jacket, was kneeling on the grass. But I could not bear the sight, and in scornful anger I closed my eyes, and saw no more.

A low whispering conversation was kept up by the soldiers around me. They were grumbling at the long distance they had to march, as the "affair" might just as well have taken place on the glacis as two miles away. How different were my feelings—how dear to me was now every minute, every second of existence; how my heart leaped at each turn of the way, as I still saw a space to traverse and some little interval longer to live.

And mayhap after all, muttered one dark-faced fellow, we shall have come all this way for nothing. There can be no "fusillade" without the general's signature, so I heard the adjutant say; and who's to promise that he'll be at his quarters?"

"Very true," said another; "he may be absent, or at table."

"At table!" cried two or three together; "and what if he were?"

"If he be," rejoined the former speaker, "we may go back again for our pains! I ought to know him well; I was his orderly for eight months, when I served in the 'Legers,' and can tell you, my lads, I wouldn't be the

officer who would bring him a report or a return to sign once he had opened out his napkin on his knee; and it's not very far from his dinner hour now."

What a sudden thrill of hope ran through me! Perhaps I should be spared for another day.

"No, no, we're all in time," exclaimed the serjeant; "I can see the general's tent from this; and there he stands, with all his staff around him."

"Yes; and there go the other escorts—they will be up before us if we don't make haste; quick-time, lads. Come along, mon cher," said he, addressing me—"thou'rt not tired, I hope."

"Not tired!" replied I; "but remember, serjeant, what a long journey I have before me."

"*Pardie!* I don't believe all that rhodomontade about another world," said he gruffly; "the Republic settled that question."

I made no reply, for such words, at such a moment, were the most terrible of tortures to me. And now we moved on at a brisker pace, and crossing a little wooden bridge, entered a kind of esplanade of closely-shaven turf, at one corner of which stood the capacious tent of the commander-in-chief, for such, in Moreau's absence, was General Berthier. Numbers of staff-officers were riding about on duty, and a large travelling-carriage, from which the horses seemed recently detached, stood before the tent.

We halted as we crossed the bridge, while the adjutant advanced to obtain the signature to the sentence. My eyes followed him till they swam with rising tears, and I could not wipe them away, as my hands were fettered. How rapidly did my thoughts travel during those few moments. The good old Père Michel came back to me in memory, and I tried to think of the consolation his presence would have afforded me; but I could do no more than think of them.

"Which is the prisoner Tiernay?" cried a young aid-de-camp, cantering up to where I was standing.

"Here, sir," replied the serjeant, pushing me forward.

"So," rejoined the officer, angrily, "this fellow has been writing letters, it would seem, reflecting upon the justice of his sentence, and arraigning the conduct of his judges. Your epistolary tastes are like to cost you dear!"

my lad; it had been better for you if writing had been omitted in your education. Reconduct the others, serjeant, they are respited; this fellow alone is to undergo his sentence."

The other two prisoners gave a short and simultaneous cry of joy as they fell back, and I stood alone in front of the escort.

"Parbleu! he has forgotten the signature," said the adjutant, casting his eye over the paper: "he was chattering and laughing all the time, with the pen in his hand, and I suppose fancied that he had signed it."

"Nathalie was there, perhaps," said the aid-de-camp, significantly.

"She was, and I never saw her looking better. It's something like eight years since I saw her last; and I vow she seems not only handsomer, but fresher and more youthful, to-day, than then."

"Where is she going—have you heard?"

"Who can tell? Her passport is like a firman—she may travel where she pleases. The rumour of the day says Italy."

"I thought she looked provoked at Moreau's absence; it seemed like want of attention on his part, a lack of courtesy she's not used to."

"Very true; and her reception of Berthier was anything but gracious, although he certainly displayed all his civilities in her behalf."

"Strange days we live in!" sighed the other, "when a man's promotion hangs upon the favourable word of a ———."

"Hush!—take care!—be cautious!" whispered the other. "Let us not forget this poor fellow's business. How are you to settle it? Is the signature of any consequence? The whole sentence is all right and regular."

"I shouldn't like to omit the signature," said the other, cautiously; "it looks like carelessness, and might involve us in trouble hereafter."

"Then we must wait some time, for I see they are gone to dinner."

"So I perceive," replied the former, as he lighted his cigar, and seated himself on a bank. "You may let the prisoner sit down, serjeant, and leave his hands free; he looks wearied and exhausted."

I was too weak to speak, but I looked my gratitude; and sitting down upon the grass, covered my face and wept heartily.

Although quite close to where the officers sat together chatting and jesting, I heard little or nothing of what they said. Already the things of life had ceased to have any hold upon me; and I could have heard of the greatest victory, or listened to a story of the most fatal defeat, without the slightest interest or emotion. An occasional word or a name would strike upon my ear, but leave no impression nor any memory behind it.

The military band was performing various marches and opera-airs before the tent where the general dined, and in the melody, softened by distance, I felt a kind of calm and sleepy repose that lulled me into a species of ecstasy.

At last the music ceased to play, and the adjutant, starting hurriedly up, called on the serjeant to move forward.

"By Jove!" cried he, "they seem preparing for a promenade, and we shall get into a scrape if Berthier sees us here. Keep your party yonder, serjeant, out of sight, till I obtain the signature."

And so saying, away he went towards the tent at a sharp gallop.

A few seconds, and I watched him crossing the esplanade; he dismounted and disappeared. A terrible choking sensation was over me, and I scarcely was conscious that they were again tying my hands. The adjutant came out again, and made a sign with his sword.

"We are to move on!" said the serjeant, half in doubt.

"Not at all," broke in the aid-de-camp; "he is making a sign for you to bring up the prisoner! There he is repeating the signal—lead him forward."

I knew very little of how—less still of why—but we moved on in the direction of the tent, and in a few minutes stood before it. The sounds of revelry and laughter—the crash of voices, and the clink of glasses—together with the hoarse bray of the brass band, which again struck up—all were co-mingled in my brain, as, taking me by the arm, I was led forward within the tent, and found myself at the foot of a table covered with all the gorgeousness of silver plate, and glowing with bouquets of flowers and fruits. In the one hasty glance I gave, before my lids fell over my swimming eyes, I could see the splendid uniforms of the guests as they sat around the board, and the

magnificent costume of a lady in the place of honour next the head.

Several of those who sat at the lower end of the table drew back their seats as I came forward, and seemed as if desirous to give the general a better view of me.

Overwhelmed by the misery of my fate, as I stood awaiting my death, I felt as though a mere word, a look, would have crushed me but one moment back; but now, as I stood there before that group of gazers, whose eyes scanned me with looks of insolent disdain, or still more insulting curiosity, a sense of proud defiance seized me, to confront and dare them with glances haughty and scornful as their own. It seemed to me so base and unworthy a part to summon a poor wretch before them, as if to whet their new appetite for enjoyment by the aspect of his misery, that an indignant anger took possession of me, and I drew myself up to my full height, and stared at them calm and steadily.

"So, then!" cried a deep soldier-like voice from the far end of the table, which I at once recognised as the general-in-chief's—"so, then, gentlemen, we have now the honour of seeing amongst us the hero of the Rhine! This is the distinguished individual by whose prowess the passage of the river was effected, and the Swabian infantry cut off in their retreat! Is it not true, sir?" said he, addressing me with a savage scowl.

"I have had my share in the achievement!" said I, with a cool air of defiance.

"Parbleu! you are modest, sir. So had every drummer-boy that beat his tattoo! But your's was the part of a great leader, if I err not?"

I made no answer, but stood firm and unmoved.

"How do you call the island which you have immortalized by your valour?"

"The Fels Insel, sir."

"Gentlemen, let us drink to the hero of the Fels Insel," said he, holding up his glass for the servant to fill it. "A bumper—a full, a flowing bumper! And let him also pledge a toast, in which his interest must be so brief. Give him a glass, Contard."

"His hands are tied, mon general."

"Then free them at once."

The order was obeyed in a second; and I, summoning up all my courage

to seem as easy and indifferent as they were, lifted the glass to my lips, and drained it off.

"Another glass, now, to the health of this fair lady, through whose intercession we owe the pleasure of your company," said the general.

"Willingly," said I; "and may one so beautiful seldom find herself in a society so unworthy of her!"

A perfect roar of laughter succeeded the insolence of this speech; and which I was half pushed, half dragged, up to the end of the table, where the general sat.

"How so, Coquin, do you dare to insult a French general, at the head of his own staff!"

"If I did, sir, it were quite as brave as to mock a poor criminal on the way to his execution!"

"That is the boy!—I know him now!—the very same lad!" cried the lady, as, stooping behind Berthier's chair, she stretched out her hand towards me. "Come here; are you not Colonel Mahon's godson?"

I looked her full in the face; and whether her own thoughts gave the impulse, or that something in my stare suggested it, she blushed till her cheeks grew crimson.

"Poor Charles was so fond of him!" whispered she in Berthier's ear; and as she spoke, the expression of her face at once recalled where I had seen her, and I now perceived that she was the same person I had seen at table with Colonel Mahon, and whom I believed to be his wife.

A low whispering conversation now ensued between the general and her, at the close of which, he turned to me and said—

"Madame Merlancourt has deigned to take an interest in you—you are pardoned. Remember, sir, to whom you owe your life, and be grateful to her for it."

I took the hand she extended towards me, and pressed it to my lips.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one favour more I would ask in this world, and with it I could think myself happy."

"But can I grant it, mon cher," said she, smiling.

"If I am to judge from the influence I have seen you wield, madame, here and elsewhere, this petition will easily be accorded."

A slight flush coloured the lady's

cheek, while that of the general became dyed red with anger. I saw that I had committed some terrible blunder, but how, or in what, I knew not.

"Well, sir," said Madame Merlancourt, addressing me with a stately coldness of manner, very different from her former tone, "Let us hear what you ask, for we are already taking up a vast deal of time that our host would prefer devoting to his friends—what is it you wish?"

"My discharge from a service, madame, where zeal and enthusiasm are rewarded with infamy and disgrace; my freedom to be anything but a French soldier."

"You are resolved, sir, that I am not to be proud of my protégé," said she haughtily; "what words are these to speak in presence of a general and his officers?"

"I am bold madame, as you say, but I am wronged."

"How so, sir—in what have you been injured?" cried the General, hastily, "except in the excessive condescension which has stimulated your presumption. But we are really two indulgent in this long parley. Madame, permit me to offer you some coffee under the trees. Contardo, tell the band to follow us. Gentlemen, we expect the pleasure of your society."

And so saying, Berthier presented his arm to the lady, who swept proudly past without deigning to notice me.

In a few minutes the tent was cleared of all, except the servants occupied in removing there mains of the dessert, and I fell back unremarked and unobserved, to take my way homeward to the barracks, more indifferent to life than ever I had been afraid of death.

As I am not likely to recur at any length to the somewhat famous person to whom I owed my life, I may as well state that her name has since occupied no inconsiderable share of attention in France, and her history, under the title of "*Mémoires d'une Contemporaine*," excited a degree of interest and anxiety in quarters which one might have fancied far above the reach of her revelations. At the time I speak of, I little knew the character of the age in which such influences were all powerful, nor how destinies very different from mine hung upon the favouritism of "*La belle Nathalie*." Had I known these things, and still more, had I known the sad fate to which she brought my poor friend, Colonel Mahon, I might have scrupled to accept my life at such hands, or involved myself in a debt of gratitude to one for whom I was subsequently to feel nothing but hatred and aversion. It was indeed a terrible period, and in nothing more so than the fact, that acts of benevolence and charity were blended up with features of falsehood, treachery, and baseness, which made one despair of humanity, and think the very worst of their species.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

Nothing displays more powerfully the force of egotism than the simple truth that, when any man sits himself down to write the events of his life, the really momentous occurrences in which he may have borne a part occupy a conspicuously small place, when each petty incident of a merely personal nature, is dilated and extended beyond all bounds. In one sense, the reader benefits by this, since there are few impertinences less forgiveable than the obtrusion of some insignificant name into the narrative of facts that are meet for history. I have made these remarks in a spirit of apology to my reader; not alone for the accuracy of my late detail, but also, if I should seem in future to dwell but passingly

on the truly important facts of a great campaign, in which my own part was so humble.

I was a soldier in that glorious army which Moreau led into the heart of Germany, and whose victorious career would only have ceased when they entered the capital of the Empire, had it not been for the unhappy mistakes of Jourdan, who commanded the auxiliary forces in the north. For nigh three months we advanced steadily and successfully, superior in every engagement; we only waited for the moment of junction with Jourdan's army, to declare the empire our own; when at last came the terrible tidings that he had been beaten, and that Latour was advancing from Ulm to turn our left



flank, and cut off our communications with France.

Two hundred miles from our own frontiers—separated from the Rhine by that terrible Black Forest whose defiles are mere gorges between vast mountains—with an army fifty thousand strong on one flank, and the Arch-duke Charles commanding a force of nigh thirty thousand on the other—such were the dreadful combinations which now threatened us with a defeat not less signal than Jourdan's own. Our strength, however, lay in a superb army of seventy thousand unbeaten men, led on by one whose name alone was victory.

On the 24th of September, the order for retreat was given; the army began to retire by slow marches, prepared to contest every inch of ground, and make every available spot a battle-field. The baggage and ammunition were sent on in front, and two days' march in advance. Behind, a formidable rere-guard was ready to repulse every attack of the enemy. Before, however, entering those close defiles by which his retreat lay, Moreau determined to give one terrible lesson to his enemy. Like the hunted tiger turning upon his pursuers, he suddenly halted at Biberach, and ere Latour, who commanded the Austrians, was aware of his purpose, assailed the Imperial forces with an attack on right, centre, and left together. Four thousand prisoners and eighteen pieces of cannon were the trophies of the victory.

The day after this decisive battle our march was resumed, and the advanced-guard entered that narrow and dismal defile which goes by the name of the "Valley of Hell," when our left and right flanks, stationed at the entrance of the pass, effectually secured the retreat against molestation. The voltigeurs of St. Cyr crowning the heights as we went, swept away the light troops which were scattered along the rocky eminences, and in less than a fortnight our army debouched by Fribourg and Oppenheim into the valley of the Rhine, not a gun having been lost, not a caisson deserted, during that perilous movement.

The Archduke, however, having ascertained the direction of Moreau's retreat, advanced by a parallel pass through the Kinzigthal, and attacked St. Cyr at Nauendorf, and defeated him. Our right flank, severely han-

dled at Emmendingen, the whole force was obliged to retreat on Huningen, and once more we found ourselves upon the banks of the Rhine, no longer an advancing army, high in hope, and flushed with victory, but beaten, harassed, and retreating!

The last few days of that retreat presented a scene of disaster such as I can never forget. To avoid the furious charges of the Austrian cavalry, against which our own could no longer make resistance, we had fallen back upon a line of country cut up into rocky cliffs and precipices, and covered by a dense pine forest. Here, necessarily broken up into small parties, we were assailed by the light troops of the enemy, led on through the various passes by the peasantry, whose animosity our own severity had excited. It was, therefore, a continual hand-to-hand struggle, in which, opposed as we were to over numbers, well acquainted with every advantage of the ground, our loss was terrific. It is said that nigh seven thousand men fell—an immense number, when no general action had occurred. Whatever the actual loss, such were the circumstances of our army, that Moreau hastened to propose an armistice, on the condition of the Rhine being the boundary between the two armies, while Kehl was still to be held by the French.

The proposal was rejected by the Austrians, who at once commenced preparations for a siege of the fortress with forty thousand troops, under Latour's command. The earlier months of winter now passed in the labours of the siege, and on the morning of New-Year's Day the first attack was made; the second line was carried a few days after, and, after a glorious defence by Desaix, the garrison capitulated, and evacuated the fortress on the 9th of the month. Thus, in the space of six short months, had we advanced with a conquering army into the very heart of the Empire, and now we were back again within our own frontier; not one single trophy of all our victories remaining, two-thirds of our army dead or wounded, more than all, the prestige of our superiority fatally injured, and that of the enemy's valour and prowess as signally elevated.

The short annals of a successful soldier are often comprised in the few words which state how he was made

lieutenant at such a date, promoted to his company here, obtained his majority there, succeeded to the command of his regiment at such a place, and so on. Now my exploits may even be more briefly written as regards this campaign!—for whether at Kehl, at Nauendorf, on the Etz, or at Huningen, I ended as I began—a simple soldier of the ranks. A few slight wounds, a few still more insignificant words of praise, were all that I brought back with me; but if my trophies were small, I had gained considerably both in habits of discipline and obedience. I had learned to endure, ably and without complaining, the inevitable hardships of a campaign, and, better still, to see that the irrepressible impulses of the soldier, however prompted by zeal or heroism, may oftener mar than promote the more mature plans of his general. Scarcely had my feet once more touched French ground, than I was seized with the ague, then raging as an epidemic among the troops, and sent forward with a large detachment of sick to the Military Hospital of Strasbourg.

Here I bethought me of my patron, Colonel Mahon, and determined to write to him. For this purpose I addressed a question to the Adjutant-General's office to ascertain the colonel's address. The reply was a brief and stunning one—he had been dismissed the service. No personal calamity could have thrown me into deeper affliction; nor had I even the sad consolation of learning any of the circumstances of this misfortune. His death, even though thereby I should have lost my only friend, would have been a lighter evil than this disgrace; and coming as did the tidings when I was already broken by sickness and defeat, more than ever disgusted me with a soldier's life. It was then with a feeling of total indifference that I heard a rumour which at another moment would have filled me with enthusiasm—the order for all invalids sufficiently well to be removed, to be drafted into regiments serving in Italy. The fame of Bonaparte, who commanded that army, had now surpassed that of all the other generals; his victories paled the glory of their successes, and it was already a mark of distinction to have served under his command.

The walls of the hospital were scrawled over with the names of his victories;

rude sketches of Alpine passes, terrible ravines, or snow-clad peaks, met the eye everywhere; and the one magical name, "Bonaparte," written beneath, seemed the key to all their meaning. With him war seemed to assume all the charms of romance. Each action was illustrated by feats of valour or heroism, and a halo of glory seemed to shine over all the achievements of his genius.

It was a clear, bright morning of March, when a light frost sharpened the air, and a fair, blue sky overhead showed a cloudless elastic atmosphere, that the "Invalides," as we were all called, were drawn up in the great square of the hospital for inspection. Two superior officers of the staff, attended by several surgeons and an adjutant, sat at a table in front of us, on which lay the regimental books and conduct-rolls of the different corps. Such of the sick as had received severe wounds, incapacitating them for further service, were presented with some slight reward—a few francs in money, a great-coat, or a pair of shoes, and obtained their freedom. Others, whose injuries were less important, received their promotion, or some slight increase of pay, these favours being all measured by the character the individual bore in his regiment, and the opinion certified of him by his commanding officer. When my turn came and I stood forward, I felt a kind of shame to think how little claim I could prefer either to honour or advancement.

"Maurice Tiernay, slightly wounded by a sabre at Nauendorf—flesh-wound at Biberach—enterprising and active, but presumptuous and overbearing with his comrades," read out the adjutant, while he added a few words I could not hear, but at which the superior laughed heartily.

"What says the doctor?" asked he, after a pause.

"This has been a bad case of ague, and I doubt if the young fellow will ever be fit for active service—certainly not at present."

"Is there a vacancy at Saumur?" asked the general. "I see he has been employed in the school at Nancy."

"Yes, sir; for the third class there is one."

"Let him have it, then. Tiernay, you are appointed as aspirant of the third class at the College of Saumur. Take care that the report of your con-

duct be more creditable than what is written here. Your opportunities will now be considerable, and if well employed, may lead to further honour and distinction; if neglected or abused, your chances are forfeited for ever."

I bowed and retired, as little satisfied with the admonition as elated with a prospect which converted me from a soldier into a scholar, and, in the first verge of manhood, threw me back once more into the condition of a mere boy.

Eighteen months of my life—not the least happy, perhaps, since in the peaceful portion I can trace so little to be sorry for—glided over beside the banks of the beautiful Loire, the intervals in the hour of study being spent either in the riding-school, or the river, where, in addition to swimming and diving, we were instructed in pontooning and rafting, the modes of transporting ammunition and artillery, and the attacks of infantry by cavalry picquets.

I also learned to speak and write English and German with great ease and fluency, besides acquiring some skill in military drawing and engineering.

It is true that the imprisonment chafed sorely against us, as we read of the great achievements of our armies in various parts of the world; of the great battles of Cairo and the Pyramids, of Acre and Mount Thabor; and of which a holiday and a fête were to be our only share.

The terrible storms which shook Europe from end to end, only reached us in the bulletins of new victories; and we panted for the time when we, too, should be actors in the glorious exploits of France.

It is already known to the reader that of the country from which my family came I myself knew nothing. The very little I had ever learned of it from my father was also a mere tradition; still was I known among my comrades only as "the Irishman," and by that name was I recognised, even in the record of the school, where I was inscribed thus—"Maurice Tierney, dit l'Irlandais." It was on this very simple and seemingly-unimportant fact my whole fate in life was to turn; and in this wise—— But the explanation deserves a chapter of its own, and shall have it.

#### LEIGH HUNT.\*

WE have been so long reading Leigh Hunt's works, and reading of Leigh Hunt himself, that we are surprised at its never having occurred to us to ask, who in the world is he?—what age is he?—where was he born?—was he at school, and at what school?—is he a University man, and if so, of which University?—or is he, like half the old playwrights, of both?—is he an honorary member of the bar, like one-half the great literateurs?—is he a dissenting clergyman? for he now and then preaches, and he has announced some discoveries in theology hereafter to be revealed. Who and what is he? Is he old? Scarcely; for there is somewhat of juvenility, to say the least of it, in all his verses. But then, on the other hand, he has been the same

juvenile person for full forty years, or more. The reader who would know these things, had better, with us, look through these volumes. They are very pleasant reading, not too heavy for the hand—as enjoyable a book as ever was put into the pocket of a chaise; and no matter where your summer rambles are, it will not be easy to find a pleasanter companion.

Leigh Hunt is of West Indian descent. The fathers of his house were parsons at Barbadoes as long as anything is known about them. Tradition carries them up to the days of Cromwell, when they were said to have been Cavaliers,

"With long sword, saddle, bridle, whack, falla!"

But this is doubtful. It would appear

\* "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries." In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1850.

that one or other married an Irish O'Brien; and thus our hero is descended, he says, from Irish kings.

The O'Brien was his grandmother; her husband was rector of Saint Michael's, in Bridgetown, Barbadoes. Hunt's father was sent for his education to Philadelphia. He married early; he went to the bar in New-York. In the revolutionary movement he remained a devoted loyalist; narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered; made his way to England; got ordained by Lowth, Bishop of London; took to preaching charity sermons; became tutor in the family of the Duke of Chandos. Hunt thinks he was near getting a bishopric. However this was, he contrived to be for ever in debt and difficulties. He became a democrat in politics, and in religion each day was less and less orthodox. He died at last, his opinions being, in religion, those of the Universalists, whatever that term may mean.

Hunt's mother was "a brunette, with fine eyes, a tall, lady-like person, and hair blacker than is seen of English growth." West the painter was a relation and early friend of the family, and likenesses are said to be traced between the Indians in his pictures, and the dark-featured young Barbadoes visages of Hunt's brothers. Hunt's recollections of his mother refer to a later period of her life, and when her beauty of person had become dim. She died at fifty-three, but had become old before the natural time. "Her greatest pleasure during her decay was to lie on a sofa, looking at the setting sun. She used to liken it to the door of heaven, and fancy her children there waiting for her. She was buried, as she always wished to be, in the churchyard of Hampstead."

Hunt was, during his parents' lives, fortunate enough to get into Christ's Hospital. The school has always had a good many men to be proud of; and such of Christ's Hospital boys as write books, lose few opportunities of boasting of their distinguished schoolmates. In Hunt's day the boys were half starved. There was a tradition in the school that roast mutton had been the school supper in the days of old; that the blue drugget gown, which the boys in Hunt's time wore, was substituted for a sumptuous one of blue

velvet, with silver buttons. But, alas! in the days of blue velvet and roast mutton, small-clothes were not in existence. This is a world of compromise, and blue velvet and roast mutton were exchanged—to the great regret of Hunt and his brother urchins—by some predecessors, who did not like cold knees and frozen feet, for small-clothes of russia-duck and worsted yellow stockings:—

"The under grammar-master, in my time, was the Rev. Mr. Field. He was a good-looking man, very gentlemanly, and always dressed at the neatest. I believe he once wrote a play. He had the reputation of being admired by the ladies. A man of a more handsome incompetence for his situation perhaps did not exist. He came late of a morning; went away soon in the afternoon; and used to walk up and down, languidly bearing his cane, as if it was a lily, and hearing our eternal *Dominuses* and *As in præsentis* with an air of ineffable endurance. Often he did not hear at all. It was a joke with us, when any of our friends came to the door, and we asked his permission to go to them, to address him with some preposterous question wide of the mark; to which he used to assent. We would say, for instance, 'Are you not a great fool, sir?' or 'Isn't your daughter a pretty girl?' to which he would reply, 'Yes, child.' When he condescended to hit us with the cane, he made a face as if he was taking physic. Miss Field, an agreeable-looking girl, was one of the goddesses of the school; as far above us as if she had lived on Olympus. Another was Miss Patrick, daughter of the lamp-manufacturer in Newgate street. I do not remember her face so well, not seeing it so often; but she abounded in admirers. I write the names of these ladies at full length, because there is nothing that should hinder their being pleased at having caused us so many agreeable visions. We used to identify them with the picture of Venus in Tooke's Pantheon.

"The other master, the upper one, Boyer—famous for the mention of him by Coleridge and Lamb—was a short stout man, inclining to punchiness, with large face and hands, an aquiline nose, long upper lip, and a sharp mouth. His eye was close and cruel. The spectacles which he wore threw a balm over it. Being a clergyman, he dressed in black, with powdered wig. His clothes were cut short; his hands hung out of the sleeves, with tight wrist-bands, as if ready for execution; and as he generally wore grey worsted stockings, very tight, with a little balustrade leg, his whole appearance presented something formidably succinct, hard, and mechanical. In fact, his weak side, and undoubtedly his natural destination, lay in carpentry;

and he accordingly carried, in a side-pocket made on purpose, a carpenter's rule.

"The merits of Boyer consisted in his being a good verbal scholar, and conscientiously acting up to the letter of time and attention. I have seen him nod at the close of the long summer school-hours, wearied out; and I should have pitied him, if he had taught us to do anything but fear. Though a clergyman, very orthodox, and of rigid morals, he indulged himself in an oath, which was 'God's-my-life!' When you were out in your lesson, he turned upon you a round staring eye like a fish; and he had a trick of pinching you under the chin, and by the lobes of the ears, till he would make the blood come. He has many times lifted a boy off the ground in this way. He was indeed a proper tyrant, passionate and capricious; would take violent likes and dislikes to the same boys; fondle some without any apparent reason, though he had a leaning to the servile, and, perhaps, to the sons of rich people; and he would persecute others in a manner truly frightful. I have seen him beat a sickly-looking, melancholy boy (C——n) about the head and ears, till the poor fellow, hot, dry-eyed, and confused, seemed lost in bewilderment. C——n, not long after he took orders, died out of his senses. I do not attribute that catastrophe to the master; and of course he could not wish to do him any lasting mischief. He had no imagination of any sort. But there is no saying how far his treatment of the boy might have contributed to prevent a cure. Tyrannical schoolmasters nowadays are to be found, perhaps, exclusively in such inferior schools as those described with such masterly and indignant edification by my friend Charles Dickens; but they formerly seemed to have abounded in all; and masters, as well as boys, have escaped the chance of many bitter reflections, since a wiser and more generous intercourse has come up between them. . . .

"What a bit of a golden age was it, when the Rev. Mr. Steevens, one of the under grammar-masters, took his place, on some occasion, for a short time! Steevens was short and fat, with a handsome, cordial face. You loved him as you looked at him; and seemed as if you should love him the more, the fatter he became. I stammered when I was at that time of life: which was an infirmity that used to get me into terrible trouble with the master. Steevens used to say, on the other hand, 'Here comes our little black-haired friend, who stammers so. Now, let us see what we can do for him.' The consequence was, I did not hesitate half so much as with the other. When I did, it was out of impatience to please him.

"Such of us were not liked the better by the master, as were in favour with his wife. She was a sprightly, good-looking woman, with black eyes; and was beheld with transport by the boys, whenever she appeared at the school-door. Her husband's name, ut-

tered in a mingled tone of good-nature and imperativeness, brought him down from his seat with smiling haste. Sometimes he did not return. On entering the school one day, he found a boy eating cherries. 'Where do you get those cherries?' exclaimed he, thinking the boy had nothing to say for himself. 'Mrs. Boyer gave them me, sir.' He turned away, scowling with disappointment.

"Speaking of fruit, reminds me of a pleasant trait on the part of a Grecian of the name of Le Grice. He was the mark of all the great boys in my time; clever, full of address, and not hampered with mystery. Remote rumours, not lightly to be heard of, on our ears, respecting pranks of his and the nurses' daughters. He had a fair handsome face, with delicate aquiline nose, and twinkling eyes. I remember his asking me, when I was a 'new boy,' with a request to pour down the back of G. a grave Dr. Grecian. On the master asking him one day, why he, of all the boys, had given no exercise (it was a particular exercise they were bound to do in the course of a long set of holidays), he said he had been in a lethargy. The extreme impudence of this puzzled the master; and I believe it was the cause of it. But what I alluded to as to fruit was this. Le Grice was in the habit of eating apples in schooltime, for which he had been often rebuked. One day, having particularly pleased the master, the latter was eating apples himself, and who now and then with great ostentation presented a boy with some half-penny token of his mansuetude, called out to his favourite at that moment;—'Le Grice, here is an apple for you.' Le Grice, who felt his dignity as a Grecian, but was more pleased at this opportunity of mortifying his rival, replied, with an exquisite tranquillity and assurance, 'Sir, I never eat apples.' For among other things, the boys adored him. Poor fellow! He and Favell (who was very generous, was said to be a little traceable of an humble origin) wrote to the Duke of York, when they were at College, for commissions in the army. The Duke generously sent them. Le Grice died in the West Indies. Favell was killed in one of the battles in Spain, but not before he had distinguished himself as an officer and a gentleman.

At school, Mr. Hunt does not seem to have learned much; still it was there he caught his fancies for etymology, and was imbued with some taste for the classics—a taste that, when it is acquired in boyhood, is seldom acquired at all. But though a harsh, must have been a kindly instructor; and the recollections preserved of him by (I think) all others, all confirm the estimate of his character:—



"I am grateful to Christ-Hospital for its having bred me up in old cloisters, for its making me acquainted with the languages of Homer and Ovid, and for its having secured to me, on the whole, a well-trained and cheerful boyhood. It pressed no superstition upon me. It did not hinder my growing mind from making what excursions it pleased into the wide and healthy regions of general literature. I might buy as much Collins and Gray as I pleased, and get novels to my heart's content from the circulating libraries. There was nothing prohibited but what would have been prohibited by all good fathers; and everything was encouraged which would have been encouraged by the Steeles, and Addisons, and Popes; by the Warburtons, and Atterburys, and Hoadleys. Boyer was a severe, nay, a cruel master; but age and reflection have made me sensible that I ought always to add my testimony to his being a laborious, and a conscientious one. When his severity went beyond the mark, I believe he was always sorry for it: sometimes I am sure he was. He once (though the anecdote at first sight may look like a burlesque on the remark) knocked out one of my teeth with the back of a Homer, in a fit of impatience at my stammering. The tooth was a loose one, and I told him as much; but the blood rushed out as I spoke: he turned pale, and, on my proposing to go out and wash the mouth, he said, 'Go, child,' in a tone of voice amounting to the paternal. Now 'go, child,' from Boyer, was worth a dozen tender speeches from any one else; and it was felt that I had got an advantage over him, acknowledged by himself."

Before Hunt left school, he had formed school friendships which he delights to record. Then, like every one else, he was in love for a while, and all this is very pleasantly told. When he returned home, he came to a house of more comfort than he had left, for a rich West Indian relative came to spend her money among her people, and she was domiciled with Hunt's father and mother. It was a happy time, with black servants, and all the incidents proper to the establishment of a daughter of the sun; but she died, and things relapsed into much their former state.

Hunt, while at school, had formed the habit of buying books, and subscribing to circulating-libraries. The "British Poets," with very well-executed engravings, were published in sixpenny numbers, and Hunt was a happy bibliomaniac. When he got away from school, he haunted the book-stalls, and wrote verses. His father, we have said, was a preacher

of charity sermons. Before he had passed into actual dissent, he erected one or more fashionable chapels, and he got his auditors to subscribe for a volume of his son's poems. The poems, as all poems written in boyhood must be, were chiefly imitative, and the models which were likely to be adopted for imitation then, were of a more formal cast than those which now exercise the ingenuity of a clever schoolboy. The verses, it would appear, were good of their kind; but the kind itself—this was not Hunt's fault—was good for little:—

"My book was a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless. But absurd as it was, it did me a serious mischief; for it made me suppose that I had attained an end, instead of not having even reached a commencement; and thus caused me to waste in imitation a good many years which I ought to have devoted to the study of the poetical art, and of nature. Coleridge has praised Boyer for teaching us to laugh at 'muses,' and 'Castalian streams;' but he ought rather to have lamented that he did not teach us how to love them wisely, as he might have done had he really known anything about poetry, or loved Spenser and the old poets, as he thought he admired the new. Even Coleridge's juvenile poems were none the better for Boyer's training. As to mine, they were, for the most part, as mere trash as anti-Castalian heart could have desired. I wrote 'odes' because Collins and Gray had written them, 'pastorals' because Pope had written them, 'blank verse' because Aikenside and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure' because Spenser had written a 'Bower of Bliss.' But in all these authors I saw little but their words, and imitated even those badly. I had nobody to bid me to go to the nature which had originated the books. Coleridge's lauded teacher put into my hands, at one time, the life of Pope by Ruffhead (the worst he could have chosen), and at another (for the express purpose of cultivating my love of poetry) the *Irene* and other poems of Dr. Johnson! Pope's smooth but unartistical versification spell-bound me for a long time. Of Johnson's poems I retained nothing but the epigram beginning 'Hermit hoar—'

"' Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray,  
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell  
What is bliss, and which the way.

' Thus I spoke, and speaking, sighed,  
Scarce repressed the starting tear,  
When the hoary sage replied,  
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'

This was the first epigram of the kind which I had seen; and it had a cautionary effect

upon me to an extent which its author might hardly have desired. The grave Dr. Johnson and the rogue Ambrose de Lamela, in *Gil Blas*, stood side by side in my imagination as unmaskers of venerable appearances."

The young poet visited Oxford, was admired by professors of poetry who had given up practice, and was induced to go boating. He was near being drowned; but in the death-agony, when his whole past life rushed before him, crowded into one dreadful moment—when all he had done, and all he had suffered, and all he had ever heard or ever thought, came at once into his mind—he remembered the consolatory proverb, and took courage. It was an awful moment:—

"My bodily sensations were not so painful as I should have fancied they would have been. My mental reflections were very different, though one of them, by a singular meeting of extremes, was of a comic nature. I thought that I should never see the sky again, that I had parted with all my friends, and that I was about to contradict the proverb which said that a man who was born to be hung would never be drowned; for the sail-line, in which I felt entangled, seemed destined to perform both the offices. On a sudden I found an oar in my hand, and the next minute I was climbing, with assistance, into a wherry, in which there sat two Oxonians, one of them helping me, and loudly and laughingly differing with the other, who did not at all like the rocking of the boat, and who assured me, to the manifest contradiction of such senses as I had left, that there was no room. This gentleman is now no more; and I shall not mention his name, because I might do injustice to the memory of a brave man struck with a panic. The name of his companion, if I mistake not, was Russell. I hope he was related to an illustrious person of the same name, to whom I have lately been indebted for what may have been another prolongation of my life.

"On returning to town, which I did on the top of an Oxford coach, I was relating this story to the singular person who then drove it (Bobart, who had been a collegian), when a man who was sitting behind surprised us with the excess of his laughter. On asking him the reason, he touched his hat, and said, 'Sir, I'm his footman.' Such are the delicacies of the livery, and the glorifications of their masters with which they entertain the kitchen.

"This Bobart was a very curious person. I have noticed him in the *Indicator*, in the article on 'Coaches.' He was a descendant of a horticultural family, who had been keepers of the Physic Garden at Oxford, and one of whom palmed a rat upon the learned

world for a dragon, by stretching out its skin into wings. Tillimant Bobart (for such was the name of our charioteer) had been at College himself, probably as a sizar; but having become proprietor of a stage-coach, he thought fit to be his own coachman; and received your money and touched his hat like the rest of the fraternity. He had a round red face, with eyes that stared, and showed the white; and having become, by long practice, an excellent capper of verses, he was accustomed to have bouts at that pastime with the collegians whom he drove. It was curious to hear him whistle and grunt, and urge on his horses with the other customary euphonics of his tribe, and then see him flash his eye round upon the capping gentleman who sat behind him, and quote his never-failing line out of Virgil and Horace. In the evening (for he only drove his coach half way to London) he divided his solace after his labours between his book and his brandy-and-water; but I am afraid with a little too much of the brandy, for his end was not happy. There was much eccentricity in the family, without anything much to show for it. The Bobart who invented the dragon, chuckled over the secret for a long time with a satisfaction that must have cost him many falsehoods; and the first Bobart that is known, used to tag his beard with silver on holidays."

He also visited Cambridge:—

"If female society had not been wanting, I should have longed to reside at an university; for I have never seen trees, books, and a garden to walk in, but I saw my natural home, provided there was no 'monkery' in it. I have always thought it a brave and a great saying of Mahomet,—'there is no monkery in Islam.'

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
Which show, contain, and nourish all the world."

"Were I to visit the universities now, I should explore every corner, and reverently fancy myself in the presence of every great and good man that has adorned them; but the most important people to young men are one another; and I was content with glancing at the haunts of Addison and War-ton in Oxford, and at those of Gray, Spenser, and Milton, in Cambridge. Oxford, I found, had greatly the advantage of Cambridge in point of country. You could understand well enough how poets could wander about Iffley and Woodstock; but when I visited Cambridge, the nakedness of the land was too plainly visible under a sheet of snow, through which gutters of ditches ran, like ink, by the side of leafless willows, which resemble huge pincushions stuck on posts. The town, however made amends; and Cambridge has the advantage of Oxford in a remarkable degree,

as far as regards eminent names. England's two greatest philosophers, Bacon and Newton, and (according to Tyrwhitt) three out of its four great poets, were bred there, besides double the number of minor celebrities. Oxford even did not always know 'the goods the gods provided.' It repudiated Locke; alienated Gibbon; and had nothing but angry sullenness and hard expulsion to answer to the inquiries which its very ordinances encouraged in the sincere and loving spirit of Shelley.

"Yet they are divine places, both;—full of grace and beauty, and scholarship; of reverend antiquity, and ever young nature and hope. Their faults, if of worldliness in some, are those of time and of conscience in more, and if the more pertinacious on those accounts, will merge into a like conservative firmness, when still nobler developments are in their keeping. So at least I hope: and so may the Fates have ordained; keeping their gowns among them as a symbol that learning is indeed something which ever learns; and instructing them to teach love, and charity, and inquiry, with the same accomplished authority, as that with which they have taught assent."

Hunt, with all his sympathies with everybody and everything, seems to have no love for the Americans. They, it seems, reprint his books without paying for copyright. Well, we do the same with theirs, and it is highly probable that all parties are benefitted by it. "I love Emerson, Bryant, and Lowell, and some others, and all Philadelphia women, for the sake of my mother." He dislikes Franklin for his "scoundrel maxims." Emerson, Bryant, and the rest of them, are marvellously overpraised, as will always be the case when men deal in the sentimental. They are loved for no better reason than the Philadelphia women, who are admired because the author happens to have been fond of his mother. As to Franklin's "scoundrel maxims," they are the maxims of a shrewd man, communicating with others, and using their dialect. Franklin's maxims, like Swift's avarice, were consistent with unbounded benevolence; and the strange stories told of both, though probably having some basis of truth, do nothing whatever to lessen our estimate of their sterling good qualities. We agree with a great deal that Hunt says when writing of Franklin; we think, however, that he wholly mistakes the character of the man, and that Franklin would have agreed with much of what he says, as

far as it has any meaning, for his tirade against money and money-getting really means very little. He forgets that money is nothing in itself, and that, as it represents power of every kind, it is disregarded by no wise man.

Hunt's book was successful. It served to introduce him everywhere; and he tells of some persons of whom we are glad to hear. Maurice, the author of "Indian Antiquities," was one:—

"I mention him more particularly, as I do others, because he had a character of his own, and makes a portrait. I had seen an engraving of him, representing a slender, dim-eyed, enamel-faced person, very tightly dressed and particular, with no expression but that of propriety. What was my surprise, when I beheld a short, chubby, good-humoured companion, with boyish features, and a lax dress and manner, heartily glad to see you, and tender over his wine! He was a sort of clerical Horace. He might, by some freak of patronage, have been made a bishop; and he thought he deserved it for having proved the identity of the Hindoo with the Christian Trinity, which was the object of his book! But he began to despond on that point, when I knew him; and he drank as much wine for sorrow, as he would, had he been made a bishop, for joy. He was a man of a social and overflowing nature; more fit, in truth, to set an example of charity than faith; and would have made an excellent Bramin of the Rama-Deeva worship."

Maurice was fond of his wine and roast fowl, and seems to have enjoyed himself, in a sort of bachelor state, at the Museum, where he was employed in compiling catalogues, and dreaming of bishoprics; now and then hammering out a leaden ode to Camdeo bright or Ganesa sublime; or telling an odd story, for this dreamer of dreams was fond of story-telling. Alas! for the stories. Hunt remembers there were such things, wishes he could tell them, but cannot. One has survived: A gentleman expected the restoration of health and strength from smelling fresh earth, and each morning he dug a hole at Primrose-hill, prostrated himself as if in worship, and put his head in it. While he was one day in this attitude, some thieves held down his head and picked his pocket!

We have Hunt next figuring as a volunteer, when invasion was threat-

ened by Bonaparte. He soon after is a regular play-goer; then a theatrical critic on a small scale; then an ambitious essayist; then a regular dispenser of half the fame that the notabilities of the stage were dying to acquire, praising, because he liked the people, and abusing now and then, chiefly for the purpose of testing his power; all the time, however, eating and drinking too much, till at last he sinks, jaded, and jaundiced, and exhausted. Then came reflection; then a friendly surgeon; then he borrows or hires a horse. Health returns; then again he writes verses, and finds a fitting subject for his verse; and then—

"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!"

"I thoroughly enjoyed my books, my walks, my companions, my verses; and I had never ceased to be ready to fall in love with the first tender-hearted damsel that should encourage me. Now it was a fair charmer, and now a brunette; now a girl who sang, or a girl who danced; now one that was merry, or was melancholy, or seemed to care for nothing, or for everything, or was a good friend, or good sister, or good daughter. With this last, who completed her conquest by reading verses better than I have ever yet heard, I ultimately became wedded for life; and she reads verses better than ever to this day, especially some that shall be nameless."

And so ends the first volume of this romance of life.

The second volume opens with the establishment of the *Examiner*—a political and literary journal, which, in the hands of Mr. Fonblanque, and still more remarkably in those of Mr. Foster, exhibits a range of talent and even of genius, seldom or never brought for a number of years to such a task. This journal was projected, and the tone given to it, by Leigh Hunt and his brother; and the hands into which it has since come, and by which it has been so ably wielded, have scarcely manifested greater power than distinguished this paper in its early days. Hunt and his brother commenced it in partnership in 1808. Before that year Hunt had exercised himself in notices of dramatic performances and of dramatic authors; and he had the great advantage of being an entire enthusiast about both. His writings on these subjects always exhibited a sort of animal delight

mingling with intellectual power. He admired others, but he admired himself too for admiring. It was not

"Caterfelto, with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wondering for his head."

For, somehow, the self-delight seemed a matter of course; and whether the essays were written to aid the mean livelihood or not, they flowed, or seemed to flow, from the more genial part of his nature, with a total disregard of pounds, shillings, and pence. Still there was something of wonderment at his own accomplishments, and at all he was to accomplish—something of a pleased consciousness, which the reader felt at the same time amusing and provoking, when he found that the writer, whose paper he was perusing, never shaped a sentence without being disposed to press it on his reader's attention—Am I not the worthy successor of the Goldsmiths and the Steeles, and the Addison? And the best of his readers were very much disposed to agree with him. It had rather they were not assisted in coming to this conclusion by the author's own notes of admiration:—

"The new office of editor conspired with my success as a critic to turn my head. I wrote, though anonymously, in the first person, as if, in addition to my theatrical pretensions, I had suddenly become an expert in politics; the words philosophy, patriotism, statesmanship, nay, even ethics and theology, all took a final tone in my lips; and when I consider the virtue as well as knowledge which I demanded from everybody whom I had occasion to speak of, of how much charity my own juvenile errors ought to have considered themselves in me (however they might have been warranted by conventional allowance), I will not say I was a hypocrite in the odious sense of the word, for it was all done out of a spirit of foppery and 'fine writing,' and I did not affect any formal virtues in private:—when I consider all the nonsense and extravagance of those assumptions—all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, and all the reasonable amount of resentment which it was preparing for me with adversaries—I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no pretension of candour that I make this confession. It is extremely painful to me.

"Suffering gradually worked me out of a good deal of this kind of egotism. I believe that even the present most involuntarily egotistical book affords evidence that I am pretty well rid of it; and I must add, in my behalf, that, in every other respect, never, at

that time or at any after time, was I otherwise than an honest man. I overrated my claims to public attention; I greatly overdid the manner of addressing it; and I was not too abundant in either; but I set out perhaps with as good an editorial amount of qualification as most writers no older. I was fairly grounded in English history; I had carefully read De Lolme and Blackstone; I had no mercenary views whatsoever, though I was a proprietor of the journal; and all the levity of my animal spirits, and the foppery of the graver part of my pretensions, had not destroyed in me that spirit of martyrdom which had been inculcated in me from the cradle. I denied myself political as well as theatrical acquaintances; I was the reverse of a speculator upon patronage or employment; and I was prepared, with my excellent brother, to suffer manfully, should the time for suffering arrive."

The *Examiner* could not, in any fair sense of the word, be regarded at first as a party paper. The writers were honest men, not well-informed, very confident, very clever, very witty, and doing business in a style exceedingly likely to vex the persons whom they—more for fun than anything else—were in the weekly habit of showing up for ridicule. The paper "disclaimed all knowledge of statistics, and the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment and a matter of training, than founded on any particular political reflection."

Hunt was surprised that the gentlemen he laughed at did not join in the laugh, the fun was so jovial; that he should be charged with Bonapartism, astonished him, seeing that he did nothing but prefer Bonaparte to all kings going. As to republicanism, of which he was also accused, why he really disliked the Americans, all but his mother, and three or four poetlings who swam in the shallow waters. "As to republics, the United States, notwithstanding our family relationships, were no favourites with us, owing to their love of money, and their want of the imaginative and ornamental; and the excesses of the French Revolution we held in abhorrence." As to church and state, Hunt's supposed antipathy to such abstractions was altogether a fiction of his enemies. He did not himself define either with any great distinctness; but he could imagine definitions of each which would render them quite unobjectionable. "We heartily advocated the mild spirit of religious government, as exercised by the Church of England in opposition

to the bigoted part of Dissent. . . . A church appeared to me, then, as it still does, an instinctive want in the human family. I never to this day pass one, even of a kind the most unreformed, without a wish to go into it, and join my fellow-creatures in their affecting evidence of the necessity of an additional tie with Deity and Infinity, with this world and the next." "All's well," says Leigh Hunt, "and will be better." Still that we should, without being very high churchmen, and without caring much what is said in the newspapers on the subject of the state, be rather dissatisfied with this amount of benevolent patronage, will not surprise our readers; and Mr. Hunt must be content with our thinking no reader of forty years ago did him much wrong in making a charge, if the charge was made, from which he has so feebly vindicated himself. The effort to stand right with every one is not an easy one. Hunt is an amiable man, whom the accident of having to write every day drives into extremes, without his perceiving it himself.

Hunt, when he commenced the *Examiner*, was a clerk in the War-office. It became impossible for him to hold this place when his paper was violently opposed to the Government. He tells us that Chaucer and that Lamb were government clerks, and others of the British poets. The dignity of a poet then was not irreconcilable with a life of toilsome industry, and he would not on this account have resigned. Nay, we believe it was his verses got him the appointment; for when Lord Sidmouth—then Mr. Addington—gave it to him, he told him, in the verses of Pope, his hope that it might be said of him, that—

"Not in fancy's maze he wandered long,  
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song."

A pleasant chapter follows the account of setting up the *Examiner*, in which we have good-humoured gossip about the friends with whom he now became acquainted. Dubois was one of them. He edited the *Monthly Mirror*—was fond of port, and died not long ago a police magistrate, or something of that sort. For an author, and one of no great repute, this was a euthanasia not to be expected. It was at Sydenham Hunt used to meet him; and there, too, he met Campbell, of whom his recollections are kindly. Theodore



Hook and Campbell he met together, and Hook indulged his power of improvisation, sitting at the piano, and extemporising music and words in an admirable vein of parody, taking as his subject some story of village scandal, in which a rustic amour of the poet's was recorded. In his extempore opera Hook introduced sailors and their claptraps, clowns, &c.—nay, every one of the company present, with all their real or supposed peculiarities. The poet, and the lady of his love, were the hero and heroine:—

"He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his filial duties) the common-places of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment. Campbell certainly took the theme of the parody as a compliment; for having drank a little more wine than usual that evening, and happening to wear a wig on account of having lost his hair by a fever, he suddenly took off the wig, and dashed it at the head of the performer, exclaiming, 'You dog! I'll throw my laurels at you.'"

Hunt also met Mathews at Sydenham. The *Amphitryon* was Mr. Hill, proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, in which we believe the Aikins and Barbaulds moved about like gold and silver fishes in a narrow and brilliant circle, which somehow seemed to be always the same. These old *Monthly Mirrors* contained a good deal of lively writing, which must by this time have become very hard reading. This concerns us but little who shall or will,—as the schoolmasters say when they would escape a confusion of idiom, and avoid betraying their Hibernian or Scottish habit of speech,—ever read one line of it. Hill, as we have said, was the proprietor; Du Bois the editor.

At these parties Hunt met Mathews, and his account of him is well worth extracting. It is as good—and this is the highest compliment Hunt has ever been paid, if he estimates it as he ought—it is as good, or nearly as good, as a chapter of Lever or of Dickens; and of Lever we think, in some respects, more highly than we do of Dickens. Father Tom Loftus, in his glory, when plotting the winning of a race-horse, is not an imagination truer

to nature—to Connaught nature we mean—than Leigh Hunt's recollection of Mathews—alone in his glory:—

"Mathews, the comedian, I had the pleasure of seeing at Mr. Hill's several times, and of witnessing his imitations, which admirable as they were on the stage, were still more so in private. His wife occasionally came with him, with her handsome eyes, and charitably made tea for us. Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of seeing them at their own table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the lady, he had given more force and interest to that of the husband in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines had been cut, and the face stood them well. I had seldom been more surprised than on coming close to Mathews on that occasion, and seeing the bust which he possessed in his gallery of his friend Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mathews his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was then. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable in-door pet: on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, 'Bustle on! I have seen trouble as well as you.' The paralytic affection, or whatever it was that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak. And what a bust was Liston's! The mouth and chin, with the throat under it, hung like an old bag, but the upper part of the head was as far as possible. There was a speculation, a bust out, and even an elevation of character in it as unlike the Liston on the stage, as Lew is to King Pippin. One might imagine Laberius to have had such a face."

"The reasons why Mathews's imitations were still better in private than in public were, that he was more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience ('fit though few'), and able to interest them with traces of private character, which could not have been introduced on the stage. He gave, for instance, to persons who he thought could take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and circulated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations were not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual was always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of comic piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom

found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own.—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary: his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailor-like twist of mind, with which everything hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to everybody but Braham. He would be described as saying to his friend Holman, for instance, 'My dear George, don't be abusive, George;—don't insult,—don't be indecent, by G—d! You shall take the beam out of your own eye,—what the devil is it? you know, in the Bible; something' (the *a* very broad) 'about *a* beam, my dear George! and—and—and *a* mote;—you'll find it in *any* part of the Bible; yes, George, my dear boy, the Bible, by G—d;' (and then with real fervour and reverence) 'the Holy Scripture, G—d d—me!' He swore as dreadfully as a devout knight-errant. Braham, whose trumpet blew down his wooden walls, he could not endure. He is represented as saying one day, with a strange mixture of imagination and matter-of-fact, that 'he only wished his beloved master, Mr. Jackson, could come down from heaven, and take the Exeter stage to London, to hear that d—d Jew!' . . . . .

"As Hook made extempore verses on us, so Mathews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all round, with the exception of a young theatrical critic (*videlicet*, myself), in whose appearance and manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry. This, in all probability, was intended as a politeness towards a comparative stranger, but it might have been policy; and the laughter was not missed by it. At all events, the critic was both good-humoured enough, and at that time self-satisfied enough, to have borne the mimicry; and no harm would have come of it. . . . .

"One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for ought I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathising

in perfect good faith, when Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he."

Fuseli was also an acquaintance of Hunt's, formed at the same period.

"Fuseli was a small man, with energetic features, and a white head of hair. Our host's daughter, then a little girl, used to call him the white-headed lion. He combed his hair up from the forehead; and as his whiskers were large, his face was set in a kind of hairy frame, which, in addition to the fierceness of his look, really gave him an aspect of that sort. Otherwise, his features were rather sharp than round. He would have looked much like an old military officer, if his face, besides its real energy, had not affected more. There was the same defect in it as in his pictures. Conscious of not having all the strength he wished, he endeavoured to make out for it by violence and pretension. He carried this so far, as to look fiercer than usual when he sat for his picture. His friend and engraver, Mr. Houghton, drew an admirable likeness of him in this state of dignified extravagance. He is sitting back in his chair, leaning on his hand, but looking ready to pounce withal. His motion of repose was like that of Pistol:

" 'Now, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.'"

Agreeably to this over-wrought manner, he was reckoned, I believe, not quite so bold as he might have been. He painted horrible pictures, as children tell horrible stories; and was frightened at his own lay-figures. Yet he would hardly have talked as he did about his terrors, had he been as timid as some supposed him. With the affected, impression is the main thing, let it be produced how it may. A student of the Academy told me, that Mr. Fuseli coming in one night, when a solitary candle had been put on the floor in a corner of the room, to produce some effect or other, he said it looked 'like a damned soul.' This was by way of being Dantesque, as Michael Angelo was."

Hunt was more at home among the literary people than the politicians. He lived among the one; of the others he knew nothing, and did not think much or often. Even now he writes of them without their ever having been much the subject of reflection with him. A man who set up the business of politics, his only stock in trade, in the way of information, being some small acquaintance with such matters as he could learn from an amateur's reading of Blackstone and De Lolme, and who prides himself on coming well furnished to his task, is not likely to be able to tell us much or to see much even of what is passing before his eyes.

When the *Examiner* was set up, Pitt and Fox had both been some two or three years dead. Pitt had died of disappointment; and if a habit of drinking did not hurry him to his grave, it yet existed, and did not help to keep him alive. Fox died

"Of older but more genial habits of a like sort, and of demands beyond his strength by a sudden accession to office. The king—a conscientious but narrow-minded man, obstinate to a degree of disease (which had lately lost him America), and not always dealing ingenuously, even with his advisers—had lately got rid of Mr. Fox's successors, on account of their urging the Catholic claims. He had summoned to office in their stead Lords Castlereagh, Liverpool, and others, who had been the clerks of Mr. Pitt; and Bonaparte was at the height of his power as French Emperor, setting his brothers on thrones, and compelling our Russian and German allies to side with him under the most mortifying circumstances of tergiversation."

Hunt attaches more moment to his papers on politics in those days than they could have been entitled to. It may not be unreasonable in him to show, in such a work as his own *Life*, that he has always been consistent, or that his inconsistencies have grown out of no want of generosity in his nature; but to justify the opinions of men and things which he has been uttering in some shape or other since he began to speak or to write, is little better than to enact his infancy again. The *Examiner* gave offence to people in power, and it was indicted more than once for libel. The first occasion was when the Duke of York was commander-in-chief, or as Hunt calls him, a conscientious War-office clerk. An Irish gentleman, Major Hogan, had been for a long time in the service, and seen some forty captains promoted over his head, in spite of repeated applications and promises, and though he but asked to purchase his promotion according to the regulations of the service. He at last succeeded in compelling an interview with the Duke of York, and told him that he had applied for his promotion according to the established regulations; that other means of obtaining it were suggested, and that it was offered him for £600, about half the price for it in the regular course. Hogan was surprised at the Duke's allowing him to retire, after this communica-

tion, without asking him any questions. He determined to state the case publicly, and advertised a pamphlet on the subject. A letter was sent him, with an enclosure of £400, entreating him to suppress the pamphlet, and promising his promotion. Hogan not only published his pamphlet, but stated this additional fact. The *Examiner* commented indignantly on these disclosures, and a prosecution was commenced. By great good fortune, however, the matter became the subject of parliamentary investigation, and the scenes revealed by the examination of Mrs. Clarke compelled the Duke's retirement from the War-office, and terminated all proceedings for libel in this case.

The second occasion of danger was when the Duke of Portland retired from the premiership. There was an article in the *Examiner*, and a very amusing one, entitled "Change of Ministry," which Leigh Hunt has reprinted. We really think the paper wholly inoffensive; at least every newspaper we have taken up for the last ten years has scarcely an innocent sentence, if this can be fairly thought guilty. It ended with the sentence charged as libellous:—"Of all monarchs, indeed, since the Revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." Taken apart from the context, this might be regarded as offensive, but surely not as criminal; read with the context, it was absolutely inoffensive.

This paragraph, with another from the same article, had been copied into the *Morning Chronicle*, and the prosecution against Perry, the proprietor of the *Chronicle*, came on first. He was acquitted and the prosecution against the *Examiner* was abandoned. A paper against Military Flogging, by John Scott, was copied from a country paper into the *Examiner*. Prosecutions were instituted against both papers. The *Examiner* was acquitted, and the country paper convicted. Lord Brougham conducted the defence in both cases.

While Hunt edited the *Examiner*, and was writing every week with great vigour on the topics of the day, he wished for a better vehicle of such papers as, from their length or otherwise, might be less suited to a newspaper, and he projected the *Reflector*, a quarterly magazine, in

which he found his friends Lamb and other writers writing their best papers. It lived but to complete a fourth number. In it was published Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, a pleasant extravaganza, in which Phœbus Apollo takes a sort of devil's walk over earth to see how its poets go on, and they are asked to dinner or to tea, according to Hunt's estimate of their genius. The poem has undergone so many changes since it first appeared, that we scarce now recognise it; but we always thought it an elegant trifle, not capable surely of exciting one-half the wrath which its author thinks it provoked. An invitation to Holland House is mentioned by Mr. Hunt as communicated to him by Blanco White, in acknowledgment of Lord Holland's gratification at some article in the *Reflector*. He did not go, feeling that his independence might in some degree be compromised. Of Blanco White he thus speaks:—

"Of Mr. Blanco White, thus brought to my recollection, a good deal is known in certain political and religious quarters: but it may be new to many readers, that he was an Anglo-Spaniard, who was forced to quit the Peninsula for his liberal opinions, and who died in his adopted country not long ago, after many years' endeavour to come to some positive faith within the Christian pale. At the time I knew him he had not long arrived from Spain, and was engaged, or about to be engaged, as tutor to the present Lord Holland. Though English by name and origin, he was more of the Spaniard in appearance, being very unlike the portrait prefixed to his *Life and Correspondence*. At least, he must have greatly altered from what he was when I knew him, if that portrait ever resembled him. He had a long pale face, with prominent drooping nose, anxious and somewhat staring eyes, and a mouth turning down at the corners. I believe there was not so honest a man in the world, or one of an acuter intellect, short of the mischief that had been done it by a melancholy temperament and a superstitious training. It is distressing, in the work alluded to, to see what a torment the intellect may be rendered to itself by its own sharpness, in its efforts to make its way to conclusions, equally unnecessary to discover and impossible to be arrived at. . . .

"But, perhaps, there was something naturally self-tormenting in the state of Mr. White's blood. The first time I met him at a friend's house, he was suffering under the calumnies of his countrymen; and though of extremely gentle manners in ordinary, he almost startled me by suddenly turning

round, and saying, in one of those incorrect foreign sentences which force one to be relieved while they startle, 'If they proceed more, I will go mad.' . . .

"Mr. White, on his arrival in England, was so anxious a student of the language, that he noted down in a pocket-book every phrase which struck him as remarkable. Observing the words 'Cannon Brewery' on premises then standing in Knights-bridge, and taking the figure of a cannon which was over them, as the sign of the commodity dealt in, he put down as a nicety of speech, 'The English *brew* cannon.'

"Another time, seeing maid-servants walking with children in a nursery-garden, he rejoiced in the progeny-loving character of the people among whom he had come, and wrote down, 'Public gardens provided for nurses, in which they take the children to walk.'

"This gentleman, who had been called 'Blanco' in Spain—which was a translation of his family name 'White,' and who afterwards wrote an excellent English book of entertaining letters on the Peninsula, under the Græco-Spanish appellation of Don Leucadio Doblado (White Doubled)—was author of a sonnet which Coleridge pronounced to be the best in the English language. I know not what Mr. Wordsworth said on this judgment. Perhaps he wrote fifty sonnets on the spot to disprove it. And in truth it was a bold sentence, and probably spoken out of a kindly, though not conscious, spirit of exaggeration. The sonnet, nevertheless, is truly beautiful.

"As I do not like to have such things referred to without being shown them, in case I have not seen them before, I shall do as I would be done by, and lay it before the reader:—

"Mysterious night! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,—  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And, lo! creation widened in Man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

In some short time after there was a successful prosecution against Leigh Hunt and his brother for a libel on the Prince of Wales. The article was occasioned by a St. Patrick's dinner and a speech of Sheridan's, in which the Prince is said to have adhered to his principles—a fact not very easy to make out to the satisfaction of the party who had looked forward to his advent to power for the accomplishment of place



for themselves. The Hunts, with all their love of kings as compared with republics, had been busy abusing half the kings of Europe, and the Georges of England more than all the rest; and on this occasion there appeared in the *Examiner* a very bitter article against the Regent. We have read it over as reprinted in these volumes, and we can honestly say it ought to have been allowed to die out of itself. It could not have produced any effect on any one. It is the only paper of Mr. Hunt's—if it be Mr. Hunt's—that is absolutely dull. The sentence seems to us to have been cruel in the extreme. We suppose that there must have been some of those state reasons for passing a severe sentence, which weigh too much with judges: for instance, that there were other libels which had escaped punishment; that the public mind was in an inflammable state; or that the convicted man was pursuing a gainful trade, which ought to be discouraged. The sentence was a fine of £1,000, and two years' imprisonment in separate jails. When it was pronounced, "my brother and myself instinctively pressed each other's arm. It was a heavy blow; but the pressure that acknowledged it encouraged the resolution to bear it; and I do not believe that either of us interchanged a word afterwards on the subject."

Hunt was sent to Horsemonger Lane. After a while his prison became a pleasant place. His wife and children were permitted to be constantly with him.

"The doctor then proposed that I should be removed into the prison infirmary; and this proposal was granted. Infirmary had, I confess, an awkward sound, even to my ears. I fancied a room shared with other sick persons, not the best fitted for companions; but the good-natured doctor (his name was Dixon) undeceived me. The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used: and one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned to think of money) I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with their busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door,

to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy tale.

"But I possessed another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. . . . .

"But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry-tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parcelled out the ground in my imagination into favourite districts. I made a point of dressing myself as if for a long walk; and then, putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of those games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear) that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, 'No: I'm not lost; I'm found.' Neither he nor I were very strong at that time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty; and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a great understanding will be found together.

"I entered prison the 3rd of February, 1818, and removed to my new apartments the 16th of March, happy to get out of the noise of the chains. When I sat amidst my books, and saw the imaginary sky overhead, and my paper roses about me, I drank in the quiet at my ears, as if they were thirsty. The little room was my bed-room. I afterwards made the two rooms change characters, when my wife lay in. . . . .

"My eldest girl (now, alas! no more) was born in prison. She was beautiful, and for the greatest part of an existence of thirty years she was happy. She was christened Mary after my mother, and Florimel after one of Spenser's heroines. But Mary we called her. Never shall I forget my sensations when she came into the world; for I was obliged to play the physician myself, the hour having taken us by surprise. But her mother found many unexpected comforts; and during the whole time of her confinement, which happened to be in very fine weather, the garden door was set open, and she looked upon trees and flowers. A thousand recollections rise within me at every fresh period of my imprisonment, such as I cannot trust myself with dwelling upon."

It must have been a pleasant time.



He wrote verses without mercy and read verses without end. There was not a poet in the *Parnasso Italiano* whom he did not study, and whom he did not, we presume, fancy himself to be. The first year was up-hill work: when the corner was turned, and he was fairly in the second, he began to score off the days, like boys looking for the vacation. He had visitors too; Hazlitt would come, and Pitman, whom we know nothing about but that Hunt says his wit and animal spirits still keep him alive. There was Mitchell and Barnes, and a magistrate named Alsager, and Cowden Clarke, and the Lambs, brother and sister, and Sir John Swinburne; and "it was imprisonment," says Hunt, "that brought me acquainted with my friend of friends, Shelley." Bentham came to him, and Moore and Byron were among his visitors. Altogether, seldom could a captive king boast such a levee. At last his imprisonment was at an end, and he went to live in the Edgeware Road. The *Examiner* still went on, snubbing the Regent occasionally. They had now "a hopeful and respectful word for every reigning prince but himself; and I must say that, with the exception of the Emperor Alexander, not one of them deserved it." Byron continued his visits, and used to bring Hunt books for the story of Rimini, a poem which he had commenced in prison, and which is very beautiful. Wordsworth visited him to return him thanks for some kindly mention of him in the *Examiner*. He met him again thirty years after, and Hunt liked the great poet better on this second occasion. Hunt tells us of Wordsworth's eyes:—

"I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixtude of regard, and seated in the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

In spite of Hunt's dealing wisely with the circumstances in which he was placed, and extracting such good as he could out of evil, two years' imprisonment were not without their effect on mind and body. For months he never walked the streets without the apprehension of being seized with a fit, or of sudden death. In company this fear passed away, but a habit of abstraction

had come over him, and while people thought he was attending to whatever topic of conversation was going forward, he was busy with some far-off metaphysical mystery or other. In the spring of 1816 he went to live at Hampstead, an old haunt of his, and there he finished his story of Rimini, and wrote a masque called "The Descent of Liberty," who had come to earth at the summons of the allied sovereigns. "It was," says Hunt, "a compliment to the Allies, which they deserved well enough, inasmuch as it was a failure; otherwise they did not deserve it at all, for it was founded on a belief in promises which they never kept." We have more than once expressed our opinion of Hunt's poetry. In these volumes he reviews it himself, less favourably than most of his critics; but with it we are not now concerned. We must as we best can get over the ground which he has traversed in his biography, and cannot stop so often as we could wish.

About this time he became intimate with Shelley and Keats. Shelley he had first seen in the early days of the *Examiner*, before it had become celebrated as the subject of Government prosecutions. This was before Shelley's first marriage. After this he wrote to Hunt while in prison, and published in the *Examiner* a Platonic ode on Intellectual Beauty, or some such abstraction. We have something, which is not so much a narrative of Shelley's early life as an inculcation of all who have written about it, and in which there is the perpetual assumption of our knowing a number of facts of which we know absolutely nothing. We looked with strong curiosity to this part of Hunt's book. It tells nothing whatever. Of Keats let our readers take the following notice:—

"Keats, when he died, had just completed his four-and-twentieth year. He was under the middle height: and his lower limbs were small in comparison with the upper, but neat and well turned. His shoulders were very broad for his size: he had a face in which energy and sensibility were remarkably mixed up; an eager power, checked and made patient by ill health. Every feature was at once strongly cut, and delicately alive. If there was any faulty expression, it was in the mouth, which was not without something of a character of pugnacity. The face was rather long than otherwise; the upper lip projected a little over the under;

the chin was bold, the cheeks sunken; the eyes mellow and glowing: large, dark, and sensitive. At the recital of a noble action, or a beautiful thought, they would suffuse with tears, and his mouth trembled. In this there was ill health as well as imagination, for he did not like these betrayals of emotion; and he had great personal as well as moral courage. He once chastised a butcher, who had been insolent, by a regular stand-up fight. His hair, of a brown colour, was fine, and hung in natural ringlets. The head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull; a singularity which he had in common with Byron and Shelley, whose hats I could not get on. Keats was sensible of the disproportion, above noticed, between his upper and lower extremities; and he would look at his hand, which was faded, and swollen in the veins, and say it was the hand of a man of fifty. He was a seven months' child. His mother, who was a lively woman, passionately fond of amusement, is supposed to have hastened her death by too great an inattention to hours and seasons. Perhaps she hastened that of her son. His father died of a fall from his horse in the year 1804."

Of Lamb we have an affectionate record:—

"As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of everything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful. His humour and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, 'Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him.' His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names. . . . Willing to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at

all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of crime and punishment, he 'dumb-founded' a long tirade one evening, by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, 'Whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?'

Lamb's practical jokes were not bad. He succeeded in persuading George Dyer that Lord Castlereagh was the author of "Waverley;" wrote in one of the magazines imaginary lives of Liston and Munden, which were believed to be all in good faith. Knowing how often men go wrong, who are guided by what they call facts alone, never remembering that facts may be "misconceived, or figments taken for them," he astounded somebody who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man; "Now," said he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-lie man." "Truth," he said, "was precious, and not to be wasted on everybody." Of Coleridge Hunt tells us something which is well worth reading, as one poet's speculation about another; but as he seems to have met him but once, and for a moment, there is no object in our quoting from this part of his book.

Hunt was industrious, and *The Indicator*, which contains many of his best papers, was published about this time. Still to make out the means of life for a large family is never a very easy thing. His books sold, but did not sell enough for his purposes. The *Examiner* was in such a state that Hunt speaks of "its declining fortunes." Byron and Shelley invited him to Italy to conduct a liberal journal; and he packed up his books, and, in a fever of expectation, prepared for his voyage. He was to have sailed in September; the voyage was, however, delayed by one cause or other till the middle of November. Bad weather came, and they had to put into Ramsgate, where they remained three weeks. On Tuesday, the 11th of December, their voyage recommenced. Never was such a winter. It was what is called by Dr. Lushington's proctors and doctors fine Admiralty weather.

"Some readers may remember that winter. It was the one in which Mount Hecla burst out into flame, and Dungeness lighthouse was struck with lightning. The mole at Genoa was dilapidated. Next year there were between fourteen and fifteen thousand sail less upon Lloyd's books; which, valued

at an average at £1,500, made a loss of two millions of money ;—the least of all the losses, considering the feelings of survivors. Fifteen hundred sail (colliers) were wrecked on the single coast of Jutland."

On the 22nd, after being blown about in high style for eleven days, our Ulysses at last lands—where? at Dartmouth. We have an account of his voyage well worth reading, as the waves and winds become, in his descriptions, sea serpents and magicians, and the description almost rivals some of the scenes in the "Ancient Mariner." Their landing brings lines of Virgil to our author's mind, and with Virgil uprises Dryden, and then come discussions on epic poetry, and translators of epic poetry. Dartmouth has its poetical associations. Chaucer's "Schippman" was born there, and over a shop is the name of Wallcott, reminding learned men of Peter Pindar. The Prideaux also live there, a name in booksellers' catalogues. To a sea-sick author, it is something to see painted on shop-windows, or on door-plates, the old familiar names. Dartmouth was not a place to remain at, and on they went to Plymouth, intending to set off again in the beginning of spring in a vessel bound for Genoa. The Hunts were a large family, and large families find it hard to pack either at land or sea. The mate did not like such a load of live luggage as he saw about to embark, and he told our author's wife a hundred stories calculated to frighten her. Ill luck always attended the captain, and any vessel he managed. This terrified the lady. For Hunt he had another tale—the captain was a Calvinist. Altogether, between fright, and fears of heaven and earth, and anti-religious repugnance, and imperative considerations arising from the state of health of some of Hunt's household, they waited till summer.

They remained in the neighbourhood of Mount-Edgecumbe till May, and formed pleasant acquaintances, chiefly with schoolmasters. That schoolmasters should be in better repute now than then, is, we are told by Mr. Hunt, who vouches for both facts, a good sign of the times—"Before the accession of a lettered and liberal minister to the government of the country, they were ill regarded under the supercilious ignorance and (to say

the truth) well-founded alarm of some of his predecessors." We take it for granted that Lord John is "the lettered and liberal minister." But this part of Mr. Hunt's book is made up to such an extent of matter printed before, that we cannot be quite sure who is meant, nor is it much matter.

May came, and our Londoners at last sailed in right good earnest. Never since that of Prince Madoc has voyage been described with more minuteness; and we must say the description is often very vivid, and such as, to readers less hurried than ourselves, is calculated to give great pleasure; but we are impatient to get to the end of our task, as we feel we are exceeding all reasonable bounds of space in our account of these volumes. Well Plato's Atlantis gives its sentence to our voyager; and Angelica and Medoro; and the sun by day and the moon by night; and Bayle, and Don Quixotte, and Coleridge, and the Ancient Mariner, and the colour of the sea within the shadow of the ship, "with the gloss of the sunshine taken off, and the colour exactly that of the bottles sold in the shops with gold stoppers." "In the shadows caused by the more transparent medium of the sails an exquisite radiance was thrown up, like light struck out of a great precious stone. These colours, contrasted with the yellow of the horizon at sunset, formed one of those spectacles of beauty which it is difficult to believe not intended to delight many more spectators than can witness them with human eyes." Then comes the coast of Provence, the land of the troubadours; and then, alas! the *union* flag of Genoa and Sardinia hoisted on a boat. This brings the holy Allies to mind; but they fade away, or are insensibly changed into the Alps, which, fine mountains as they are, yet retain, when first seen by our *Examiner*, *Tatler*, *Indicator*, *Spectator*, or whatever other name he delights in, "a fine sulky look"—probably the expression borrowed from the countenance of the human sovereigns Hunt had been thinking or talking of—"up aloft in the sky, cold, lofty, and distant;" then sunset with brilliant clouds; then a dinner in harbour at Genoa; then a thunderstorm; and at last Leghorn, and Byron's country residence at Monte Nero, in the immediate neighbourhood.

In a day or two after his arrival at

Leghorn, Hunt went to see Lord Byron. Byron he found climbing up the steep of Fame "in a loose Nankin jacket and white trowsers, his neck-cloth open, and his hair in thin ringlets about his throat; altogether presenting a very different aspect from the compact, energetic, and curly-headed person whom I had known in England."\* On seeing Byron, Hunt hardly knew him, he had grown so fat, and Byron scarce knew Hunt, he had grown so thin.

The day of Hunt's first visit was fiercely hot; the road was through dusty suburbs; at last he reached the hottest-looking house he ever saw:—"Not content with having a red wash over it, the red was the most unreasonable of all reds, a salmon colour; think of this, flaring over the country in a hot Italian sun!"

Fiercer passions were raging within than were symbolised in the fiery aspect of the house. There had been a broil among the servants, in which the brother of Madame Guiccioli had been stabbed. Byron was trying to appease the storm, but the lady and her brother were furious; and the inflicter of the wound was keeping watch outside, with the avowed intention of assaulting the first person who went out of the house. "I looked out of the window," says Hunt, "and met his eye glaring upward like a tiger. He had a red cap on, like a *sans-culotte*, and a most sinister aspect, dreary and meagre—that of a proper caitiff."

The police were sent for. Hunt's picture of the whole scene is very good; "the lady, flushed and dishevelled, exclaiming against the '*scelerato*,' the young count wounded and threatening, and the assassin waiting for us with his knife;" Byron calm, and endeavouring to quiet and compose all; and Hunt himself so busy in observing the wild scene of Italian life, which reminded him of the mysteries of *Udolpho*, that he had not time to think of the thing as that which was accompanied with actual and instant danger. All ended as those who have lived in any country such as Italy or Ireland, where the immediate impulses of passion seem, and often but seem, to determine conduct, will not be surprised to hear. The scoundrel flung himself on a bench, "extending his

arms and bursting into tears. His cap was half over his eyes; his face gaunt, ugly, and unshaved; his appearance altogether more squalid and miserable than an Englishman would have conceived it possible to find in such an establishment. This blessed figure reclined, weeping and wailing, and asking pardon for his offence; and to crown all, he asked Lord Byron to kiss him." Byron pardoned but dismissed him. He then called on Shelley, who gave him money out of absolute antipathy; he was such an ill-looking rascal that there was no chance for him with any one else.

We have Hunt soon after settled in the same house with Lord Byron in Pisa. Divided tenancies of the kind are not uncommon in Italy, and do not involve the necessity of any acquaintanceship between the respective families. There were sufficient reasons to preclude any particular intimacy between the ladies of the two establishments; and the fact that they were unacquainted with each other's languages furnished a convenient excuse. Shelley saw Byron and Hunt at the time they fixed at Pisa, and left them to pass the remainder of the season at Lerici. Hunt never saw him again in life. The finding of Shelley's body and the burning of it have been often told—never with more effect than by Hunt, who loved, almost adored, Shelley, and who felt in losing him that he lost more than the world could ever again give him.

At Pisa the manner of life of Byron was as follows:—He sat up through the night drinking gin-and-water, and writing "*Don Juan*." He rose late in the morning. After breakfast he lounged into the court-yard before the garden. Hunt's study looked into this court-yard, and Byron generally came up to him with a challenge to conversation; and they lounged up and down till Madame Guiccioli joined them. In the evening they rode or drove out generally into the country.

It was a pleasant kind of life enough, while it lasted, but never did two human beings less understand each other. The Life of Hunt by Byron would have been an exceedingly amusing book, could we imagine it gravely written. It would have one great merit, if no other—it would have estimated

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\* Hunt's "*Byron and his Contemporaries*."



Hunt's picturesque power of language highly, and been right in so estimating it; it would have acknowledged, and we think the public have been too slow in acknowledging, the real genius expressing itself everywhere in the story of Rimini. But with Leigh Hunt's loves and friendships there would not have been the slightest sympathy, as of them there would not have been any understanding whatever; the small mannerisms, in spite of which Lamb is what he is, would to Byron be subjects, if not of ridicule, yet of scorn. To Hunt the polypus endeared the old familiar face, like the lover in Horace, attracted, as it would seem, by what in other eyes was a blemish. The cockneyism, as it was called, of many of the writers for whom Hunt claimed crowns of laurel, or of parsley, would have been to Byron utter abomination, which it would have required more imagination than he possessed to have pardoned, far less enjoyed. Of the elder poets we suspect that he and Hunt would have formed very different estimates, and that the passages in Spenser, for instance, which Hunt is fond of quoting, would have been felt by him insupportably tedious, even without a laudatory comment. We ourselves suspect that there is something of affectation in the rapture with which books illegible to ordinary men are now and then praised, and even when the book is a good book it is hard to be asked to swallow it whole, particularly while one is yawning; and we fear that Hunt was every now and then preaching to deaf ears when he told of Spenser, and Daniel, and Drayton, and Chapman, and pastoral Browne, and Sir Philip Sidney, and the rest—and when this was felt to be but a preface leading to unlimited demands of praise for Keats and other modern divinities, who were rising with red heads, unshorn like Apollo's, above the horizon. To say the truth, our sympathies are rather with Byron, and we dreadfully fear anything that is tiresome.

Hunt, however, had pleasanter talk, and this Byron enjoyed. We think it probable that some of the impatience Byron exhibited when Hunt preached about his favourite books, was impatience not of the text but of the sermon. The only book they both enjoyed was Boswell's Johnson. Hunt quoted Peter Pindar's imitations of Johnson, which

Byron did not enjoy as much as he ought; they are very amusing, but the specimens in this book are not among the best passages. Byron was best when he had a little wine in his head; he was then natural, frank, himself. It is plain that he was fretted and teased by something in Hunt's manner; that he wished for more sympathy than it was possible for Hunt to give; and perhaps Hunt feared to express all the admiration which his great genius must have excited; while Byron did not sufficiently consider the feelings of delicacy that may have kept Hunt silent. Hunt now feels that he might and ought to have gone further to conciliate, and generously—most generously—seeks to take the blame of such estrangement as was growing up between them on himself:—

“I should have broken the ice between us, that had been generated on points of literary predilection; and admired, and shown that I admired, as I ought to have done, his admirable genius. It was not only an oversight in me; it was a want of friendship. Friendship ought to have made me discover, what less cordial feelings had kept me blind to. Next morning the happy moment had gone, and nothing remained but to despair and joke.

“In his wine he would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of Incledon. He was not a good mimic in the detail, but he could give a lively broad sketch; and over his cups his imitations were goodnatured, which was not always the case at other times. His Incledon was vocal. I made pretensions to the oratorical part; and between us we boasted that we made up the entire phenomenon.”

Byron left Italy for Greece, and Hunt saw him no more. Hunt loitered in Italy for awhile. The *Liberal* died, then he wrote in the *Literary Examiner*, of whose life or death we know nothing. He translated Redit's Bacchus in Tuscany, and many of his burlesque rhymes are very amusing. His account of Italy is well worth reading, as, in spite of their authors, is every book about Italy.

He is at last at home again in England, and writes, among other things, a romance which had a large measure of success, and a drama which was eminently successful. Southey had ceased to write the occasional verses which are expected from the Laureate, and Hunt, who admired and loved the Queen, expressed his feelings of devotion to her person in some very graceful verses,



which it would have been impossible for her to read without great gratification. She appears to have appreciated the spirit in which his loyalty was expressed, and we find that she more than once attended the theatre when the *Legend of Florence* was performed. The laureate verses written by Hunt during the illness of Southey, and before the appointment of Wordsworth, are really very beautiful, and we cannot do better than close our paper with the wish so beautifully expressed, and which embodies the feelings of a whole people :—

“ May every body love her ! \* \* \*  
And on her coins be never laurel seen,  
But only those fair, peaceful locks serene,  
Beneath whose waving grace first mingle now  
The ripe Guelph cheek, and good straight  
Coburg brow,

Pleasure and Reason. May she every day  
See some new good winning its gentle way  
By means of mild and unforbidden men !  
And when the sword hath bowed beneath  
the pen,  
May her own line a patriarch scene unfold,  
As far surpassing what these days behold  
Even in the thunderous gods, iron and  
steam,  
As they the sceptic's doubt or wild man's  
dream !  
And to this end—oh ! to this Christian end,  
And the sure coming of its next great  
friend,  
May her own soul, this instant, while I sing  
Be smiling, as beneath some angel's wing,  
O'er the dear life in life—the small, sweet,  
new  
Unselfish self—the filial self of two—  
Bliss of her future eyes, her pillowed gaze,  
On whom a mother's heart thinks close, and  
prays.”

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LADY ALICE DAVENTRY ; OR, THE NIGHT OF CRIME.

DAVENTRY HALL, near the little village of the same name in Cumberland, is the almost regal residence of the Clifords ; yet it does not bear their name, nor, till within the last quarter of a century, had it come into their possession. The tragical event which consigned it to the hands of a distant branch of the Daventry family is now almost forgotten by its occupants, but still lingers in the memory of some of humbler rank, who, in days gone by, were tenants under Sir John Daventry, the last of a long line of baronets of that name. Few men have entered life under happier auspices : one of the oldest baronets in the kingdom, in one sense, but just of age, in the other, possessed of an unincumbered rent-roll of £20,000 per annum, he might probably have selected his bride from the fairest of the English aristocracy ; but when he was twenty-three he married the beautiful and poor daughter of an officer residing in his vicinity. It was a love-match on his side—one partly of love, partly of ambition, on hers ; their union was not very long, neither was it very happy, and when Lady Daventry died, leaving an infant daughter to his care, at the expiration of his year of mourning he chose as his second wife a wealthy and high-born widow of

the county member. This was a *marriage de convenance*, and might have perhaps proved a fortunate one, as it secured to Sir John a wife suited to uphold his dignity and the style of his establishment, at the same time conferring on the little Clara the care of a mother, and the society of a playmate in the person of Charles Mardyn, Lady Daventry's son by her first marriage. But the marriage of convenience did not end more felicitously than the marriage of love—at the end of six months Sir John found himself a second time a widower. His position was now a somewhat unusual one—at twenty-seven he had lost two wives, and was left the sole guardian of two children, neither past the age of infancy ; Clara Daventry was but two years old, Charles Mardyn three years her senior. Of these circumstances Sir John made what he conceived the best, provided attendants and governesses for the children, consigned them to the seclusion of the Hall, while he repaired to London, procured a superb establishment, was famed for the skill of his cooks and the goodness of his wines, and for the following eighteen years was an *habitué* of the clubs, and courted by the élite of London society ; and this, perhaps, being a perfectly blame-

less course, and inflicting as little of any sort of trouble or annoyance as possible, it must needs excite our surprise if we do not find it producing corresponding fruits. Eighteen years make some changes everywhere. During these, Clara Daventry had become a woman, and Charles Mardyn, having passed through Eton and Cambridge, had for the last two years emulated his stepfather's style of London life. Mr. Mardyn had left his fortune at the disposal of his widow, whom he had foolishly loved, and Lady Daventry, at her death, divided the Mardyn estates between her husband and son—an unfair distribution, and one Charles was not disposed to pardon. He was that combination so often seen—the union of talent to depravity; of such talent as the union admits—talent which is never first-rate, though to the many it appears so; it is only unscrupulous, and consequently has at its command engines which virtue dares not use. Selfish and profligate, he was that mixture of strong passions and indomitable will, with a certain strength of intellect, a winning manner, and noble appearance. Clara possessed none of these external gifts. Low and insignificant-looking, her small, pale features, narrow forehead, and cunning grey eyes, harmonised with a disposition singularly weak, paltry, and manœuvring. Eighteen years had altered Sir John Daventry's appearance less than his mind; he had grown more corpulent, and his features wore a look of sensual indulgence, mingled with the air of authority of one whose will, even in trifles, has never been disputed. But in the indolent voluptuary of forty-five little remained of the good-humoured careless man of twenty-seven. Selfishness is an ill weed, that grows apace; Sir John Daventry, handsome, gifted with *l'air distingué* and thoroughly *répandu* in society, was a singularly heartless and selfish sensualist. Such changes eighteen years had wrought, when Clara was surprised by a visit from her father. It was more than two years since he had been at the Hall, and the news he brought was little welcome to her. He was about to marry a third time—his destined bride was Lady Alice Mortimer, the daughter of a poor though noble house, and of whose beauty, though now past the first bloom of youth, report had reached even Clara's ears. From

Mardyn, too, she had heard of Lady Alice, and had fancied that he was one of her many suitors. Her congratulations on the event were coldly uttered; in truth, Clara had long been accustomed to regard herself as the heiress, and eventually the mistress, of that princely estate where she had passed her childhood; it was the one imaginative dream in a cold, worldly mind. She did not desire riches to gratify her vanity, or to indulge in pleasures. Clara Daventry's temperament was too passionless to covet it for these purposes; but she had accustomed herself to look on these possessions as her right, and to picture the day when, through their far extent, its tenants should own her rule. Besides, Mardyn had awoke, if not a feeling of affection, in Clara Daventry's breast, at least a wish to possess him—a wish in which all the sensuous part of her nature (and in that cold character there was a good deal that was sensuous) joined. She had perception to know her own want of attractions, and to see that her only hope of winning this gay and brilliant man of fashion was, the value her wealth might be of in repairing a fortune his present mode of living was likely to scatter—a hope which, should her father marry, and have a male heir, would fall to the ground. In due time the papers announced the marriage of Sir John Daventry to the Lady Alice Mortimer. They were to spend their honeymoon at Daventry. The evening before the marriage, Charles Mardyn arrived at the Hall; it was some time since he had last been there; it was a singular day to select for leaving London, and Clara noticed a strange alteration in his appearance, a negligence of dress, and perturbation of manner unlike his ordinary self-possession, that made her think that, perhaps, he had really loved her destined stepmother. Still, if so, it was strange his coming to the Hall. The following evening brought Sir John and Lady Alice Daventry to their bridal home. The Hall had been newly decorated for the occasion, and, in the general confusion and interest, Clara found herself degraded from the consideration she had before received. Now the Hall was to receive a new mistress, one graced with title, and the stamp of fashion. These are offences little minds can hardly be thought to overlook; and as Clara Daventry stood in

the spacious hall to welcome her step-mother to her home, and she who was henceforward to take the first place there, the Lady Alice in her rich travelling costume, stood before her, the contrast was striking—the unattractive, ugly girl, beside the brilliant London beauty—the bitter feelings of envy and resentment that then passed through Clara's mind cast their shade on her after destiny. During the progress of dinner, Clara noticed the extreme singularity of Mardyn's manner; noticed also the sudden flush of crimson that dyed Lady Alice's cheek on first beholding him, which was followed by an increased and continued paleness. There was at their meeting, however, no embarrassment on his part—nothing but the well-bred ease of the man of the world was observable in his congratulations; but during dinner Charles Mardyn's eyes were fixed on Lady Alice with the quiet stealthiness of one calmly seeking to penetrate through a mystery; and, despite her efforts to appear unconcerned, it was evident she felt distressed by his scrutiny. The dinner was soon despatched; Lady Alice complained of fatigue, and Clara conducted her to the boudoir designed for her private apartment. As she was returning she met Mardyn.

"Is Lady Alice in the boudoir?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "you do not want her?"

Without answering, he passed on, and, opening the door, Charles Mardyn stood before the Lady Alice Daventry, his stepfather's wife.

She was sitting on a low stool and in a deep reverie, her cheek resting on one of her fairy-like hands. She was indeed a beautiful woman. No longer very young—she was about thirty, but still very lovely, and something almost infantine in the arch innocence of expression that lighted a countenance cast in the most delicate mould—she looked, in every feature, the child of rank and fashion; so delicate, so fragile, with those *petites* features, and that soft pink flesh and pouting coral lips; and, in her very essence, she had all those qualities that belong to a spoiled child of fashion—wayward, violent in temper, capricious, and volatile. She started from her reverie; she had not expected to see Mardyn, and betrayed much emotion at his abrupt entrance; for, as though in an

agony of shame, she buried her face in her hands and turned away her head, yet her attitude was very feminine and attractive, with the glossy ringlets of rich brown hair falling in a shower over the fair soft arms, and the whole so graceful in its defencelessness and the forbearance it seemed to ask. Yet, whatever Mardyn's purpose might be, it did not seem to turn him from it; the sternness on his countenance increased as he drew a chair, and, sitting down close beside her, waited in silence, gazing at his companion till she should uncover her face. At length the hands were dropped, and, with an effort at calmness, Lady Alice looked up, but again averted her gaze as she met his.

"When we last met, Lady Alice, it was under different circumstances," he said, sarcastically. She bowed her head, but made no answer.

"I fear," he continued, in the same tone, "my congratulations may not have seemed warm enough on the happy change in your prospects; they were unfeigned, I assure you." Lady Alice coloured.

"These taunts are uncalled for, Mardyn," she replied, faintly.

"No; that would be unfair, indeed," he continued, in the same bitter tone, "to Lady Alice Daventry, who has always displayed such consideration for all my feelings."

"You never seemed to care," she rejoined, and the woman's pique betrayed itself in the tone—"You never tried to prevent it."

"Prevent what?"

She hesitated, and did not reply.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, violently, "did you think that if one word of mine could have stopped your marriage, that word would have been said? Listen, Lady Alice: I loved you once, and the proof that I did is, the hate I now bear you. If I had not loved you, I should now feel only contempt. For a time I believed that you had for me the love you professed. You chose differently; but though that is over, do not think that all is. I have sworn to make you feel some of the misery you caused me. Lady Alice Daventry, do you doubt that that oath shall be kept?"

His violence had terrified her—she was deadly pale, and seemed ready to faint; but a burst of tears relieved her.

"I do not deserve this," she said;

"I did love you—I swore it to you, and you doubted me."

"Had I no reason?" he asked.

"None that you did not cause yourself; your unfounded jealousy, your determination to humble me, drove me to the step I took."

The expression of his countenance somewhat changed; he had averted his face so that she could not read its meaning, and over it passed no sign of relenting, but a look more wholly triumphant than it had yet worn. When he turned to Lady Alice it was changed to one of mildness and sorrow.

"You will drive me mad, Alice," he uttered, in a low deep voice. "May heaven forgive me if I have mistaken you; you told me you loved me."

"I told you the truth," she rejoined, quickly.

"But how soon that love changed," he said, in a half-doubting tone, as if willing to be convinced.

"It never changed!" she replied, vehemently. "You doubted—you were jealous, and left me. I never ceased to love you."

"You do not love me now?" he asked.

She was silent; but a low sob sounded through the room, and Charles Mardyn was again at her feet; and, while the marriage-vows had scarce died from her lips, Lady Alice Daventry was exchanging forgiveness with, and listening to protestations of love from the son of the man to whom, a few hours before, she had sworn a wife's fidelity.

It is a scene which needs some explanation, best heard, however, from Mardyn's lips. A step was heard along the passage, and Mardyn, passing through a side-door, repaired to Clara's apartment. He found her engaged on a book. Laying it down, she bestowed on him a look of inquiry as he entered.

"I want to speak to you, Clara," he said.

Fixing her cold grey eyes on his face, she awaited his questions.

"Has not this sudden step of Sir John's surprised you?"

"It has," she said, quietly.

"Your prospects are not so sure as they were?"

"No, they are changed," she said, in the same quiet tone and impassive countenance.

"And you feel no great love to your new stepmother?"

"I have only seen Lady Alice once," she replied, fidgetting on her seat.

"Well, you will see her oftener now," he observed. "I hope she will make the Hall pleasant to you."

"You have some motive in this conversation?" said Clara, calmly; "You may trust me, I do not love Lady Alice sufficiently to betray you."

And now her voice had a tone of bitterness surpassing Mardyn's; he looked steadily at her; she met and returned his gaze, and that interchange of looks seemed to satisfy both. Mardyn at once began—

"Neither of us have much cause to like Sir John's new bride; she may strip you of a splendid inheritance, and I have still more reason to detest her. Shortly after my arrival in London, I met Lady Alice Mortimer. I had heard much of her beauty—it seemed to me to surpass all I had heard. I loved her; she seemed all playful simplicity and innocence; but I discovered she had come to the age of calculation, and that though many followed and praised her wit and beauty, I was almost the only one who was serious in wishing to marry Lord Mortimer's poor and somewhat *passé* daughter. She loved me, I believe, as well as she could love any one. That was not the love I gave, or asked in return. In brief, I saw through her sheer heartlessness, the first moment I saw her waver between the wealth of an old sensualist and my love. I left her, but with an oath of vengeance; in the pursuit of that revenge it will be your interest to assist. Will you aid me?"

"How can I?" she asked.

"It is not difficult," he replied. Lady Alice and I have met to-night; she prefers me still. Let her gallant bridegroom only know this, and we have not much to fear."

Clara Daventry paused, and, with clenched hands and knit brow, ruminated on his words—familiar with the labyrinthine paths of the plotter, she was not long silent.

"I think I see what you mean," she said. "And I suppose you have provided means to accomplish your scheme?"

"They are provided for us. Where could we find materials more made to our hands?—a few insinuations, a conversation overheard, a note conveyed opportunely—these are trifles, but trifles are the levers of human action."

There was no more said then; each saw partly through the insincerity and falsehood of the other, yet each knew they agreed in a common object. These were strange scenes to await a bride, on the first eve in her new home.

Two or three months have passed since these conversations. Sir John Daventry's manner has changed to his bride: he is no longer the lover, but the severe, exacting husband. It may be that he is annoyed at all his long-confirmed bachelor habits being broken in upon, and that, in time, he will become used to the change, and settle down contentedly in his new capacity; but yet something more than this seems to be at the bottom of his discontent. Since a confidential conversation, held over their wine between him and Charles Mardyn, his manner had been unusually captious. Mardyn had, after submitting some time, taken umbrage at a marked insult, and set off for London. On Lady Alice, in especial, her husband spent his fits of ill-humour. With Clara he was more than ever friendly; her position was now the most enviable in that house. But she strove to alleviate her stepmother's discomforts by every attention a daughter could be supposed to show, and these proofs of amiable feeling seemed to touch Sir John, and as the alienation between him and his wife increased, to cement an attachment between Clara and her father.

Lady Alice had lately imparted to her husband a secret that might be supposed calculated to fill him with joyous expectations, and raise hopes of an heir to his vast possessions; but the communication had been received in sullen silence, and seemed almost to increase his savage sternness—treatment which stung Lady Alice to the quick; and when she retired to her room, and wept long and bitterly over this unkind reception of news she had hoped would have restored his fondness, in those tears mingled a feeling of hate and loathing to the author of her grief. Long and dreary did the next four months appear to the beautiful Lady of Daventry, who, accustomed to the flattery and adulation of the London world, could ill-endure the seclusion and harsh treatment of the Hall.

At the end of that time, Charles Mardyn again made his appearance; the welcome he received from Sir John

was hardly courteous. Clara's manner, too, seemed constrained; but her presence appeared to remove a weight from Lady Alice's mind, and restore her a portion of her former spirit. From the moment of Mardyn's arrival, Sir John Daventry's manner changed to his wife: he abandoned the use of sarcastic language, and avoided all occasion of dispute with her, but assumed an icy calmness of demeanour, the more dangerous, because the more clear-sighted. He now confided his doubts to Clara; he had heard from Mardyn that his wife had, before her marriage, professed an attachment to him. In this, though jestingly alluded to, there was much to work on a jealous and exacting husband. The contrast in age, in manner, and appearance, was too marked, not to add to the suspicion that his superiority of wealth and position had turned the scale in his favour—a suspicion which, cherished, had grown to be the demon that allowed him no peace of mind, and built up a fabric fraught with weakness on this slight foundation. At this period Lady Alice's demeanour towards Mardyn was but too well calculated to deepen these suspicions. Now, however, had come the time to strike a decisive blow. In this Clara was thought a fitting instrument.

"You are indeed unjust," she said, with a skilful assumption of earnestness. "Lady Alice considers she should be a mother to Charles—they meet often—it is that she may advise him. She thinks he is extravagant—that he spends too much time in London, and wishes to make the country more agreeable to him."

"Yes, Clara, I know she does; she would be glad to keep the fellow always near her."

"You mistake, sir, I assure you. I have been with them when they were together; their language has been affectionate, but as far as the relationship authorises."

"Our opinions on that head differ," Clara said; she deceived me, and by—she shall suffer for it. She never told me she had known him; the fellow insulted me by informing me when it was too late. He did not wish to interfere—it was over now—he told me with sincerity."

"He was wounded by her treatment; so wounded, that, except to your wife, and to show you respect, I



know he would never have spoken to her. But if your doubts cannot be hushed, they may be satisfactorily dispelled."

"How—tell me?"

"Lady Alice and Charles sit every morning in the library; there are curtained recesses there, in any of which you may conceal yourself, and hear what passes."

"Good—good; but if you hint or breathe to them ——"

"I merely point it out," she interrupted, "as a proof of my perfect belief in Charles's principle and Lady Alice's affection for you. If a word passes that militates against that belief, I will renounce it."

A sneer distorted Sir John's features. When not blinded by passion, he saw clearly through character and motives. He had by this discerned Clara's dislike to Lady Alice, and now felt convinced she suggested the scheme as she guessed he would have his suspicions confirmed. He saw thus far, but he did not see through a far darker plot—he did not see that, in the deep game they played against him, Charles and Clara were confederates.

That was a pleasant room; without, through bayed windows, lay a wide and fertile prospect of sunny landscape; within, it was handsomely and luxuriously furnished. There were books in gorgeous bindings; a range of marble pillars swept its length; stands of flowers, vases of agate and alabaster, were scattered on every side; and after breakfast Mardyn and Lady Alice made it their sitting-room. The morning after the scheme suggested by Clara, they were sitting in earnest converse, Lady Alice, looking pale and care-worn, was weeping convulsively.

"You tell me you must go," she said; "and were it a few months later, I would forsake all and accompany you. But for the sake of my unborn infant, you must leave me. At another time return, and you may claim me."

"Dear Alice," he whispered softly, "dear, dear Alice, why did you not know me sooner? Why did you not love me more, and you would now have been my own, my wife?"

"I was mad," she replied, sadly; "but I have paid the penalty of my sin against you. The last year has been one of utter misery to me. If there is a being on earth I loathe, it is the man I must call my husband; my

hatred to him is alone inferior to my love for you. When I think what I sacrificed for him," she continued, passionately, "the bliss of being your wife, resigned to unite myself to a vapid sensualist, a man who was a spendthrift of his passions in youth, and yet asks to be loved, as if the woman most lost to herself could feel love for him."

It was what he wished. Lady Alice had spoken with all the extravagance of woman's exaggeration; her companion smiled; she understood its meaning.

"You despise me," she said, "that I could marry the man of whom I speak thus."

"No," he replied; "but perhaps you judge Sir John harshly. We must own he has some cause for jealousy."

Despite his guarded accent, something smote on Lady Alice's ear in that last sentence. She turned deadly pale—was she deceived? But in a moment the sense of her utter helplessness rushed upon her. If he were false, nothing but destruction lay before her—she desperately closed her eyes on her danger.

"You are too generous," she replied. "If I had known what I sacrificed ——"

Poor, wretched woman, what fear was in her heart as she strove to utter words of confidence. He saw her apprehensions, and drawing her towards him, whispered loving words, and showered burning kisses on her brow. She leant her head on his breast, and her long hair fell over his arm as she lay like a child in his embrace.

A few minutes later the library was empty, when the curtains that shrouded a recess near where the lovers had sat were drawn back, and Sir John Darenty emerged from his concealment. His countenance betrayed little of what passed within; every other feeling was swallowed up in a thirst for revenge—a thirst that would have risked life itself to accomplish its object—for his suspicions had gone beyond the truth, black, dreadful as was that truth to a husband's ears, and he fancied that his unborn infant owed its origin to Charles Mardyn; when, for that infant's sake, where no other consideration could have restrained her, Lady Alice had endured her woman's wrong, and while confessing her love for Mardyn, refused to listen to his solicitations, or

to fly with him ; and the reference she had made to this, and which he had overheard, appeared to him but a base design to palm the offspring of her love to Mardyn as the heir to the wealth and name of Daventry.

It wanted now but a month of Lady Alice's confinement, and even Mardyn and Clara were perplexed and indecisive as to the effect their stratagem had upon Sir John. No word or sign escaped him to betray what passed within—he seemed stricken with sudden age, so stern and hard had his countenance become, so fixed his icy calmness. They knew not the volcanoes that burned beneath their undisturbed surface. A sudden fear fell upon them; they were but wicked—they were not great in wickedness. Much of what they had done appeared to them clumsy and ill-contrived ; yet their very fears lest they might be seen through urged on another attempt, contrived to give confirmation to Sir John's suspicions, should his mind waver. So great at this time was Mardyn's dread of detection, that he suddenly left the Hall. He knew Sir John's vengeance, if once roused, would be desperate, and feared some attempts on his life. In truth his position was a perilous one, and this lull of fierce elements seemed to forerun some terrible explosion—where the storm might spend its fury was as yet hid in darkness. Happy was it for the Lady Alice Daventry that she knew none of these things, or her's would have been a position of unparalleled wretchedness, as over the plotters, the deceived, and the foredoomed ones, glided on the rapid moments that brought them nearer and nearer, till they stood on the threshold of crime and death.

And now, through the dark channels of fraud and jealousy, we have come to the eve of that strange and wild page in our story, which long attached a tragic interest to the halls of Daventry, and swept all but the name of that ancient race into obscurity.

On the fifteenth of December, Lady Alice Daventry was confined of a son. All the usual demonstrations of joy were forbidden by Sir John, on the plea of Lady Alice's precarious situation. Her health, weakened by the events of the past year, had nearly proved unequal to this trial of her married life, and the fifth morning after her illness was the first on which the physician held out

confident hopes of her having strength to carry her through. Up to that time the survival of the infant had been a matter of doubt ; but on that morning, as though the one slender thread had bound both to existence, fear was laid aside, and calmness reigned through the mansion of Daventry. On that morning, too, arrived a letter directed to "The Lady Alice Daventry." A dark shade flitted over Sir John's face as he read the direction ; then placing it among his other letters reserved for private perusal, he left the room.

The day wore on, each hour giving increasing strength to the Lady Alice and her boy-heir. During its progress, it was noticed, even by the servants, that their master seemed unusually discomposed, and that his countenance wore an expression of ghastly paleness. As he sat alone, after dinner, he drank glass after glass of wine, but they brought no flush to his cheek—wrought no change in his appearance ; some mightier spirit seemed to bid defiance to the effects of drink. At a late hour he retired to his room. The physician had previously paid his last visit to the chamber of his patient ; she was in a calm sleep, and the last doubt as to her condition faded from his mind, as, in a confident tone, he reiterated his assurance to the nurse-tender "that she might lie down and take some rest—that nothing more was to be feared."

The gloom of a December's night had closed, dark and dreary, around the Hall, while, through the darkness, the wind drove the heavy rain against the casements ; but, undisturbed by the rain and winds, the Lady Alice and her infant lay in a tranquil sleep ; doubt and danger had passed from them ; the grave had seemed to yawn towards the mother and child, but the clear colour on the transparent cheek, the soft and regular breathing caught through the stillness of the chamber, when the wind had died in the distance, gave assurance to the nurse that all danger was past ; and, wearied with the watching of the last four nights, she retired to a closet opening from Lady Alice's apartment, and was soon buried in the heavy slumber of exhaustion.

That profound sleep was rudely broken through by wild, loud cries, reaching over the rage of the elements, which had now risen to a storm. The

terrified woman staggered to the bedroom, to witness there a fearful change—sudden, not to be accounted for. A night-lamp shed its dim light through the apartment on a scene of horror and mystery. All was silence now—and the Lady Alice stood erect on the floor, half shrouded in the heavy curtains of the bed, and clasping her infant in her arms. By this time the attendants, roused from sleep, had reached the apartment, and assisted in taking the child from its mother's stiff embrace; it had uttered no cry, and when they brought it to the light, the blaze fell on features swollen and lifeless—it was dead in its helplessness—dead by violence, for on its throat were the marks of strong and sudden pressure; but how, by whom, was a horrid mystery. They laid the mother on the bed, and as they did so, a letter fell from her grasp—a wild fit of delirium succeeded, followed by a heavy swoon, from which the physician failed in awaking her—before the night had passed, Lady Alice Daventry had been summoned to her rest. The sole clue to the events of that night was the letter which had fallen from Lady Alice; it the physician had picked up and read, but positively refused to reveal its contents, more than to hint that they betrayed guilt that rendered his wife and child's removal more a blessing than a misfortune to Sir John Daventry. Yet somehow rumours were heard that the letter was in Charles Mardyn's hand; that it had fallen in Sir John's way, and revealed to him a guilty attachment between Mardyn and his wife; but how it came into her hands, or how productive of such a catastrophe as the destruction of her infant, her frenzy, and death, remained unknown: but one further gleam of light was ever thrown on that dark tragedy. The nurse-tender, who had first come to her mistress's assistance, declared that, as she entered the room, she had heard steps in quick retreat along the gallery leading from Lady Alice's room, and a few surmised that, in the dead of night, her husband had placed that letter in her hand, and told her he knew her guilt. This was but conjecture—a wild and improbable one, perhaps.

Charles Mardyn came not again to the Hall. What he and Clara Daventry thought of what had passed, was known only to themselves. A year went on, and Clara and her father

lived alone—a year of terror to the former, for from that terrible night her father had become subject to bursts of savage passion that filled her with alarm for her own safety; these, followed by long fits of moody silence, rendered her life, for a year, harassed and wretched; but then settling into confirmed insanity, released her from his violence. Sir John Daventry was removed to an asylum, and Clara was mistress of the Hall. Another year passed, and she became the wife of Charles Mardyn. It was now the harvest of their labours, and reaped as such harvests must be. The pleasures and amusements of a London life had grown distasteful to Mardyn—they palled on his senses, and he sought change in a residence at the Hall; but here greater discontent awaited him. The force of conscience allowed them not happiness in a place peopled with such associations; they were childless, they lived in solitary state, unvisited by those of their own rank, who were deterred from making overtures of intimacy by the stories that were whispered affixing discredit to his name; his pride and violent temper were ill fitted to brook this neglect; in disgust, they left Daventry, and went to Mardyn Park, an old seat left him by his mother, on the coast of Dorsetshire. It was wildly situated, and had been long uninhabited; and in this lonely residence the cup of Clara's wretchedness was filled to overflowing. In Mardyn there was now no trace left of the man who had once captivated her fancy; prematurely old, soured in temper, he had become brutal and overbearing; for Clara he had cast off every semblance of decency, and indifference was now usurped by hate and violence; their childless condition was made a constant source of bitter reproach from her husband. Time brought no alleviation to this state of wretchedness, but rather increased their evil passions and mutual abhorrence. They had long and bitterly disputed one day, after dinner, and each reminded the other of their sins with a vehemence of reproach that, from the lips of any other, must have overwhelmed the guilty pair with shame and terror. Driven from the room by Mardyn's unmanly violence and coarse epithets, Clara reached the drawing-room, and spent some hours struggling with the stings of conscience aroused by Mardyn's

taunts. They had heard that morning of Sir John Darenty's death, and the removal of the only being who lived to suffer for their sin had seemed but to add a deeper gloom to their miserable existence—the time was past when anything could bid them hope. Her past career passed through the guilty woman's mind, and filled her with dread, and a fearful looking out for judgment. She had not noticed how time had fled, till she saw it was long past Mardyn's hour for retiring, and that he had not come up stairs yet. Another hour passed, and then a vague fear seized upon her mind—she felt frightened at being alone, and descended to the parlour. She had brought no light with her, and when she reached the door she paused; all in the house seemed so still, she trembled, and turning the lock, entered the room. The candles had burnt out, and the faint red glare of the fire alone shone through the darkness; by the dim light she saw

that Mardyn was sitting, his arms folded on the table, and his head reclined as if in sleep. She touched him, he stirred not, and her hand, slipping from his shoulder, fell upon the table and was wet; she saw that a decanter had been overturned, and fancied Mardyn had been drinking, and fallen asleep; she hastened from the room for a candle. As she seized a light burning in the passage, she saw that the hand she had extended was crimsoned with blood. Almost delirious with terror, she regained the room. The light from her hand fell on the table—it was covered with a pool of blood, that was falling slowly to the floor. With a wild effort she raised her husband—his head fell on her arm—the throat was severed from ear to ear—the countenance set, and distorted in death.

In that moment the curse of an offended God worked its final vengeance on guilt—Clara Mardyn was a lunatic.

#### POPULAR CHANSONS OF FRANCE.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

Carrigbawn, August 15th, 1850.

MY DEAR ANTHONY,—As you well know, I am not much given to what are called "hard nights;" but, I protest, I have never put in or put over such hard nights as those that have ushered in this present month. Hard nights did I call them? I should, under favour, have called them soft nights. Was there ever such heat? I verily believe that the sun goes rambling about all night over these parts incog., as Haroun al Raschid used to go through Bagdad. Sleep, to any reasonable extent, seems quite out of the question; and I doubt that all the powers of animal magnetism could carry one clean through a comfortable, steady, continuous nap, from twelve at night to six in the morning. Last night, for instance, I made up my mind to a good night's rest, if possible. I am sure I was justly entitled to expect it, for I took the best means to ensure it. After my evening's ramble by the river side, I sat watching the fading twilight deepening down into the gloom of night. By degrees the varied and, to me, delightful sounds of animation were hushed—those sounds that remind one, as he sits alone, that without and beyond him is a world of men, and women, and children—ay, and of beasts, and birds, and other soulless creatures, as we are wont to call them, that are bound to us by sympathies more or less strong—that minister to our affections, our comforts, our pleasures, our discipline, and our wants—that like ourselves are links, some stronger and more polished, some weaker and more rudely formed—yet still links in that mysterious and most wonderful chain of spiritual and physical organisation, which, issuing from the clouds and darkness that are around God's throne, descends through every gradation, till it is again lost to our view in the rudest form of organised matter. These sounds, I say, ceased, one by one; the pleasant laughter of young men and maidens disporting on the

greensward, with the occasional outbreak of more boisterous mirth, as some young lover, chasing his sweetheart through the mazes of the ring, had at length succeeded in capturing the flying girl, and exacted from her blushing cheeks and laughing lips the ransom for her deliverance. The lowing of kine and the bleat of sheep came on the ear at longer intervals; the crows had all returned home with abundance of clamour, and scarce a croak was now heard from the boughs where they had been lately swinging themselves to and fro, in a debate as garrulous and discordant as could be got up either in the House of Commons or Congress; the little sparrows had all gone to bed, and I could hear, now and again, the flutter of wings in the woodbine that was trained above my window, announcing that some uneasy sleeper was turning on the other side, or disputing with its mate for a fair share of the bed-clothes. The last belated hiveward-bound bee had just returned, and discontinued his drone as he entered the gate of his city; but the bat was still fluttering blindly and heavily about, and the owl had just commenced his whooping in an old ivy-clad chimney, which had belonged to an age long since gone by. This last, and the slow dash of distant water, as it fell over the wheel of a tuck-mill, whose dull, muffled beat came at regular intervals, not unpleasingly, on the ear, were soon the only sounds that were to be heard; and I now sat listening to them in one of those reveries, in which the mind may be said to have let down its braces, and stretched itself at full length. To compose my senses, and to reduce my nerves to a state favourable to somnolency, I addressed myself to that most soothing and, let me add, intellectual occupation—imbibing the fragrance of aromatised cavendish through an ancient and time-stained *meershaum*; and further, in order to cool down my system, I applied to my lips, at rare intervals and in moderate quantity, a composing draught, which my worthy medical attendant, Dr. Melancthon, the celebrated homœopathist, prescribed for me with singular success.\*

And so, dear Anthony, I smoked and sipped till the clock struck eleven, when I retired to court that sleep which I had been so industriously earning. But "Nature's soft nurse" withheld her gentle ministrations from me, as she did from King Henry. I tossed and turned, and made excursions to every part of my ample bed for a cool spot, and turned my head to every point of the compass; but in vain.

"Most glorious night,  
Thou wert not sent for slumber,"

sang Lord Byron amongst the Jura Alps; and truly if the want of sleep be the test of the glory of the night, we may all "make glorious nights of it" now, dear Anthony. For my part, I think Kent's remark to King Lear is more suitable to such weather:—

"Things that love night  
Love not such nights as these."

Well, in the midst of thoughts of this kind, I fell asleep—I know not when or how, nor can I say how long I continued so—when a shrill, piercing cry rang through my ears, and broke my dreamless slumber. It was a cry that it would be impossible to describe to those who have never heard it, but which the man who has once heard will not readily forget; a cry which well might "murder sleep," and make sleepy maids and drowsy hinds start from their beds in

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\* As I have fortunately retained the recipe for this excellent medicine, I now subjoin a copy of it *verbatim* for the benefit of all nervous persons:—

"J. F. SLINGSBY, Esq.  
"℞ Alcohol. optim. ex Apoth. Kinahan L. L. ℥iij.  
Aque distil. ℥xij.  
Syrupi Citri gutt. vij.  
"Misce, perturbans molliter cum cochleare. Q. suf. sumend. sub nocte.  
"Signetur 'The Composing Draught.'

"F. MELANCTHON."



affright. I sprang up, and rushed to the window looking into the farm-yard, which I had unfortunately left wide open. Again the piercing cry thrilled through me, and in the grey of the coming dawn I beheld beneath my window a form, with out-stretched neck, the upper part of which, just beneath the head, was all red, as if covered with blood; and then, sir, another shriek, louder than before—"Cock-a-doodle doo—o—o—o—o!!!" Ay, there he was, my beautiful cock, that I bought at the last Spring Show of the Dublin Society—up, and dressed, booted and spurred, I may say; and what's more, the young polygamist had all his wives up, and stirring, and would not let a hen of them all lie abed for a comfortable half hour's nap after he had turned out himself. Well, Anthony, I laughed heartily, though, you may be sure, I bestowed on him as many good wishes as Mycillus, the cobbler, did upon his offending fowl. I returned to bed, but so thoroughly aroused, that sleep was not again to be thought of; so I began musing, for want of something better to do, and my thoughts turned, naturally enough, upon my disturber. Now you will ask, what Jacques in the play—

"Of what kind should this cock come of?"

I will tell you, Anthony. He was a foreign bird, a cock of a Corsican breed, that was continually strutting about, clapping his wings, and fighting with the old established fowls of the yard. At first he was quiet enough, but in a very short time he attacked a poor old Orleans cock, plucked every feather out of his tail, and left him and an old hen, and some chickens of the same breed as bare as the back of my hand; and yet for all his strutting, I have seen him sometimes, in wet and stormy weather, with his plumes draggling, and his crest as fallen as the sorriest fowl of them all.

Thinking of cocks, made me somehow think of Frenchmen, and it struck me that though, upon the whole, a Frenchman is typified happily enough by the cock—for your Frenchman is a vain-glorious, loud-speaking, head-elevating, strutting animal; talking magniloquent common-places, and expressing by a world of tropes, figures, and florid periphrases what John Bull would state in a gruff, curt monosyllable, and continually intermeddling with and disturbing the peace of the world, and asserting the liberties of other nations when he has no more than the name of it at home (I must admit, however, that he is good to the back-bone, and will fight while he has a leg to stand on)—yet I think, in one respect, a lark or a jay would be a fitter representative. A Frenchman is essentially a singing-bird; under all circumstances, and in all places he is not to hop about and sing his *CHANSON*. He did so in the monastery, as well as in the battle field—under the monk's cowl and the militaire's chapeau—at the peaceful vintage, and on the scaffold; for it is a well-known fact, though an author of some authority denies it, that hymns, romances, and light amatory songs, full of sentiment, wit, liveliness, and delicacy—others blood-thirsty, fierce, and grotesque—were composed during the reign of terror. One of them has very felicitously expressed this national taste:—"Les Français ont toujours chanté, ils chanteront toujours." It is, however, in this lighter style of composition that the French may be said to excel. The genius of their language, though not as musical as the Italian, is sufficiently suited for the *chanson*, but the song of a higher class is rarely found in a high degree of excellence, though Lamartine, in modern days, has produced some fine verses; and the epic is quite out of their range. Indeed there is nothing in the language worthy of the name—no poem that will bear a comparison with the epics of Dante, Tasso, or Milton. But the French *chanson* must not be lightly esteemed. The author from whom I have just quoted, has thus well described it:—

"Elle est l'expression de tous les sentiments, elle prend mille formes, elle est gaie, satirique, badine, gracieuse, enthousiaste; elle peint l'amour, elle fronde les abus, elle s'élève par les accents de la gloire, elle attendrit les femmes, elle fait trembler les puissants, elle exalte les cœurs, et c'est en chantant que les soldats français ont marché aux combats, comme en chantant que le peuple laborieux adoucit sa peine, et s'encourage à ses travaux."

It is not ascertained when the French first took to the *chanson*; for my own

part, I suspect they began to chirp in that style as soon as they chipped the shell. The Normans and Provençals did not sing in the vulgar tongue, but in the romance language of the troubadours. In the twelfth century, however, we find a *chanson à boire* amongst the compositions of Eustache Deschamps, which is, perhaps, the earliest of that species extant. In the following century the number of writers in this style amounted to about seventy, amongst whom were some great names, such as Thibault, Count of Champagne, afterwards King of Navarre, the Count of Anjou, King of Sicily, and the father of St. Louis. From that time the number constantly increased, till the whole country was flooded with chansons about every thing and every person, political, satirical, amatory, bacchanalian, martial, and pastoral. I met not long since with a curious piece of statistics on this subject, which shows what an inveterate *chansonnier* is Johnny Crapaud. There were in Paris and its environs, in the year 1845, no less than four hundred and eighty "*Sociétés Chantantes*." The rule of these societies was that each member should compose at the least a *chanson* every month. Now assuming that each society consisted of twenty members, a very low average indeed, we shall have nine thousand six hundred of those song-writers, producing one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred new songs yearly! If to this we add the number of amateurs, who bring forward their contributions upon all interesting domestic occasions—death, births, marriages, and so forth—perhaps it would not be saying too much to estimate the yearly crop of songs in the Paris district to three hundred thousand!! Well, then, there is all the rest of France who are producers on a large scale. For myself, I would fear to make an estimate; but I have seen it stated as high as a million songs in the year for the entire kingdom, Paris included!!! Am I not right then, dear Anthony, in affirming that cock-crowing gives but a faint idea of the everlasting warbling which goes on in La Belle France. Thank God, we know how to indulge in those pleasures in moderation.

Having said so much on the song-singing of our Gallic neighbours, I will now offer you a specimen or two of a comparatively recent period. They have been selected as they came to hand, but will each afford a fair sample of their kind in general.

There was no song in its day more popular in France than that which is still well known by the name of "*Malbrook*." The air is said by Châteaubriand to be as old as the time of the Crusades, but the words were probably written after the year 1709, though they did not become known till after the death of the famous Duke of Malbrough. It happened that the nurse of the young Dauphin, afterwards Louis the XV.—and a good nurse I have no doubt was Madame Poitrine, if there be any faith to be placed in names—used to rock the young scion of royalty to sleep in his cradle with a song, which of course was very consolatory to the ears of the inmates of Versailles, seeing that it assailed with a somewhat dastardly ridicule the memory of a hero then in his grave, who, while living, made Louis tremble on his throne, and sue in vain for peace. But it was, however, some comfort for Frenchmen to have a song to sing about one who had defeated Villars and Boufflers, and routed their armies at Blenheim, Ramilies, and Malplaquet. Accordingly, Nurse Poitrine's song soon reached Paris, and then spread all over France; and for four or five years after, you could hear nothing (supposing you were then alive, which I believe was not the case, Anthony) than the refrain of "*Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!*" sung with great bravery. So satisfactory, in truth, was this posthumous victory over the great general, that the French ladies had the song printed on fans and fire-screens, with illustrations of the duke's burial, the duchess on her tower, and the page in mourning. Malbrook, as you know, is the corruption of the duke's title,

"For fame  
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;  
France could not even conquer your great name,  
But pruned it down to this facetious phrase,  
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same."

And now I will give you the song in its integrity, and you can judge of it for yourself.

MORT ET CONVOI DE L'INVINCIBLE  
MALBROOK.

## I.

Malbrook s'en va-t en guerre,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Ne sait quand reviendra.  
Ne sait quand reviendra,  
Ne sait quand reviendra;  
Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,  
Ne sait quand reviendra.

## II.

Il reviendra z'à Pâques,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
Il reviendra z'à Pâques  
Ou à la Trinité,  
Ou à la Trinité.

&amp;c., &amp;c.

## III.

La Trinité se passe,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
La Trinité se passe,  
Malbrook ne revient pas,  
Malbrook ne revient pas.

&amp;c., &amp;c.

## IV.

Madame à sa tour monte,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
Madame à sa tour monte,  
Si haut qu'elle peut monter,  
Si haut qu'elle peut monter.

&amp;c., &amp;c.

## V.

Elle aperçoit son page,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
Elle aperçoit son page,  
Tout de noir habillé,  
Tout de noir habillé.

&amp;c., &amp;c.

## VI.

Beau page, ah! mon beau page,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
Beau page, ah! mon beau page,  
Quelle nouvelle apportez?  
Quelle nouvelle apportez?

&amp;c., &amp;c.

## VII.

Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine;  
Aux nouvelles que j'apporte,  
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer,  
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

&amp;c., &amp;c.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE IN-  
VINCIBLE MALBROUGH.

## I.

Malbrough's gone to the war, Sir—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
Nobody knows, by gar, Sir,  
When he'll be back again,  
When he'll be back again,  
When he'll be back again,  
Nobody knows, by gar, Sir,  
When he'll be back again.

## II.

He'll come back again at Easter—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
He'll come back again at Easter,  
Or at Trinity, I ween,  
Or at Trinity, I ween,  
Or at Trinity, I ween,  
He'll come back again at Easter,  
Or at Trinity, I ween.

## III.

But Trinity has passed by—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
But Trinity has passed by,  
And he's not come back again,  
He's not come back again,  
He's not come back again,  
But Trinity is passed by,  
And he's not come back again.

## IV.

My lady she mounted her tower—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
My lady she mounte'd her tower,  
As high as she could attain,  
As high as she could attain,  
As high as she could attain,  
My lady she mounte'd her tower,  
As high as she could attain.

## V.

She spied his page a-riding—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
She spied his page a-riding  
In black along the plain,  
In black along the plain,  
In black along the plain,  
She spied his page a-riding  
In black along the plain.

## VI.

"My pretty page, what tidings?—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
My pretty page, your tidings?  
To hear them I am fain,  
To hear them I am fain,  
To hear them I am fain,  
My pretty page, your tidings?  
To hear them I am fain."

## VII.

"The news I bring, my lady—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
The news I bring, my lady,  
Will make your eyes to rain,  
Will make your eyes to rain,  
Will make your eyes to rain,  
The news I bring, my lady,  
Will make your eyes to rain."

## VIII.

Quittez vos habits roses,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
Quittez vos habits roses  
Et vos satins brochés,  
Et vos satins brochés.  
    &c., &c.

## IX.

Monsieur d'Malbrook est mort,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
Monsieur d'Malbrook est mort,  
Est mort et enterré !  
Est mort et enterré !  
    &c., &c.

## X.

J'ai vu porter en terre,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
J'ai vu porter en terre,  
Par quatre s'officiers,  
Par quatre s'officiers.  
    &c., &c.

## XI.

L'un portait sa cuirasse,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
L'un portait sa cuirasse,  
L'autre son bouclier,  
L'autre son bouclier.  
    &c., &c.

## XII.

L'un portait son grand sabre,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
L'un portait son grand sabre,  
L'autre ne portait rien,  
L'autre ne portait rien.  
    &c., &c.

## XIII.

A l'entour de sa tombe,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
A l'entour de sa tombe,  
R-osemarins l'on planta,  
R-osemarins l'on planta.  
    &c., &c.

## XIV.

Sur la plus haute branche,  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine ;  
Sur la plus haute branche,  
Le rossignol chanta,  
Le rossignol chanta.  
    &c., &c.

## VIII.

" Put off your rosy garments—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
Put off your rosy garments,  
And eke your satin train,  
And eke your satin train,  
And eke your satin train,  
Put off your rosy garments,  
And eke your satin train.

## IX.

" My lord of Marlborough's dead, ma'am—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
My lord of Marlborough's dead, ma'am,  
And in the grave is lain,  
And in the grave is lain,  
And in the grave is lain,  
My lord of Marlborough's dead, ma'am,  
And in the grave is lain.

## X.

" I saw him to the grave borne—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
I saw him to the grave borne  
By four of his gentlemen,  
By four of his gentlemen,  
By four of his gentlemen,  
I saw him to the grave borne  
By four of his gentlemen.

## XI.

" One gentleman bore his cuirass—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
One bore his cuirass, another  
His buckler did retain,  
His buckler did retain,  
His buckler did retain,  
One bore his cuirass, another  
His buckler did retain.

## XII.

" The third his big sword carried—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
The third his big sword carried,  
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween,  
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween,  
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween,  
The third his big sword carried,  
The fourth bore—nothing, I ween.

## XIII.

" Around his tomb they planted—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
The rosemaries they planted  
Around his tomb to train,  
Around his tomb to train,  
Around his tomb to train,  
The rosemaries they planted,  
Around his tomb to train.

## XIV.

" Upon the topmost branches—  
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine—  
Upon the topmost branches  
We heard a nightingale's strain,  
We heard a nightingale's strain,  
We heard a nightingale's strain,  
Upon the topmost branches  
We heard a nightingale's strain.

## XV.

On vit voler son âme,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
On vit voler son âme,  
Au travers des lauriers,  
Au travers des lauriers.  
    &c., &c.

## XVI.

Chacun mit ventre à terre,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
Chacun mit ventre à terre  
Et puis se releva,  
Et puis se releva.  
    &c., &c.

## XVII.

Pour chanter les victoires,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
Pour chanter les victoires,  
Que Malbrough remporta,  
Que Malbrough remporta.  
    &c., &c.

## XVIII.

La cérémonie faite,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
La cérémonie faite,  
Chacun s'en fut coucher,  
Chacun s'en fut coucher.  
    &c., &c.

## XIX.

Les uns avec leurs femmes,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
Les uns avec leurs femmes,  
Et les autres tous seuls,  
Et les autres tous seuls.  
    &c., &c.

## XX.

Ce n'est pas qu'il en manque,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
Ce n'est pas qu'il en manque,  
Car j'en connais beaucoup,  
Car j'en connais beaucoup.  
    &c., &c.

## XXI.

Des blondes et des brunes,  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;  
Des blondes et des brunes,  
Et des chataign's aussi,  
Et des chataign's aussi.  
    &c., &c.

## XV.

" We saw his soul fly upwards—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
Fly up through the laurel branches,  
The heavens to attain,  
The heavens to attain,  
The heavens to attain,  
We saw his soul fly upwards,  
The heavens to attain.

## XVI.

" Each man down on the earth fell—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
Each man down on the earth fell,  
And then—got up again,  
And then—got up again,  
And then—got up again,  
Each man down on the earth fell,  
And then—got up again.

## XVII.

" To sing the mighty triumphs—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
To sing the mighty triumphs  
That Malbrough did attain,  
That Malbrough did attain,  
That Malbrough did attain ;  
To sing the mighty triumphs  
That Malbrough did attain.

## XVIII.

" The ceremony ended—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
The ceremony ended,  
Each man his bed did gain,  
Each man his bed did gain,  
Each man his bed did gain,  
The ceremony ended,  
Each man his bed did gain.

## XIX.

" Some with their wives to bed went—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
Some with their wives to bed went,  
Some did alone remain,  
Some did alone remain,  
Some did alone remain,  
Some with their wives to bed went,  
Some did alone remain.

## XX.

" But not for lack of ladies—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
But not for lack of ladies,  
In faith I will maintain,  
In faith I will maintain,  
In faith I will maintain,  
But not for lack of ladies,  
In faith I will maintain.

## XXI.

" Of white ones or of dark ones—  
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine—  
Of white ones or of dark ones,  
Or yet of brown again.  
Or yet of brown again,  
Or yet of brown again,  
Of white ones or of dark ones,  
Or yet of brown again.





## IV.

Au clair de la lune,  
On n'y voit qu'un peu.  
On chercha la plume,  
On chercha du feu.  
En cherchant d' la sorte,  
Je n'sais c' qu'on trouva :  
Mais j' sais que la porte  
Sur eux se ferma.

Now, Anthony, I will give you a song with a moral in it, as I think I hear you protest that there is very little of that sort of thing in "Au clair de la lune." This has, in my opinion, grace, sprightliness, and point in it, and snacks of the style of our own unrivalled lyrist. Alas! who shall touch his lyre when the hand of the master is cold in the grave!

## VOYAGE DE L'AMOUR ET DU TEMPS.

## I.

A voyager passant sa vie,  
Certain vieillard nommé le Temps,  
Près d'un fleuve arrive et s'écrie ;  
Ayez pitié de mes vieux ans.  
Eh quoi ! sur ces bords on m'oublie,  
Moi qui compte tous les instants ;  
Mes bons amis, je vous supplie,  
Venez, venez passer le Temps. (bis.)

## II.

De l'autre côté, sur la plage,  
Plus d'une fille regardait,  
Voulant aider à son passage,  
Sur un bateau qu'Amour guidait.  
Mais une d'elles, bien plus sage,  
Leur répétait ces mots prudents :  
Bien souvent on a fait naufrage,  
En cherchant à passer le Temps. (bis.)

## III.

L'Amour gaiement pousse au rivage,  
Il aborde tout près du Temps ;  
Il lui propose le voyage,  
L'embarque et s'abandonne aux vents.  
Agitant ses rames légères,  
Il dit et redit dans ses chants :  
Vous voyez bien, jeunes bergères,  
Que l'Amour fait passer le Temps. (bis.)

## IV.

Mais tout à coup l'Amour se lasse ;  
Ce fut là toujours son défaut.  
Le Temps prit la rame à sa place,  
Et lui dit : Quoi ! céder sitôt !  
Pauvre enfant, quelle est ta faiblesse ?  
Tu dors, et je chante à mon tour,  
Ce beau refrain de la vieillesse :  
Ah ! le Temps fait passer l'Amour. (bis.)

## IV.

By the light of the moon,  
It was not very bright,  
They searched for the pen  
And they groped for the light ;  
But somehow, while groping,  
'Tis true I declare,  
The door of the chamber  
Was closed on the pair.

## LOVE AND TIME.

## I.

Old Time one day, while on his way,  
In journeying through the world far away,  
Was stopped beside a barrier wide—  
A deep and swiftly rolling river.  
And while he stood beside the flood,  
He cried "Alas ! will none come nigh—"  
Upon this spot I'm quite forgot,  
While precious moments lost fly by me.  
Dear young friends ! will none, alas,  
Give a hand to make Time pass."

## II.

Thus while he cried across the tide,  
Some fair girls longed, his accents hearing,  
To aid him o'er the stream to shore,  
In a light skiff that Love was steering.  
But one young maid now shook her head,  
The sagest she of the collection ;  
And while her hand restrained the band,  
Her wise lips uttered this reflection—  
"Full often have young maids alas,  
Been wrecked in helping Time to pass."

## III.

Love seized his oar, and for the shore,  
Across the stream he's gaily straining,  
And soon his boat is seen to float  
Close to where Old Time stands complaining.  
And bravely now Love turns the prow  
To pass Old Time across the river ;  
He spreads his sail to catch the gale,  
And to his arms the thin oars quiver.  
And as he cleaves the sunny waves,  
His light skiff o'er the waters dancing,  
With joyous song he speeds along,  
And thus he chaunts, while still advancing,  
"Mark you well, each lad and lass,  
Love alone can make Time pass."

## IV.

But Young Love's strength gives way at last,  
To shrink from toil he says his failing.  
Time takes his place and pulls the oar,  
And cries "Poor child, you're tired and ailing.  
Lie down and sleep, the oars I'll sweep,  
And in my turn I'll sing a measure,  
Both true and sage—the song of age—  
Though youth ne'er hears such strains  
With pleasure.  
"Be wise and learn, each lad and lass,  
Time will surely make Love pass."

So much for love songs. And now in conclusion you shall have something that is an over-true picture of the life of many a young Parisian—gay, poor, and reckless—taking the world as it comes; to-day sipping his *café au lait*, and singing his song amongst the “*Enfants de Caveau*,” or at the “*Société des Lapins*,” or “*des Oiseaux* ;” to-morrow shooting an archbishop from behind the barricades, or dancing in midnight orgies in the Luxembourg or the Louvre. The verses are good, and such as Beranger might own to without a blush, though they are not his.

## LE MENAGE DE GARÇON.

## I.

Je loge au quatrième étage,  
C'est là que finit l'escalier ;  
Je suis ma femme de ménage,  
Mon domestique et mon portier.  
Des créanciers, quand la cohorte,  
Au logis sonne à tour de bras,  
C'est toujours, en ouvrant ma porte,  
Moi qui dis que je n'y suis pas.

## II.

De tous mes meubles l'inventaire  
Tiendrait un carré de papier ;  
Pourtant je reçois d'ordinaire  
Des visites dans mon grenier.  
Je mets les gens fort à leur aise :  
A la porte un bavard maudit,  
Tous mes amis sur une chaise,  
Et ma maîtresse sur mon lit.

## III.

Vers ma demeure quand tu marches,  
Jeune beauté, va doucement ;  
Crois-moi, quatre-vingt-dix-huit marches  
Ne se montent pas lestement.  
Lorsque l'on arrive à mon gîte,  
On se sent un certain émoi ;  
Jamais sans que son cœur palpite,  
Une femme n'entre chez moi.

## IV.

Gourmanda, vous voulez, j'imagine,  
De moi, pour faire certain cas,  
Avoir l'état de ma cuisine.  
Sachez que je fais trois repas :  
Le déjeuner m'est très facile,  
De tous côtés je le reçois ;  
Je ne dine jamais qu'en ville,  
Et ne soupe jamais chez moi.

## V.

Je suis riche, et j'ai pour campagne  
Tous les environs de Paris ;  
J'ai mille châteaux en Espagne ;  
J'ai pour fermiers tous mes amis.  
J'ai, pour faire le petit-maitre,  
Sur la place un cabriolet ;  
J'ai mon jardin sur ma fenêtre,  
Et mes rentes dans mon gilet.

## VI.

Je vois plus d'un millionnaire  
Sur moi s'égayer aujourd'hui :  
Dans ma richesse imaginaire,  
Je suis aussi riche que lui.  
Je ne vis qu'au jour la journée,  
Lui vante ses deniers comptants :  
Et puis, à la fin de l'année  
Nous arrivons en même temps.

## BACHELOR'S FARE.

## I.

Up “four-pair stairs back,” is my room—  
The parlour that's next to the sky—  
My own valet, and porter, and groom,  
And housekeeper also am I.  
When my creditors come by the score,  
All clamouring and making a din,  
Myself for myself open the door,  
To announce that I am not within.

## II.

My furniture's scant—I believe  
You could write on your hand the whole list ;  
Yet visits each day I receive  
In my garret as well as the best.  
I put folks at their ease without care,  
To the door every blabber I lead ;  
All my friends I seat on my one chair,  
And my sweet-heart I place on my bed.

## III.

Sweet girl, when you mount to my den,  
Take it easy and slow I entreat ;  
Believe me four score and eighteen  
Steps are not to be scampered up fleet.  
For when you've arrived at my lair,  
You'll find yourself flurried and blown,  
And no woman somehow enters there  
Whose heart does not flutter, I own.

## IV.

Now ye gourmands, you're longing to know,  
All about my cuisine I opine,  
For ye class every man, high or low,  
By the manner in which he can dine.  
Be it known, I take three meals a day,  
I've my breakfast wherever I roam ;  
I dine always in town—'tis my way—  
And I never take supper at home.

## V.

I am rich ; I've a noble demesne—  
The outlets of Paris all round ;  
I've a thousand chateaus—they're in Spain,  
And my friends farm my houses and ground.  
Whenever I'd fain cut a dash,  
I have always my cab—on the stand ;  
My garden comes close to my sash,  
And my rent's in my fob—safe at hand.

## VI.

I see many a millionaire smile  
At my poverty, proud of his pelf ;  
In my wealth, though but fancied the while,  
I think I'm as rich as himself.  
For me, I ne'er look past to-day,  
He counts wealth brought from every clime ;  
But we find, when the year's passed away,  
That we both reach its end the same time.

## VII.

Un grand homme a dit dans son livre,  
Que tout est bien, il m'en souvient.  
Tranquillement laissons-nous vivre,  
Et prenons le temps comme il vient.  
Si, pour recréer ce bas monde,  
Dieu nous consultait aujourd'hui.  
Convenons-en tous à la ronde,  
Nous ne ferions pas mieux que lui.

## VII.

All is good, as some wise writer says,  
And oft to my mind it comes home—  
Let us tranquilly live all our days,  
And just take time and things as they come.  
In re-making this world here below,  
To consult us should God condescend,  
We'd be forced to agree, I well know,  
We could make it no better in th' end.

Now, dear Anthony, there is philosophy as well as fun in this ballad, and it is a Frenchman's view of life thoroughly; he will go singing through the world as long as he has a sous in his pocket; and while he has a song and his *cau sucré* you cannot utterly break his spirit. As one of their own writers has said—

“Quand on chante, si l'on n'est pas heureux on croit l'être, et c'est beaucoup.”

Let us, too, do them justice. If they can all sing, a great many of them can do more. In all the arts and sciences that civilize life and advance humanity, they hold places as high as any other. They are polite, hospitable, and good-natured—agreeable companions, and by no means bad friends. And I would now part with them in all amity, with the sincere hope that the day is not far distant when they shall enjoy the blessings of a stable constitution, a rational liberty, and a fraternization that will aim at something more fraternal than cutting each other's throats.

Ever your's, dear Anthony,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

#### SECOND SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT OF MM. BARRAL AND BIXIO.

HAVING given in our last number a brief notice of the scientific aerial voyage made by MM. Barral and Bixio from the garden of the Observatory of Paris, and commented on the circumstances which rendered it abortive, and well nigh brought a serious disaster on these enterprising savans, some account of another attempt, with a like object, since made by the same individuals, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

In our last number we showed the extreme imprudence committed in venturing to traverse the upper regions of the air without that experience in the management of an agent of transport so peculiar, which would have given some guarantee for their safety.

The balloon selected for that occasion, if the word selected can be properly used, was a worn-out, threadbare vehicle, having scarcely strength enough to hold itself together; the consequence of which was, that when it rose into the more rarified strata, it burst in two places, letting the voy-

agers fall to the earth with a frightful rapidity. Nothing could have saved them but the most admirable self-possession and courage.

Two mistakes committed on that occasion were forcibly pointed out by all who heard and read the narrative of their expedition—first, that of venturing in a frail and inefficient vehicle; and secondly, that of refusing to be accompanied by a practised aeronaut.

It will scarcely be credited, after the disaster which they had so narrowly escaped, that they should again repeat both these errors.

On the present occasion they actually selected the very same worn-out, threadbare, frail vehicle, and chose the same individual to superintend its preparation and inflation. The result, as will be seen, was pretty nearly what might have been expected; and, although the present voyage was not quite so abortive as the last, the adventurous voyagers failed to realise their programme, and encountered the same incident.

It is understood that overtures were

made to one or more of the persons who have recently been engaged in making balloon ascents in Paris as a spectacle. It so happened that there was an unusual choice of those persons, as within the last few weeks three or four balloons per week ascended from different places in and near the French metropolis. The aeronauts who were applied to, however, declined the proposition, unless they were allowed to accompany the savans in person. These conditions being refused, MM. Barral and Bixio were thrown back upon M. Dupuis-Delcourt, who supplied the balloon and superintended it on the former occasion. It was agreed that this balloon should be patched and refitted, and that, to give it greater buoyancy, instead of inflating it with the common carburetted hydrogen fabricated by the gas companies, pure hydrogen gas should be made on the spot for it.

All the necessary preparations being made, it was resolved that the ascent should take place on the morning of Friday, the 26th ult.; but the weather proving unfavourable, the ascent was postponed to the next day. The balloon had been taken to the Observatory, however, and the necessary apparatus for the production of pure hydrogen gas established in the garden.

On the morning of Saturday, the 27th, the sun rose in unclouded splendour, and everything portended favourably for the day. Orders were immediately given for the inflation, which was accordingly commenced at 6 A.M., but was not completed until 1 P.M.

In the meanwhile, however, the firmament became overcast with a dense pluviose cloud, and rain fell in torrents. Everything indicated a tempestuous afternoon. Under these circumstances, grave doubts were raised as to whether the ascent should take place; but to this the intrepid and adventurous savans responded, that so far from seeing in the atmospheric condition causes for the postponement of the intended measure, they discovered more reasons than ever for its prosecution. What was the object of the project? Was it not to penetrate into the region of the clouds, and to obtain a close view of the stupendous apparatus in which the tempest and the tornado, the thunder, the lightning, and the rain, are elaborated; to dis-

cover the pencil with which the rainbow is painted, and the torch with which the meteor is lighted; and if there were grounds for hoping that circumstances might arise which would not only place them in the midst of the theatre of this vast machinery, but that they might have the good fortune to witness it actually at work, to catch, so to speak, nature in the fact, *flagranti delicto*, was not this to be regarded as a still stronger incentive to the execution of their design rather than a reason for its postponement?

These considerations prevailed, and in spite of the state of the heavens the ascent was resolved on.

To the inferior orifice of the balloon was attached a cylindrical sleeve of silk, about thirty feet in length, which was left open to let the gas freely escape during the ascent, so as to prevent, as was supposed, the balloon from being ruptured by any failure of the valve.

The car was suspended at about thirteen feet below the end of this sleeve, and consequently about forty-three feet below the balloon.

The instruments were suspended round an iron ring, which was attached to the usual wooden hoop to which the car is attached. The form of this iron ring was such that the instruments were placed in the most convenient position for the observers.

These instruments were as follows:

First—Two siphon barometers, graduated on the tubes, in which the superior maniscus was only to be observed, the position of the inferior maniscus being given by a table constructed from direct observations made in the Laboratory. To each of these barometers a centigrade thermometer was attached.

Secondly—Three thermometers, to which arbitrary scales were attached, the signification of the numbers of which were known only to M. Regnault, who constructed them. These were fixed to a metallic plate at a distance of about two inches asunder. The tube of the first was, as usual, left clean; that of the second was blackened with smoke; and that of the third was covered with a cylinder of polished silver, which also covered a portion of the tube. The bulbs of all these were cylinders, whose diameters were small compared with their length. Immediately below the reservoirs on the



metallic plates was a silver plate, highly polished.

These thermometers were so disposed upon one side of the car as to remain continually under the action of solar radiation.

Thirdly—A vertical thermometer, furnished also with an arbitrary scale, the cylindrical reservoir of which was enclosed by several concentric cylinders of polished tin, having spaces between them, and open at their bases to allow the free circulation of the air. This instrument was intended to show, at least approximately, the temperature in the shade.

Fourthly—A psychrometer, formed by two thermometers, with an arbitrary scale.

Fifthly—A condensing hygrometer of M. Regnault.

Sixthly—Tubes of caustic potash, and pumice-stone, impregnated with sulphuric acid, for measuring the quantity of carbonic acid in the air. The quantity of air to be transmitted through these was determined by a pump of known capacity.

Seventhly—Two flasks of known capacity, furnished with stop-cocks, in steel, and intended to collect the air in the higher regions. These flasks were fixed in tin boxes, and had been completely exhausted before the ascent.

Eighthly—A self-registering thermometer, to show the minimum temperature, constructed by M. Walferden. These thermometers, graduated by M. Walferden himself, were enclosed in tin cases, pierced with holes, so as to be inaccessible to, though visible by, the observers.

Ninthly—An apparatus prepared by M. Regnault, intended to indicate the maximum elevation to which the balloon should arrive.

This apparatus was also included in a tin case pierced with holes, and inaccessible to the observers.

Tenthly—A polariscope prepared by M. Arago.

The instruments had all been constructed by M. Fastré, under the direction of M. Regnault, and the division of the scales upon them was made in the Laboratory of the College of France, the signification of the numbers being only known to M. Regnault. This precaution was adopted in order that the supposition of any preoccupation of the observer, which

might affect the results of the observations, might be set aside.

The principal points to which the attention of the observers was intended to be directed were the following:—

I. The law according to which the atmospheric temperature diminishes as the height increases.

II. The influence of solar radiation in the different regions of the atmosphere, deduced from observations made upon thermometers whose surfaces were endued with very different absorbing powers.

III. The determination of the hygrometric state of the air in different atmospheric strata, and the comparison of the indication of the psychrometer with the dew-point at very low temperatures.

IV. The analysis of the atmospheric air at different heights.

V. The determination of the quantity of carbonic acid suspended in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

VI. The examination of the polarisation of light upon the clouds.

VII. The observation of any optical phenomena which should present themselves in the clouds.

It is well-known, that when, through the opportunities afforded by mining operations, the temperature of the lower strata of the globe is observed, it is found to augment according to a certain law, and that the result of this observation led to the conclusion that, at such rate of increase of temperature, the nucleus or centre of the globe must be inferred to be in a state of fusion. How much interest, therefore, would attach to the analogous inquiry as to the gradual decline of temperature in rising in the atmosphere! Not only should we discover the law of the decrease of temperature, which begins with the centre of the globe and is continued to the surface, but we might ultimately obtain data by which the limit of the temperature might be ascertained, which would be arrived at could we rise to the superior surface of the atmosphere; and we should thus possess that desideratum—a science which has been the object of so much speculation—the temperature of the medium in which the celestial bodies move.

It may therefore be conceived how much interest these considerations gave to the proposed observations on the decrease of temperature in ascending.

At three minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th ult., the two observers having taken their places in the car in the garden of the Observatory, the cords were disengaged and the ascent commenced. A strong wind blowing from the west, the balloon was carried obliquely, and the car caught in a tree, by which the movement was stopped for a moment. One of the barometers and the thermometer with the blackened bulb, were here broken.

This incident, however, was quickly terminated by the discharge of ballast,

upon which the balloon disengaged itself and rose.

The ascent was at first slow, and directed towards the east, but upon throwing out ballast it became more rapid.

In the following table is given the series of observations of the barometer and thermometer, and the heights collected from them, as taken during the ascent and descent, from the time the balloon quitted the ground of the Observatory to the moment of its return to the earth :—

OBSERVATIONS OF M. M. BARRAL AND BIXIO TABULATED AND REDUCED.						
Number of Observations.	Time.		Time from Commencement of Ascent.		Barometer.	Thermometer.
	H.	M.	H.	M.	Inches.	Fahr.
I.	4	... 3	0	... 0	—	—
II.	4	... 6	0	... 3	27.8	60°.8
III.	4	... 8	0	... 5	26.5	—
IV.	4	... 9.5	0	... 6.5	25.8	57°.4
V.	4	... 11	0	... 8	25.0	49°.6
VI.	4	... 13	0	... 10	23.5	48°.2
VII.	4	... 15	0	... 12	21.0	—
VIII.	4	... 20	0	... 17	19.0	31°.1
IX.	—	—	—	—	15.9	19°.4
X.	—	—	—	—	{ 15.1	{ 18019
					{ 14.4	{ 19393
XI.	4	... 25	0	... 22	{ 14.4	{ 19364
					{ 13.6	{ 20768
XII.	4	... 45	0	... 42	13.25	—31°
					{ 12.80	{ 21366
XIII.	4	... 50	0	... 47	{ 12.35	—38°
					17.1	28028
XIV.	5	... 2	0	... 59	15°.8	14770
XV.	5	... 7	1	... 4	19°.4	12100
XVI.	5	... 10	1	... 7	21.2	22°.0
XVII.	5	... 12	1	... 9	22.0	30°.2
XVIII.	5	... 14	1	... 11	22.9	32°.0
					{ 23.5	{ 7169
XIX.	5	... 16	1	... 13	{ 24.8	{ 6473
						{ 5601
XX.	5	... 30	1	... 27	touched ground	—

Soon after the balloon rose from the ground, the observers found themselves surrounded by a thin mist, which did not, however, prevent them from seeing the earth. At the moment of the fifth observation, they observed detached clouds floating beneath them, but not thick enough to prevent them from seeing the city of Paris.

At the moment of the sixth observation, they were completely enveloped in the cloud, and ceased to see the earth. The cloud here had the appearance of a common dense fog upon the earth.

The ascent became evidently slow

at the moment of the eighth observation; and at the tenth observation ceased altogether, the balloon rising and falling alternately between the heights of 1,800 and 1,900 feet.

At the commencement of the ascent, the balloon was imperfectly filled, a large space being allowed for the expansion the gas would necessarily undergo in rising to a great elevation. The sleeve provided for the escape of the gas, already described, remained quite flat, by the action of the atmospheric pressure upon it, so that, although no valve was placed in it, the gas was completely shut into the balloon.

At the moment of the tenth observation, however, when the balloon became stationary, the gas had not only expanded so as completely to fill the balloon, but had also distended the sleeve, and was seen issuing from the inferior orifice like a stream of whitish smoke, and its odour was distinctly perceptible. But it quickly appeared that this was not the only orifice from which the gas escaped. This unfortunate balloon encountered another accident similar to that which happened on the former ascent; and the voyagers observed, not without some anxiety, that a rent, about four feet in length, had taken place in the lower part, from which the gas was escaping.

It might well be supposed that, in the face of such an incident, MM. Barral and Bixio would have descended. This, however, was not the case. On the contrary, finding that their voyage must necessarily be abridged, and resolving to profit as far as possible by it, they, immediately on the discovery of the incident just mentioned, threw out a quantity of ballast, and the balloon, thus lightened, recovered its buoyancy, and spite of the escape of gas, again ascended.

At this time they seemed to be approaching near the superior limit of the cloud through which they had been passing, for the disk of the sun became imperfectly visible.

At twenty-five minutes past four, the moment of the eleventh observation, being twenty-two minutes after the time they started, they attained another station, where the barometer again oscillated, showing that the ascending motion ceased. They were between the heights of 19,400 and 20,700 feet.

During the last five minutes the cold was extreme, and they found themselves involved in a cloud of icicles, consisting of spicula having the form of hexagonal prisms, with rectangular ends. These needles accumulated in immense quantities in the folds of their clothing, and covered the paper of their memorandum-books. It was remarked that their accumulation only took place when the balloon ascended. When it was stationary, the deposition of icicles was inconsiderable; and when, for a moment, in its oscillation, it had descended, there was no deposition.

From these circumstances the observers inferred that the icicles composing the cloud round them were in a state of equilibrium. If they had been falling, they would have been deposited when the balloon was stationary, and even when it descended, provided the fall of the icicles were more rapid than that of the balloon.

It was observed that these spicula, in falling on their memorandum-books, produced a sort of crepitation. At this moment observations were made on the thermometers provided for showing the effects of radiation, or rather, upon the only two of these thermometers which remained, that which had the blackened reservoir having been broken. The thermometer having the clean glass reservoir then showed the temperature at  $23^{\circ} 5'$ ; and that which was covered with a silvered envelope showed the temperature at  $15^{\circ} 8'$ .

More ballast was then cast out, and a further ascent effected, when a remarkable and most interesting phenomenon presented itself. They were evidently approaching the upper strata of the mass of clouds through which they had ascended, for the sun, hitherto invisible, now appeared like a disk of dead silver, such as it is sometimes seen through a thin cloud in winter. On turning their view downwards, they were somewhat startled by the appearance of *another sun*, of nearly equal brilliancy, which was placed in the same vertical plane with the real sun; but just as much below a horizontal plane passing through the car, as the real sun was above it. In short, the *phantom sun* appeared exactly as an image of the sun would have been, reflected from a vast mirror spread under the car of the balloon.

This phenomenon, combined with what has been just before described as to the *prismatic* form of the icy spicula, furnished at once an explanation of the hypotheses advanced by Mariotte, Babinet, Bravais, and others, to explain parhelia, paraselene, and other optical appearances presented by the clouds. It was evident that the phantom sun which presented itself below them was nothing but the reflection of the real sun on the upper ends of the prismatic spicula.

These prisms assumed a polar arrangement, their lengths or axes being all vertical, and, consequently, their

upper ends horizontal. These ends being intensely polished, formed by their combination a vast mirror, from which the image of the sun was reflected.

The explanation of parhelia supplied by the supposition of such icy prisms in a cloud, was founded upon the principle that the reflection takes place, not from their *ends*, but from their *sides*. It was assumed that the rays from the sun incident upon the sides of such prisms, were reflected to the eye of the observer, and produced an image of the sun in a position determined by the relative position of the sun, the cloud, and the observer. The difference, therefore, between the phenomenon presented to the observers in the balloon, and that exhibited to the observers on the earth, arose from the fact, that the reflection took place in one case from the horizontal ends of the crystals, and in the other from their vertical sides. In the one case, the sun and its image were in directions forming equal angles above and below a horizontal plane passing through the observer; in the other, the sun and its image were both in the heavens, but one before and the other behind the observer.

This spectacle continued to be observed for more than ten minutes, and was again observed in the same position in their descent.

It was now thirty-two minutes past four, the thermometer showing nine and a-half degrees below the freezing point. They were rapidly approaching the superior limit of the cloud, an opening being apparent through which they perceived the azure of the heavens.

Polariscopic observations were made, which gave results similar to those obtained in the last ascent, showing that the light transmitted, as well as that reflected by the clouds, was completely unpolarised; while on the contrary, the light proceeding from the clear blue firmament was strongly polarised.

Ballast was again thrown out, and a further ascent effected. At forty-five minutes past four, the moment of the twelfth observation, they reached the height of 21,366 feet, the thermometer showing the temperature at thirty-one degrees below Zero, and therefore sixty-three degrees below the freezing point.

Here they attained another station,

the descent of the barometer being again suspended.

Disregarding the danger which must inevitably ensue from the escape of gas by the rupture of the balloon, they made another effort to attain an increased elevation, throwing out all the ballast except one or two sand-bags, which were reserved as necessary to break their fall on reaching the earth. In fine, at the moment of the thirteenth observation, being ten minutes before five o'clock, they had risen to 23,000 feet, the greatest elevation they were destined to attain.

The thermometers at this moment ceased to give indications, the mercury falling in nearly all of them into the bulbs. They had not been graduated for the purpose of showing a temperature so low, and it was inferred that at this moment the temperature could not have been more than one degree above the freezing-point of mercury.

The hands and feet of the voyagers were benumbed by this intense cold, but no other inconvenience ensued; respiration was perfectly free, and there were neither pains in the ears nor bleeding at the nose. There was, therefore, no physiological indication of having approached that limit at which the vital functions might not continue uninterrupted.

This experiment, therefore, supplies no data from which we can infer what the obstacles may be which will limit the future range of observers in the atmosphere. What will impose a limit on their ascent? Will it be the intensity of the cold or the absence of the pressure of the air which will arrest the functions? Will it be the balloon which will cease to have buoyancy or the observer who will be incapable of accompanying it? Of these questions we have at present no certain solution.

On arriving at this height only eight pounds of ballast remained, which it was judged prudent to preserve for the purpose of breaking their fall on approaching the ground. They hoped, however, to be able to remain some time at this great elevation to extend their observations; but although they closed the sleeve to check the escape of the gas, the rush from the rupture already mentioned was so considerable that the balloon began almost immediately to descend.

The elevation which was attained was very nearly the same as that which

had been formerly attained by M. Gay-Lussac, in his celebrated scientific ascent, and with that exception was the highest to which a human observer has ever reached.

One of the circumstances most remarkable attending the present ascent was, that the cold was manifested not gradually but suddenly, and that, within the last two thousand feet of the ascent, the law by which the fall of temperature was regulated, was suddenly disturbed at the moment that the observers were plunged into the atmosphere of icicles which the cloud transported with it.

Thus we find in the preceding table that at the moment of the eleventh observation, when their height was nearly 21,000 feet, the temperature was 13°, being nineteen degrees below the freezing point, while at the height of 21,366 feet the temperature fell to 31° below Zero, and a further fall to 38° below Zero took place in the next 1600 feet. It is certain that this rigorous cold is not an essential condition of the height to which the observers had ascended, since when Gay-Lussac rose to the same height, the thermometer fell to only 15°. So great a difference as 53° between the two observations shows the great effect produced by the icy cloud which in the present case covered the firmament.

We have stated that the balloon entered this cloud at the elevation of 6,500 feet, and that it had not quite reached its upper surface at the height of 23,000 feet. It follows, therefore, that the thickness of that cloud must have been more than 16,500 feet, or upwards of three miles.

It was within two minutes of five o'clock when the balloon, having floated for some minutes at its greatest elevation, began rapidly to fall. The rent in the lower part, already mentioned, had augmented, and gas escaped in great quantities.

Having passed through the cloud with great rapidity, the descent becoming dangerous, all the disposable articles of any weight, except the instruments of observation themselves, and the last bags of ballast were thrown out; the blankets, the fur-boots, the provisions, wine, &c., were all flung overboard to moderate the descent. The danger of their situation did not, however, prevent the savans from com-

pleting their observations, and disposing of the instruments so as to protect them from fracture when the balloon should strike the earth.

When they emerged from the lower surface of the cloud, and saw the earth obscurely beneath them through the mist which prevailed, they threw out an anchor, suspended from a very long cord, so that it must touch the ground when the balloon would be still at a considerable elevation. They became sensible of the moment that this took place by the check given to the descent, the effect being the same as if as much ballast had been thrown over as is equal to the weight of the anchor. When their descent was again manifested, they threw out the last bags of sand. Meanwhile the wind carried the balloon parallel to the ground at a considerable speed. The anchor sweeping along the ground, at length caught in the roof of a cottage, forming part of a hamlet, and brought the balloon to rest. It happened, however, unfortunately, that a labourer employed in mending the roads being near, and imagining that the aeronauts did not desire to descend, deliberately cut the cable to which the anchor was attached, and sent the balloon again upwards to a height of two or three hundred feet. It soon, however, descended, and the cord from which the anchor had been cut swept the ground. Some peasants who were employed at the place seized the cord and brought the aerostat to rest. Finally the disembarkment was effected without further accident either to the aeronauts or the instruments.

We have stated that among the instruments taken up in the car were two flasks for the collection of air at different altitudes. When at the greatest elevation they attempted to fill these flasks, but, in endeavouring to open the stop-cock of one of them, it was broken from the numbness of their fingers. The other, however, was successfully filled. This was also destined to be lost by a provoking and vulgar accident after the descent.

The observers descended near the hamlet of Peux, in the arrondissement of Colommiers, in the department of the Seine and Marne, and not far from the Paris and Strasbourg Railway. A country cart was provided to transport them, with their instruments, to the nearest railway station. In doing this



the horse fell, and the only remaining flask of air, as well as one of the barometers, was broken by the shock.

The interval which elapsed between the moment of their departure from the Observatory and the moment at which they disembarked, was an hour and twenty-seven minutes, in which time they passed over a curve whose base measured on the ground was forty-two miles, its highest point being twenty-three thousand feet. A programme of the observations and experiments, to

be made at successive elevations, and in certain foreseen contingencies, had been prepared for them by MM. Arago and Regnault, but the accidental rupture of the balloon rendered it impossible to realise this, and the enterprise was, to a certain extent, again abortive; nevertheless, some of the facts and phenomena which were observed, and which we have explained in the present article, will be regarded with profound interest by all physical inquirers.

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#### INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.

WE have occasionally, in the pages of this magazine, noticed various measures introduced or passed by the legislature, which, in their design or results, were likely to be productive of great political and social changes. Some of these measures have been the great dividing watchwords of the several parties contending for the government of the empire; others, and not the least important, those which silently operate on the improvement of our fellow-man, in his domestic and civic relations. And we have thus endeavoured at once to influence opinion, and to present to our readers "a brief abstract and chronicle of the times." In pursuance of this plan, we shall now proceed to state in detail the establishment, the object, and policy, and working of the Incumbered Estates Court, and the share which it may probably assert in the future progress of Ireland.

In the early periods of our history the mercantile classes exercised very little influence on the spirit of legislation—the warlike barons, the large landed proprietors, engrossed all power, and, with a natural and excusable jealousy, endeavoured to perpetuate their power, by perpetuating in their families the property from which their power was almost wholly derived. Hence sprung the law of entail, and that which secured the freehold from being sold for payment of debts; and hence, too, the frequency and complexity of family settlements and intricate wills, giving but a limited dominion over estates to persons, as the

legal phrase termed them, *in esse*, and clogging those unborn with fetters and charges greatly restricting the utility of their interest in the descended inheritance. In the progress of time it was slowly discerned how unjust was the operation of these jealous precautions of the landed aristocracy. Creditors were frequently defrauded. The death of even an honest debtor allowed an entailed estate to descend to the next proprietor or heir in tail, freed from his ancestors', perhaps his parents' debts, and he again repeated the system of doubly spending his estate, squandering the income of which he could not be deprived, and the sums procured from the trusting confidence of his creditors. It was a very slight step to prevent the recurrence of this injustice, that by legal fictions, and not by the legislature, estates tail were allowed to be barred or defeated by some intricate legal machinery, and that a judgment-creditor was, by the generosity of those early law-makers, permitted to get into possession of the rents and profits of half the debtor's landed property; and that in Ireland, by a stretch of judicial authority, the absolute estates of a deceased debtor were liable to be sold to satisfy the demands of creditors by judgment. The reasonable demands of simple contract-creditors, who were frequently the most numerous and deserving class of creditors, to be paid by sale of their deceased debtors' estates, were long disregarded; and it was not until the year 1833 that fee-simple or freehold estates were made liable, by

an act of the legislature, for the payment of the simple contract debts of a deceased debtor. While such was the state of the law as regards judgments affecting fee-simple and freehold property, the spirit which was impressed upon all persons by the early legislation, extended to the owners of what are technically termed chattel interests in land; in ordinary language, to the owners of terms for years, *e. g.*, fifty, or one hundred, or one thousand years, even if rented from a fee-simple proprietor. These terms were also made the subject of strict settlements and of curious wills, and thus the practical state of the land, as regarded terms for years, was assimilated by the owner very closely to that of freeholds, neither being an effectual or easily sold security for payment of debts.

Some attempt to redress the injustice produced to creditors by this state of the law, was long since made in favour of the creditors of one class of the community—traders. The bankrupt code has long had a place amongst our statutes, but the redress was only partial and incomplete, and served but as a contrast to the injustice which, in other cases, was allowed to prevail to its fullest extent, and by which the property of debtors was secured from their creditors, or made available at a ruinous sacrifice of time and expense to both parties.

The only mode of proceeding known in Ireland to realise debts by sale of the landed property of the debtor was by a bill in either of the Courts of Equity, the Court of Chancery, or Equity side of the Exchequer. A judgment-creditor might, indeed, by a writ of execution called an *elegit*, issuing out of the court of common law in which he had obtained his judgment, get into possession of a moiety of the landed property of his debtor, and receive the rents until the debt was satisfied; and a mortgagee might, by ejectment, enter into possession of the land comprised in his security; but these remedies were subject to many disadvantages, and were generally productive of most expensive litigation between the creditor and debtor, to compel accounts of the sums due on foot of the judgment or mortgage, and of the receipts of the rents and profits received by the creditor out of the debtor's estate. It was a tardy remedy in either case, and no control could be

exercised over the debtor in the management of his temporary estate, of which he had the profits, but without the duties or powers resulting from regular ownership of the soil. It was deemed advisable to substitute for this species of legal remedy, by which the judgment-creditor could only get possession of half of the freehold lands of his debtor, and was subject to no control or moral responsibility in the exercise of his legal rights, a remedy in equity somewhat resembling the execution at law, in its being only a temporary divesting the owner of the profits of the land, and appointing receivers, subject to the control of the Court, in place of the bailiff or agent of the party, who was subject to no control whatever. Accordingly, in the year 1835, the legislature which, composed as the great majority of it then was, of landed proprietors, would have been startled at the novel proposition of making land readily saleable for payment of debts, did not hesitate to give judgment-creditors a remedy by receiver over all the debtor's estates until the debt was discharged. This was analogous to the old remedy by *elegit*, and was thought to be a considerable boon both to debtor and creditor; to the one, by rendering less frequent the wasteful remedy of *elegit*, and to the other, by allowing him, through the medium, indeed, of the intricate machinery of a Court of Equity, to enter into the receipt of the rents of all his debtor's lands, instead of being restricted to half. Nothing, however, could have been more disastrous than the effects of this legislation. The evils formerly prevailing, of there being temporary owners, unable and incapable, from their limited right in the land, to be judicious, improving, or even humane landlords, and wholly uninterested in the tenants' welfare, were increased one hundredfold. The lapse of fifteen years had extended receivers over all the counties in Ireland, and it is not an exaggeration to state, that if the system had not been checked, in a very short time one-half of the landed property in the kingdom would be subject to the baleful dominion of the Court of Equity and their officers' receivers. Bills for the sale of the debtor's estates were rather less frequent. By the operation of an Act, generally called "Pigott's Act," from the name of the Lord Chief Baron,

passed when he was Attorney-General, in the year 1840, a bill might be filed in the debtor's lifetime to raise, by sale of his estate, a judgment-debt due to his creditor: but the benefit to creditors of this provision will not appear very great, when we detail the machinery and progress of an ordinary suit for sale of the debtor's estate.

The first step to be taken by a mortgagee or judgment creditor to sell the estate, subject to the claims, was filing the bill. This was a long statement prepared and signed by counsel, setting forth, in the most minute and prolix language, the claims of the plaintiff, whether a creditor by mortgage, judgment, family settlement, or otherwise; and with the same minute accuracy tracing the title of the parties who conferred those rights on the plaintiff, and of all other persons having incumbrances affecting the estate to be sold. Every judgment or mortgage creditor had to be carefully sought out, and made a party to the suit, either by a formal notice as prescribed by the rules of the Court, framed in 1843, or by the more expensive and dilatory method of serving him with a *subpoena* to appear and answer the statements in the bill. If it appeared on the investigation of the title of those incumbrancers who were necessary parties as defendants, that since the creation of the incumbrance their rights had been the subject of settlements, or had passed by wills, or had devolved by law on others, they too had to be ascertained; and to make, as it was called, the suit "*perfect*," minor suits were frequently instituted in the Prerogative Court to obtain administration or probates, for no possible real good or advantage to the litigants, the creditors, or owners of the estate. The cause of all this merely preliminary expense was the doctrine that Courts of Equity acted against the persons of the suitors, and not against the property to be sold; that the Courts could not give any title; and that the only mode of transferring the legal estate in the land was by compelling all those who were made parties to the suit, and brought before the jurisdiction of the Court, to join in the conveyance to a purchaser, which then derived its validity, not from the adjudication of the Court, but from the acts of the parties. The Court gave no title to the land sold; *caveat emptor* was the

maxim on which it acted; and hence the necessity of the complexity of the suit and multiplicity of parties, the rule being, that every person who by possibility had an interest in the estate, or the proceeds of the sale, should be made a party to the suit. But the institution of such a suit did not prevent others; many such suits might be instituted by the several creditors on an estate, and fortunate indeed was the inheritor or nominal owner whose estate was the subject of only one suit in Equity, and not the prey to be pulled in pieces by rival suits in the same or rival Courts of Chancery and Equity Exchequer. To enhance the burden on the already oppressed proprietors, the legislature thought that impoverished estates and needy creditors were suitable objects for bearing taxation, and the several proceedings in the Equity Courts were subject to heavy and repeated stamp duties and fees of office. Every defendant to the suit was at liberty, and many were forced, to put in "answers" to the plaintiff's bill. This answer was a long, minute statement, prepared by counsel, and verified on the oath of the answering defendant, admitting or denying the formal allegation in the bill, and if he had any rights submitting them to the judgment of the Court. When all the answers were put in, then followed the necessary proofs on the part of the plaintiffs and defendants, another fertile source of great delay and expense; and if the suit, originally perfect, did not experience some of the many cross accidents and expensive fractures caused by deaths, insolvencies, bankruptcies, marriages, assignments of the old parties, or births of new necessary parties, the case was brought to "a hearing." The preliminary stamp and fees may here be stated, and they, it will be noticed, are exclusive of attorneys' charges and counsel's fees. On filing the bill a sum of 12s. 6d. was payable; on each *subpoena*, which included four defendants, and of these there might be many score—in *Mahony v. Glengall* there were eighty answering defendants—10s. 2d.; on attested copies of all pleadings in the Court or Master's office (and the cause could not be heard without one complete set of copies taken out and paid for), 6d. per office sheet of seventy-two words was payable. This was so great a tax that £10 to £20, and even more, was a sum not

unfrequently paid for an attested copy of the plaintiff's bill, or a defendant's answer; and the stamps on the other documents, as affidavits, &c., were equally oppressive.

Suppose, however, all this expense was incurred, that every necessary party, whose presence before the Court was essential to make the suit complete, was properly represented, that the suit had not been subject to or had survived the various cross accidents before alluded to, it was in due time, after many months had elapsed from the commencement, frequently after some years' delay, brought to the first hearing. The great delay which usually, and indeed almost necessarily, elapsed from the institution of a suit to this hearing, may be best judged of from one of the Orders of Chancery, made in the year 1843, and which had for its object the cheapening and expediting proceedings in the Court. By the eighty-first Order, it is provided, "that if, after the expiration of *ten* years after the filing of an original bill, the cause shall not have been heard by the Court on the pleadings, the same, and all supplemental bills and bills of revision shall, at the expiration of such *ten* years, be dismissed out of Court without costs, unless, upon application to the Court by motion before such period, the Court shall think fit to allow the plaintiff further time to prosecute his cause." This period of ten years was then deemed a reasonable time to allow the plaintiff to mature his cause to the first hearing; and those who have had any acquaintance with the practice of the Court will readily admit, that this period was not too hastily or unnecessarily adopted. Similar delays produced a corresponding rule in the Court of Exchequer. The cause being set down for "a decree to account," or first hearing, briefs were given to counsel for the plaintiff and the several defendants who appeared in the cause. Plaintiffs generally had three counsel; defendants two; and the importance of the hearing, and the utility of this expense, which could not be avoided, may be judged of from the fact, that an ordinary mortgage or judgment creditor's suit was usually heard as a "short cause," and occupied not more than five minutes in the hearing and solemn adjudication. The plaintiff's junior counsel said, "I open the bill;" the

several counsel for the defendants said, "I open the answer of A. B., one of the defendants;" and then, the plaintiff's senior counsel generally stated his client's case, thus:—"This, my lord, is a bill filed by C. D., a judgment-creditor of E. F., deceased, or creditor by mortgage of E. F., to raise the amount of the incumbrance vested in him, and affecting the lands in the pleadings named, and prays the usual accounts; and the rights of the plaintiff are not contested, and we shall therefore, with your lordship's permission, take the usual decree to account." This, or some similarly short sentence, being uttered, the Lord Chancellor added a brief assent, and the decree was afterwards drawn up formally, by which one of the Masters of the Court was required to report what was due for principal, interest, and costs, on foot of the plaintiff's demands, and also to ascertain the sums due to all other parties having incumbrances, such as judgments, mortgages, family charges, &c., affecting the lands sought to be sold. We shall not more fully describe the practice and evils of this expensive absurdity, by which years and vast expense were consumed in obtaining a formal preliminary inquiry by a subordinate officer of the Court. They were forcibly detailed in the evidence of Isaac Butt, Esq., and of Sir Edward Sugden, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland, before the Committee on the Poor laws, which sat during the Session in the year 1849.

After the great delay, and heavy labour, and vast expense of this formal adjudication, it might, perhaps, be expected that but little else remained to be done, to entitle the patient incumbrancer to get his money, and to release the unfortunate proprietor from the toils and horrors of equity suits. Not so. The plaintiff having obtained a decree to account, thought that a vast feat had been accomplished, and generally recruited his exhausted strength and purse by a long sleep of months, and then leisurely proceeded to have the account of his demand, and those of others affecting the estates, taken in the Master's office, where every part of the machinery was calculated to create delay, and could not be set in motion without expense. First, a copy of the decree was brought into the office; the time allowed for this step was two months from the



pronouncing of the decree; and then at the same measured pace followed a summons to all parties to take the Master's directions, on which summons, of course, was a stamp, amount thirteen shillings, and a fee of one shilling was payable for each party served; these charges, filed at long intervals by each claimant, which were in fact half-length portraits of the bill and answers, set out with great prolixity the nature and amount of the claims; and if these were disputed, a discharge denying or qualifying each statement was filed by the plaintiff, or other party authorised by the Master; summons and additional meetings followed for each charge filed, and at last, after a necessary delay of many months (it was very seldom indeed that the accounts were taken within three years), the report was drawn up, and, if no objection was made, settled and approved of by the Master. This report, as was every pleading in the Courts of Equity, was a long document, stating the date and substance of every mortgage, charge, or judgment affecting the lands, which was proved before the Master, and finding the relative priorities; and annexed to the report were generally attached schedules, which were repetitions, in a concise form, of all the previous reports, and were usually the only intelligible or useful part of it.

The report of the Master being at length obtained, the cause was a second time set down for hearing on report and merits, when a repetition of the expensive formalities of the first hearing took place, and then what was called a *final* decree, but which term "final" by no means included a termination of the proceedings, was made, directing payment of the several incumbrances by the owner of the lands within six months, and in default that the lands should be sold for payment of the several reported charges. The time passed without payment, and the preparations for sale were made in the same leisurely manner that characterised all the previous proceedings. We before stated that the Courts of Equity did not attempt to warrant the title to a purchaser, and conferred no title by its decree. Hence, all persons claiming interests in the estate were made parties to the suit, and the final decree being pronounced, the title to the lands was rigidly investigated by the plaintiff's solicitor, previous to obtaining a posting

for sale of the premises. An abstract of the title was drawn out from such information as he could obtain, and submitted to his counsel. His duty was to read the abstract and all the proceedings in the cause, and then state his opinion whether a good title was made out, and all proper parties before the Court, to force a purchaser to accept the title, or what the defects were, and how they could be remedied by conditions of sale, additional bills, and decrees, or otherwise. Supposing the title good, and the proper parties before the Court, the property advertised, and the day of sale arrived, it did not at all follow that the lands were sold; on the most frivolous suggestion of any of the parties, on the complaint of some creditor whose demand the fund never could pay, on a hint from the plaintiff that some fifty pounds more might be obtained at another time, the sale was postponed, and this might occur frequently. The person having the carriage of the sale had almost an absolute control over it, and repeated adjournments were usually the course before the estate was finally sold.

But when at last the land was sold the delays were not over; the purchaser had to investigate the title, and to be satisfied that the facts were correct; frivolous objections were made and removed, substantial ones argued before the Master, and from his decision there were appeals to the Master of the Rolls and Chancellor, and after another delay, always of months, often of years, the title was perhaps accepted by the purchaser; and then if the funds were more than the expenses of the suit, the money was distributed, after another prolix document was prepared, called the allocation report, attended with the same formal preliminaries of orders and summonses.

We have, perhaps, been ourselves guilty of the faults which we ascribed to equity proceedings—of great delay and prolixity; but it is necessary to bring before our readers the very great evils attending proceedings in these courts, that they may judge how urgent was the necessity for applying some prompt and effectual remedy; and if that remedy is attended with some inconvenience, how greatly the advantages preponderate. In fact, the mischiefs arising from the former state of the law and the practice of



Courts of Equity can scarcely be over-rated. The general result may be briefly stated, that they produced to proprietors the most grievous oppression, to creditors the most extensive injustice, and to this kingdom the most alarming social and political evils. The most cautious and prudent owner, inheriting property even slightly burthened, when once involved in the meshes of a Chancery suit, could never extricate himself; his property was squandered, his family and creditors ruined by the wasteful delays and the expensive litigation which he could not avoid, and all control over his tenants and the management of his estate, assumed by an irresponsible Court and careless official receivers. Such a proprietor could not hope by even a proceeding in a Court of Equity instituted by himself or a friendly creditor, to sell a portion of his property sufficient to defray the charges on it, for the same expense and delay were incurred, and the same clogged machinery was to be worked, whether the suit was by the owner or creditor. All efforts to retrieve his affairs, when once involved, were vain; and while he beheld the gradual approach of certain ruin to himself, his family, and his estate, his creditors were equally unfortunate; a period of twenty years could not ensure the estate being sold, and the proprietor was oppressed and the creditor defrauded. We need scarcely add, that to this system of expensive procedure there was but one more evil which could enhance the oppression and injustice—that was, the appointment of receivers over the proprietors' property. Each suit produced its receiver, and there were many more under the joint operation of Pigott's and the Sheriffs' Acts. No worse system can be devised for the interests of debtors, creditors, or indeed of the country generally, than the appointment of receivers; and we are happy to see that by an Act which has just received the royal assent, the nuisance of receivers, as to all future judgments, has been abolished. They are persons who fulfil the harshest duties of agents, without having any power to improve the estate of which the nominal management is confided to them. No leases can be made, nor indulgence given by them to encourage good tenants; and they are powerless to correct or exclude bad tenants. Their

sole interest is to collect as much money as possible from the tenants, and this without the least reference to the advantage of the inheritor, while the estate is burthened with far greater costs than are incident to ordinary agencies or the general management of estates; as no step can be taken by a receiver without laying a previous statement of facts before the Master in Chancery, and obtaining his sanction for his proceedings, and the receiver's solicitor cannot discourage proceedings so profitable to himself, and without which his client's safety might be compromised. The management of an estate by receivers has, from these causes, been found most demoralising in its influences; there is no kindly intercourse or sympathy between landlord and tenant; and the tenantry are generally the worst in the country, there being a total absence of all useful superintendence or control over them. These evils are confessed by persons most competent to form a correct judgment on them—the present Master of the Rolls and Sir Edward Sugden, in their evidence before the Poor Law Committee in 1849; but it is unnecessary to confirm by authority facts unhappily too notorious to the landed proprietors in every county in Ireland.

While the lands were rapidly deteriorated under the management of the courts, and the tenants neglected and demoralised, the appointment of a receiver was always a great inducement to the parties in the suit to delay proceedings; the rents, such portions of them as were collected, were brought into Court, and served as a spoil, from time to time, to pay interest and defray costs; and creditors who would have urged their solicitors to increased diligence, rested silenced, if not satisfied, so long as some part of the interest of their demands was paid, and expected with more patience the long-deferred period for the liquidation of their claims. In no case will it be found that an estate subject to receivers was well managed or the rents well paid; the tenants invariably fell into arrear; and as instances, out of many, we may mention the Morganure estate of Mr. D'Arcy of Clifden, on which, during the period it was subject to receivers, eight years' arrears of rent were suffered to accumulate; and *In re Perceval*, where, in a rental

of £800 *per annum*, the arrears due in 1849 amounted to £6000.

Such was the unsatisfactory state of the law in Ireland when the Corn Law Bill of Sir Robert Peel passed. The predictions that the value of land and the amount of rents would be depreciated by its influence were, unfortunately, too soon realised. Four years of unexampled famine—wasteful expenditure of poor-rates, added their influence—and rents fell nearly one-third, and the desire of possessing land and the value of it fell also in an equal ratio. Those proprietors who before, by rigid economy and good management, had succeeded in keeping down the interest on the incumbrances, and were free from the trammels of the Court of Chancery, found themselves unable any longer to struggle with circumstances; their rents were unpaid, they became unable to pay the interest with which creditors were before content, and their estates were subjected to receivers, and all the attendant evils, and they had nothing to look forward to but the long-deferred sale reserved by the Court—a sale of the estate when wasted under the management of receivers, greatly deteriorated in value, and with vastly increased liabilities. It was impossible to adjust the claims of creditors to the altered circumstances of the times; and while the property, to meet their demands, was depreciated, the creditors' claims were increased by an accumulation of interest. It was universally admitted that some sharp and decisive legislation had now become necessary to extricate all classes, proprietors and creditors, from the ruinous delays of Chancery, and to atone for long past neglect, if that indeed were possible, by recent vigilance over those interests which had before been fatally neglected. Accordingly an Act to facilitate the Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland was passed in the year 1848; but this statute, 11 & 12 Vict., c. 48, owing either to the original error in the conception of giving summary jurisdiction to the Court of Chancery, or to the rules framed for its working, was wholly inoperative; and it is sufficient to state that under its provisions not a single estate was sold. Some attempts were indeed made to avail of the powers conferred by it, but no sale had taken place, and it was generally considered that as a measure

to facilitate sales of landed estates, it was an entire failure.

The utter inefficiency of this Act was exposed in the evidence to which we have more than once alluded, given before the Poor-law Committee of 1849; and it became an object of much importance to Government to correct former errors and retrieve blunders by some more successful legislation. The hint for a measure more extensive in its nature, and potent as a corrective of the social evils under which this country laboured from the difficulty of selling incumbered estates, and from the long oppression of the Court of Chancery, was afforded by a speech of a statesman now no more, Sir Robert Peel, a speech as specious and brilliant as his best efforts were, and which must be still fresh in the recollection of our readers, from having excited into a momentary enthusiasm to do good to Ireland, without a view to profit, the Corporation of London. The then Solicitor, now Attorney General, Sir J. Romilly, quickly acted on the hints derived from the large views of the former premier, and the Act 12 and 13 Victoria, c. 77, was brought into parliament, and after receiving some useful additions and amendments, obtained the royal assent 28th July, 1849. We scarcely recollect any instance in which an Act of so great importance met with such general approval in both houses; and the scope and object of it, apart from its details, were hailed with satisfaction by all classes in the community.

We shall now lay before our readers the chief objects of the Act, the mode in which it has hitherto been worked, and its probable effects on our social system. The Act now familiarly known as the Incumbered Estates Act, empowered her Majesty to appoint, during her Majesty's pleasure, three persons to fill the office, and to be styled "The Commissioners for Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland." The duration of the appointment was not to exceed five years from the passing of the Act. The Commissioners were to be a Court of Record, and were empowered to frame general rules for regulating the proceedings under the Act; which, when approved of by the Privy Council, and enrolled in the Court of Chancery, were to have the same effect as if they *had been enacted by authority of parliament*. They were

also directed to frame and promulgate forms of application and other directions for the guidance of the suitors. These and some other provisions, principally incidental to the proper discharge of their duties, may be briefly stated. The important powers confided to them were, that the Commissioners were empowered in a summary way, on the application, within three years from the passing of the Act, of an owner or incumbrancer, as defined by the Act, on land or leases, to sell the lands or leases for payment of the charges affecting them; and that the effect of a conveyance executed by the Commissioners should be to pass the fee-simple and inheritance of the land, thereby expressed to be conveyed, subject to such tenancies, leases, and under-leases, as shall be expressed therein, discharged from all former and other estates, rights, titles, charges, and incumbrances whatsoever, of all persons, including Her Majesty and her heirs, whomsoever. Similar stringent effects were given to the Commissioners' conveyance of a leasehold interest, and thus the Act confers on the purchaser, in the execution of his conveyance by the Commissioners, a perfect unquestionable parliamentary title. The importance of this provision is immense; the saving to purchasers will, in each instance, be very great; that to the estate will not be inconsiderable; but the increased confidence from increased security has, in every case, added much to the present value of property, while the new owners will have a title marketable with perfect readiness and security to future purchasers. The Commissioners were to investigate the title, might sell by public auction or private sale, and might distribute the purchase-money; or in fit cases pay the sum realised by the sale into the Court of Equity, in any suit pending there. But there were other provisions of nearly equal importance to those enumerated. On the order for sale being made by the Commissioners, they were directed, by certificate under their seal, to notify their order to the Courts of Equity in which any proceedings relating to the lands to be sold were then pending; and then all proceedings for or in relation to a sale under the decree of said Court were to be stayed. The importance of this provision, and the relief to incumbered proprietors and long-delayed debtors,

may be judged of from this one fact, that by the 231 petitions first presented no less than 400 suits in Equity, pending for sale of the lands comprised in the petitions, were stayed. Other powers, such as of exchanging lands, apportioning rents, and partition, were given to the Commissioners, and the cheapness and expedition of their proceedings in partition cases can be advantageously contrasted with the partition suit of *Herbert v. Hedges*, in the Court of Exchequer. It was commenced in the year 1829; prosecuted with diligence; was terminated in 1842; and the stamp-duty alone paid on two decrees was over £100. The entire effect of this suit would have been obtained from the Commissioners in a few weeks, and at an expense not greater than that of the stamps paid on the Exchequer decrees.

Such is a very brief outline of the powers vested in the Commissioners; and when we add, that their decrees and orders were to be absolute and conclusive, no appeal lying from their decision, save on their permission; that their general orders were to have the effect of Acts of Parliament, and that the title given by them is conclusive against the world, it is at once manifest how large, and extensive, and arbitrary were these powers, and how great was the trust confided to Government in the selection of men to fill the office of Commissioners in this new tribunal. Baron Richards, one of the judges of the Court of Exchequer, Mountfort Longfield, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., Professor of Law in our University, and C. J. Hargreave, Esq., who filled a similar situation in the University of London, were nominated Commissioners, and they immediately applied themselves to framing rules and forms for the regulation of the proceedings in their court. These rules received the sanction of the Privy Council on the 17th October, 1849, and thence may be dated the constitution of the Court; and in a few days after the Commissioners sat publicly for the dispatch of business, and have since continued their labours without intermission.

We shall now state some of the startling results exhibited by the working of this tribunal. The torrent of litigation long pent and dammed up in the Courts of Equity found a free outlet; inheritors oppressed with receivers,

and nearly ruined by the expensive litigation to which their property was subjected; creditors before hopeless of ever realising their demands, all sought relief in the exercise of the powers vested in this untried tribunal. The number of petitions or applications for sale made to this Court from 17th October, 1849, to 1st August, 1850, is 1,085; and of this number, those by owners amounted to 177—very nearly one-sixth of the whole. The rental of the estates thus sought to be sold by the nominal proprietors, anxious to be relieved of their burdens, was £195,000 per annum, and the incumbrances affecting them amounted to £3,260,000! The rentals of the estates included in the 1,085 applications amounted to £655,470 18s. 7d., and the debts to £12,400,348.

Now, certainly this shows a state of things which called loudly for remedy. The estimated rental of the entire of Ireland was, in 1841, £5,600,000. The latest poor-law valuation makes the net value of all landed property rateable to the relief of the poor, £13,187,421 5s. 8d.; and whether we regard the one calculation or the other, we here have presented to us, in the schedules of these petitions, facts showing how considerable a portion of the landed estates in this kingdom was only nominally the estates of those before considered as the proprietors, and how vast and pressing were the evils of those courts of equity by which persons were allowed to have the nominal proprietorship in the soil, and those really interested were prevented from recovering the debts due to them. Even had the rush into this new court ceased on the 1st August, the number of petitions previously presented, and the great extent of interests affected by the working of the Court, would have justified and even demanded its institution, and would have shown the desire to avoid the Court of Chancery, even by resorting "to the ills we know not of." But there does not seem as yet any likelihood of a pause or check to the number of petitions which will be presented before the expiration of the three years limited for that purpose; for though it might be naturally thought that the largest properties and most embarrassed estates would at the first be brought before the Court, since the 1st of Aug. to the 12th, the day we are

now writing, forty-five additional petitions have been lodged, many of them for the sale of large estates—one including a rental of £14,800 per annum, by the owner, a titled individual.

But the really frightful state of litigation in which creditors have been long kept in the Court of Chancery, the difficulties, almost reaching to impossibility, of recovering just and well-ascertained demands, will be most forcibly illustrated by reference to a few cases now brought before the Commissioners, to redress, if possible, the wrongs of former generations of litigants. In one matter, in which the estate is now brought before the Incumbered Estates' Court, called *In re Hamilton*, a series of Chancery receivers has been over the property for the last seventy years, the original bill having been filed by the great Lord Mansfield in the year 1781, to raise the amount of a clear, uncontested mortgage; and since that time every species of bill named in Lord Redesdale's "Treatise on Equity Pleadings," and facetiously enumerated by Mr. Keogh in the House of Commons, has been filed; and now, after this litigation, at how vast an expense it is almost needless to hint, the estates, which should have been sold more than half a century since, are brought for sale before the Commissioners. In other cases the litigation, or rather vain effort at deriving some benefit from the Courts of Equity, commenced more than forty years ago. *In re Lysaght*, the first bill was filed in 1802, and after a sacrifice of successive estates for the mere costs of the proceedings, any one of which would have paid debt and costs if sold in this court, the remnant is now brought into the Incumbered Estates' Court.

We may incidentally mention many others, in which the earliest generation of litigants have long passed away; and after forty years' unsuccessful attempts to realise demands by sale, a new generation, heirs to the claims and suits, have brought their petitions before the Commissioners. *Re Cooke*—first bill filed in 1811; and since that there have been five different suits, which were all heard together in the case of *Bennett v. Bernard*; and the only questions in the case arise from the long litigation. *Re Sir J. Bourke*—the first bill was filed in 1817; and since that there have been







the claims on it, presents a "petition" to the Commissioners, verified by the affidavit of himself or his solicitor. The petition states, in the shortest and simplest language, the date and parties' names to the mortgage or judgment; that the mortgagor had such an estate in the lands sought to be sold, and which are described by reference to a schedule annexed to the petition, as enabled him to execute the mortgage, or charge the lands by judgment or otherwise; that the petitioner is owner of the charge or lands, as the case is, and states who is in receipt of the rents of the premises, and whether as mere tenant for life or absolute owner, subject to the charges thereon. If any proceedings have been taken in Chancery or Equity Exchequer, the petition briefly states the dates, and shortly the object and effect of them; and if decrees or reports have been made in these suits, refers to copies of those decrees, &c., sent with the petition to the Commissioners. The petition also states the sums remaining due on account of the petitioner's claims; whether any infants or other persons, such as idiots, married women, or lunatics, are interested in the estate to be sold, and that in another schedule has been set out the several incumbrances affecting the premises, and in whom the same are vested, according to the petitioner's information, and prays a sale of the lands in the said schedule, or of a competent part, for the discharge of the incumbrances affecting the premises. Annexed to the petition are two schedules, the blank forms of which are printed and sold by all the law-stationers, and which can readily be filled up by any solicitor; one setting out, in columns, under appropriate heads, the names of the lands; stating whether held in fee or under lease; and tenants' names, tenures, rent, and arrears, &c., as far as is known to the petitioner. The other states, in similar columns, the dates of the several incumbrances, including petitioner's, how created, by mortgage, judgment, or otherwise; for what amount, what rate of interest, and what is due at the foot of each charge. In these schedules is presented, at one clear view, to the Commissioners, the state of the property, and the amount of incumbrances affecting it. There is then an abstract of the petitioner's title, which often is similarly concise, and stating in plain

language, stripped of technical formalities, the date of petitioner's claim, how and by whom it was created, and how by assignment, or as executor, or otherwise, it is vested in the petitioner. All these documents are verified by a short affidavit, made by the petitioner or his attorney, stating that he has read the petition, including the schedules and the abstract of title, and that he believes the said petition and schedules to be true, and that he believes the abstract to be a correct and fair abstract of the petitioner's title. Such is the form of application to the Court, and the petition, which need not be prepared by counsel, or even by a solicitor (in practice, however, it is prepared by a solicitor, and often perused by counsel, with a much smaller fee than is paid on preparing a bill in Equity), is really not much longer than the account which we have in these few lines given of it; and even with the easily-drawn schedules and abstract, is a much shorter document, more useful and intelligible, than a short bill in Equity. If the abstract is a full one, it saves expense at a subsequent stage of the matter, and hence sometimes a long full abstract is presented; but it is not at first required by the Court, and a perfect petition, schedules, and abstract may be presented for the sale of extensive estates, which, printed all together, would not occupy four columns of this magazine. The entire number for this month would not suffice to contain one such bill as was filed in *Mahony v. Glengall*, or in *Blount v. Portarlington*.

The petition being presented, and on which, or on any proceedings in the court, no fees or stamps are payable, accompanied with copies of any decrees or reports in Chancery or Exchequer, if proceedings were pending there, is sent in its order to one of the Commissioners, who thenceforth has the entire control or management of all matters connected with or arising out of it, subject however to the right of any party to refer any matter to the full Court by a simple motion. The Commissioner reads the petition, looks at the schedule, peruses accurately the decrees and abstract, and if he sees that the petitioner is entitled to have the lands sold, makes a conditional order that they shall be sold, unless cause is shown to the contrary, within a period fixed in the

order, after service on the parties named by the Commissioners. This period is twenty-eight days, when no proceedings have been pending in a Court of Equity for a sale of the lands, and ten days when proceedings are pending, to which the persons served were made parties, and appeared by a solicitor. The Commissioner from reading the various documents sent to him readily discovers who are the parties interested or entitled to oppose a sale, and directs service of the conditional order on them, always including the person in receipt of the rents of the lands to be sold. This order being served, at the expiration of the time limited, if no extension of time is applied for by the party on whom the order is served, and no cause is shown, the order for sale is made absolute; and thus in about six weeks the entire effect of the decree to account, and final decree for a sale, is produced by the order of the Commissioners, and made generally at an expense not exceeding the costs of a single brief at the first hearing of an Equity suit. If any person insists that a sale should not take place he files a short affidavit, stating his objections, and then on a motion to the Court, and at a very trifling expense, the cause is discussed, and the petition dismissed, or order for sale made absolute.

Such is the outline of the preliminary formalities attending the mere order for sale. It is evident, however, that this is the least important part, though so great a source of expense in Chancery, and that the subsequent proceedings, arranging the mode in which the estate is to be sold, investigating the title, the sale, and the distribution of the purchase-money, are the substantial parts of the proceedings, and of these we shall shortly detail the management. Each Commissioner writes in his book the date and person who presents the petition, and every future step in the matter is also entered by him under the same head; and thus, as in a well-kept ledger, every transaction with the same is from time to time noted; the Commissioner has constantly before him a record of the commencement and progress of each matter in his chamber. The person entrusted with the carriage of the proceedings must, on the order for sale being made absolute, proceed with due diligence to ascertain the tenants on the es-

tate to be sold, who they are, how and at what rents they hold, and all other necessary information connected with the estate; and for this purpose, from such information as he can collect, he draws up a rental, and serves a copy of the part relating to him on each tenant, requiring him to object if his tenure has been improperly stated. He must also advertise, in papers having general circulation, for all parties having claims or charges on the estate to send in to the Commissioners a notice of their claims before a limited time, and must deduce a full abstract of title, from deeds or memorials in the registry, to the estate to be sold. All these steps are progressing simultaneously, and hence the rapidity of proceedings in this Court, the useless and most expensive steps of formal hearings having been discarded, and the really useful proceedings being contemporaneous and not consecutive. The Commissioners proceed, indeed, in an inverse method to the Court of Chancery. There the course was, first, a hearing and decree to account, then an order for sale; in the Incumbered Estates Court the order for sale precedes the account—the investigation of title and accounts proceeds together. The abstract of title is most rigidly investigated by the same Commissioner, and compared with the title-deeds, which every one having must bring into court; and searches in the registry-offices of deeds and judgments are directed, both to prevent any imposition on the Court, and to discover all parties having by possibility claims on the lands to be sold, or on the proceeds of the sale when brought into Court. The title being approved of and searches completed, tenants' leases and other documents lodged, a posting for sale is permitted, the rental is prepared, surveys and valuations, if deemed advisable, ordered; and if no eligible price is offered in a private bidding, the estate is, after full and repeated advertisements in Ireland, in England, and at times in Scotland, sold by the Commissioners by public auction in open Court, the money lodged immediately by the purchaser, and a final schedule of incumbrances being prepared from the searches and claims, on further advertisements, the purchase-money, after payment of costs of sale and other proceedings, is distributed to the creditors.

The full Court sits twice a-week, Wednesdays and Saturdays, for motions, at twelve; and generally has sales also twice a-week; and the Commissioners on other days sit in chamber at eleven, A.M., for routine business.

Such is an outline of the course of proceedings before this new tribunal; and we must at least admit that it has been found most effectual for the despatch of business. The amount of sales effected and the sums distributed would alone show that much has been done by them, and that the rapidity of their proceedings contrast most happily with the former grievous delays in Chancery. Indeed it will be but necessary to state that in one case—Mr. D'Arcy's—where no proceedings were pending in Chancery, an owner having family charges affecting a large property in the county of Westmeath, presented his petition to the Commissioners in December; part of the estate was sold, perfectly to his satisfaction, for nearly £50,000, and all parties paid their demands before the 10th of August; and the expenses were defrayed by the slight gain on the stock in which the proceeds of the sale were for a few weeks invested previous to distribution.

How great is the contrast in mere rapidity here presented to the cases we have enumerated, and to the hundreds of others, which, after pending for many years in Chancery, have been at length brought before the Incumbered Estates Court. So there have been many cases of partition completed by this Court since it first sat in October, 1849, and each of them, like the suit of *Herbert v. Hedges*, would have consumed years of time, and in costs have nearly exhausted the estate, if the proceedings had been in Chancery.

But the important question after all is, how far does this arbitrary Court give satisfaction to the public, and distribute justice to its suitor? It is admittedly superior in all the great advantages of facility and economy, as well as rapidity, to the time-preserved tribunal of the Court of Chancery; its efficiency in merely selling estates will not be denied; but has it received the confidence of the public, and have not loud and frequent complaints been made, even in parliament, of the great injustice which it was instrumental in effecting, and the ruinous sacrifices of

the estates sold by the Commissioners, and the tardiness with which they distributed the sums realised by the low prices obtained for them? Complaints have been made, and in both Houses of Parliament, but we believe without foundation. They have unfortunately assumed too general a form, and they cannot, therefore, be specially refuted, nay, even examined. There will at all times be a considerable number of persons interested in upholding old institutions, though requiring the severest amendments; many practitioners of both branches of the legal profession, who love not to deviate from the well-worn and familiar track in which their younger days were passed, and many whom mere jealousy will lead to condemn any innovations on well-established routine. The complaints of such persons, and their censures of the Incumbered Estates Court, would be readily received; and we think that the very arbitrary power with which the Commissioners are invested, and their Court being, in some respects, a departure from former principles, should entitle such complaints and censures to indulgence; but they may, if too carelessly credited, injure the efficiency of a Court whose jurisdictions they are not calculated to improve, but wholly to annul. That those complaints are not generally considered well-founded may at once be seen, from the confidence reposed in its proceedings by those most interested—the owners of estates and their creditors. We have before given the number of petitions presented; and the large estates daily brought within the jurisdiction of the Commissioners, notwithstanding the celebrity of the strictures on their acts, is a fact which, with candid minds, would outweigh any censures, however loudly and often repeated, which did not particularise the instances in which error or injustice had been committed. It has indeed been frequently stated, that the estates sold by the Commissioners have been sold much below their real value, and that they have refused to permit adjournments of the sales. Now as to the estates sold by them having been generally sold at an undervalue, we suspect there has been a very great misconception prevailing. The Commissioners have always taken care that the conduct of the sales should be en-

trusted to those most interested in bringing the estate most judiciously and profitably into the market. If the owner is petitioner, or that, by any fair estimate of the value of the estate and of the debts, he can hope for a surplus, he will, if he pleases, be entrusted with the conduct of the sale; when any contest arises as to the proper person, the owner's choice and those of the creditors will be deliberately weighed; every precaution is taken in settling rentals, and publishing advertisements to make the estates appear eligible investments; and hence it would appear that some unhappy fatality, some important causes, exist to make the estates sell badly, other than any misconduct or want of judgment in the Commissioners. They indeed have means of forming estimates of the true value of the properties sold, which the public generally are not aware of, and which, for obvious reasons, they do not always too readily circulate. They have the poor-law and Griffith's valuation for guides as to the estimated value; if those interested in the conduct of the sales require it, other surveys and valuations by most competent parties will be ordered; where receivers have been over the estates, their accounts are produced; thus the Commissioners are enabled to compare the actual produce of the estate with its estimated value, the receipts with the rental, the real with the nominal worth of the property. The attention and competition of the numerous moderate capitalists is invited by offering estates for sale in lots, which it would be utterly impossible to effect in Chancery, while large capitalists have ample choice of extensive purchases in one lot, when, from the nature and circumstances of the estate, it would seem an eligible one to be sold undivided. In many cases, and we more particularly allude to the sales of the Bodkin Galway property, and such parts of the large Portarlinton estate as have as yet been offered in the market, prices have been realised ranging from twenty-two to twenty-seven years' purchase, from the judicious management of the sales, and the prudence with which the lots have been arranged; and we may add, that while sales in small sections can be effected in the Incumbered Estates Court, almost without additional expense, it

would be impossible to sell in Chancery a large estate in moderate lots; and we have been assured by the highly intelligent solicitors by whom the sales of the Portarlinton estate are conducted, that if they were to be sold in similar divisions under the Court of Chancery, the expenses would most probably far exceed £50,000. In the Incumbered Estates Court the expense will scarce be one-tenth of that sum.

But in forming any opinion on the prices at which the estates have been sold, it must be remembered how greatly rents have been practically abated within the last few years, though the rents nominally reserved still contribute to swell the rentals. There has been no general legal reduction of rents to suit altered prices and diminished values of produce; but when any payments of rent have been received, large temporary sacrifices have been made by the proprietors with the hope, vain, far, and distant though it was, of rents and prices, at some future period, reaching their former state, and then that they might have the tenants bound to pay the rents which were originally stipulated. But to a purchaser, as well as to the proprietor, the only correct way of estimating the true value of an estate is from the rents which have been paid, not from a rental deduced from the lettings made long prior to the present fall in prices and value of land. The county or poor-law union in which the lands are situate naturally exercises a great influence on bidders; for it is vain to tell the public that an estate is sold at a sacrifice, because no more than ten or twelve years' purchase on the rental is obtained, the estate, perhaps, being in some notorious part of Tipperary or Limerick, or in the poor-law union of Kanturk or Ballina, Westport or Clifden, and the rental payable by cottiers, whose highest rent may average some ten or fifteen pounds, and whose families are receiving relief from poor-rates. Now, indeed, former mismanagement of estates is severely visited, sometimes, perhaps, on innocent proprietors. The desire to create a numerous class of voters, or exact a high rental from small tenants, is now punished with high poor-rates and low prices for estates managed in such a spirit; but whenever the estates sold have been eligibly circumstanced as to

tenants and poor-law unions, the prices obtained by the Commissioners have given the most ample satisfaction to all the parties interested; and, as instances, we may bring to the recollection of our readers the estates of Mr. D'Arcy in Westmeath, of Mr. Bodkin in Galway, of Lord Portarlington, Mr. Jessop, and portions of Mr. O'Connell's estate in Kerry. Thus, out of the entire estates sold, considerably more than one-fourth has, it is well known, brought *high* prices.

But there have been three cases adduced by the censurers of this Court, and on which all their general condemnation is, we suspect, attempted to be justified. One, the oft-mentioned property of Mr. M'Loughlin in Mayo; another, a portion of Mr. C. D. Purcell's estate; and another, a farm of Mr. Syme's. The first was eagerly seized on—the property had been sold at *one and a-half* years' purchase on the *rental*. Now the facts of this case, and which, though often exposed in both houses of Parliament, are still relied on as condemnatory of the conduct of the Commissioners, are these: the tract of land sold was a leasehold interest, subject to the rent of £210 per annum; it was situated on a promontory of the County of Mayo, opposite the Island of Achill, and in the line of unions, Ballina, Westport, Clifden, all insolvent; the rental, payable by wretched cottier-tenants, many of them holding, too, *in common*, was £600 per annum, but this was purely ideal; it had not been paid for years, and the head-rent was in arrear. Under such circumstances few would, we think, like to accept this estate as a present; and accordingly, the hardy purchaser who bought it for £600, or one and a-half years' purchase on the profit-rent, very soon discovered the extent of his bargain, paid the costs of the sale, and got discharged from the purchase. This estate was a second time sold, and then brought £450, and the second purchaser quickly followed the example of the first; and, so far from thinking the purchase a bargain, took advantage of some informality in the rental, and he too was discharged from his purchase. But in each case the proprietor and those interested in having the lands sold to the best advantage, thought the farm sold at a high rate, and wished to retain the pur-

chaser; and the sympathy lavished in Parliament on this sacrifice of the estate by the Commissioners merely excited the ridicule of those parties. So, that part of Mr. Purcell's estate which was sold at about seven and a-half years' purchase on the rental, was a leasehold interest in the county of Cork, subject to a rent of £400 per annum; the sub-tenants were in arrear, and an ejectment had been brought for part of the premises. The owner and the creditors thought the estate sold to advantage. The purchaser soon found out that his bargain was not desirable, and he, too, notwithstanding the opposition of the persons having the carriage of the sale, was discharged from his purchase on account of misdescription in the rental. In Mr. Syme's case, the farm, which sold at one year's purchase on the nominal profit rent, was offered to be surrendered to the landlord, an offer which he refused; it was deserted by many of the tenants, and was subject to a rent of £200 per annum. In truth, what have been called "sacrifices" of property under the Commissioners remind us too strongly of shopkeepers' advertisements, "selling off at a ruinous sacrifice." Whoever buys will find out his error in thinking he has got a bargain, and he will be convinced that he would have been a more substantial gainer by purchasing for a higher price a less showy article. It may, indeed, be stated as the result of all the sales hitherto effected by the Commissioners, that well-circumstanced fee-simple estates sold at a high rate, and leaseholds indifferently. The latter are not in request, as the rent to which the purchaser is subject is certain, and the profit rent in general is badly secured and uncertain in amount.

There have been complaints, too, that the Commissioners do not readily attend to suggestions for an adjournment, if the price offered is not clearly inadequate; but in this instance, too, we think there can much be said to justify the Commissioners. The effect of adjournments is generally to depreciate the sale of the particular lot; it is an advertisement that, however flattering the description may be, there is some reason why it has not been considered an eligible purchase, or a fair price would have been offered when it was first put up; and the prac-



tice of adjourning the sale of estates has also a most injurious effect on sales generally. A recent sale in Chancery fully illustrates the probable effect of an adjournment on the future sale of an estate. In the year 1846 the sum of £30,500 was offered at a public sale in the Master's office for a portion of Lord Blessington's estate, and the sale was adjourned on some allegation that the price was insufficient. It was sold in the early part of last month in the same office for £23,000. In the Court of Exchequer a property was offered for sale in a cause of *Haines v. Powell*, in the year 1846, and £8,000 was bid for it; some puisne creditors, whom such a price would not pay, demanded an adjournment, and succeeded in procuring it. The estate has since been offered for sale, but without bidders. This depreciation is generally the effect of adjournments, and we could give many more instances of such consequences. We believe that not the least evil attending sales in Chancery was the facility with which an adjournment of the sale was permitted, thus certainly injuring creditors whose demands should be paid by the produce of the sale, in any event, for the sake of a possible service to puisne creditors, whose neglect it was to accept securities which could not be paid except the estate sold at some imaginary value. Adjournments of sales are so well known to be prejudicial, that the words, "To be sold without reserve," are notoriously adopted to secure spirited competition, and have that effect. As a mere question of right, no puisne creditor or inheritor can, with justice, peremptorily demand an adjournment, because he is dissatisfied. As well might a person who had pledged a horse or bale of wool, insist that the creditor should adjourn the sale, because the borrower disliked the sum offered. All that in justice can ever be required is, that the sale be public, honestly conducted, after due notice and sufficient advertisement, and all these requisites are secured by the Commissioners; the carriage of the sale is intrusted to those most interested, they have peculiar means of knowing how far the price offered is clearly inadequate—if it be so, the sale is adjourned; but they do not accede to applications for

adjournment without some security that a higher price will be procured on a re-sale of the estate. The facility with which purchasers can pay their money and get into possession of the lands, the security of title, and the great economy hence attending sales in the Incumbered Estates Court—as the purchaser has not to incur any expense in investigating title, and knows he gets one under the authority of Parliament, and which will always be readily marketable—have a most beneficial effect on bidders, and we are unwilling to see those effects counteracted by adopting the bad practice of the Equity Courts in permitting adjournments on trivial suggestions.

It was also stated as a complaint against the Commissioners, that they would not distribute the purchase-money of the estates sold by them, and would pay it into the Court of Chancery, and that thus all parties would be again involved in litigation in that Court which it was the object of the legislature to supersede by establishing the Incumbered Estates Court. On this head we must allow the Commissioners to justify themselves. We have before given a statement of the sums distributed by them, and we shall add their return to the House of Commons, bearing date July 25, 1850:—

"INCUMBERED ESTATES (IRELAND).

"Return to an Order of the Honorable the House of Commons, dated July 25, 1850,  
for

Copy 'of any observations of the Commissioners upon the subject of their distribution of the Funds arising from the Sale of Incumbered Estates in Ireland, and the transfer of any part thereof into the Court of Chancery.'

"As to the transfer of money into the Court of Chancery, the matter stands thus:—

"Under the 41st section of their Act the Commissioners have power, whenever they think fit, to order any money to be paid into a Court of Equity in any suit or matter there pending.

"But as the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery cannot receive any money without the order of that Court, the Commissioners recommended that a general rule of the Court of Chancery should be made, to enable them to lodge money in the Court of Chancery without the expense of a separate order in each case. The Chancellor agreed to this suggestion, but the Master of the Rolls (without whose consent no general order of the Court of Chancery is made) re-

fused his consent, apprehending that the Commissioners would lodge so much money in the Court of Chancery as to load the Masters and other officers there with more business than they could perform.

"But in fact the practice of the Commissioners is not to lodge money in the Court of Chancery in any case in which it can be avoided. They have sold more than half a million's worth of property, and of that sum they hope to distribute the entire in their Court, with the exception of about £25,000, or five per cent. on the whole, which they may possibly have occasion to transfer to the Court of Chancery. About £100,000 has been already distributed; only two sums have been lodged as yet in the Court of Chancery; one in the case of *W. R. Munce*, where the rights of the parties had been so much affected by the proceedings already had in the Court of Chancery, that it appeared more convenient to have the money, about £5,200, distributed there. The other case was a sum of £4,230, which the Commissioners were about to pay to an executor; but a bill was filed, in the case of *Irvine v. Dorey*, to have the accounts of that executor taken; and by the executor's consent, on a suggestion made by the Master of the Rolls, without any requisition by the Commissioners, the money, instead of being paid to the executor, was ordered to be lodged to the credit of the cause in which he was a defendant, and in which (if he had received the money himself) he could have been compelled to lodge it. The Commissioners hope, without any assistance from any other Court, to distribute £200,000 before vacation, and £200,000 more in the month of October. There is no part of their practice which gives the public such satisfaction as the readiness with which payments are made when the rights of the parties are correctly ascertained.

"JOHN RICHARDS.

"M. LONGFIELD.

"C. J. HARGREAVE.

"Incumbered Estates Commission,  
July 17, 1850."

Their promise to distribute the produce of sales has been more than realised.

There are, however, some defects connected with the Court which must be noticed; one is, its very inconvenient situation. We presume that there was no great choice of localities, and that the exorbitant demands made on the Government, and the necessity for promptly procuring some place to hold the Court in, led to its being placed in Henrietta-street; but some exertions should be made by the Government to remove the Court and offices to some more central situation,

and nearer to the other Courts. The other defect is, in the number of the subordinate officers, which is now becoming inadequate to discharge the multiplied duties imposed on them, notwithstanding the courtesy and diligence which they exhibit in their various departments. At the institution of the Court, when it could not be known how great would be the extent of business, it was right not to appoint too many officers, who might be wholly unnecessary, or who might be dismissed after a short service; but now that the Court has received such an influx of business, the Government are bound to take care that, from motives of economy or other ill-judged reasons, the machinery of the Court should not be clogged for want of hands to work it.

We have thus given a history, and, but for its importance, we would almost fear a tedious one, of the origin and working of this Court, and contrasted its procedure with that of the long-condemned Court of Chancery. We have stated the complaints made, and examined and expressed at least our disbelief in their justice; the public confidence in a tribunal, where new and arbitrary power might have aroused their jealousy, is expressed by the number of persons who have presented petitions to the Court, and the vast amount of property and of interests already brought within its jurisdiction. At first we are not surprised that creditors should have resorted eagerly to its powers—anything was preferable to the evils of Chancery; they continue to trust in the Commissioners, and the embarrassed proprietors of estates now, too, feel how great are the benefits likely to result to them from the powers vested in this new Court, and are generally availing themselves of its machinery to extricate themselves from hopeless though deferred ruin.

But much interest is felt as to the social and political consequences which may result from the operation of the Commission. It is apprehended that the scattering of the large properties which must shortly be offered for sale will lead to a re-plantation of Ireland—one fatal to the Conservative cause and to Protestantism, while it will not conduce to the improvement of the kingdom; but we are inclined to think, and assuredly we hope, that no such dis-

astrous effects will flow from a necessary measure of justice, the only object of which was, that, in the spirit of the great Charter, justice should not be longer denied, nor deferred, nor sold, and at a most exorbitant price, too, as in Chancery. We believe, on the contrary, that the advancement and prosperity of Ireland will be greatly assisted by the operations of the Incumbered Estates Court. Adam Smith remarks, that mercantile men and purchasers of estates are generally improvers. We do not, indeed, expect that all the new proprietors will resemble Mr. Mechi, but we do anticipate that men, who by steady habits of business, by energy, and perseverance or prudence, have been enabled to become purchasers of estates, will also be improvers of them; and, at the least, there is a far greater probability of this, than that embarrassed proprietors, involved in debt or litigation, could be judicious or useful managers of property.

It is often said, too, that there will no longer be vast estates and large proprietors; but the advantages of both have been greatly overrated. Ireland long had both classes; and we cannot perceive of what advantage this has been to her; while in the south and west of Ireland, where estates were the most extensive, we recognise the most destitution and slowest improvement, and greatest priestly despotism over ignorance. We confidently expect that not only the nation, but the causes of enlightened Conservatism and Protestantism, will be gainers. Already, while the sales have not been confined to the estates of Protestants, the purchases made by Protestants have shown that the preponderance of property will still continue on their side, while it will be more equally and usefully divided among a greater number of Protestant owners; and if some few Roman Catholics, laity, priests and bishops, have become purchasers, they have also become landlords; and this will be no small gain to the peace of the kingdom. Heretofore the landlords were few, and were Protestants, not having the influence of numbers, and so embarrassed as to lack the influence generally annexed to rank and the proprietorship of the soil. The tenants were principally Roman Catholics;

and there was a constant unchecked aggressive movement, partaking also of a religious enmity, of the tenants against the landlords, which the latter, being few in number and weak in influence, could not repel; and which, it is notorious from their speeches and attendance at public meetings, was, if not fostered, at least not distasteful to the Romish priesthood. Now that there is likely to be an increase in the number of Roman Catholic proprietors, and that Bishops Mac Hale, Cantwell and O'Donnell, with some priests, have become purchasers, we incline to the hope that the denunciations of landlords as exterminators will be less frequent in their dioceses and parishes, and that they will set useful examples of improvement, and not confine their influence to fierce censures or denunciations; they will practically experience the difficulties to be contended with in the judicious management of property, and will be inclined to make some allowance for the errors and failings of neighbouring proprietors, while interest and policy will alike suggest that it may not be prudent to excite a storm, in the violence of which they too might be overwhelmed. There will be fewer jealousies, also, from the proprietorship of the soil not being, as heretofore, confined to a few large and embarrassed nominal owners, and almost inaccessible to others; and what will be lost in rank and seeming vastness to the Protestant owners of estates, will be more than gained to them in their numbers, intelligence, and useful energies. We cannot, indeed, be sanguine of immediate beneficial results from the operation of the Incumbered Estates Act. The improvement of a nation and of a people, not dull, but obstinate, irritable, and easily led astray, is not the work of months, but of years—nay, almost of generations; but we still confidently anticipate, that while we cannot refuse to sympathise with the sufferings of all classes, owners and creditors, not caused, or even increased, but only exhibited, concentrated and mitigated, by the necessary institution of the Incumbered Estates Court, it will, by its working, contribute, it may be gradually, but decisively, to the advancement in prosperity and the stability of all the valued institutions of the kingdom.

## THE NEW POEM BY WORDSWORTH.\*

THE domain of poetry is boundless. From the thunder-cloud that frowns and mutters in the heavens, overshadowing the earth with sensations of awe and terror, to the lowliest flower that blossoms in the most hidden nooks of solitary glens, the wing of the poet ranges. Nor is he less conversant with the affairs of men, their business and their pleasures. Incident and adventure are by some thought to be the only path in which the poet can walk with that buoyant delight which enables him to give delight to others. Love, fear, hope, joy,—such as they are made by the intricate circumstances of man's various and many-coloured life—are thought to be the only proper theme of the poet's song, and from the minstrel, it is said, we want not philosophy but a story and a tune. But this were to set limits to the domain of the poet, which we have said is boundless. Beyond the utmost range of external nature, and above the circumstances of man's various life, and all the thrilling interests connected with them, is the sovereign mind of man, revolving all things; and there too the poet is privileged to range, to discover what a poet alone can see, to tell what a poet alone can utter. Who has given us so sublime a view of this province of the poet, as he whose latest published work we are now about to review? In that wonderful extract from the conclusion of the first book of the *Recluse*, which he gives in the preface to the *Excursion*, he says:—

“All strength—all terror, single or in bands,  
That ever was put forth in personal form—  
Jehovah—with his thunder, and the choir  
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal  
thrones—

I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not  
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,  
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out  
By help of dreams—can breed such fear  
and awe

As fall upon us often when we look  
Into our minds, into the mind of man—  
My haunt, and the main region of my song.”

From the time he first began to write, until this day, the poetry of Wordsworth has been slowly, but steadily, and of late years with accelerated pace, advancing to the highest point of public respect. And wherefore this slowness and hesitation? Why had so much reluctance of taste, as it were, to be overcome? Why had so much of the light rubbish of ridicule to be cleared away, before the name and fame of Wordsworth could stand confessed upon the loftiest pinnacle of the temple of poetic fame? The reasons are manifold, and we shall attempt to indicate a few of them. In the first place, it was because he deliberately chose for the haunt and main region of his song a height of serious contemplation, up to which the many and the hasty cannot attain; and as he led the minds of his readers rather into habits of religious reverence of an abstract kind, than into those positive religious truths which Cowper was wont to insist upon, the devout for a long time regarded his works rather with suspicion than with favour. Again, he set at nought all the habits of association which had been formed in literature. He was the founder of a new school; and though much good has no doubt resulted from his irregularities, yet he suffered the common fate of those who will not go with the stream, and who have not the power to compel the stream to go with them. He set out with the theory not only that common words were the best for the expression of excited or poetic feeling, but that in people of common and low condition the loftiest thoughts might be found; and that in association with the circumstances of their lives, might be brought forward all that is touching and terrifying, all that is sublime and beautiful, in the world around us, or in the intellect of man! He says:—

“Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and  
Hope,  
And melancholy Fear, subdued by faith;

\* “The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind, an Autobiographical Poem.” By William Wordsworth. London. 1850.

Of blessed consolations in distress;  
 Of moral strength and intellectual Power;  
 Of Joy in widest commonalty spread;  
 Of the individual Mind that keeps her own  
 Inviolable retirement, subject there  
 To Conscience only, and the law supreme  
 Of that Intelligence which governs all—  
 I sing."

Of nothing nobler could he have sought to sing; but with what persons did he think fit to associate that splendid train of moral, philosophical, and poetic subjects? Why, with a retired pedlar—"a vagrant merchant under a heavy load," who supplied rustic wants, or pleased rustic fancies with the contents of his pack, until, provision for his own wants having been obtained, he retired upon his savings and his philosophy, to instruct, by his wisdom and experience, those who had the happiness to converse with him. Now there is nothing in the abstract nature of things to forbid a poet from creating a pedlar, and endowing him with thoughts as sublime as his condition is humble. He may give him a hardy intellect, and moral feelings strengthened and braced by breathing in content the keen and wholesome air of poverty. He may describe him as attending to his trade so as to make money, and at the same time being a lone enthusiast in the woods and fields, keeping in solitude and solitary thought his mind in a just equipoise of love. The poet has no doubt a right to do this if he pleases, and to make his lowly merchant utter as noble truths as ever were uttered by philosopher, in language of the finest poetry; but in doing this he directly wars with the common associations of men's minds, and he must therefore expect a storm of opposition and of ridicule. It certainly was a wilful thing of Wordsworth to choose a pedlar, "among the hills of Athol born," for his philosophic hero; for since common experience associates (not unjustly) thoughts the very reverse of generous, and grand, and philosophical, with such men and with their office, it required a breaking down of such associations, and an entirely new conception of the facts, feelings, and circumstances of a pedlar's life, before it was possible to admit him in the character with which Wordsworth had clothed him.

But though, in this great and notable instance, Wordsworth may have carried his system too far, he has done

incalculable good by teaching thousands who otherwise had not been taught that useful lesson, to associate the noble in thought with the simple in circumstances; to believe that there may be, and that there ought to be, "plain living and high thinking;" and that as the lord of thousands a-year may be, and very often is, a creature of mean and grovelling spirit, with no conceptions to lift him above the lowest of the low, so the poorest may be rich in elevated thoughts, and that

"A virtuous household, though exceeding poor,  
 Austere and grave, and fearing God,"

possesses a true dignity, which voluptuous princes in their palaces cannot achieve. Wordsworth has taught, with more effect than any one before him had taught, that there is a presence and a power of greatness open to all who behold the stars come out above their heads; and that to the feeling heart the meanest flower that blows can bring thoughts that often lie too deep for tears. For this cause, blessings be with his name. But he has pronounced his own benediction:—

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise,  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

The poem, now first published in the goodly tome before us, contains about nine thousand lines of blank verse, divided into fourteen books. It was completed some five-and-forty years ago, when the author was thirty-five years old, his genius matured by reflection, and his intellectual character fixed and determined. We may expect, then, to find the full fruitage of the poetic faculty he possessed, and herein no reader capable of appreciating the highest order of poetry will be disappointed. But he will also find more of the eccentricities of this great author than his own later judgment would probably have approved. There are many heavy and prosaic passages, and some matters of familiar, and not very important, narrative are given with a solemnity which cannot but provoke a smile. But these are but casual clouds floating in the pure Wordsworthian sky. Ever and anon, he springs from level talk or ponderous triviality into the most glorious heights of poetry, and we hear, as it were, a voice of more than mortal music reverberated from the mountains, and



filling the valleys with sounds of melody sweeter than the fall of their own rivers. But why was this poem left for five-and-forty years unpublished? It was, we presume, because the author considered it to be in some sort of a personal character; and though he did not seem at any time to be much afraid of indirect egotism, yet he may have thought that becoming modesty required this poem should be left for posthumous publication. He says of it (Book III.) :—

“A traveller I am,  
Whose tale is only of himself; even so,  
So be it, if the pure of heart be prompt  
To follow, and if thou, my honoured friend,  
Who in these thoughts art ever at my side,  
Support, as heretofore, my fainting steps.”

The friend thus apostrophised was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to whom the whole poem is addressed. It is called, in the title-page, “A Biographical Poem,” and also “The Growth of a Poet’s Mind.” Probably the author considered it to be such a history, because he had noted in it those incidents and reflections which seemed to himself to mark certain epochs of his mental progress. Any one, however, who shall expect to discover, from this poetical autobiography, the way in which a poetic mind may be built up of such structure and dimensions as the mind of Wordsworth, will certainly be somewhat disappointed. There is nothing here to contravene the ancient canon—*Poeta nascitur, non fit*. Wordsworth was a poet, because God gave him the poetic faculty in large measure, and the peculiarities of his genius were fostered by his taste for retirement, and his disposition to hold communion with external nature, and with his own deeply-meditative soul, rather than with the minds of other men, and the thoughts and business of the world. In the second book of the *Prelude* he tells us :—

“My seventeenth year was come,  
And whether from this habit, rooted now  
So deeply in my mind, or from excess  
In the great social principle of life,  
Coercing *all things into sympathy*,  
To unorganic natures were transferred  
My own enjoyments; or the power of truth,  
Coming in revelation, did converse  
With things that really are; I at this time  
Saw blessings spread around me like a sea.  
Thus, while the days flew by, and years  
passed on,

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From nature and her overflowing soul  
I had received so much, that all my thoughts  
Were steeped in feeling; I was only then  
Contented, when, with bliss ineffable,  
I felt the sentiment of *Being* spread  
O’er all that moves, and all that seemeth still;  
O’er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
And human knowledge, to the human eye  
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;  
O’er all that leaps, and runs, and shouts, and  
sings,  
Or beats the gladsome air; o’er all that glides  
Beneath the wave—yea, *in the wave itself*  
*And mighty depth of waters*. Wonder not  
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,  
Communing in this sort through earth and  
heaven

With every form of creature, as it looked  
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
Of adoration, with an eye of love.  
One song they sang, and it was audible,  
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,  
O’ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,  
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.”

These lines have, perhaps, a little of the heaviness, and we think we may, with truth, add, a little of the obscurity, which not unfrequently belongs to Wordsworth’s narrative manner; but as soon as he leaves narrative, and soars into poetic speculation, then what a glorious burst of elevated song pours from his lofty muse! The following is in continuation of the passage above quoted :—

“If this be error, and another faith  
Find easier access to the pious mind,  
Yet were I grossly destitute of all  
Those human sentiments that make this earth  
So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice  
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes  
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
If in my youth I have been pure in heart—  
If, mingling with the world, I am content  
With my own modest pleasures, and have  
lived  
With God and Nature communing, removed  
From little enmities and low desires—  
The gift is yours: if, in these times of fear,  
This melancholy waste of hopes o’erthrown :  
If, ’mid indifference and apathy,  
And wicked exultation when good men  
On every side fall off, we know not how,  
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names  
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,  
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers  
On visionary minds; if, in this time  
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet  
Despair not of our nature, but retain  
A more than Roman confidence, a faith  
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,  
The blessing of my life—the gift is yours,  
Ye winds and cataracts!—’tis yours,

■

Ye mountains!—thine, O Nature! Thou  
 hast fed  
 My lofty speculations; and in thee,  
 For this uneasy heart of ours, I find  
 A never-failing principle of joy  
 And purest passion."

It is difficult to imagine a grander strain than this, or a more perfectly bard-like exultation in a near communion with the soul of nature. It may be objected, as it has long been to much of Wordsworth's poetry, that its philosophy is Pantheistic. This does seem to have been the sentiment of the poet's mind, but he never sought to teach it as a religion which should take the place of Christian verities. In whatever dreams of imagination he may have indulged, he never, either by precept or by example, gave any encouragement to depart from Christian faith or practice, but, on the contrary, supported both the one and the other with all the weight of his personal example, while his poetical works seemed to acknowledge a continual sense of the presence of spiritual power manifested either in the stupendous magnificence or the exquisite simplicity of nature. And in respect to this poetical appreciation of natural objects, it should be observed, that though many other poets have felt, and have made others feel, the influence of such objects in some degree, yet no other poet seems to have had the extreme delicacy of sensibility in this respect that Wordsworth had, or to have exhibited so deep a passion of love for the awful and the beautiful. In poetical fervour he could not exceed Burns, nor in lyrical sweetness equal him; but in comparing these poets, and the genius which respectively distinguished each, while we are led to marvel at the variety of excellence which poetry affords when different minds dwell upon the same theme, yet we must confess that, both in the massiveness and grandeur of his conceptions, and in the refined delicacy of his perception, Wordsworth is greatly superior. This we must acknowledge, even while proclaiming that Burns seems a more genuine, unsophisticated, spontaneous poet of nature than his philosophical successor, besides that he took nature in phases more familiar to ordinary minds than Wordsworth did, and the associations of his fancy were more level to general apprehension, and more

closely connected with ordinary sympathies.

The allusions in the above-quoted passage to the melancholy waste of hopes overthrown, the defections of good men, and the exultation of bad, have reference to the course of events after the great French Revolution, towards the close of last century. Of that outburst of the spirit of liberty, which, being under no moral guidance, soon became the most frantic explosion of wickedness and cruelty that ever disgraced a civilised age, Wordsworth was at the beginning an ardent admirer; and he appears not to have quite lost hope of it, even when many who had been friendly to it began to fall off in weariness or in dread. In many parts of the poem we find that deep disgust at abuses, and that ardent, enthusiastic belief in the possibility of replacing them by a kind of poetical perfection, which, no doubt, were the cause of the poet's sympathy with the "patriots" in France, so long as circumstances left it possible for him to believe that the French were really seeking for liberty and justice. But when he found them ready to become, and actually becoming, the instruments of a military tyrant, and ruthlessly robbing other nations of the freedom which they had pretended to desire for themselves, then his sympathy with the French was at an end. He lived to believe that liberty and justice were more likely to be found under a system of authoritative government, based upon sound and settled principles, than under the sway of those specious contrivances to which knots of ambitious adventurers give the name of "liberal measures," or under the dominion of passionate decrees, suggested by demagogues and affirmed by mobs.

Proceeding from school to Cambridge, the poet philosophises with much severity upon what he saw there; but first he gives some narrative, which, as it illustrates the livelier attempts of the poem, we shall transcribe, though we must confess our fear that the smile which the lines may provoke will not be likely to be a smile of admiration:—

"I roamed  
 Delighted through the motley spectacle;  
 Gowns grave or gaudy, doctors, students,  
 streets,  
 Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gate-  
 ways, towers;

Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,  
A northern villager.

. . . . . As if the change  
Had waited on some fairy's wand; at once  
Behold me rich in moneys, and attired  
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair  
Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.  
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,  
With other signs of manhood that supplied  
The lack of beard. The weeks went round-  
ly on,  
With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit—  
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without  
Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array."

The poet did not give himself with  
much intensity of purpose to college  
studies:—

"Of college labours, of the lecturer's room,  
All studded round as thick as chairs could  
stand  
With loyal students faithful to their books,  
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants  
And honest dunces—of important days,  
Examinations, when the man was weighed  
As in a balance! of excessive hopes,  
Tremblings withal, and commenable fears,  
Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad,  
Let others that know more speak as they  
know.  
Such glory was but little sought by me,  
And little won."

He confesses, however, that he had  
at the time some qualms about his fu-  
ture worldly maintenance; but it is  
remarkable how fortunate he appears  
to have been in this respect. A little  
sufficed for a man brought up with  
frugal habits, who, when he travelled  
abroad or at home, trusted to his feet,  
and carried his wardrobe in a knap-  
sack. But a friend, Mr. Raisley Calvert,  
who died young, left Wordsworth £100  
a-year, because he saw that, though he  
had very great ability, he was by no  
means likely to be able to make £100  
a-year for himself. And thus it ap-  
pears that, from 1790 to 1802, when  
he married and settled in Westmore-  
land, Wordsworth did little else than  
roam about in the most beautiful parts  
not only of England but of Europe,  
and store his mind with the images,  
and his heart with the love, which then  
and afterwards he poured out in poetry.

Here is the account of his *actual*  
education—self-education, even at col-  
lege—and nobler passages of poetry  
than those lines afford we are not  
likely soon to see again:—

"Whate'er of terror, or of love,  
Or beauty, nature's daily face put on  
From transitory passion, unto this

I was as sensitive as waters are  
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood  
Of passion: was obedient as a lute  
That waits upon the touches of the wind.  
Unknown, unthought of, yet was I most  
rich—

I had a world about me—'twas my own:  
I made it, for it only lived to me,  
And to the God who sees into the heart.  
Such sympathies, though rarely were betrayed  
By outward gestures and by visible looks:  
Some called it madness—so indeed it was,  
If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,  
If steady words of thoughtfulness, matured  
To inspiration, sort with such a name;  
If prophecy be madness; if things viewed  
By poets in old time, and, higher up,  
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,  
May in these tutored days no more be seen  
With undisordered sight. But leaving this,  
It was no madness, for the bodily eye,  
Amid my strongest workings, evermore  
Was searching out the lines of difference,  
As they lie hid in all external forms,  
Near or remote, minute or vast—an eye  
Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,  
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens,  
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,  
Could find no surface where its power  
might sleep;  
Which spoke perpetual logic to my soul,  
And by an unrelenting agency,  
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain."

At that time, however, it was only  
when alone that the musing spirit fell  
upon the future poet. His heart, he  
says, was social, *and loved idleness and  
joy*. He recalls, in splendid verse, the  
names of poets who had been at Cam-  
bridge before him, and thence pro-  
ceeds to tell his vision of what a uni-  
versity should be, with stately groves,  
and majestic edifices, and *not wanting  
a corresponding dignity within*. Alas!  
how is any such vision to be realised?  
The grove and the edifice are indeed  
within the power of the artist, but who  
shall give dignity to pedantry or fri-  
volity, or who shall so govern the pride  
of youth, and the audacity of wealth,  
as to make grave and gentle students  
of those who have just escaped from  
the restraints of school, with the deter-  
mination to obtain as much pleasure  
as they can from increased liberty of  
action, and an augmented allowance  
of money? Beautiful, however, most  
beautiful, is the poet's description of  
what a university might be, could the  
dreams of a poet be realised. Even  
he, however, is obliged to break off  
thus:—

"Alas! alas!  
In vain for such solemnity I looked;

Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears  
vexed  
By chattering popinjays; the inner heart  
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without  
Of a too gaudy region."

After the university, we have the summer vacation, its rambles, and its amusements, full of the *freshness* which he tells us he found at that time in human life. Then a book on the subject of "Books," which is certainly best when it leaves criticism to open the pages of the book of nature. The return to Cambridge, and a journey to the Alps, a residence in London, a residence in France, continued through three books, a poetic dissertation on Imagination and Taste, in two books, a retrospect and a conclusion, make up this autobiographic poem, which is rather a chain of reflections than an autobiography, in any strict sense of the word.

In spite of the heavy passages—in spite of the somewhat cumbrous gravity with which trivial matters are sometimes narrated or discussed—in spite of the absence of that graceful ease, and occasional humour, which Cowper's blank verse so eminently possesses, the poem of the *Prelude* has the strongest claims to the respectful admiration of the reflecting portion of the public. The finer passages have all the grandeur of the *Excursion*, with, as it seems to us, more vigour, and buoyancy, and fresh delight of composition. When the poet takes up a strain congenial to him, he seems to go on rejoicing in his strength, and pealing out tone after tone of rising grandeur and increasing melody. One great charm of the book is the ardour of the friendship over and over again expressed for Coleridge. In one place he breaks out thus:—

"I have thought  
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,  
And all the strength and plumage of thy  
youth,  
Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms  
Of wild ideal pagantry, shaped out  
From things well matched or ill, and words  
for things,  
The self-created sustenance of a mind  
Debarred from Nature's living images,  
Compelled to be a life unto herself,  
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst  
Of greatness, love, and beauty."

Coleridge had gone to the Mediter-

anean for the recovery of his health, and thus his friend addresses him:—

"A lonely wanderer art thou gone, by pain  
Compelled, and sickness, at this latter day,  
This sorrowful reverse for all mankind.  
I feel for thee, must utter what I feel:  
The sympathies erewhile in part discharged,  
Gather afresh, and will have vent again:  
My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
My own delights; the lordly Alps themselves,  
Those rosy peaks from which the morning  
looks  
Abroad on many nations, are no more  
For me that image of pure gladness  
Which they were wont to be. Through kindred scenes  
For purpose, at a time, how different!  
Thou takest thy way, carrying the heart  
and soul  
That Nature gives to poets, now by thee:  
Matured, and in the summer of their strength.  
Oh! wrap him in your shades, ye giant woods  
On Etna's side; and thou, O flowery soil  
Of Enna! is there not some nook of thine  
From the first play-time of the infant world  
Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
When from afar invoked by anxious love."

This seems to us to be a passage of great fervour, sweetness, and dignity.

The two books on "Imagination and Taste," though frequently indistinct, and less easily understood than will be found agreeable to readers even of an inquiring spirit, have in them, nevertheless, much mental philosophy of the highest interest. It commences by shewing how nature teaches wisdom to those of an observant eye and a feeling heart. The motions of delight that haunt the skirts of the green hills, and the subtle intercourse of breezes and soft airs with "breathing flowers" might, he says, feelingly watched, teach man's higher race—

"How, without injury, to take, to give  
Without offence."

The breezes which bend the complying heads of lordly pines, or shroud the stupendous clouds through the whole compass of the sky, shew the wondrous influence of power gently used. But the happiness which the didactic dominion of Nature at times gave him, suffered, it seems, an interruption. The intellectual power which fostered love and dispensed truth, which diffused over men and things ("where reason yet might hesitate

prophetic sympathies of genial faith, gave way under the pressure of the times, and the disastrous issues of those events from which fervent and enthusiastic men had expected so much good. He became dissatisfied with his kind, and the sense of love and fraternity suffered an eclipse:—

“Dare I avow that wish was mine to see,  
And hope that future times *would* surely  
see  
The man to come parted, as by a gulf,  
From him who had been; that I could no  
more  
Trust the elevation which had made me one  
With the great family that still survives  
To illuminate the abyss of ages past.  
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seemed  
That their best virtues were not free from  
taint,  
Of something false and weak, that could  
not stand  
The open eye of reason.”

Under this strong impression of disappointment and distrust, he *unsouled* by syllogism and severe logic

“Those mysteries of being which have made,  
And shall continue evermore to make  
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.”

Nor was this all; for under the dominion of that *less spiritual* taste which now possessed him, he began to look at the visible universe with a microscopic eye, and, as we gather from his description, with a kind of artistic fastidiousness:—

“Although a strong infection of the age  
Was never much my habit—giving way  
To a comparison of scene with scene;  
Bent over much on *superficial things*;  
Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
Of colour and proportion.”

This is a remarkable confession from Wordsworth. They who have learned from him so much of the deep sentiment which natural objects can impart to the mind, will be surprised to hear that the time was when he occupied himself with that study of nature which belongs rather to the painter than the poet:—

“To the moral power,  
The affections, and the spirit of the place  
Insensible.”

But still, though a mere superficial, he was yet as ardent an admirer of nature as ever. In proceeding with

the description of his then state of mind, there is a singularly beautiful transition (though abrupt) to a woman's right view of those things which he, through a false and shallow refinement, had ceased to contemplate as he ought:—

“My delights  
(Such as they were) were sought insatiably.  
Vivid the transport—vivid, though not profound;

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,  
Still craving combinations of new forms.  
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,  
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced  
*To lay the inner faculties asleep.*

Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife  
And various trials of our complex being,  
As we grow up, such thralldom of that sense  
Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a  
maid,

A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds;  
*Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;*  
Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,  
Or barren intermeddling subtleties,  
Perplex her mind; *but wise as women are*  
*When genial circumstance hath favoured*  
*them,*  
*She welcomed what was given, and craved*  
*no more.*

Whate'er the scene presented to her view,  
That was the best—to that she was attuned  
By her benign simplicity of life;  
And through a perfect happiness of soul,  
Whose variegated feelings were in this  
Sisters, that they were each some new delight.

Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,  
Could they have known her, would have loved;  
methought

Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,  
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,

And everything she looked on, should have had

An intimation how she bore herself  
Towards them, and to all creatures. God  
delights

In such a being; for her common thoughts  
Are piety, her life is gratitude.”

How inexpressibly delightful is this portraiture! Ah, it is our human sympathies that are strongest still; and whatever admiration, whatever profound serenity of joy we may have in the poet's association of the grand and beautiful in nature with the lights of reason, and the more sublime aspirations of a pure abstract philosophy, yet our hearts and our eyes fill most readily, when that which is gentle, good, and kind, and *therefore* wise, in man or woman, is brought before us



in happy combination with nature's loveliness. The purity—the domestic purity we may call it—of Wordsworth's descriptions of woman, entitle him to all the favourable regard with which he is contemplated by the womanly intellect of his country. We do not seek to disparage the passionate strains in which Burns, Moore, and Byron have sung their devoted admiration, yet who would not rather have his daughter or sister praised in such lines as the following, than in any that Burns, Moore, or Byron ever wrote?

"I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records; promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

*The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;  
A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of angelic light."*

But this is a digression. Wordsworth tells us that the *degradation* of his taste into critical examination of mere outward forms, was transient:—

"I shook the habit off  
Entirely and for ever, and again  
In nature's presence stood, as now I stand,  
A sensitive being, a creative soul."

His sympathy with nature was completely restored, but either from never having quite shaken off the disappointment regarding human progress, which the course of events in the French Revolution had occasioned, or because in his mountain retirement he looked with a more severe judgment upon men, than those in closer intercourse with the busy world are wont to do, he certainly never did largely sympathise with other thinkers of his own time, and still less with other writers. Perhaps the more accurate way of stating the truth is to say, that he did form a judgment, while men who live in the world do not take the trouble to do so, but go with the *set* to which they happen to belong; saying every day flattering things which they do not think, either from a mere habit of

saying them, or from a belief that the manners of the world render it necessary or becoming so to do. It is very true that a man in comparative solitude may permit to himself the habit of being too coldly critical, but it is no less true that literary men of the world are apt to be but too tolerant of successful genius, no matter what evil things may be associated with it. One can scarcely imagine a more marked contrast than that which subsisted between Scott and Wordsworth in this respect. Scott's good nature, and his toleration of ability and good intention, were boundless. He did not think literature of such importance, but that irregularities in it of almost any kind might be pardoned. Wordsworth had higher views of the importance of literature, and could not bear what seemed to him to degrade so high a calling as that of the literary man. He was, therefore, most undoubtedly, far less "liberal" than Scott, and he was also, in this respect, less agreeable to the many; but it is not to be inferred from thence that he was less just, or that he less worthily supported the dignity of literature. Upon this question, however, most persons will form their judgment according to their own temperament, and perhaps according to their own success in life. Wordsworth might have been a much more distinguished man in society, and a more successful man in the world—that is, a richer man, and of more consideration and influence in London, if he had not had a pride of judgment and of feeling, which kept him aloof from such things. Of all men of his time he most cultivated imaginative literature for its own sake, and least for the sake of popularity and money. In literature he was difficult to please, and sparing of praise. Unlike other men, he was often impatient even of praise himself, for it frequently was based upon grounds which he thought erroneous or contemptible. One extract more, however, that he may himself describe what he was:—

"I had been taught to reverence a Power  
That is, the visible quality and shape  
And image of right reason; that matures  
Her processes by steadfast laws; gives birth  
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,  
No heat of passion or excessive zeal,  
No vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns  
Of self-applauding intellect, but trains  
To meekness, and exalts by humble faith;

Holds up before *the mind, intoxicate*  
*With present objects and the busy dance*  
*Of things that pass away, a temperate*  
*shew*

Of objects that endure; and by this course  
 Disposes her, when over fondly set  
 On throwing off incumbrances, to seek  
 In man, and in the frame of social life,  
 Whate'er there is desirable and good  
 Of kindred permanence, unchanged in form  
 And function, or, through strict vicissitude  
 Of life and death revolving. Above all  
 Were re-established now those *watchful*  
*thoughts,*

Which, seeing little worthy or sublime  
 In what the historian's pen so much delights  
 To blazon—power and energy detached  
 From moral purpose—early tutored me  
 To look with feelings of fraternal love  
 Upon the unassuming things that hold  
 A silent station in this beauteous world."

The attentive reader of the last eight lines will plainly discover the secret of Wordsworth's cold appreciation of ordinary literature, and his slight sympathy with literary men in general. He looked for something worthy or sublime—he looked for a moral purpose, as well as that power and energy which

are the grand characteristics of genius. Need we say that of this he found little.

Upon the whole, the book before us, though often obscure, abounds with instruction and with elevated poetry. We have extracted much, and yet we feel reluctant to forbear culling more flowers from so splendid a garden. When we turn over the book, we are struck more and more with passages which seem to come like streams of light upon the mountain-tops, and to reveal beautiful heights of the mind of man, which, without the aid of this great poet, we had never been able to see. We have by no means extracted the finest passages of the book, being anxious rather to give, as far as our limits would permit, a notion of its general plan, and its general merits, than to cull the most striking passages of the poem. Though the work affords plenty of occasion for critical fault-finding, we yet feel satisfied that, such as it is, it will elevate even the fame of Wordsworth. Greater praise than this we cannot bestow.

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GRACE KENNEDY.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a raw evening in December, 183—, just after dusk, that a wild-looking, haggard man entered a little hovel near the side of a by-road between Hollywood and Escar, in the Queen's County.

"Well, what have you got?" cried a shrill voice from the interior of the hut, which proceeded from a woman crouching over a turf fire, burning dimly, from the damp of the material placed on it.

"Ye got nothing?" she asked again, not having received an answer to her former query.

"Nothing!" was the sullen rejoinder, as the man, approaching the fire, drew a broken stool to him and sat down amongst the ashes; on one side of him the female half sitting, half lying against the corner of the recess in which was the fire, her covering being a thin, torn blanket on her shoulders, and a ragged black petticoat about her loins. Opposite to her were two little children, from about three to five years, the younger

altogether naked; the other with a ragged piece of linen hanging about it; both crouched over the burning turf, looking up to the man with their dark, inquiring eyes.

After a short silence, the woman again addressed her husband, for such was the relation of the parties—

"An' did ye get no work?"

"The sorra bit."

"Wasn't Mr. Rawson at home?"

"He was."

"Well?"

The man made no answer but asked—

"Where's the ould pot?"

The woman sprung to her feet, and brought over an old pot, with a triangular piece broken out of the side.

"Well, honey," she said, in a soothing voice.

The man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a dead fowl, with the neck twisted. The children uttered a cry of delight.

"Here, Pather," said the woman, "go an' wash the pot, and bring some

clane wather out of the hole—half-full, Pather."

The urchin darted off.

The man had by this time drawn some turnips out of his other pocket, and handed them to her.

"Yer a good man the day, Pather Kennedy. We have something, at any rate."

And she busied herself in cutting up the turnips, and put them and the fowl, unplucked, on the fire, when the boy brought in the pot.

"Tell us, Pather, agra, how did ye get it?" she said, putting on more turf, and again cowering over the fire.

"Let me alone," he said, harshly; "ye have it—there; isn't that enough for ye?"

"Had Rawson no work," she continued, changing the subject.

"No he hadn't; yet he tuk in the two Byrnes last week. He gave me a penny, and tould me to go to the poor-house," he added, with a scornful laugh.

"Give us the penny," she whined, coaxingly; "it'll do for male in the mornin'."

He looked at her for a moment.

"It's not worth givin' or houldin'," he said, as he threw it to her.

A noise was heard outside the door.

"Here's the childre," she said. "Let none of yez say what's in the pot."

A little girl entered, hardly better dressed than those before described: a ragged cotton frock, with a dirty handkerchief round her, was her only covering; her age might be eight or twelve; from the emaciated state of her face—unnaturally pale from the glare of a dim rush-light—it was not easy to form an exact idea. Her eyes were blue, her hair light—that colour which deepens to a pretty brown in womanhood.

"Well, Grace, is that you?" said her father—the first uncalled words he had yet spoken.

"Yis, father dear, it's me. Ah, bud it's cowl'd," she continued, getting between the little ones at the fire.

"Did ye bring nothin' wid ye," cried her mother, sharply.

"It's down the road," she said; "the sack was big, an' I got tired, so I left it in the ditch, as I seen the light in the house, an' knew father was here, an' he'd go back and bring it in."

"That I will, alannah," replied the man, rising. "Whereabouts is it?"

"Just at the ould mile-stone, this side of the bridge, down in the ditch."

It was speedily brought, and the contents emptied on the floor. Potatoes and skins of the same, the inside wanting though, turnips, cabbage, bones, meal, and rags tumbled out.

"'Haith, Grace, you're a woodher entirely," said her mother, in a tone of commendation.

"Ye've a good dale, Grace, darlint," said her father, half mournfully.

"An' didn't stale a ha'porth there," cried the little girl.

"Ye didn't stale it; an' how did ye get all this?—ye bought them, maybe" asked her mother, with a sneer.

"No, mother; I went to a big house a long ways off, an' the mather sera me first, an' he brought me in to give me a bit in the kitchen; and thim the misthress gave me the ould duds, an' the servants the rest; an'——"

"An' what?" said her mother, seeing her hesitate.

"An' the little one gev me this"—showing a sixpence as she spoke.

The mother snatched it from her.

"Arrah, Grace, bud yer a rale darlint the day."

Her father drew her towards him, and kissed her.

"Ye stole nothin' the day, this, alannah machree?" he asked.

The girl did not answer; she fixed her large eyes on her father, as if she sought silently to tell him something.

The mother turned round—

"Answer yer father, will ye?—have ye nothin' more?"

The girl drew out of her bosom a handsome cap, all crumpled.

"I stole this," she said.

The mother attempted to take it also.

"I got it as I was goin' up to the big house, on the hedge near the avenue, an' it belongs to thim, an' I am goin' to lave it back to-morrow," said the girl, eagerly.

"Lave it back, indeed!" cried her mother, standing up, and taking it from her. "A bran new cap, I declare!—the lady's, I'm sure!—lace an' fine ribbon!—lave it back? 'Haith yer no sich fool."

"Ah, mother!" pleaded the little girl, "they're good people—ye wouldn't stale from thim yerself; sure they gave me all thim; and there was a poor ould man wint up after me, an' maybe they'll think it's him that took it."

"An' let thim—who cares?" answered her mother, still examining the cap.

"Ah, mother, darlin'! give it to me, an' I'll bring you somethin' as good; let me give it back to the lady."

"Divil a fut ye'll go wid it, there."

"Ye may as well give the child the cap," said the husband.

"Is it to have me 'rested, and put in gaol, ye want, Pather? Arrah, man, are ye a fool, at all, at all?"

This silenced him; but the child still importuned for the cap.

"Go along wid ye," said her mother, striking her; "go an' blow the fire, till we ate our supper."

The girl whimpered, and proceeded to her task.

Soon after a lad of thirteen or fourteen came in, with a sack on his back, which he threw on the floor as he came in.

"Well, Mick, acushla, yer welcome. What have ye to-night?"

"Faix ye have a bit o' mate, an' some piaties and cabbage from ould Worrell's garden."

"An' the mate, Mick, honey, how did ye get it?"

"Oh, give me my supper first, an' thin I'll tell you."

The pot was boiled by this time, or sufficiently so for them, and they took out the fowl, pulled off the feathers, and divided it between the father and mother, and the boy last named, giving a little bit to the girl, which the father added to from his share. The mother gave the little things some turnips, and told them to roast some potatoes for themselves in the ashes.

"Where's Ned, I wondher?" asked the father.

"Bad luck to him," said the mother, "he's always last, and niver has a ha'porth; and when he does get anything, it's into throuble he brings us for it."

"He's so small," urged the girl.

"Arrah don't be talkin'; aint he as big as you?" said the mother, angrily.

The object of the conversation here appeared at the door—a little child of seven or eight years, with only a ragged pair of trowsers and an old shirt on him.

He stood shivering at the door, with a little bag in his hand, empty; one would think he had heard what they said.

"Come in, Ned," said his sister, who first saw him.

"Well," said his mother, savagely, "where's what you got?—where's your bag?"

"I couldn't get anything all day?" he whimpered.

"Ye dirty vagabone!" cried his mother, starting up, and cuffing him on the head and ears, "is this the way yer to go on always? Ye'd rather be fed here for nothin,' and do nothing for yerself; night after night the old story—the empty bag, an' 'I couldn't get anything.' Were ye at Worrell's?" she asked, fiercely.

"I was," he sobbed.

"An' ye could get nothin'?" she again asked. "Will ye answer, ye blackguard?" she continued, as the boy cried on.

"We niver take there," he sobbed again.

"Wel!" she repeated after him, "an' who's we, ye omedhaun? Have I niver tould you not? And why don't you take there?" she continued, mimicking him.

"Because," said he again, still sobbing, "they give us our dinner."

"And who's us?"

"Grace an' me."

"Come, my man, none of yer nice humbug; out wid ye, and don't dar' come in here without yershare. Come, be off."

"Ah, mother!" cried Grace, springing up, "don't ax him to go to-night—it's could, an' wet—don't ax him—sure he's small."

"Lave me alone," she cried, her anger rousing her—"he must go. I'll tache him to come in again this way. Out, ye cur!"

"Let him ate a bit first, thin, mother jewel."

"Divil a taste, till he brings his bit. Come, out wid ye!" she shouted.

"Arrah, Katty, can't ye let the child alone," said her husband.

"Hould yer tongue, and ate yer supper," said she; "and don't crass me, I'd advise ye."

The poor child still lingered at the door—the mother rushed at him, and he disappeared.

"I'll go wid him," cried Grace, about to follow.

"Will ye?" said her mother, giving her a slap; "go sit down, an' don't stir again widout my lave."

The poor little girl sat down in the chimney-nook, sobbing bitterly.

"Sure we had enough widout his share," said the father.

"Much ye know," answered his wife. Is that the way ye'd have me bring up the childre, in idleness—walkin' about all day, an' nothin' home at night. I'll tache them, I'll engage."

They finished their meal, and lay down on some straw, covering themselves with their clothes and rags of blankets. They all huddled together—the children at their parents' feet. They slept; Grace was still awake—still crying within herself. She got up softly, and looked out: dark as pitch and no sign of her little brother! She crouched over the remains of the fire, and every few moments went to the door and looked out. Still the absent one came not. Grace looked at the wet turf, smouldering by degrees to ashes; the half-burned sod, growing smaller and smaller, crumbling away—a little red here and there, just showing how it went; at last 'twas out, and then a heap of ashes in its place—now warm, less warm, cold, and colder—till at last as cold as the clay floor it rested on. So Grace watched; and in her grief forgot to keep alive the embers she had raked up from the ashes; each one burned slowly away and disappeared; and so she watched, and, watching, slept.

She dreamt. She thought her little brother came in, his little bag empty still, but all wet and black; the water running from his hair, and down his cheeks, and neck and little shirt—all wet; and still he looked at her and smiled. She wandered in her dream: and his darling blue eyes looked into her's, so happily, as they used to do long ago; she wished to speak, but could not; and still he looked at her so pleasantly; she tried to get up and go to him, and awoke crying.

He was not there; but the first dawn of day streamed through the little window. She put her hand where the fire had been—all heat gone—the ashes cold as stone. She was very cold herself. She looked out again for Ned—no sign yet. "He'll soon come now," she thought; the day-light still came

on; the stars one by one were lost. She went back to the house—all slept still; her mother, roused up by the draught from the open door, muttered to her to shut it, and slept again. Grace closed the door, and going to the little broken window-hole, still watched. Still the day dawns, brighter and brighter still. Two men are coming down the road—they walk rather slowly—they are carrying a sack between them; they get over the ditch, into the bog opposite the hovel; one of them is young Worrell, and the other his servant-boy.

"It's not a sack they have—'tis a boy!—it must be Ned."

Grace rushed out; a few bounds brought her to the men—it *was* Ned. Oh! there was a scream, a long, long scream, and then another; and then the pent-up anguish of her soul found vent in tears. It was Ned, poor little Ned! The men laid him down—he was wet and dirty—his eyes shut—his face wet, and pale, and cold. Poor little boy—he was quite dead. And the little girl knelt by his side, and held his moist hand so cold, and kissed the dirt from his lips, and called for Ned, "her brother, alannah machree!" "her brother jewel!" "her darling!" but Ned awakened not; and the men stood by and wiped the corner of their eyes with their coat-sleeves.

The father had come out and the eldest boy; the former ran up and looked at the corpse—he said nothing; he raised it in his arms and bore it to the house; his wife still lay asleep; he laid the body on the floor.

"Get up!" he said to her, shaking her arm.

"Let me alone, will yez?" she cried, half asleep.

"Get up!" he said, sternly, taking her in his arms, and putting her in a sitting posture.

"Arrah bad luck——" She stopped, her eyes opened. There was the corpse at her feet, and the circle round it in silence. She burst into a loud cry, rocking herself to and fro.

"We found him in a bog hole near our house," said young Worrell as he went away.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE they were: the father with his arms folded, leaning against the wall, near the fire place, looking with a stare

of vacancy on the face of his dead child; the mother still sitting on the bed, whining, and rocking herself, with



her head on her knees; the two younger children kneeling on the straw at the foot of the bed, looking at the corpse; the eldest son leaning against the door-sill, with his hand in his pocket, looking out listlessly on the beautiful morning; and Grace knelt beside the body. She no longer cried aloud, but the tears rolled silently down her cheeks; the large drops one after another poured from her eyes; she took one hand in her's, and gazed at the little pale face before her; and then from time to time she put her other hand on his breast, or raised the closed eyelid, and then moved it quickly away, as the dull, cold eye met her view—that eye which used to smile so lovingly on her. Or she would open his lips; whatever little red was in them once, quite blanched away; and then another passionate burst of inward grief, as she kissed again and again that dear mouth, never more to press her's in answer. At last the mother looked up.

"What's the girl whinin' for?" she asked, harshly. "Will that bring him back? Arrah, who let the fire out?" she continued, looking round at the hearth. Go along, Grace, and get some kindlin' over at Micky Byrne's; sure we can't stay here in the cowl."

A stifled sob escaped the child; she appeared as if she heard not.

"Will ye go?" said her mother again, imperatively. "God knows the little varmint is no loss, anyhow."

Grace, with a scream of agony, threw herself on the body.

"Ah, woman!" said her husband, "howld yer tongue. The poor gorseon's gone; let him lie in pace."

The woman commenced an angry rejoinder, but changed it into her former whine, as a step was heard approaching the door, and a stout, respectable-looking man, followed by young Worrell, passed the boy at the door, and entered the hovel.

"Och! Mither Worrell! Mither Worrell! Mither Worrell!" screamed the woman, rocking herself on the bed—"Och, my poor boy! an' he's gone from us, my fair-haired little child! Oh, what'll I do?—what'll I do? Look at him, Mither Worrell, the little darlint. An' he out lookin' for a bit to ate, the cratur, and niver kem near us, an' we wondherin what was keepin' him. An' thin, dhrowned in

a bog-hole. Oh, wirrasthrue! what'll become of me at all, at all?"

The eyes of the good man addressed were full of tears, as he turned to the father, and said—

"Kennedy, I'm very sorry for you. It's a sad accident; but sure it's the Lord's will. Mrs. Kennedy," he continued, "don't take on so—be resigned to the will of Providence. It was a poor end for the little fellow. And Grace, dear, you have lost your companion. Send her up, Mrs. Kennedy, in the course of the day, to my wife: I dare say she has something for you."

"Thankee, sir," said the woman. May the Lord of heaven power a blessin' on you and on yer family."

"And, Kennedy," continued Mr. Worrell, "you know we must have the coroner here; just form, you know—accidental death, of course. Don't look frightened, Mrs. Kennedy; it's only just a form—necessary, though, in a case of this sort. I'm going down to Escar, and I'll mention it to the police there. Maybe the coroner will be here to-day; if not, it will be early in the morning. And you'll want a coffin, too, Kennedy: I'll just tell Jem Flynn, as I'm going down, to make one. And, Mrs. Kennedy," he added, going, "don't forget to send Grace down to our house."

"May the poor man's blessin' be wid you this day!" said Kennedy, warmly.

"May God's blessin' rest upon you an' your's for ever!" shouted Mrs. Kennedy after him.

As soon as the footsteps were lost leaving the house, she turned to her husband—

"Pather, man, sure you're not goin' to stan' there all day, are ye? Come, start off, agra; go over to Rawson's, an' tell them the story—an' tell it well, mind. Ye'll get yer breakfast, anyway, and yer day's work and dinner, too, I'll go bail. We'll not want you at the 'quest. Come, man, go; we've nothin' worth talkin' of for breakfast here, and ye'll be sure to get somethin' there."

The man in silence took his hat, and went slowly out.

"Come, Grace," she resumed, in a milder tone than before, "dart off to Micky Byrne's for the kindlin'. There, run, and take the pot with you."

As the little girl went, she called her eldest son, and handed him the

sixpence that Grace had brought in the night before.

"Here, Mick avourneen, go up to the shop, and buy a twopenny loaf, a pen'orth of butter, a pen'orth of sugar, three-hap'orth of tay, and a hap'orth of milk; an' don't hurry yourself too much, 'till I send Grace to Worrell's whin she brings in the fire."

Mick departed, and soon after Grace came in with the lighted turf in the pot.

"There, that's a girl," said her mother. "Now go up to Mrs. Worrell, and she'll give ye yer breakfast; an' ax her for a sheet to lay him out wid, an' some candles; an' may be ye'd get a grain o' tay to watch him by. But hurry up now."

The little girl, subdued and silent, did her bidding.

When she was gone, her mother bustled about, laid the dead boy on the bed in the corner, kindled up the fire, got some water, and put it to boil in the old pot; took a dirty teapot from a corner, and a broken cup and cracked bowl, and laid them on a three-legged stool, supported on a sod of turf, in front of the fire. The two little children resumed their place in the chimney-nook, following their mother with their eyes, everywhere she turned.

The water boiled as Mick entered.

"Just in time, my darlin', every thing's ready. Where's the tay, 'till I wet it? Draw the stone over and sit down. Begor that's fine sugar; but, be aisy, what sort of butther is this? 'Haith its half suet. Show us the milk an' the bread; but its stale—two days ould I'm sure. Here, alannah, take a bit of stick an' toast a bit. I don't think the stale bread agrees wid me, an' the butther's only middlin. Make room for the tay-pot, 'till I put it to stew. Now, Mick a hagur, you must mind and say, whin the crowner comes here, how that Ned wint out in the mornin' to look for his bit, as we were all starvin', and that we didn't see a sight of him 'till they carried him in this mornin'."

"Oh, lave me alone," answered the boy, cunningly; "won't I make a movin' story. Am I to cry?"

"Ay, a little, but spake plain at first. But if they go to ax ye too many questions, ye must cry so that ye'll not be able to spake."

"That's enough," said he, winking.

"An' chiklre," she continued, turning to the little ones, "was Ned here last night?"

"Yes, mother," said they both.

"No he wasn't!" she shouted.

Now answer me, "Was Ned here last night?"

"No he wasn't," said they, hesitatingly.

"When did yez see him last?"

"I seen him —," said Peter.

"Yesturday mornin'," suggested his mother.

"Yesturday mornin'," echoed Peter.

"Come now, say it again. When did you see Ned last, Pather?"

"Yesturday mornin'."

"Katty?"

"Yesturday mornin'," she replied.

"Give us the tay, mother," said Mick, beginning to get tired of the instruction.

So she poured out and tasted it.

"That's rail good, faix," she said, sipping it; "an' I'm expecting Mrs. Worrell will give us some more. Be daf we'll make somethin' by Neddy now that he's dead, more than we did when he was alive, at any rate."

And so the mother and son took their buttered toast and tea, with the drowned son and brother lying beside them! And so they joked upon his death—the mother and son—and she the cause of it! And so they sat by their little fire, eating their comfortable breakfast, having sent out the father and daughter to beg the meal! And so the mother catechised the children in lying and dishonesty, bringing them up as dark spots to taint the fair face of God's creation!

The coroner came, and the police, and the neighbours, and Mr. Worrell, and young Worrell, and the labourer who found the body, and with some difficulty they collected a jury.

Young Worrell, an intelligent lad of nineteen, was examined, and related that he and a servant boy of his father's had accidentally found the body that morning, as they were going to work that they had been attracted to the bog-hole by the barking of their Irish dog, who had found his cap.

And Mick and his mother were sworn, and, with every appearance of bitter grief, deposed that the little boy had gone out to beg on the morning of the day before, and was not seen by any of them till he was brought in lifeless by Worrell.

So the jury considered, and agreed, that the child was returning home after dark, had mistaken the path, and had fallen into the hole; they therefore, after a few moments, returned a verdict of accidental death.

And they all went away, and the family were left alone again with the corpse. The little children again cowered round the fire, and Mick stood in the corner of the chimney nook. And the mother sat over the fire, her elbows resting on her knees, and her hands supporting her chin, rocking herself to and fro. And Grace stood in the far corner, again crying silently within herself. And the solitary candle against the wall shed a dim mournful light through the cabin; and the dead boy lay on the floor where he had been placed for the inquest.

There was the perjured mother that killed her child; who there, before her other children, had sworn to a lie;—the mother that brought them with pain into this world of sin;—the human mother, placed by the Almighty as the natural guide to lead the offspring on the way to heaven;—this mother teaching them the path direct to hell;—the mother, the bane or blessing of the child; for as she is, so will he be.

Grace sat in the corner, still crying; her mother stood up and approached her; she seized her by the shoulder—

“Go along,” she said, “an’ wash that brother of yours, bad luck to him, and lay him out, and then put on the turnips. Willyestir?” she continued, pushing her. “Come Mick, agra,” said she, as Grace prepared to do what she had told her, “I’m goin’ out. Will ye come?” And wrapping a tattered cloak about her head, she left the house followed by her eldest boy. And Grace washed her little brother and laid him out, and lit the other candle Mrs. Worrell had given her; and produced a bit of brown bread, which she divided between Peter and Katty; and put on the turnips, and gave the little things their supper, and put them to bed; and

they went to sleep. She sat by the fire to watch. She was not crying now. She thought, where was her father—he was not coming in. He might have fallen into a hole too. And then she cried. Again she thought—where was Ned gone—how did Ned die—would it not be better for her to go with him, away from trouble. And she looked over at the dead boy, and cried again. And her eye rested on the two living children—their eyes shut too, lying without noise. And she thought again, were they not all asleep? and two would awake, but one would sleep on. And so Grace pondered within herself, and cried, and thought, and dosed—then dreamed, and woke to cry again.

At last the door was pushed open, and her brother Mick came in, supporting her mother, drunk, hardly able to walk.

“Ye hell hound—bra—t,” she stut-tered to Grace; “wha—at are ye d—d—oin’ there?” And making a blow at her, she fell on the floor.

Mick lifted her to the bed, and after a few inarticulate words she fell asleep. Mick lay down beside her, and slept too; and the little girl was again alone. Where was her father, she thought—out the whole night. And the wind blew, and the rain pelted against the house, and he came not. Where could he be? And Grace thought on, and cried. The candles burnt down—the wicks grew longer and longer, and the light dim and more dim; and a kind of awe stole over Grace. She felt afraid, she knew not of what. She was very sleepy, too; and there was no room for her on the straw. And she went over to her brother, and stooped to kiss him. How cold were the lips! And she lifted the little body over to the fire, and took his hand from under the sheet, and clasped it in her’s, and nestled down on the hearth beside him, and fell asleep—the dead body her companion—the cold clay giving her confidence in the solitude of night!

#### CHAPTER III.

THE day was just breaking, when Grace awoke. There was her little brother’s ghastly face just beside her’s. In spite of herself she shuddered, and let go his hand; but then, as if ashamed, she kissed him again and again.

She replaced the body in the corner and glanced at the sleepers. All were silent still! She observed something white amongst the straw near her mother’s head; she looked close; it was the cap she had stolen. “Shall I take

it?" she thought. She put her hand out—no one stirred—she had it. She opened the door gently, and ran out to hide it under a furze-bush. The children soon awoke; her mother still slept heavily on. There were some turnips left since the night before—she heated them for their breakfast.

Mick took his bag and went out.

Her mother still slept, and her father came not yet.

And so they waited at the fire. Grace told the children little stories, and they forgot their hunger. And then, as they laughed in their childish glee, she would cry, and point to their dead brother, and they were hushed.

At last her father came; she sprang to meet him, and he stooped and kissed her. A man followed him with a coffin. Grace knew what it was for. She cried again; Ned was going home. They put him into the coffin—they put on the lid.

"Ah, father, dear!" she cried, rushing to it, "wan look more, just wan."

She pushed the lid off, and knelt down, and kissed his face.

"Ned, honey, your goin'; I'll nivir see you again. Ned, achorra, we'll nivir go out again in the mornin' to look for a bit to ate. It's by myself I'll go now. Ned, darlint, ye'll lie aisy—wont ye?" And she smoothed and settled his head. "Och, jewel of my heart, I wish I was with ye."

And with a passionate burst of grief she threw herself on the body. Her father lifted her off; the carpenter put on the lid and nailed it; the noise awoke the sleeping mother; she sat upon the bed and looked on in silence. Her husband approached her.

"Here, Katty," said he, "I'm in work at Mr. Rawson's, and here's some-thin' for you," handing her sixpence at the same time.

She took it from him, but said nothing. Kennedy then took his daughter's hand, and followed the carpenter and the coffin out of the house.

The old churchyard was about a mile away, near Hollywood. They found a little grave dug, and Worrell's servant standing beside it; a couple of neighbours went with them; the coffin was put in the ground and covered in. Grace cried in silence. It was all filled up; the sods were laid on the top—Ned was gone home.

"Now, Grace," said her father, "I must go to my work. Go home to

yer mother, an' I'll bring you some-thin' in the evenin'."

When Grace returned to the house her mother was not there.

"Pather," she asked, "where's mother?"

"Gone to the shop," answered he, "for bread for us; Katty an' me is to wait here till she comes."

"Wait, then, quite, like good childre, wont yez? an' tell mother that I'll be back soon," said Grace.

"Yis, Grace," replied they.

And Grace got the cap she had hid, and started off for the place where she had been two days before. A bright-eyed little girl and smiling boy were playing in front of the hall-door.

"Oh, Charles!" said the former, "there's the little girl was here the day before yesterday. She has no bag to-day."

"Well, little girl," said the boy, addressing her, "what do you want?"

"I want to see the mistress, if ye plaze, sir," answered Grace, curtsying.

"What do you want with her?" asked his companion.

"I want to tell her something, Miss."

"But you know you got a great deal here the other day, little girl," said the boy; "and you ought not to come so soon again."

"I have somethin' to give her," persisted Grace.

"Children, children!" cried a voice from the hall-door, which had just opened. "Charles—Jane! come here!" And the lady of the house came out on the steps. "Well, my little girl, so you want to speak to me. What have you to say?"

"Not to them," said Grace, colouring, and pointing to the children.

"Children, go into the hall for a moment. Well, now, what do you want?"

"Ye gave me a grate dale, lady, dear; and — and — here's this," she added, bursting into tears, and pulling the cap from her bosom.

The lady took it.

"One of my caps," she said, "that was stolen! How did you get it?"

"'Twas me, ma'am, that took it," said Grace, sobbing.

"And what tempted you to take it? This cap could have been no use to you if you were hungry."

"Mother 'ud sell it, ma'am. An' 'twas comin' to the house I took it, afore I knewn you; an' I was goin'

to put it on the hedge afther, an' there was people lookin' an' I could'nt; an' thin I thought it betther to come an' give it to yerself."

"And you came of your own accord?—your mother did not send you?"

"Mother, ma'am! Mother wanted to keep it, but I took it this mornin' whin she was asleep, an' hid it to bring it to you."

And the child looked up into the lady's face, and the latter saw truth stamped in the mournful blue eyes that looked into her's; and a tear quivered on her own eye-lash as she turned towards the house, and called her children.

"Come here, Charles and Jane. You see this little girl. She was here the day before yesterday, as you both know, and received a great deal from me. As she was coming to the house on that day, she was tempted to do very wrong—she broke one of God's commands, and stole this cap. She might have kept it without even being suspected of the theft, for we thought that it was the beggarman stole it. Well, this little girl was moved with gratitude towards me, and, of her own accord, brought back the cap to-day. I do not know if she is aware of the great sin of which she has been guilty; but what I wish to call your attention to is, the remembrance of a kindness, and her modesty in confessing her fault. Go, my little girl," she continued, addressing Grace, "go to the kitchen, and I will send you something to eat."

The lady returned to the house with her children, and ringing for the servant, desired him to tell the cook to give the little girl some food, and to let her know when she had finished.

Presently the man entered, saying that the girl wanted to go.

"Why, she had not time to eat anything," observed his mistress.

"She hasn't eaten anything, ma'am; she says she wants to take it home."

"Come, children, let us go and speak to her."

They found her in the kitchen, tying up some bones and potatoes in an old handkerchief.

"Why won't you eat anything, my poor girl?" asked the mistress of the house.

"Ah, lady, I'm not hungry, an' its late, an' a far way off, an' — an' —"

And the remembrance of her little brother stole across her mind, and she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the lady, kindly. "What's the matter?—come, now, tell me."

And the voice of kindness went to her heart—how little she knew it—and she sobbed more bitterly.

"Come, dear, tell me," said the lady, more kindly.

Poor Grace!—the good lady called her "dear"—*her*, the poor beggar-girl. And the corresponding chord in her own heart, till then unstrung, answered the tender word! She screamed, as she threw herself at the lady's feet—"Ned, poor Ned, was drowned yesterday, an' — an' — berried the day." She was choked with sobs. She knelt there—the servants stood round her. There was hardly a dry eye—the children wept bitterly—the good old cook raised her up.

"There, mavourneen, don't take on so. And your brother was drowned, acushla machree? Is there any more of ye?"

"Two little wans," sobbed the girl.

"And, my poor child, you came over here to return my cap on the day your brother was buried," said the lady, actually crying herself.

"Yis, ma'am," answered Grace, not exactly understanding why she should not have come on that account. The poor seldom allow the death of friends to interfere with their occupations.

"Where do you live, and what is your name?"

"Grace Kennedy, ma'am; and I live about four miles from this, beyant Escar, near Mr. Worrell's."

"Margaret," said the lady, addressing her cook, "give her some broken meat and potatoes, and let her go home."

So Grace hurried home, and found her father there, who had just arrived before her. And the children had been left all day by themselves, for their mother had not been home at all; and their fire had gone out; and there they cried all day, cold and hungry.

How their eyes glistened when Grace produced her store. She had not touched a bit herself—she waited to eat with them; so she set to work, and heated some, and the four had a happy, comfortable meal. Mick and his mother arrived late—the latter again drunk. Some brawling and



abuse took place, until she was at last persuaded to go to bed. And Grace lay down beside her little brother and sister, and slept more happily than she had done for some time.

To return to the family who had been so kind to her.

The lady whose cap she had returned was wife to a Mr. Saunders, agent to a considerable property in the neighbourhood.

Little Grace had excited a warm interest in Mrs. Saunders's heart. The children had become quite fond of her, and eager to learn how her little brother was drowned.

As the family sat round the fire after dinner, she mentioned the circumstance to her husband.

"I do not think," she continued, "that it was an honest principle which induced her to return the cap, so much as a fine feeling of gratitude, which would not allow her to injure one who had been kind to her; but it is a fine noble nature on which to graft good principles. Do, dear John, let me try an experiment with that little beggar-girl. Let me take her from her poverty, and bring her up as a servant, say, and see what that fine disposition will be with education. The expense will not be great, as she is quite old enough to be useful in many ways in the house."

"Oh, do, papa," cried Jane, "and I will hear her lessons."

"I see no objection to your plan, Ellen, if you wish," answered Mr. Saunders; "but I would recommend you to make more inquiries relative to her parents and their character. Where does she live?"

"Beyond Escar," she said, "near a Mr. Worrell's."

"Oh, I know Worrell very well; he is a most respectable man, and will, I dare say, be able to give us every information. I have some business in Hollywood to-morrow; I will drive you round by Escar, if you wish, and you can ask Worrell all about her."

"That will do exactly, John," said the lady, as she left the dining-room.

The next day was wet, greatly to the disappointment of the children; but the day after the sun shone out beautifully, and the whole party set out on the car. Mr. Saunders did his business in Hollywood, and then turned to go home by the Escar road. They learned from Mr. and Mrs. Worrell a

full and true account of little Ned's death, and also the cause of it, as appeared on the inquest. Mrs. Worrell was loud in her praise of Grace's disposition, saying what a pity it was that she had such a bad example before her.

"The father's good enough," said her husband, "if he had work, but the mother's a terrible bad woman. It was only the other night—the very night the little boy was buried—that I saw her dead drunk above at the shop."

"Shall we venture to rescue the child from such depravity?" asked Mr. Saunders of her husband.

"It will be hazardous," he replied. "We can see them, however. Where is their house, Mr. Worrell?"

"Why, sir, it hardly deserves the name of a house. They live in a little hovel about an hundred yards off the road, in on the bog, about a quarter of a mile on the road to Escar. I will go with you and show it."

"Oh, pray do not think of it," said both lady and gentleman; "send a boy with us; it will do quite as well."

"Well, ma'am, if you'll allow me I'll go myself; the boys are all at work and I've nothing particular to do; and to tell you the truth, I am rejoiced that you are going to do something for our little favourite, Grace, for she has real ideas above the rest."

So they set out towards Kennealy's abode, accompanied by the good-hearted farmer. As he walked by the side of the car, Mrs. Saunders told him how Grace had attracted her notice.

"That is just what I and my wife have observed in her," said Worrell—"a warm affection, and great thankfulness for whatever little kindness is done to her."

They approached the hovel; it was a desolate looking place: the straight road on for a long way, and on each side bog and heather; nothing to break the eye but the black turf-clamps here and there.

"There's the house," said Mr. Worrell, pointing in to the right off the road.

"That!" said Mrs. Saunders, as they looked towards what appeared at the distance only a raised bank. "Is it possible that human beings live there?"

Yet so it was. Half stuck against a turf bank, a little raised above it, were the walls forming the hovel in which the Kennealys dwelt; a hole in the turf for a chimney, and the door not above

four feet high, with a little hole in one side for a window, the entire not higher than six feet, roofed with large sods taken from the bog; all round the house bleak and cold; hardly a path to it.

"And here live beings such as we are," said Mrs. Saunders, turning with a tearful eye to her husband—"Christians, with the same feelings, affections, and perhaps talents that we have, if they were only cultivated; and look—such a wretched, wretched hovel! I could not imagine anything worse; and so dreary and cold all round. Oh, does it not teach us to value what we have, when we not merely think of, but look on the misery of others. Dear John, I should so like to go up to the house."

"My own love, it is very wet and dirty; you would be sure to catch cold."

"But I have strong boots on. Mr. Worrell, could I venture to go to that house?"

"Why, ma'am, it's very wet; but if you were as far as that big stone, there's a sort of a path from that up to the door."

"Come John, let us try," said the lady, jumping from the car. And she did try, and reached the low door with her husband, and stooping, went in. Grace was sitting at the fire mending something; the children were crouching over it; their mother was sleeping on the bed. Grace coloured as she recognised the lady, and stood up, giving her mother a push. Mrs. Saunders looked round in astonishment. The bed of straw, without bed-clothes—the half-dressed woman on it—the naked child beside the fire, and the other hardly better off!—the smoky atmosphere, and the damp floor and walls! Mr. and Mrs. Saunders looked at each other with looks of pitying commiseration.

"A nice place you come to choose a servant," said the former, smiling.

"Oh, John, John! is it not horrible?"

Mrs. Kennedy had by this time roused herself, and stood up.

"Oh, me lady, an' I haven't a chair or a sate to offer ye."

"My good woman," said Mrs. Saunders, "are you the mother of this little girl?" pointing to Grace.

"Yes, yer ladyship."

"Will you allow her to come to my house for a month; and if I like her, and she proves honest, and obedient, and truthful, I may teach her to be a servant?"

"Oh, I'll go bail for her bein' honest, yer honor."

"It is because she *honestly* brought me back a cap which she was tempted to steal, that I am induced to take her on trial. Will you allow her to come?"

Her mother darted a look at Grace.

"Ye'll be givin' no hire, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, thinking perhaps of the generally successful foraging of Grace.

"Oh, come, Ellen," said Mr. Saunders, going to the door.

"Oh, mother dear!—oh, ma'am!" cried Grace, springing forward with her hands clasped—"I don't want hire; I'll go with ye, ma'am dear; I love ye. Nevir mind mother."

"I can't take you, though, without your mother's consent; and as I will not undertake to give you any wages, she does not appear to wish you to come."

"Oh, in God's name take her, ma'am," said her mother. "I didn't mean anything whin I spoke of hire. Take her wid ye."

"I am not going to take her now," said Mrs. Saunders, smiling. "I will send for her to-morrow, and my messenger will bring some clothes for her, and then she can give those on her to the poor little children there."

Thus it was arranged. And Grace felt her father's cheek wet with tears as she kissed him, and told him, that night, when he came home from work. And he hugged his little daughter, and tried to think of some prayer he had been taught in the bright days of childhood, long ago. And he saw a gleam of happiness to cheer him through the dark mist of misery. The next day Grace went to her new home.

## THE RAILWAY.

The silent glen, the sunless stream,  
To wandering boyhood dear,  
And treasur'd still in many a dream,  
They are no longer here ;  
A huge red mound of earth is thrown  
Across the glen so wild and lone,  
The stream so cold and clear ;  
And lightning speed, and thundering sound,  
Pass hourly o'er the unsightly mound.

Nor this alone—for many a mile  
Along that iron way,  
No verdant banks or hedgerows smile  
In summer's glory gay ;  
Thro' chasms that yawn as though the earth  
Were rent in some strange mountain-birth,  
Whose depth excludes the day,  
We're borne away at headlong pace,  
To win from time the wearying race !

The wayside inn, with homelike air,  
No longer tempts a guest  
To taste its unpretending fare,  
Or seek its welcome rest.  
The prancing team—the merry horn—  
The cool fresh road at early morn—  
The coachman's ready jest ;  
All, all to distant dream-land gone,  
While shrieking trains are hurrying on.

Yet greet we them with thankful hearts,  
And eyes that own no tear,  
'Tis nothing now, the space which parts  
The distant from the dear ;  
The wing that to her cherish'd nest  
Bears home the birds exulting breast,  
Has found its rival here.  
With speed like hers we too can haste,  
The bliss of meeting hearts to taste.

For me, I gaze along the line  
To watch the approaching train,  
And deem it still, 'twixt me and mine,  
A rude, but welcome chain  
To bind us in a world, whose ties  
Each passing hour to sever tries,  
But here may try in vain ;  
To bring us near home many an art,  
Stern fate employs to keep apart.

## FRENCH NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.\*

THE French are great writers, whether we measure them by the quantity or quality of their productions. Their merit, however, is most considerable in the aggregate. Individual instances of the highest original genius are certainly rare among them. In the crowded pages of their literary history, we cannot put our finger on the names of a Bacon, Shakspeare, Dante, or Milton. Nor is Bossuet equal to Jeremy Taylor. Pascal is undoubtedly their greatest mind, and a world-wide light he might have diffused, had not his frame been worn down by mortifications, and the bright blaze of his genius crushed out on the cold walls and pavement of a dim damp cloister. We owe the French a vast meed of gratitude and praise for the persevering exercise and improvement of their national talent as historians. On this field no difficulty has daunted them. Hospitable and inhospitable—savage and civilised, regions and races have found industrious annalists in the French; and with an ingenuity peculiarly their own, they have collected and arranged the scattered materials. In the middle of the eighteenth century the best history of England was to be found in the volumes of Rapin; and whether we now possess a better is a question which we leave for more experienced critics to decide. Let it be remarked, that among the subscribers to the edition of the original, printed at the Hague in 1724, very few English names are to be found, making all due allowance for the corruptions of French orthography, when proper and surnames are concerned.

The bibliography of natural history and science teems with the names of Frenchmen; they have been most laborious and disinterested expositors and explorers of the secrets and wonders of our earth. It demanded almost the zeal of an apostle to carry the wealthy, well-born, luxurious Buffon through his colossal undertaking. The "*Recherches sur les Ossements Fos-*

*siles*" of Cuvier heralded the mighty discoveries of modern geology, and lured us to seek in her deeps and strata the unwritten chronicles of the world. Almost unknown in England is the enterprise which led Le Vailant to publish his magnificent, and of course unprofitable, works on the ornithology of Africa. It is to Audubon, the son of a vice-admiral of France, that Europe owes the birds of America. He sought them among the magnolias of Louisiana, and the stunted pine-trees of Labrador. He has placed them before our eyes in their dazzling plumage amid the long waving grasses of the prairies, or the glowing berries of their native tracts of woodland. The same number of important and laborious works have been written in no other modern language, though most of the great critics and scholars of France have enshrined the fruits of their researches in the unchanging idiom of a dead tongue. Possessing a large share of very beautiful and spirited prose, it is notorious that little poetry of a high order is to be found in French. We know not where the cause of failure lies, whether in the language or the mental characteristics of the race; but certain it is that the radical superiority and defects of English and French poetry commence, and are evident, in the very cradle. Compared with the natural beauty and vigorous tone of those fine old ballads which have floated down to us, often by nameless authors, the graces and prettinesses of the poets of the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oui* seem as the chirping of the chaffinch, to the clear, strong tones of the thrush—untutored and harsh sometimes, but seldom feeble. One babe seems to have been a pale, weedy, sprawling infant, whom its mother decked with "pompons" and laces, sometimes, perhaps, bestowing on its cheeks a daub of rouge; the other was a handsome, uncouth, vigorous man-child, swathed in its hempen swaddling-clothes, kicking lustily amid the fogs and frosty mornings of a

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\* Balzac—Sand—C. de Bernard—Sue—Dumas—Reybaud—Sandeau—Brisset, &c.

sharp, northern climate: perhaps its infant senses were braced by the vague rumours of the chaunts of Ossian and his unknown brothers in poesy—the strong sharp wail of the persecuted native bards may have thrilled on his ear, as they hovered between earth and heaven in their mountain fastnesses. Whatever may be the cause, the poetry of each country possesses in its maturity the same character, the same beauties, graces, and defects which marked the half-formed features of its infancy. In their personal memoirs, the French own a mine of wealth; they have an army of delightful writers of this class, tintured, to be sure, with personal and national vanity, but, nevertheless, most charming and valuable, while we starve upon a few volumes. Would there had been more sweet Mrs. Hutchensons and Ladies Fanshawe—more Sir Simon D'Ewes, Evelyns, Pepyses, and Burnets among us. They would have rendered the paths of English history more flowery and agreeable.

The genuine wit of the French must strike every reader of their literature; it is eminently compact and keen; compared with ours, it is as the blade of a lancet to the rusty, coarse-grained steel of a schoolboy's bread-and-cheese knife; its meaning may travel from one mind to another, by the airy conveyance of an intonation, an interjection, a single word. It is playful, brilliant, intangible as the sunbeam, which we might as well attempt to catch and shut up in an oak box, as to pack in the strong practical sounds of Saxon English, French wit, or the delicate beauty of French sentiment—they belong neither to our mind nor our language; they shrink from our grasp; they grow pale and spiritless when we attempt to embody them.

At the present moment we may call the French the novel-writers for the world. Widely in every quarter is the use and knowledge of their language spread, and thither travel those cheap, light saffron-coloured and pale-grey volumes, which contain so much of the prose-poetry of passion and sentiment, and a subtle and sparkling humour. These books have become almost a necessary luxury to those who read without a plan, and for the amusement of the passing hour; and we do not hesitate to say, that such works exercise a most enervating and deteriorating moral influence. We cannot wonder at

the zest with which they are perused, for the writers, in very many instances, possess great power; they hold at their command a passionate and melting eloquence, an exquisite sensibility to grace and beauty, the acute delicacy of the most vivid perceptions, and the resources of the most expressive of living languages. Disguised and coloured by these precious properties, for the last twenty years the novelists of France have been laying before the reading world their perverted notions on the laws of God and man, on the subjects of right and wrong, of morality and immorality; they have been endeavouring to excite our feelings and enlist our sympathies in behalf of the woman, *bien conservée* of 45, who employs herself in the artistic seduction of some handsome youth—in the unnatural rivalry of mother and daughter for the affections of one man—in the betrayal at the same time of the erring, confiding mistress, and her ignorant, hapless *femme-de-chambre*—in the love of the high-born countess for some intelligent peasant or mechanic. At other times, to give an additional zest to the narrative, we are kept quivering through the whole of two volumes with the fear that our interesting heroine may be unknowingly involved in an intrigue with her own natural son; or, by way of variety, the whole treasure of an innocent young heart is lavished on some abominable criminal; and others contain scenes and passages with the mention of which we dared not sully our page. To deal rightly with a great proportion of these books—so remarkable for perverted power—we should possess Hugh Latimer's heroic gift of plain-speaking; and did we arraign at the bar of critical justice, by their right names, the sins to which those pages are dedicated, we can assure the reader we should startle their ears by a very ugly and ill-sounding nomenclature.

We particularly object to these writers when they assume the tone of piety, and treat of mercy and repentance. The comparisons which involve the mention of names and characters, sacred and divine, are remarkable for their ignorance and profanity. It reminds one of Madame, when she likens her son, the Regent Orleans, to the Psalmist King of Judah, founding the comparison *solely*, we presume, on the affair of Bathsheba. In a like spirit the "*pauvres anges dechus*" of these



novelists comfort themselves with the incidents and characters of Holy Writ. It was well for the morality of our higher and middle classes, and especially for the young, that the memorable article on this subject in a leading cotemporary scared the public with the mention of some of the grosser abominations in which many of these writers have dealt. We assume to ourselves a more pleasant task—it is to mention some volumes that may be read fearlessly, and an author who may be perused with delight by the most scrupulous. Let us say also, in justice to our French neighbours, that many a husband who values his own peace, and almost every priest in any degree eminent for zeal and sincerity, forbids the most objectionable of these works to their wife, daughter, or spiritual charge.

For the genius of Balzac, one of the master novelists of his time, we have a profound admiration, mingled, clouded, and embittered with regret and indignation. Superior to all the other writers of his country, he is a leader among their errors. Capable of portraying, with the exquisite simplicity of the most perfect art, every phase and shade of character—a great dramatist, and powerful narrator—he has over the feelings of his readers the same control which the musician exercises on the strings or keys of his instrument. He holds us for the time bounden slaves to the lamp of his genius. His humour is playful and variable; we laugh and sigh at his bidding. Alas! that he should have so often and so shamelessly employed these fair and gracious gifts of his Maker in the service of vice and seduction, and swelled his pages with a wit so unpardonably gross, profane, and blasphemous. He has taught us himself that he was formed for better things, as the beauty of Milton's "Fallen Angel" streams through all the horror and depravity of his fall. The man who could write the histories of the "*Recherche de l'Absolu*," and "*Eugenie Grandet*," is deeply culpable for lending himself as a minister to the evil tastes of his time and country. He who could trace, in "*Le Doigt de Dieu*," the sure punishment that visits in some form the household treachery of adultery, is a mighty criminal to devote himself to its praises and illustration. In many of his books there stand characters so pure and beautiful in their conception, we think

he must have placed them there to do penance for the sinners who surround them, and to blush for the scenes in which they act a part not always consistent with their general excellence. Prout might paint the streets of an old provincial town from his description; Creswick might garner up in his memory hints for a future picture from his well-told landscapes. The skill of a Flemish painter guides the pen of Mons. de Balzac—his interiors glow. Look long and steadily at the picture that he lays before you—fresh objects ever start out from the dim, yet transparent, shades of his background. The quaint forms of the old-fashioned furniture—the ancient household utensils—his brazen pans and pewter platters—his tall goblets of Venice glass—they gleam, they glance with well-managed lights into observation; and among them move the hardy peasant-servants of the provinces, and the Demoiselles de Guenics, de Pen Hoels, and de Cormons. His good angel might be predominant, or a penitent mood possessed him, when he traced the character of Margaret Claes. It tells of truth, and patience, and the holy charities of the household hearth. It is an illustration of the self-denial, forbearance, and child-like belief and practice of the woman-Christian. We delight to imagine the calm, blooming, Flemish face of the heroine—the broad, thoughtful brow—the clear eyes—the happy contentment of the young face—the close, white cap, and dark rich velvet robe. Such a form and countenance have now and then looked down upon us, almost majestic in their placid simplicity, from a canvass marked in some shadowy corner with a famous monogram. The "*Recherche de l'Absolu*" is a master-work—national, yet true to that nature which is of all countries. "*La Vieille Fille*" is a fair specimen of the ability and faults of M. de Balzac. We meet there his eminent descriptive powers, combined with the irresistible wit which he mingles with indecency and impiety. The monotonous life of the country town and the characters of the inhabitants are drawn with admirable skill. "*Modeste Mignon*" is among the least objectionable of Balzac's writings. Many of the "*Scenes de la Vie Privée*" seem to have been written with what the author considered an honest and good inten-

tion—to inculcate a valuable moral—an impracticable undertaking for a genius so perverse. The scales sometimes waver, and the balance seems to be trembling toward virtue; but it speedily kicks the beam, and the evil principle prevails. We would pay our homage *en passant* to that great moralist in disguise, Charles de Bernard, who often turns the laugh against vice, and superannuated pretensions, and follies, though he sometimes forgets the part which he has enacted so well, and weakens, by the tone and details of his story, the moral which he works out irresistibly at the end of his book. His polished old men of the world, and his faded beauties, grasping at the last straws which vanity flings to them, are studies from life—in spite of wrinkles and rheumatism, they trip well-dressed and graceful into the grave. “*La Femme de Quarante Ans*” is such an exquisite morsel of satire, so pointed and strong in its ridicule, that we wonder it has not driven from the face of society the character of “*la femme incomprise*.” In “*Gerfaut*,” where a criminal passion is described with more force, and as much decency as is to be found, perhaps, in any of these books, we would whisper to Monsieur de Bernard that he has committed a gross treason against the laws that govern the school of novelists with which he mingles, as the author of that exciting tale; for the husband, with his high sense of honour, his confiding love, which expends itself in no pale sentimentalities, and condescends not to suspect—with his courage and proud inflexibility—is a far more attractive character than the Parisian dandy who undertakes to dishonour him. “*L’homme Sérieux*” will provoke many a laugh, though it seems inferior to our vivid recollections of the wit and merit of “*La Femme de Quarante Ans*.”

Of Mons. Paul de Kock we shall say but little. His wit is untranslatable, for two reasons—it is so purely national, and often so indecent. We confess, however, that it is perfect of the kind. We defy the sternest moralist to restrain his laugh, even had he sat down, as many a critic does, resolved to reprove and condemn. This author does not attempt to seduce us by false philosophy and vicious sentimentality. He is content with making us acknow-

ledge that he is master of the subjects he handles, and evidently holds himself to be rewarded by the mirth he provokes. He is a modern Smollett, and a Hogarth without his moral intentions. We think, however, that his readers must sometimes be reminded, while engaged with his pages, of one of the discoveries of modern agriculture—namely, that it is possible to manure too highly. Partial translations have made Sue and Dumas better known to the English readers. They recall, by their gaudy, exaggerated style, the paintings of the revolutionary David; and like him, they love to grind up their colours with blood. Possessed of powerful imaginations and much industry, they are both writers of considerable ability, who blend with all that is false and immoral in their brother scribes, a coarse taste for the melodramatic and horrible. They can give us a kind of waking nightmare, and make one’s hair stand on end with the powerful narration and strong colouring of some of their scenes. This quality is remarkable in “*Atar Gul*,” and “*La Vigie de Koat Ven*.” To the reader who wishes to judge of the writings of these authors, in their least objectionable productions, we would recommend “*La Dame de Monsoreau*,” “*Georges*,” and “*Les Trois Mousquetaires*,” by Dumas; also, “*La Barbeblue*,” “*Aventures d’Hercules Hardy*,” “*Jean Chevalier*,” and the afore-named “*Atar Gul*,” by Sue,—who has commenced 1850 with “*Les Mysteres du Peuple*.”

It has been much the fashion to extol the merit and productions of George Sand. We believe this judgment to be false—that time and posterity will not establish and corroborate the praise. In giving this opinion, we set aside the fact, that this intellectual hermaphrodite exhibits in her works the frailties and weakness of the woman combined with the vices of the man. She is elaborate and lengthy, when it were a merit to be concise and simple; her longer works are tedious, and seem to be written without a plan—bursts of passionate verbiage and eloquent essays confuse the details. It is a great point gained, when a female author weighs with a sound judgment the depth and grasp of her own ability. Now in this most valuable knowledge she is utterly deficient. She plunges into great social questions and philoso-

public disquisitions with the same confidence that she handles a criminal confession. She ministers largely to the vicious appetites and dangerous ambition of a depraved democracy. Her frequent and irreverent mention of Him who bore our sins and knew our sorrows, shocks and startles us. Thoughts beautiful and poetical are scattered over her pages, and put in the mind or mouth of some hero or heroine, whose notions on virtue and vice are as confused and perverted as her own. Yet while charmed by her eloquence, it is rather what this author *might have been*, than what *she is*, that impresses our mind after a perusal of her works. It is yet day with her, and may she amend! At present she seems to be seeking public esteem and influence by espousing the cause of the people and the poor—a great mission worthily fulfilled—may it find a better prophet than either herself or Sue! “Little Fadette” and the “Peché de Mons. Antoine,” are translatable; but in the “Piccinino” we meet with the same odious combinations, and loves, and crimes, which startle us, and jar so unpleasantly on our minds in the works of these novelists; but enough of a writer who has maintained that virtuous dispositions and purity of mind may remain uncontaminated, and exist in a wilful and willing harlot.

Madame Charles Reybaud is but little known to the English reader. She is a good and captivating writer, of considerable ability. Her numerous productions may be perused without fear by the conscientious and scrupulous reader. We are doing them a service in recommending this interesting author to their notice. She will cheer many a winter evening, and the pleasant languor of a July noon; she will occupy very agreeably the odd hour between the return from the drive and the appearance at the dinner-table. Her intentions and tendencies are good; her sentiments very sweet and delicate; a strong sense of religious and moral responsibility evidently pervades her mind. She introduces her readers to the antique relics of that beautiful and graceful aristocracy—let us give all their due—which was destroyed by the first French revolution. We seem to move with her through the wide salons of her old chateaux, among their obsolete fauteuils, and tarnished gilding, and heavy faded damask—the pleasant

prospects of the once gay France spread forth before the windows. She describes with a glowing pen the beauties of the provinces; she is at home in the passes of the Cevennes and the narrow streets of the old towns, in whose tall houses wintered the provincial nobility of by-gone days. In one of her later works she selects a fruitful theme—the “Annals of the Old Convents of Paris.” These foundations received into their bosoms, and hid beneath their sheltering walls, heroines of histories sadder and more piteous, sufferers under woes more intense, than the public grief and pompous penitence of any king’s mistress. Bossuet and Flechier did not commemorate these, nor make them live among the standard divinity of France, but Madame Reybaud has undertaken the task of imagining their narratives. To some the monotony and seclusion of the cloister was a blessed exchange for the scorn and abhorrence which they excited as the children of great and notable criminals. To these their fathers’ name was a curse; men gazed on them with curiosity and turned aside; the sin of the sire, who was broken on the wheel, fell with every circumstance of shame and humiliation around his offspring. The touching little story of “Felise” is founded on this situation. Her father had committed a double murder by the destruction of his wife, the mother of Felise, and of an officer to whom his beautiful sister-in-law was affianced. He had prepared the way for marriage with the latter; but the secret witness of crime was abroad, and the guilt was traced to the criminal. Felise is consigned to a convent by her aunt, the innocent cause of these tragedies. This hapless lady, with beauty prematurely faded, and shattered nerves, dwells in a large dismal house in Paris, with two old servants, nursing her feeble health and wretched recollections. The gay, beautiful, high-spirited child of the murderer and murdered grows into a glowing, passionate womanhood, and the Marquis de Gaudale waits upon her aunt to demand her hand.

“‘I refuse it, M. le Marquis,’ replied Mademoiselle de Saulieu, greatly agitated.

“‘And will you favor me with the grounds of your refusal, mademoiselle?’ said he.

“‘If you absolutely require it, sir,’ murmured the grief-stricken lady, almost inaudibly; ‘but be advised, and without explanation or details give up the hand of my niece.’

"The marquis only replied by an impatient gesture, and his pride and love seemed equally to offer an indignant refusal. Mademoiselle de Saulieu paused, as if to summon up all her strength, and then said, at first very slowly, but as she proceeded, in abrupt and hurried accents—

"It is a melancholy history that I am about to relate, sir—the frightful misfortunes of two families. An orphan from infancy, I was brought up along with a younger sister, by an uncle who adopted us. At sixteen my sister married a man of rank, while I remained with my uncle, now grown infirm. I deferred my own establishment in life in order to watch over his declining years, and I remained with him up to the age of twenty-five, persuaded that he would share his fortune between myself and my sister, whom he had already richly portioned. But these anticipations proved groundless. A will which he had concealed from us made me his only heir. Alas! how shall I recall the consequences of this preference. My sister's husband had long entertained a hateful passion for me; his avarice was equal to his depraved love. I was about to be married to one whom my heart had long selected. The wretch formed the project of marrying me, and getting rid of all obstacles previously. A dispensation from the Holy Father authorizes a man to marry two sisters in succession. The same night his wife was assassinated in her own chateau, while he to whom I was to have been united was shot through the head almost before my very eyes. The murderer had arranged his double crime with extreme address, but Providence willed his immediate chastisement. His crimes had secret witnesses; his victims were avenged, and he perished by the hand of the executioner. You have doubtless heard, sir, the dreadful history of the Count de Chardavon, who was broken on the wheel at Toulouse. He was the father of Felise. He had a young sister; she was called the fair Genevieve. Disgraced by his infamous crime and his no less infamous punishment, she died in a convent; and I, whom this monster had deprived of so many objects of affection, wear out the remainder of my life here with the old servants who have followed me, and this child, who accuses me of cruelty, but from whom I must for ever hide our misfortunes."

"The Marquis listened to this narrative in silent horror; he bowed profoundly, and half sunk on one knee, as if to ask pardon from one whom he had forced to make such an avowal, then he slowly withdrew. As he disappeared, Mademoiselle de Saulieu perceived the pale face of Felise at the extremity of the salon. The unhappy girl, concealed behind the folding-doors, had heard every word that was uttered. Her look of calm and settled despair was terrible to behold.

"Aunt," said she, "I must return to the Annonciades—my place is there. I have

reflected since yesterday. I see that Mademoiselle de Chamerois loves the Marquis de Gaudala, and, since I am the daughter of a criminal, he will marry her. Oh, Aunt! restore me to the convent, for, at this idea, I feel my father's blood flowing in my veins."

The same day Felise returned to the Convent of the Annonciades. When she crossed, for the second time, the formidable barrier of the cloister-gate, she was received by the superior and Father Boinet.

"We were ever expecting you, my daughter," said the good father. "Come, my child," exclaimed the superior, with accents of tenderness and joy. "Oh, my poor bruised lamb, blessed be the Good Shepherd who leads you hither, and the day which restores you to the fold."

But we particularly recommend to English readers the story of "Clementine," which forms another part of the same series. The Marquis de la Rochefarnoux is warned by his incipient wrinkles that he is no longer an ornament to the court of Le Grand Monarque, who wished only to see around him a perennial maturity or bloom. He determines to retire to his castle of La Rochefarnoux, where one of his ancestresses had attained her hundredth year, and there to devote himself to the preservation of his life. He took with him his relations, Madame and Mademoiselle St. Elphège, who were to inherit a large share of his wealth; but, saith the Spanish proverb, "those who wait for dead men's shoes, may go all their lives barefoot." And so it proved. Madame died; Mademoiselle St. Elphège grew withered and old in waiting for her inheritance, and her spirits were depressed by the formal tyranny of the narrow-minded old man. When the ninetieth year of the Marquis's life was "bien sonnée," other candidates for the inheritance appear—Madame de Barjaval, his widowed niece, with her young son, the Baron; and the veritable heroine of the story, Clementine, in the bright bloom of sixteen, and the ignorance and innocence of a boarder in a well-regulated convent. We see the Marquis growing yellower and thinner every day, and his heirs more impatient.

The young Baron, who is devoted to the pursuits of a naturalist, is con-



of the most charming characters in the book. He has all the simplicity and calm intelligence of one whose faculties and energies are devoted to an exalting and edifying study. We respect and delight in the boy who is so curiously active, and lives in so much happy excitement among his butterflies, chrysalyses, and beetles. The industrious study of God's works and wonders, in the habits and forms of his minor creatures, preserves the delightful purity and integrity of his character to the end of the history. The heart aches for Clementine as the book closes, and the convent-gates shut over her sorrows and great mistakes in life—discovered too late to be retrieved.

Madame C. Reybaud excels especially in her descriptions of the landscapes of the tropics. Many of her best scenes are enacted in those glowing countries. She makes us sigh amid our fogs and frosts for the clear moonlight heavens, the luxuriant foliage, and the luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers of Southern America, Mexico, and the West Indian Isles. When we give ourselves up to the charm of her pages, the delightful odorous evening of the tropics seems stealing over the imagination; the exhalations of a thousand blossoms are breathing in the air; around the columns of the palm-trees, and through the rich verdure of the high wide boughs, fall the many-coloured cups and bells of the innumerable parasite plants which grow with the pompous luxuriance of savage vegetation, in a soil unturned by man. Similar scenes filled the heart of Heber with a glorious comprehension of the beautiful, while wandering “beneath the bamboo's arched bough”—

“Where gemming oft that sacred gloom  
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom;  
And winds our path thro' many a bower  
Of fragrant tree and crimson flower.  
The Celba's gaudy pomp displayed  
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,  
And dusk anana's prickly blade;  
While o'er the brake so wild and fair  
The betel waves his crest in air.”

We follow her among the Negro population, and the supple, indolent, passionate creoles, into the company of those Spanish nobles who carried with them across the Atlantic, among their sugar-canes and bananas, the proud prejudices of Europe, and old Spain. These are illustrated in the pretty story

of “*Mademoiselle de Chazeuil*.” She is the daughter of a distinguished French nobleman, who had married a beautiful half-caste. This secret was concealed from Esther. Family misfortune and her father's death compel her to seek an asylum in the West Indies, in the home of her maternal grandfather, Simon Baëz, of whose station, habits, and extraction she is entirely ignorant, as also of her father's mesalliance. The old man, filled with kindly affection, hastens to meet his young descendant, and the daughter of one of the proud nobles of France finds herself embraced by a Mulatto. In Paris, in the days of her wealth and prosperity, she had been affianced to a creole of high birth, the Marquis de Palmarola. The lovers were devotedly attached to one another, though the gentleman found himself perplexed by a previous intrigue with his cousin, Louise de Villaverde, who had perseveringly pursued and finally entangled him in an illicit connection. To gain his love this lady committed dark and terrible deeds, for she had to remove two living obstacles ere she succeeded, namely, her father-in-law and her husband. Though no actual proof of her crime existed, an undefined suspicion of her guilt embittered every hour the Marquis was in her presence. She was like himself, a creole, and *Mademoiselle de Chazeuil* discovers that Dona Carlota, the proud aunt of the Marquis, and his cousin, Louisa de Villaverde, who had returned to America, lived very near to her grandfather, whose extraction quite places him beyond the pale of their society. In Paris the young ladies had met as equals—in South America how vast was the gulf between them! The unadulterated blood of the followers of the Cid flowed in her rivals' veins, while the nobility of her father, the Count de Chazeuil, could not make her more or less than the granddaughter of Simon Baëz, the freed man. When the fair Parisian first discovered her descent from slave-ancestors, and that her father had outraged the prejudices and opinions of his equals by his marriage with her beautiful mother, Esther's feelings are very melancholy:—

“‘My poor Catherine,’ said Simon Baëz to her, was sixteen years old, gentle and pretty, and nearly as fair too as thou art. The Count became attached to her, and she loved



him: then an event occurred which is, perhaps, without example in this country. The Count asked my child of me in marriage, and he wedded her. A month later they departed together; I did not attempt to detain them; they could not stay here.'

"'Could not remain near you!—and for what reason?' said Esther.

"'Because thy father had made a marriage which drew upon him the disapproval and scorn of his own people,' sadly replied Baëz. 'Here a white man cannot marry a woman of colour without incurring the contempt of his equals.'

"'But have you not told me that my mother was as fair as I am,' interrupted Esther, in a troubled tone.

"'But her origin was known; all the world knew,' said the old man, 'that she was of mixed race; besides, my child, there are signs by which persons accustomed to distinguish the difference of castes cannot be deceived. Even thou, fair as thou art, in thee thyself one can clearly see that thou hast in thy veins the blood of the Black.'

"Esther bowed her head; she saw the distance which prejudices, unacknowledged in Europe but all powerful there, placed between her and Palmarola."

The Marquis, however, seeks her out, renews his vows and protestations of attachment, while, with a fixed purpose, Madame de Villaverde endeavours to throw every obstacle in the way of the lovers, to separate and prevent them meeting. Heaven, however, favours them, and Mademoiselle de Chazeuil, reinstated in her fortune, sails from the Havannah with her good old *bonne*, Madam Abel, and her faithful lover, for a land where the daughter of the French noble will be no more despised as the grandchild of the good old slave. The heart of the reader will sicken over the despair of the deserted and guilty woman; from her quivering hands she drops the letter that announces, in the words of the innocent girl, her happy prospects and departure with her future husband. Louisa, then, had sinned and suffered in vain. "Her gaze was bent upon the ground; she seemed for a long time rapt in some mournful thought; then in a low voice she murmured, 'God avenges the dead.'"

"*Le Dernier Oblat*" is a tale of great power and beauty. The sin of the mother, who had seen her lover lying murdered before her, is, through long years, sternly visited on the hapless offspring of her intrigue. The vengeance of the outraged husband is

steady and relentless. There is something terrible in the obedience of the conscience-stricken mother; it is painful to trace the tale of the hapless and guileless victim of a woman's frailty, and a husband's revenge. The latter portions of the narrative are inferior to the commencement and earlier chapters, in the same manner that the first part of Mrs. Marsh's very beautiful novel, the "*Provisions of the Lady Evelyn*," greatly exceeds the merit of the lately-written conclusion. This lady and Madame Reybaud possess the same class and grade of talent, and each country may be proud of these most agreeable and highly-gifted female writers.

We recommend "*Marie D'Enambuc*," "*Gabrielle*," "*Mezelie*," and "*Madame de Rieux*;" and did time or space permit, we could linger longer among the many pleasant volumes of this prolific writer. "*Helène*," one of her latest productions, is, perhaps, less striking than other tales which we have named; but it possesses the authoress's refinement of feeling and beauty of style.

"*Paul Pierre Rubens*," by Berthoud, is an excellent novel. The prosperous artist-life of the great painter is placed most pleasantly before the reader, who is introduced to the eminent pupils of that great atelier. We are made acquainted with many of the eccentricities and adventures of the jovial and gifted band. The series of historical novels written by Brisset, blend much information with a good style, and he interests his readers strongly in the characters called up to figure on the stage. Catherine and Marie de Medicis; the bevy of fair maids of honour; the history of Poltrot and his victim; the subtle ambition of the Guises; and the fate of the Concini, have occupied his pen, in common with Mons. Dumas, who has dealt with largely, and handled less scrupulously, some of the same characters and portions of history. His works are, however, better known in England. To this class of novels belongs "*Jacqueline de Bavière*," an interesting historical tale, which reminds us of Mr. Grattan's manner and choice of subjects.

"*Mademoiselle de Kérouare*," by Sandeau, is the brief sad story of a young heart, cast away in vain; and his later volume "*Un Heritage*," contains much true humour, and several

clever sketches. The idea of a gentleman travelling over the world in search of a half-forgotten tune, possesses some novelty. The task allotted to us has been painful. We are wearied by the consideration of so much ability, combined with deep-rooted heinous error. To form a correct opinion, we have perused very many volumes of the popular literature of France, and these, it is reasonable to suppose, are no unjust interpreters of the tastes, feelings, and sentiments of the mass of

readers. We will only add, that the present confusion and misery of that country is no longer matter of wonder to us—we can be no longer surprised that she has fallen from her place among the nations. The existing disorganisation is the ruinous climax of the corruption which has been gnawing within her vitals, for, at least, the last two centuries. It has now risen to spread over the surface of society—it has taken its seat by the domestic hearth.

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ELFINAIR; OR, THE CHARMED BRACELET.

Three sisters dwelt in a castle old,  
Three blossoms on one tree,  
Daughters of Roderick O'Donnell bold,  
A chieftain wild and free.

The first was a high and haughty dame,  
With a dark and flashing eye,  
A cheek all pale, but an eye of flame,  
And a soul that would aught defy.

The next was a maiden fair and meek—  
A simple maid and shy,  
But the red rose blushed on her downy cheek,  
And sweet was her loving eye.

The last was a maid of learning and song,  
And a wondrous maid to see,  
To this cold earth she could scarce belong,  
So lovelily fair was she.

But that face so wild, so clear, so fair,  
Was stamped with a misery ;  
For her soul seemed dark with a troubled care,  
And her beauty was sad to see.

The first was called proud Isabel,  
The next was Gertrude fair,  
And the last was named from a fairy well,  
And called wild Elfinair.

And when that beauteous child was born,  
The loveliest ere had been,  
'Twas said, on the early, misty morn,  
That fairy forms were seen

Gliding around the mother's couch,  
With many a charm and spell,  
And beside the child they were seen to crouch,  
And 'wildering tales to tell.

For ever that babe's eyes wander'd bright,  
And smiled its rosy mouth,  
And o'er its head shone a beam of light,  
Like a ray from the sunny south.

'Twas strange to behold her wander there,  
Alone through the greenwood's shade,  
In her youth's sweet morn, with sadden'd air,  
And never of aught afraid ;

While her sisters strayed by their father's side,  
And he smiled on their childish glee,  
And he gazed on their loveliness with pride,  
Nor thought, Elfinair, of thee.

And dark grew the mind of that wild child,  
And her heart grew cold and lone,  
And away o'er the bleak and barren wild  
She would wander forth alone.

And far in some fairy dell at even,  
She'd stay till the dew-drops fell,  
And the starry eyes of the clear cold heaven  
Would tales of beauty tell.

At length she loved, but her love was wild—  
A thing to fear and dread—  
For it lay like a venom'd serpent coil'd,  
And its sting might leave her dead.

And beautiful shone that image fair,  
Her young heart's loving dream,  
And bright was the face reflected there,  
Like light on a silent stream.

At length to their father's halls he came,  
A suitor high and fair,  
And he falters forth the lady's name,  
Alas ! for Elfinair.

'Tis Gertrude's mild and beaming eye  
Hath won the young knight's love,  
'Tis Gertrude's low and whisper'd sigh  
He prizes all above.

Alas ! for lonely Elfinair,  
As she flies to that dell at even,  
To watch her there, oh ! none may dare !  
Her deed's between her and heaven !

She returned as soon as the clear cold morn  
Was shedding its silver light,  
And pale was her cheek as she asked a boon  
From Gertrude on that night :

“ Oh, sister fair, say, will you wear  
This bracelet of purest gold ?  
Forgive the slighted Elfinair  
If she asks a boon too bold !”

Fair Gertrude smiled, and for answer clasped  
The bracelet on her arm,  
Yet she turned all pale, and faintly gasp'd  
As thrilled by a mighty charm.

" Oh, Elfinair, 'tis cold," she said,  
" I feel all sad and chill,  
And something weighs on my heart like lead—  
Oh ! trembling heart be still !"

That even fair young Gertrude died,  
And of all that mourned there,  
None so deeply sighed, or so wildly cried,  
As lonely Elfinair.

A year passed by, and the young knight's sigh  
Was changed to a smile of love,  
And he watch'd for the glance of a lady's eye,  
Which shone like a star above.

And Isabel's smile is full of joy,  
For she is the chosen fair ;  
Isabel's hope is without alloy,  
Alas ! for Elfinair !

She came to the bride, and wildly cried,  
" A gift, my sister, I bear ;  
She wore it with pride who lately died—  
Oh, take it from Elfinair."

The circlet of gold the bride did hold  
An omen of grief and harm,  
But her eye ne'er told, for her heart was bold,  
And she clasp'd it on her arm.

She felt a dread, and a cold like lead,  
Yet she turned away with a smile,  
The next morn, 'twas said, the bride had fled,  
And they sought her for many a mile.

But she ne'er was found, nor above the ground  
Was seen proud Isabel,  
Though a low sweet sound from a fairy mound,  
Down in that lonely dell,

Whispers a tale that would make you pale,  
And chimes like a funeral knell,  
And is heard to bewail, to the passing gale,  
The fate of Isabel.

Years passed on, and their sire was gone  
To the lone and silent tomb ;  
The two had flown whom he loved alone,  
And all the rest was gloom.

Mild Elfinair is mistress there,  
Yet sad is her beauteous brow,  
Though the love she bare seems answer'd there,  
For her's is the young knight now.

Her love he had sought, but his hand was bought,  
 By her gold and lands so fair,  
 For the heart he brought was with misery fraught,  
 Alas! for Elfinair.

He flies to that fairy mound at eve,  
 And weeps in the lonely dell,  
 And there they believe he still doth grieve,  
 For the lovely Isabel.

Oh, Elfinair, he now is there,  
 And he finds thy vanish'd charm,  
 Dark Elfinair, beware, beware—  
 He clasps it on thine arm!

The maid doth start, for charm and art  
 Were forgotten in her love,  
 And wild pains dart to her trusting heart  
 And she droops like a stricken dove.

Wild Elfinair lies dead and fair,  
 With that bracelet on her arm,  
 For none may dare, of the watchers there,  
 To unclasp the wondrous charm.

G.

## A FANCY.

Said a star to a star, on a lovely bright night,  
 "Oh how I would like to be yonder great sun,  
 The admired of all, that look up with delight,  
 And not the small speck I am, worshipped by none;"  
 And the other sweet star—'twas a beautiful one—  
 Said thus in soft tones to the murmuring planet,  
 "Thou shouldst not my friend, believe me, complain,—it  
 Is said, that the sun in time yet to come, will  
 Pass away from its sphere, to some prophesied doom fill,  
 And then you and I may still glowingly shine,  
 Something lowlier now, but then all divine."

And so, in this world, let the Christian not say,  
 Tho' his lot should be cast 'mid the humble and poor,—  
 "Oh why was my birth no, 'mid the splendid array,  
 Of the noble in rank and the mighty in power;"  
 Let him think that man's days, are as frail as the flower,  
 That the power, the rank, nor the riches may keep  
 Him untouched and unharmed by sepulchral sleep;  
 That thrones, and dominions, and happiness come,  
 When pomp and when glory retire, and the doom  
 In which peace, and prosperity, to mortals is given.  
 Is the one which excludes them for ever in Heaven.



## THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Of the father of the late Sir Robert Peel we are told,\* that "he was the son of Robert Peel, a manufacturer of humble pretensions and small fortune, who died in 1736, leaving little more to his son than his good name and an unsullied reputation."

"From his boyish days," we are told, "he was impressed with the idea that he should accumulate great riches, and become the founder of a family;" a notion to which he did not hesitate to give frequent utterance, so as to provoke the sneers of some of the elder members of his family, who little dreamed that they themselves should largely profit by what they regarded as a very ridiculous delusion.

The truth is, he was "a man of hope, and forward-looking mind," of energetic perseverance and industry, and great practical shrewdness. He foresaw, *in posse*, the capabilities of the power-loom, and rightly judged that the machinery then in use was susceptible of improvements by which human labour might be vastly abridged, and the raw material turned into a merchantable commodity which would find remunerating prices in all the markets of the world. Nor was his sagacity at fault. Every year brought confirmation of the truth of his vaticinations, until England became the great emporium of the cotton trade, and he himself, as well he deserved to be, one of the most flourishing of those manufacturing and merchant princes of whom the empire may so well be proud, and whose affluence is not greater than the largeness of soul which makes it redound in blessings to all around them.

We find him, in 1773, at the age of three-and-twenty, conducting, in partnership with Mr. Yates of Bury, in Lancashire, an extensive cotton manufactory, and enjoying a career of uninterrupted prosperity for ten years; after which time he married his partner's daughter. He soon found his gains by trade equal to the purchase of some extensive estates in Lancashire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire.

Nor did he confine his attention entirely to matters of trade. The state of the finances and of national credit engaged a large share of his attention. A pamphlet of his, intended to dispel the gloomy apprehensions which seemed to have possessed the public, from the great increase of the national debt at the close of the American war, deserved and obtained considerable circulation. His object was to prove, by showing the difference between public and private engagements, that "the national debt" was "productive of national prosperity." We cannot here dwell upon this part of the subject further than to say, that in Mr. Peel's pamphlet there was much that was plausible, and something that was true; that the end aimed at was, to a considerable extent, attained, by cheering many to bear up under the public burdens; and that when he became a member of parliament he was regarded, even by the aristocratic assembly which then represented the Commons of England, with marked respect, as one to whose practical wisdom great deference should be paid in all our financial and mercantile arrangements.

Not only was he an able and enterprising tradesman and a useful senator, but he was a man of princely munificence. When the public credit was low, during the crisis of the revolutionary war, the free-will offering of his house was *ten thousand pounds*. This was in 1797, when we were threatened with invasion.

A living on his estate, in the gift of the Chancellor, becoming vacant, he solicited it, with every prospect of success, for a very worthy clergyman of his acquaintance. But the seals were suddenly transferred to other hands, and his reasonable expectations were disappointed. He, however, was resolved that his friend should not be disappointed, and he immediately purchased for him another living of equal value.

A rival house, of the first class in the cotton trade, having become, by

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\* "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel," &c. London: Newby.

injudicious speculation, severely embarrassed, was upon the verge of bankruptcy, from which nothing could have saved it, had not a rumour of the fact reached Sir Robert, who, with a delicacy equal to his generosity, secretly advanced to the heads of the firm more than fourteen thousand pounds, by which timely aid the calamitous result was averted.

Another house, consisting of two sons and three daughters, whose property was embarked in trade, was suddenly reduced to a complete wreck. The large-hearted baronet immediately set himself about obtaining lucrative employments for the sons, which his parliamentary influence enabled him to do; and presented each of the daughters with a sum of one thousand pounds. May we not say to all overgrown capitalists, "Go, and do likewise."

Well might the late Sir Robert have been proud of such a father.

And that father was proud of his son. He was an idolator of Pitt, as "the statesman who weathered the storm;" and his highest aspirations after earthly happiness were, that his son should tread in the steps of that illustrious man; and, if the day of adverse vicissitude should come, be a stay to a menaced and a sinking country in its hour of adversity and tribulation. How far they were gratified the sequel will show.

The late Sir Robert was born at Bury, in Lancashire, on the 5th of February, 1788, being Shrove Tuesday; on which account he went during his childhood, amongst the numerous workmen of his father, by the whimsical soubriquet of "Pancake Bob."

When of a proper age he was placed at Harrow School, and was a cotemporary with Lord Byron in that establishment, where an intimacy commenced which was only terminated by the death of that distinguished man.

From Harrow he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his quickness and diligence, both in science and classics, and took, at commencement, a double first-class degree.

He was now to enter upon the great theatre of public life; and he took his seat in parliament, at the age of twenty-one, in the year 1809, as representative of the borough of Cashel in Ireland.

Pitt and Fox were gone. These

great leaders had called around them—the one upon the anti-revolutionary, the other upon the revolutionary side—whatever of vigour or ability, either within parliament or without, championed the respective causes of reckless change, or of social order; and they departed, leaving for successors Lords Grey and Grenville, on the one hand, and Canning and Castlereagh on the other.

The two last able men were not at unity among themselves. Canning was brilliant and popular; Castlereagh solid, high-spirited, and serviceable. Both had been pupils of Pitt, and, had the master lived, they would have each contentedly occupied the posts he assigned to them, without the bickerings and jealousies which now arose to interrupt the continuity of their official connexion. But soon symptoms unmistakeable manifested themselves, which evinced that they could no longer serve in the same cabinet, and the quarrel, which blazed forth in a duel, deprived them both of public employment.

This constituted a crisis in the Government, and Mr. Percival sought to strengthen his hands by the accession of Lords Grey and Grenville; but these noblemen could not then be induced to take office; and it was under the auspices of the cabinet of which Lord Camden was President of the Council, and Mr. Percival First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the young member for Cashel made his parliamentary *débüt*, as seconder to the address in answer to the speech from the throne, which was moved by Lord Bernard.

In this he acquitted himself creditably; so much so as not only to gratify parental pride, but to draw the marked attention of those who were best qualified to judge of rising eminence, and who did not hesitate to intimate their opinion that he would one day occupy a prominent position in the councils of the empire.

Nor was he long without office. His aptitude for business soon pointed him out to Mr. Percival as one well fitted to fill creditably the post of Under Secretary of State to the Colonial Department, the seals of which were then held by the Earl of Liverpool. "And thus, when scarcely of an age which qualified him to sit and vote in the Legislature, he became a member of the adminis-

tration of the day, and had the active duties of a very important department cast upon him.”\*

His first appointment was important, as it may have led to his second. When Lord Liverpool, after the assassination of Mr. Percival, became the head of the Government, Mr. Peel, whose character and capabilities became known to the Premier from official connexion, was selected to fill the very important and responsible office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Ireland was then governed upon Protestant principles. The Test and Corporation Acts and the disabling statutes were then in force; and Mr. Peel entered upon his Irish administration with a firmly-expressed determination to keep the state of the law in these respects as he found it.

The Constitution, he saw, was both civil and ecclesiastical. Any tampering with the laws which guaranteed the security of the succession, or the inviolability of the Church, he regarded as fatal to public liberty; and accordingly, from the moment of his acceptance of office in Ireland, he proclaimed himself the most strenuous and determined opponent of what was called “Catholic Emancipation.”

He had come into office under Percival. That distinguished man was, for a season, his political Mentor; and it was but natural that he should incline to the strong opinions which his guide and patron always expressed upon the subject of removing restraints which he deemed absolutely indispensable to the preservation of our constitutional monarchy, as established at the Revolution. But there can be no doubt that, as soon as *he* was removed, the young politician began to look at that and other matters with different eyes; and although he felt himself committed to the support of the Protestant cause, and did support it for some time with unflinching energy, it would not be difficult to find, in the strongest of his anti-emancipation speeches, passages which clearly intimated that he was not a very inveterate exclusionist, and that if any great and present tangible good could be confidently calculated upon by the removal of the disabilities, he at least would not be found very long amongst

those by whom it would be very strenuously resisted.

The truth is, that with the strong reasons against such removal he was very superficially acquainted. He had not studied the subject as it was studied by Flood, by Saurin, or by Lord Clare. He did not know how deeply the most inveterate dogmas of Popery had fixed themselves in the minds, and poisoned the hearts, of a vast majority of the Romish population. He conceived that the isolation in which they had been kept, and not the traditions of their Church and the spirit of their religion, had engendered that bitter anti-anglicism, and hatred of the Established Church, which, from time to time, blazed out into outrage and sedition; and the conviction was more and more growing upon him, that, remove the cause, and the effects must cease—repeal the penal code, and you will have tranquillity and prosperity in Ireland.

His task, therefore, was a difficult one. He had to maintain what was called the Protestant interest, with a conviction that, sooner or later, that interest must be abandoned.

But there was another question which more entirely engrossed his attention, and the mature consideration of which led to a change of opinion which, until it was actually announced, and embodied in an Act of Parliament, could, by no sagacity, have been suspected. When, in 1811, Mr. Horner introduced his resolutions for returning to a metallic currency, he had no more strenuous antagonist than Mr. Peel. That gifted man contemplated the derangements in our monetary system with pained and anxious anticipations of evil, and deemed that nothing short of a return to cash payments could remedy that depreciation of the paper currency, and that unfavourable balance of the exchanges which resulted, as he maintained, from the Suspension Act of '97. We do not mean, indeed in such a paper as this we could not venture, to enter into a full discussion of that much-vexed question; but no doubt can be entertained that Mr. Horner's statements and reasonings were lucid and forcible in no common degree, and carried a conviction to the minds of thousands, that the measures which he

\* “Memoir of Sir Robert Peel.” Newby, Mortimer-street, London.

recommended were sound and good, and that the wisdom of parliament would best be shown in their entire and speedy adoption. Not so Mr. Peel, or his venerable and sagacious father. They maintained that no sufficient grounds were shown, either in the state of the exchanges, or the depreciation of the bank-note, for the resolutions upon which Mr. Horner proposed to found his bill. They referred to various periods when the variations in the exchanges were quite as striking, and when no such cause could be pretended. They alluded forcibly to the effect which a return to cash payments must have upon the magnitude of the national debt; how injuriously it must affect all debtors, while, in a corresponding degree, it must benefit all creditors. And they were able to persuade the house and the country, that whatever were the present inconveniences they had to endure, they were as nothing compared to the evils in prospect, if, from any hallucination of the political economists, the resolutions of Mr. Horner were agreed to; and that it was far better "to bear the ills they had, than fly to others which they knew not of."

Such were the opinions of Mr. Peel in 1811; and such they continued to be (at least there was no outward or visible sign to the contrary) until 1819, when he was appointed chairman of a committee to investigate and report upon the state of the currency. He entered upon his laborious duties with his accustomed diligence and energy, bringing all his financial knowledge and experience to bear upon the case before him; and it was not long before his sentiments were changed, and he came out of the committee as decidedly favourable to the views and opinions of Mr. Horner (whom death had prematurely snatched from witnessing this triumph of his labours) as he had been adverse to them, when that eminent individual had, with so much zeal and so much ability, introduced them to the notice of parliament.

Nor have we ever been amongst the number of those who vilified the late lamented statesman for this change of opinion. We believe it to have been sincere. We believe that nothing short of overpowering conviction could have compelled him thus to set himself at variance with the views or the opinions

of his venerable father, who undoubtedly felt it a stunning blow, that on such a subject he should meet his most formidable antagonist in his son.

We have no time, even if we had any disposition, to say more at present than that the truth may have lain between them. Regarding the currency as the life-blood of the commercial system, it is only in a healthy state when the serum and the crassamentum bear to each other a due proportion. Should the former unduly predominate, the circulation is languid and devoid of nutriment; should the latter, it becomes torpid, and but little of healthy nutriment can be conveyed. In either case, the evil is great: which is the greater we shall not pretend to say. "*Ad huc sub judice lis est.*" It remains for the financial authorities eventually to decide whether, in reality, the late lamented statesman did more, by his important measures of 1821 and 1844, than substitute the one evil for the other—the evil of a restricted currency, screwed up to a metallic standard, for the evil of an unrestricted currency, which, while it injuriously affected our exchanges with foreign countries, encouraged, in our own, imprudent speculation, which resulted in crushing ruin to thousands.

That the late Sir Robert Peel could have ever contemplated his own personal gain by his monetary legislation, is a calumny too despicable to be noticed. By no one who had ever personally known him could it be for one moment entertained. Such, undoubtedly, was not his weak point. But that he had a most sensitive regard to the value of character, is equally undoubted; and that he prided himself upon the measure, which, while it somewhat damaged his consistency, he regarded as the basis of his reputation as a profound and far-seeing financial statesman, there are few who would deny; and we are not sure that he did not cling to it with a fondness of parental partiality, which rendered him blind to its defects, and insensible to its dangers.

We are not now discussing the measures, but endeavouring to estimate the character of this eminent statesman; and while, in the abandonment of strongly-expressed and long pertinaciously maintained opinions, we are not disposed to question his sincerity; it is yet a striking fact, that, for



any second abandonment of the new opinions which had been built upon the ruins of the old, he has always evinced an invincible repugnance, which no amount of subsequent conviction could overcome. He could afford to say he was wrong, upon any given subject, *once*; but to confess that he was wrong *twice*, would, he might well suppose, be destructive of his reputation as a public man. And therefore it was, that, once committed to a metallic standard, he made the whole question to turn upon "What is a pound?" and in his zeal that the promissory-note should be no counterfeit, but, in reality, what it pretended to be, neither more nor less than the *bonâ fide* representative of so much coined money, and convertible, at the will of the holder, into cash at the Bank of England, he did not, patiently and dispassionately, entertain the question as to whether some different arrangement might not be made, combining, more effectually, public security with mercantile accommodation. Certainly to the evils of a restricted currency, as he had restricted it, he seemed strangely insensible; nor can, in our opinion, this insensibility be fully understood irrespective altogether of a sensitive jealousy for his financial fame.

Let us give the late right honourable baronet his due. Panics and great banking insolvencies have been far less frequent since the passing of his measure than they used to be. But whether this object might not have been attained by a different measure, which should still leave the currency in a greater state of fluidity to permeate the veins and the arteries of the commercial system, affording to safe trading operations a salutary encouragement, without giving rise to rash speculation, is a problem which is still unsolved, and which no one would have been better qualified to solve than Sir R. Peel himself, had he met the state of the currency in the condition in which he found it.

We now come to his conduct and policy upon the question of "Emancipation." Hitherto he had maintained the Protestant cause upon some shew of principle; but, as we before remarked, his convictions were more complexional than real. They had no root in that thorough knowledge of the subject, or of human nature, which

would have taught him the real effects of the repeal of the disabling laws. His antagonists in the house were some of the ablest men of the day; and it was hard for him, under such circumstances, to maintain a struggle for an object the attainment of which was every day more and more doubtful. Besides, some of his strongest partisans were dropping off from him, and of the young men who were coming into parliament, a majority, and an increasing majority, inclined to the side of Catholic freedom.

Still, the Protestant was, in England, the popular cause. Canning was his rival in the cabinet. Lord Liverpool was too cold and wary to adventure upon untried changes. The violence of the Romish party in Ireland had disgusted their most ardent friends; and, obviously, the time was not yet when the great experiment could be made, with the prudence which was due to his own reputation, safety to the cabinet of which he was a leading member, or any reasonable degree of security for the public tranquillity, or the well-being of the empire.

Accordingly, when, upon the political demise of Lord Liverpool, and the exaltation of Mr. Canning to the premiership, there was a simultaneous resignation of every member of the cabinet who had resisted the Catholic claims, the brilliant orator was left alone to encounter the hostility of his former friends, or contend against them, as best he might, by new allies from the ranks of his enemies. Sir Robert openly rested the grounds for his resignation of office upon the known fact, that the Premier would possess greatly-increased power of carrying into effect his emancipating policy, to which, directly or indirectly, *he* would be no party. And such was the opposition to which the new head of the Government was exposed, whose nervous irritability but little fitted him to meet, with a phlegmatic indifference, what he deemed spiteful and ungenerous hostility, that his health rapidly gave way, and death surprised him amidst the cares of office, having inaugurated, but not accomplished, changes which were, at all events, bold and startling, whatever might be said of their wisdom or safety.

We believe the Protestant party, who had perceived his accession to power with dismay, felt his taking



away as a respite from danger; but they were soon to be undeceived.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel returned to office; and returned, as we believe, with a predetermination to concede "the Catholic claims."

The first ominous intimation of this was the omission of Lord Eldon's name in the list of cabinet ministers. This indicated a foregone conclusion.

A new Parliament had been called in 1826, which left parties much as they were before. No feeling had been evoked, nor had the attention of the country been turned to any particular dangers menacing Church and State. The hidden purposes of ministers had not been disclosed, nor even the public apprised of the measures which were in progress, until it was no longer possible to offer to them a constitutional resistance.

It was upon the 5th of March, 1829, that Sir Robert performed his act of self-immolation.

Upon the measure itself we shall not, of course, enter into any discussion; neither shall we suffer ourselves to speculate upon the motives of the late right honourable baronet. We are satisfied to allow them to have been none other than those which he professed. In our estimate of his character we are concerned only in the grounds of those motives and the wisdom and foresight of that measure, which has already been attended by consequences far the most momentous of any that have ever resulted from the deliberate councils of the sovereign's responsible advisers. We are testing his sagacity as a statesman, not questioning his morality as an honest man.

In the first place, then, we look in vain through Sir Robert's speeches for any defence of the penal code, upon grounds of state necessity or political justice. He maintained them because they were in existence, and because certain dangers to the Church were apprehended from their removal; and, in proportion as his fears on this latter point were diminished, so must his disposition have been increased to "blot them out for ever." Had he continued to believe that the dangers, which some of his friends clearly foresaw, really impended, no concurrence of circumstances could have induced a firm, resolute, and honest politician to

remove the barriers by which they might have been withstood. We therefore deliberately say, that Sir Robert sympathised with his old opponents in believing that the Church would be strengthened, not weakened, by the admission of Roman Catholics to seats in the legislature, or he would not have counselled the concession of their claims. In this we need not say that he was mistaken.

He aimed at the reputation of the great pacificator of Ireland. He hoped that by flinging his sop to the Irish Cerberus, he should lull the monster into a tranquil slumber, and enter at once upon the Elysian fields of Irish happiness and prosperity. But he was deceived. The expected result was not produced; and the whet which had been given to the appetite for concession only sharpened what it was intended to satisfy; while the minister was still further crippled in his power to put down disturbance, by the accession of new allies upon whom the demagogues might count in the Imperial Parliament. *Sir Robert Peel did not know Popery, and did not foresee the effects of the measures upon which he fondly hoped to base his political fame.*

He complained of being deserted by the constituencies, who now very loudly exclaimed against him for his abandonment of the Protestant cause. They left him, he said, to fight the battle alone, and sent into parliament either neutrals or antagonists. This, to a certain extent, is true, but not to the purpose. Constituencies will always be inert masses, except as they are set into action by some leading mind. It is the duty of the far-seeing statesman to forewarn them of the breakers a-head; and Sir Robert Peel, systematically, and of set purpose, forbore to utter such timely warning. Had he done so, far different, in many places, would have been the results of the election in 1826. And had he believed, as Percival believed, that the question was a vital one, and that the admission of Romanists within the walls of parliament was just the same sort of treason to the constitution as the admission of the wooden horse within the walls of Troy, he would have acted as Percival would have acted, and denounced the apathy which made men indifferent to such dangers. More especially when the blindness in part

proceeded from a reliance upon *himself*—a reliance greatly strengthened by recent declarations, after Mr. Canning's accession to power; and which caused the Protestants universally to feel that Emancipation was impossible as long as *he* was faithful.

In all this we cannot praise the right honourable baronet's wisdom, while we are far, indeed, from inculcating his motives.

In the second place, he mistook "the sound and fury" of the Romish agitators for something far more formidable than it really was. He mistook the braying of the ass in the lion's skin for the lion. Had he grappled vigorously with such sedition as he had then to deal with in Ireland, he could, by a single well-weighed act of parliament, have effectually put it down, and *that* in such a way as to win popularity from a majority of the Roman Catholics themselves. Witness what Lord Clarendon, acting under a ministry sustained by a reformed parliament, has done as respects repeal agitation. It was, therefore, not *the power* but *the will* that was wanting. Sir Robert conceived that the time had come, when, by a dexterous, or rather ambidexterous, stroke of policy, a root of bitterness might be extracted, which, while it continued, must mar good government in Ireland; and he ventured upon his perilous measure in the confident expectation that such would be the result. In all this he may have been sincere; but was he wise? was he even sagacious? Time, which is the test of parliamentary measures, has already proved that he was mistaken.

In the third place, he did not duly estimate the effect upon his former followers of what was deemed by them his treachery and his tergiversation; nor the loss which the public sustained in the destruction of his character as a public man. In truth, he was haunted all his life by a passion for conciliating his enemies, even though to do so he should disgust and alienate his friends. He acted through life upon the reverse of the maxim, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; and while he vainly endeavoured to wile down the one, he took no care to secure the other. But, in this case, the error was pregnant with consequences which may be deplored by our latest posterity. It destroyed the Conservative

party, made way for the Whigs to office, and led to the passing of the Reform Bill, by which the balance of the constitution has been destroyed. All this is to be included in the measure of '29, for which Sir Robert Peel was properly responsible. He has repeatedly said, that, with all these consequences fully in view, under the same circumstances he would act again as he did in '29. We would not hear his enemies say so; but, having said so himself, we must believe him. And what is the conclusion to which we are compelled to come? That wisdom and foresight regulated all his proceedings? No; but that so total an absence of foresight and wisdom argues a kind of judicial infatuation!

We have read of a noble Roman jumping into a gulf to save his country; but we are informed that by this self-sacrifice his country *was* saved. Here is a self-immolation which only results in plunging the country into the most formidable dangers. Do we blame him for this, as though he were criminally responsible for consequences so tremendous? No; but we cannot praise his sagacity, by which they were not foreseen.

In the fourth place, he was unaware, or heedless, of the progress which the reformed opinions were making in Ireland. That is a subject upon which we cannot afford to dwell; but we state it as a fact, of which we have perfect conviction, that, for some years before '29, there was a great awakening amongst the Irish Roman Catholics; education had begun to tell upon the masses; and the gentry, who were disgusted both by the violence and the ignorance of their priests, were rapidly arriving at more enlightened convictions. Had Sir Robert waited but a few years longer, when the disclosures respecting Dens were brought into the full light of day, he would have seen all who were worthy amongst the Roman Catholics emancipating themselves. But no such possibility presented itself to his imagination; and he proceeded upon the conviction that Popery was stereotyped upon them, and that by legislative enactment alone could they obtain civil freedom.

These are painful details—painful conclusions. Would we could reverse them; but we cannot. They will be chronicled in history; and by them this eminent politician must be judged.

Let the reader say whether by future generations they should be regarded for warning or for example.

In the fifth place, the concession was made just when the demands of the agitators should have been resisted—when it was regarded as the triumph of turbulence, not a compliance with the demands of justice. Sir Robert said the time had come when something should be done, and *that something* should be the removal of the disabling laws. The true statesman would have seen, in such removal, at such a time, anything but a pledge of tranquillity; he would have regarded it as a species of *black mail*; and, whatever might be his opinion upon the abstract question, he would first, and with a high hand, put down the disturbers. He would have felt that he was morally unable to emancipate, until he had proved himself able to deal effectively with bravado and sedition. This did not Sir Robert Peel. Either he did not know how easily the agitators might have been put down, or he wished to use their turbulence as a cloak for carrying out his policy, which could alone be done when he had frightened “the isle from its propriety” by a most unfounded dread of a civil war. In all this we cannot praise him.

Well, the time speedily came when the predictions of the emancipators were all falsified; when pledges were broken, when oaths were disregarded, when the Church Establishment was fiercely and virulently assailed. The Reform Bill (which, to use the happy phrase of Dr. O’Sullivan, “was carried by the back-water of Emancipation”) had largely increased the Popish and democratic interest in the House of Commons, and the impolicy of concession became immediately visible. The disaffected put no limits to their demands, and counted, as a host of strength, the feebleness of the minister by whom they were resisted. Church property was spoliated by legislative enactment. Agrarian outrages were aggravated by the tardy-gaited justice which encouraged rather than repressed them. The secret fomenters of the movement by which life and property were rendered insecure, were cherished and caressed. The countenance of the Government was withdrawn from the Established clergy. The grant to Maynooth was largely increased. The titles of the Romish prelacy were recognised, and

precedence accorded to them above the peers of the realm. Everything seemed to be either done, or doing, to prepare the way for the plenary establishment of Popery in Ireland; even whilst amongst the Romish body there were daily manifested symptoms of the most unequivocal nature, demonstrating their awakening intelligence, and their disposition to throw off the trammels of Popery, and assert for themselves the liberty with which the gospel would make them free. And all this to buy off turbulence! To propitiate agitators whose appetite for concession only “grew by what it fed on”! Was this wise? Was it politic? Could it have any other issue than the strengthening of disaffection, which would not rest until it had dismembered the empire?

The reader will remember that we are not now discussing measures—the time for that is past. We are endeavouring, without partiality or prejudice, to estimate the character of an eminent politician, who has been permitted, for good or for evil, to exercise a great influence over public affairs, and whose authority is still considerable with the large party by whom he was supported. There are those who valued him for the very errors which we have pointed out, inasmuch as they all tended to the disturbance of establishments for which they entertained no special favor. There are others of a very different stamp, who surrendered to him their judgment with an implicit reliance upon his wisdom; and these may, perchance, be influenced by an impartial retrospect of his whole career, and a calm consideration of the results of his policy;—and be led, even at the eleventh hour, to pause ere they carry it out to its whole extent, by concession after concession to a blind and improvident democracy, who would accomplish the destruction of constitutional liberty by a criminal abuse of the blessings of freedom.

But not only did wisdom and policy require that this timidity and vacillation in the minister should be abandoned; his own express pledges and promise at the passing of the Emancipation Bill required that the blusterings of the agitators should be met with determination and rigour. The following are the concluding words of his speech on the 5th of March, 1829:

“I trust, by the means now proposed, the moral storm may be lulled into a calm,

that the waters of strife may subside, and the elements of discord be stilled and composed (hear). But if these expectations be disappointed; if, unhappily, civil strife and contentions shall still take place; if the differences existing between us do not arise out of artificial distinctions and unequal privileges; but if there be something in the character of a Roman Catholic's religion—forsooth, a something not to be contented with a participation of equal privileges, or anything short of superiority—still I shall be content to make the trial. If the battle must be fought, if the contest which we would now avoid cannot be averted by those means, let the worst come to the worst—the battle will be fought for other objects, the contest will take place on other grounds (hear). The contest then will be, not for an equality of civil rights, but for the intolerant religion (hear, hear). I say we cannot fight the battle to greater advantage (if, indeed, those more gloomy predictions shall be realised, and if our more favourable hopes shall not be justified by the result), we can fight the battle against the predominance of an intolerant religion more advantageously after this measure shall have passed than we could at present. Under these circumstances we shall have the sympathy of other nations; we shall, on entering the contest, have dissolved the great moral alliance that existed among the Roman Catholics in consequence of those disabilities. We shall have with us those great and illustrious authorities that long supported this measure, and which will be transferred to us and ranged upon our side. And I do not doubt that, in that contest, we shall be victorious, aided, as we shall be, by the unanimous feeling of all classes of society in this country, as demonstrated in the numerous petitions presented to this house, in which I find the best and most real securities for the maintenance of our Protestant constitution (hear, hear), aided, as I will be, by the union of orthodoxy and dissent (hear), by the assenting voice of Scotland; and, if other aid be necessary, cheered by the sympathies of every free state, and by the wishes and prayers of every free man, in whatever clime or under whatever form of government he may live."

Now have any one of these pledges been redeemed? Was conciliation, when tried and found wanting, followed, as he promised it would, by a policy of coercion? Turbulence did increase. Discontent did become audacious, and assumed an unwonted ferocity. All that had been done seemed to be regarded as an instalment, and that nothing worthy a note of triumph would be accomplished until the Union was repealed, and an Irish parliament seated in College-green. And yet Sir

Robert was altogether unmindful of his pledges, and never once raised his voice in parliament to intimate his disappointment at those sad results, or express his determination to meet with a proper spirit the agitation which was rending and convulsing the empire. He had promised that all parties would merge their differences in parliament, and unite for its repression. Was that so? He had promised that it should be put down with a high hand. Was that so? He had promised that any measure which might be necessary for that purpose would not only be willingly conceded at home, but regarded with approbation by sympathising Europe. Was that so? Alas! no such measures were taken; and Europe regarded rather with complacency than dislike a procedure on the part of the emancipated demagogues which so materially increased the perils of the empire. Either, then, Sir Robert was wrong in his predictions of peace, when wiser men clearly foresaw that there could be no peace; or he knowingly committed himself to pledges which he was either unable or unwilling to fulfil; in which latter case the pledges were given merely to blind the eyes of those whom he deemed shallow and bigoted antagonists, and in the confident expectation that they should be converted from their errors before he could be called upon to redeem them.

It is remarkable that all those important measures, which the late Sir Robert Peel at first resisted, he finally was the means of carrying. It was so with the currency question. It was so with emancipation. It was so with the substitution of Papist for Protestant corporations in Ireland. It was so with the corn laws. This last measure is still upon its trial, and should not be hastily prejudged. But, whatever may be said of its effects in cheapening food, no one can doubt that it has, even already, greatly reduced the influence of the territorial aristocracy, and affected the agricultural interest to a degree that almost threatens its extinction. Neither can it be denied that the party which, with so much care and labour, had been built up after the passing of the Reform Bill, was by this act of Sir Robert suddenly destroyed.

The question, then, is, were the benefits of the repeal of the corn laws so clear and indisputable, and the necessity for passing the measure at that



time so urgent, that it was a matter of imperious duty not only to strike a blow against the agricultural interest, by which their prosperity must be overthrown, but to destroy the party on whom alone reliance could be placed for the preservation of our monarchical institutions; or, did not the measure admit of delay, by which we might have been enabled to feel our way in the direction of a removal of restrictions upon the import of food; and be gradually let in upon reluctant Conservatives, as they were able to bear it? To our minds nothing has been said, or pretended, which could convince us that this latter alternative was not practicable, and that Sir Robert, supposing him to be sincerely bent upon the one object alone, might not have accomplished it, or put it in the way of being in due time accomplished, without that second treachery to his party, by whom he had been forgiven and again adopted, which left them no alternative but ignominious submission to him as a dictator, or his utter rejection as a leader thenceforth, and for ever.

Nor are we sure that temper had not something to do with this second dereliction of principle, by which every one was taken by surprise, and his Conservative followers dismayed and confounded. He had intended to steal a march upon the recusants by such stealthy concessions, from time to time, to the Romanists, as might pave the way for the exaltation of Popery, and render its final establishment plain and easy. And, to a certain extent, he had succeeded. The education of the country had been thrown into their hands. The Bill for regulating charitable bequests, and giving them their titles and their precedence, had advanced to the very verge of recognition as an establishment; and he little thought that the enlarged grant to Maynooth, which would have brought them within an easy stage of paying the Romish priests out of the treasury, would have roused the commotion it did amongst his followers, or so imminently perilled his administration. But so it was. The sincere Protestants of his party took the alarm. Their eyes were at once opened to the dangers by which they were menaced. Their opposition was strenuous and indignant. The Premier persevered. He overruled them with a high hand; and, as in the case of Emancipation, casting

off his friends, he carried his measure by the aid of his enemies. This was not to be borne. A large number of the best men of his party, feeling themselves thus driven below the gangway, left him; and the remainder were barely sufficient to furnish a measuring cast majority, by which he must live, as a minister, from hand to mouth, liable at any moment to be outvoted, and not certain, for a single day, of his ministerial existence.

It was not until the opposition of these men was settled, and became, to use the phrase, *chronic*, that Sir Robert Peel declared his conversion to the total repeal of the corn laws; thereby, whatever might become of himself as a minister, rendering it impossible for *them* to form an administration. If this rendered his tenure of office precarious, he thus rendered their aspirations after it fruitless, and their attainment of it impossible. He had now undisguisedly passed over to the enemy, and openly declared (a declaration which he repeated only a short time before his death) that the Roman Catholics "should never find in him anything but a friend."

How far he was moved by temper (for with all his blandness he was not without a portion of gall *for his friends*), how far he was influenced by judgment, in the strange and startling course which he now pursued, we pretend not to say. Possibly both were not without their effect upon him; and while he felt no grief at the punishment thus inflicted upon those who so keenly and bitterly resented his patronage of Popery, he had large and generous views of the advantage which the repeal of the corn laws would confer upon the empire. Take it how we may, his conduct was passing strange, and may well cause the thoughtful man to exclaim, with the meditative author of the "Night Thoughts"—

"How rich, how poor, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful, is man."

When, therefore, it is said, that he proved his sincerity by the sacrifice of his party, that averment must be understood with certain limitations. In his secret heart he believed that party had sacrificed him; and it was not, in point of fact, until he had no party to sacrifice, that the step was taken which alienated him from his old friends for ever, and that the man whom he



had denounced as an assassin in intention was lauded by him as a friend.

Sir Robert Peel was, at the passing of his bill for the repeal of the corn laws, in his fifty-eighth year. The subject was one which had repeatedly come under his consideration, and upon which he had expressed very decided opinions. To suppose that, with his experience, with his mental industry, with his means of information, and with his powers of mind, he should all his life have remained in ignorance of the merits of the question, would be to exhibit a credulity as strange as his change of opinion, when announced, was astounding. In March, 1839, he thus expressed himself:—

“We should view,” he says, “with regret, cultivation receding from the hill-top, which it has climbed *under the influence of protection*, and from which it surveys with joy the progress of successful toil. If you convince us that your most sanguine hope would be realised; that this country would become the great workshop of the world; would blight, through the cheapness of food, and the demand for foreign corn, the manufacturing industry of every other country; would present the dull succession of enormous manufacturing towns, connected by railways intersecting the abandoned tracts, which it was no longer profitable to cultivate; we should not forget, amid all these presages of complete happiness, that it has been *under the influence of protection to agriculture, continued for 200 years*, that the fen has been drained, the wild heath reclaimed, the health of a whole people improved, their life prolonged,—and all this, not at the expense of manufacturing prosperity, but currently with its wonderful advancement.”

And again, more strongly still. In 1841, just previous to the election, which, relying on the opinion thus expressed by the right honourable baronet, returned such a triumphant majority of Conservatives to parliament:

“The charge is,” he says, “that I have reserved to myself such a latitude of action upon all subjects, commercial, political, and financial, that there is not one upon which I am not perfectly at liberty to act, according to that course which I may think conducive to the advancement of my party interests.

“I believe, however, upon the whole, that my political principles are pretty well known. I think the course I have pursued is tolerably clear. . . . Then, you say, tell us your details; *take the corn-laws*. I should like to know who has stood forward more than I have done, *in defence of the ex-*

*isting corn-laws*. I should like to know whether any man looking at these debates *can really have a doubt that my desire is to maintain a just and adequate protection to the agricultural interest*. Have I not contended for this, while I admitted, and I always will admit, that there may be *some details* of the present law which require alteration?

“What I say is, that I prefer the principle of a graduated duty to a fixed duty, and that I think protection to agriculture perfectly consistent with manufacturing prosperity; at the same time, I will not bind myself irrevocably against any improvement *in the details of the existing law*. You are now about to dissolve parliament upon the cry of cheap bread; you promise the substitution of a fixed duty for the present fluctuating one: my firm belief is, that a fixed duty will give *no effectual* protection to the agriculture of Ireland, or of many parts of this country.”

Now, surely, if ever minister came into power pledged to any principle, Sir Robert Peel assumed office, upon the defeat of the Whig-Radical ministry, pledged to a principle of protection. If parliament is to be taken as a representation of public opinion, if the man who leads a great party in parliament be the representative of the opinions upon which the individuals of that party were elected, a minister so pledged (and who would have been discredited had he not been so pledged), should either have redeemed his pledges or resigned his seat; nor could any casuistry reconcile a man of high honour to the odious course of using his power for the purpose of defeating the very cause which he was chosen to champion, and promoting the very cause which he had been accredited to defeat. But such was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel. He became again the terror of his friends and the admiration of his enemies. And his victory—why it was just such a victory as the Duke of Wellington might have gained at Waterloo, had he, from some sudden and overpowering conviction that Europe would gain more from the triumph of Bonaparte than from the restoration of the Bourbons, deserted his standard, and carried a large portion of his army over with him to the enemy. Such a victory would not have added much to his laurels.

To say that a statesman like Sir Robert Peel, after a life spent in the public service, remained up to his fifty-eighth year, ignorant of the me-

Nor can we separate this indifference from the frigidity upon matters of religious principle infused into the House of Commons by Sir Robert Peel. In this particular, the late right honourable baronet was strangely inconsistent with himself. He would, perhaps, if properly solicited, have put his hands deep into his pockets, and contributed largely to the relief of these persecuted men, while he would shrink from giving utterance to a word in the house by which public sympathy might be enlisted in their favour. The truth is, he was as liberal of his money as he was jealous of his fame, which he felt to be bound up with his Irish policy; and he could not afford to make acknowledgments by which that policy might be discredited.

The following estimate of his character, by the late member for Newcastle, Mr. Colquhoun, is so just and vivid, that we cannot withhold it from our readers. It expresses all that we feel ourselves far better than we could do, and is, moreover, the production of one who was long a nightly observer of his senatorial labours:—

“We estimate highly the official abilities of Sir Robert Peel. We value his experience and his administrative skill,—we regard his tact in affairs and in debate as eminent. Few are abler reasoners; none manage a popular assembly with a more skilful hand. He would have made the most eminent and sagacious of lawyers. As a pleader, he would have commanded the jury and governed the bench. As a judge, his arguments would have been triumphant and his judgments incontrovertible. The eminence of the first Lord Mansfield would have been revived in Sir Robert Peel. But qualities attached to Murray, which also belong to Sir Robert Peel, and the same moral weakness which obscured the fame of the great lawyer, and made him in parliament a timid debater and an unsafe counsel, attach to the premier. In both, the qualities of the reason were such as to constitute a great man. The qualities of the heart lower them to the stature of inferior minds. The perception, the clear judgment, the absence of passion, the tenacious memory, give to them a forethought and a length of combination which form the sagacity of the statesman. In both, the want of nerve, of self-reliance, of

moral resolution, so damp their mind as to make it fall before the flatteries of opponents or their threats. One glance of Mr. Pitt's eye, one wave of his triumphant arm, one thunder from his eloquent voice, and Murray fled, daunted. Had he been prime minister, there is no concession he would not have made to avoid the clatter of that vehement squadron and the thundering charge of the terrific cornet. Sir Robert Peel, to avoid like assaults, makes the sacrifices which Murray would not have scrupled. The portraits of Lord Mansfield reveal his character. Any one may read on the floor of the House of Commons, still more than in the print-shop, the living portrait of the premier. The glance, sidelong, with which he enters the house, the look askance at his opponents, the anxious eye with which, on rising, he regards them; the shrinking back when a murmur from the opposite benches reaches his ear; the stealing adroitly into a new topic when he finds one unpalatable; the abandonment of opinion or associate when he perceives them to be obnoxious; the skill with which he lays out his argument to catch a cheer, the satisfaction with which he receives it—above all from his opponents; these signs mark the adroitness of the debater, and the infirmity of the statesman. When, after such an appearance, he resumes his seat, amid the cheers of his opponents and the silence of his friends, you have revealed to you his character and his policy. His character is to dread attack, and to make any compromise in order to avoid it: his policy is to shape his views according to the opinion of those who are most likely to thwart him. The effect of such a character is to make him adopt the opinions of others, and to borrow them from those who are most opposed to him.

“In a country like ours, and in the days upon which we have fallen, such a character placed in authority has an immense effect. Where public opinion governs, the important matter is to influence it. A man, therefore, of inflexible resolution and tenacious will, will always leave a strong mark on the opinions of his day. His impetuous force will sweep before it the disjointed materials of public sentiment, and leave in the deep channel which it graves the marks of its irresistible course. If he is the advocate of falsehood, he will make many falsehoods current. If he is the champion of truth, he will be paramount, and long after his day debates and the press will tingle with his words. These will form the opinion of thousands. A man of the character of Lord

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they to make converts?” We trust that this will tell as it should upon the country. We confess, if it do not, we have very little hesitation in saying that England's doom is sealed. Such an expression, from a minister of the Crown, on such an occasion, argues something far worse than infidelity. If he be not an utter unbeliever, it can minister to him but little comfort on his death-bed, that he thus connived at the blood of the martyrs.

Mansfield leaves traces no less marked, but in a different direction. If he is on the side of falsehood, he adopts popular fallacies, defends them with skill, and relinquishes them when overcome by his opponents. If he is on the side of truth, his influence is stronger, but all the more mischievous. He espouses truth from conviction, his reason being clear. He abandons it on pressure, his courage being weak. He will generally be right in the outset, and he will maintain what is true; he will always be wrong in the end, and will be sure to abandon the truth; but before he abandons his cause, he will betray it: and he will be the worst of traitors, because he will betray while he holds the position of a friend. His mode of betraying will be this: as truth in politics is generally mingled with error, and the side which espouses the true defends also what is erroneous, such a party has to encounter assaults upon its political creed, which are always vigorous and often just. As they maintain their views with prejudice, and regard all attack upon them with indignation, their creed is a heterogeneous mass, and they are conservative of errors as well as of truths. At this juncture a man of Mansfield's character occupying the position of their leader, will be the vigorous champion of their prejudices, tenacious of all, and opposed to change. But when the tide rises, and public opinion turns against them, and prejudice becomes untenable, and the vulnerable part of the system must fall, such a leader passes, by a natural transition, from obstinate prejudice to a general surrender. He is now ready to give up everything—the true as well as the false—for as no principle guides his judgment, and he listens constantly to fear, he is prepared for any compromise, so that he may avoid a conflict. Having maintained his system because it was popular, he deserts it as soon as it becomes obnoxious; and instead of expunging from it what is worthless, and retaining what is good, he rises the beaten champion of prejudice, to surrender everything, even truth, to its enemies. As his practice is to maintain what he has as long as he can, he judges by the amount of pressure as to when and what he surrenders. He prepares himself for the result by refusing to discuss any question upon its principles, and argues always upon what is temporary and accidental. Whenever he can he reserves his opinion, where he cannot he makes it obscure. You will never find him on lines where he plants his standard. He will always have ground on which he can fall back, and nothing will be certain except his retreat. He will never leave any feeling of despair to his opponents, or of confidence to his friends. The one will always look to him with hope, and the other with anxiety; the one always expecting that he will surrender, and the other that he will desert. The effect of this in a discussion of principle is transparent. The principles of

which he is the advocate, being held back and thrown into the shade, first dwindle and then die. The principles of which he is the opponent, watered by hope and invigorated by success, will become rampant and grow. The cause therefore which he resists is sure to triumph, and that of which he is the champion to dissolve. His influence will be felt throughout his own party, which perceiving his abilities will assume that his policy is founded on reason, and unwilling to attribute his acts to his fears, will refer them to his forethought. They will suppose that he foresees difficulties which escape them, and they will join him in abandoning positions, which are only indefensible because not defended, and only weak because deserted. His course will in fact be the reverse of that of the great warrior. The one driven into a peninsula, with Europe banded against him, conscious of his resources and confident in his cause, chooses his position with the eye of genius, supports it with the constancy of courage, gathers Europe to the rescue, and the world is freed. The other, with truth on his side, but fear in his heart, his hands filled with weapons of strength, his loins shaking with alarm, dreads the attack before it reaches him, and looks round for retreat; blows up entrenchments which are impregnable, undermines what is strong, damps his friends by his cowardice, inspirits his enemies, and finally surrenders bulwarks which would have stood the shock of foes, had they found a friend with the heart to love or the nerve to defend them."

He was, indeed, too indifferent to the feelings and remonstrances of his friends, and too sensitive to the reproaches of his enemies. Some men wear their honour (Canning, for instance), but he wore *his conscience*, on his sleeve, for daws to peck at. His political morality was but skin-deep and complexional. It received and did not give its tone to surrounding things, fluctuated with every variation in the temperature of the house, and was hot or cold according to the influences around him.

And yet it was not without a purpose and a principle that he acted, even when his conduct seemed most strange and inconsistent. When the great breach was made in the Constitution in '29, he long hoped against hope that the prophecies of the emancipationists would be fulfilled, that party differences, arising out of religious feelings, would cease, and that halcyon days were in prospect for Ireland. But when he became perfectly convinced that no such results were to be looked for, and that the measur

was irretrievable, he could see nothing but the destruction of the Church, and the exaltation of Popery, in the distance; and his course was at once shaped, not for the preservation of the one or the repression of the other, but such a gradual preparation of circumstances as that the rise of the one might not be too violent, whilst the fall of the other would be gentle and easy.

If the Church was to be defended, it was not because it upheld the truth, but because it really was not so rich as was pretended; that but little could be gained by its spoliation, while a great shock would be given to public opinion. But those who would uphold it in its integrity, and vindicate it from the assaults of the Romanists, had their merits imputed to them as faults, and were amongst the very last to whom any countenance would be given during his administration.

So it was, also, with respect to the Reform Bill. He thought he saw, in that measure, a principle triumphant, which must ultimately overturn the monarchy, and render it absolutely necessary that our institutions must henceforth be new modelled, and founded upon a democratic basis. This at once led him to believe that it would be idle any longer to contend for the existence of a territorial aristocracy; and, that point being once settled, that it would be wicked to struggle any longer for the maintenance of the corn-laws. The Irish corporations were surrendered to the Romanists, not because they could not have been effectually maintained by a minister who should "screw his courage to the sticking-place," but because Sir Robert Peel deemed it useless any longer to maintain them.

Thus it was that there was a principle even in the most apparently unprincipled part of his policy. Altered circumstances gave rise to altered views, and made the altered man. When he said that Ireland was his difficulty, he was not understood. He would, he could, have found no difficulty in putting down disaffection. By one vigorous measure, in which he would have been supported by the best of all parties, he might have made sedition quail. The difficulty was in taking any measure which might be obstructive of the great end which he had in view, and to which he deemed that all things were tending, the establishment

of Popery, and the substitution of a Romanist instead of a Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

Such we conceive to be the *rationale* of the late right hon. baronet's policy. He imagined himself amongst breakers against which he could not safely make head, and he doubled and twisted in the only way in which he deemed it wise to proceed, or even possible, to avoid certain danger. He saw an inevitable tendency downward, and his measures were all calculated, to the best of his judgment, to retard its rapidity and break the fall.

Had he been a man of nerve—had his mental and his moral temperament been such as, when the floodgates were up, would have fitted him to contend with the terrible element which poured in upon him with such sudden violence—he might have accomplished great things. The rally which, under his guidance, his party had made after the reverses of the Reform Bill, clearly showed what might have been done, had that party had a leader who was not hasty in taking augury from his fears. Had he relied upon them as they relied upon him, there were no difficulties which he might not have conquered; and it is our belief that, had he shown an intrepid front, he would have found it easier to raise public sentiment to a height which would have sustained our monarchical institutions in all their constitutional vigour, than he did find it to let them down to a republican level, from the forgone conclusion that, sooner or later, they must be swept away.

It was said, with truth, of Pitt, that he was "the pilot that weathered the storm." No man, than he, could have more disliked the hazards and the miseries of war. His great aim, when he entered office, was, to keep England at peace, and to extricate her, if possible, from her financial difficulties. He was long reluctant to act upon the views of Burke, who discerned the signs of the coming tempest when few others could see any symptoms of danger. But when he was once convinced that in peace there was no safety, and that our most sacred institutions were in imminent peril, he laid aside, for a season, his most cherished pre-occupations, looked the dangers full in the face, and braced himself for the duties of a war minister with a courage as high as the cause was good, and per-



reverted in the contest, "per damna, per cardes," with a constancy as great as the blessings were inappreciable which were to be defended. All were cheese-parings in finance he gave to the winds when the question arose what price would not England pay for the preservation of her liberties? And his name will, by all true lovers of their country, be held in perpetual honour, as the man whose trumpet-toned eloquence aroused a nation to the most heroic efforts of self-defence, and inspired them with a willingness to make the enormous sacrifices by which alone the enemy with whom they had to contend could be effectually resisted.

All this lofty courage was, in Sir Robert Peel, wanting. If the one was "the pilot that weathered the storm," the other was "nimis procellas timidus;" and whilst the boldness of the former, by confronting, overcame the most formidable dangers, the shrinking timidity of the latter, by eschewing, has only rendered comparatively lesser dangers more inveterate, until they can now, by scarcely any ability, be averted. They have become almost chronic in our constitutional system.

But was he not a great man? If the question be, was he fit to lead a great party? we have no hesitation in saying, he was not. He was essentially a subaltern, and lost his head from too high an elevation. A great man must inspire his followers with confidence. He only made those nearest to him feel that he was unfit to deal with critical emergencies, and those at a distance to feel that they were betrayed. He broke up, and scattered to the winds, the most powerful party England ever saw, and that at a time when such a party seemed indispensable for the preservation of the empire. And this he did upon grounds by which no man could be satisfied, which surprised his enemies almost as much as they grieved his friends. With such a parliamentary army as he had at his command, handled properly and managed wisely, he might have quelled all domestic faction, and bade defiance to the hostility of the world.

In the sense mentioned, therefore, it is our opinion that he was not a great man. But he must not be confounded with little men. If he was a subaltern, as we have stated, he was

the ablest of subalterns. Under a chief, like either of the Pitts, he would have been invaluable. His adroitness and dexterity in the management of details were consummate, and he possessed great skill as a financier; added to which, he was always ready and well-informed upon every subject connected with the department over which he presided. It might be truly said of him that he would be deemed "consensu omnium dignus imperio nisi imperasset."

But did he leave behind him no great measures, as evidences of his ability and monuments of his fame? He did. His revision, amendment, and condensation of the criminal law is a great boon to his country. He found our criminal code a mass of contradiction and confusion, and, like the code of Draco, written in blood; and he devoted days and nights of intense labour to the reduction of it to its present form; classifying its enactments, simplifying its forms, and mitigating its severity, until it is no longer a disgrace to social man, but may vie, in humanity and perspicuous simplicity, with the most enlightened codes of criminal jurisprudence that have ever appeared in the world. For this he should ever be gratefully remembered.

Upon the merit of his great currency measure, as we before stated, we do not pronounce. It has not as yet, in our judgment, been sufficiently tested. There is no doubt that by it he became the idol of the chuseocracy. No sooner were its effects felt than all the worshippers of mammon fell down before him. His merits in staying public credit, and putting monetary transactions upon what he deemed a solid foundation, were so great as to cause a forgetfulness of his errors and his short-comings in matters far more important. It is true he double-riveted the chains of the debtor; but that was no reason why he should not find favour in the eyes of the creditor, who, for that, forgave him all his tergiversations, and to whom his popery and his anti-corn-law policy were but as dust in the balance when weighed against his transcendent merits in making the pound a veritable pound, and enabling the Shylocks of the day to claim much more than that for which they had bargained.

Nor do we presume to say, that hitherto the good of his currency



measure has not predominated over the evil; nor even that it was not, when it passed, the best thing that could have been done. The evil which he had to remedy was, a currency running wildly towards the extreme of depreciation; and he put upon it an Egyptian curb which, at all events, restrained its headlong course, so that one evil, that of a circulation in excess, was avoided. Whether something might not have been concurrently done to prevent the other evil, that of a circulation in deficiency, we omit, for the present, to inquire. But subsequent experience enables us to state positively, that against *that* evil Sir Robert was not equally on his guard; and future experience will, we trust, enable some equally able man to remedy the defect by some arrangements which, while they ease, shall not injuriously relax, our monetary regulations, but give to the currency a kind of elastic accommodation to our growing trading and mercantile requirements.

Of the private character of this eminent man there is, there could be, but one opinion. It was, in the highest degree, excellent. He was the light and the joy of the domestic circle; and his charities found their stealthy way to many an abode of suffering and of anguish, where the artist lay upon the bed of sickness, heart-broken and destitute; or, more unhappy still, with a family around him pining for food.

Often has the man of letters, whose pen had been dipped in gall against him, found in him, when overtaken by want and woe, a munificent benefactor. Nor were these deeds of mercy few and far between. It is our belief that an appeal to his compassion, whether by friend or enemy, never was made in vain; that neither his ear nor his purse were ever closed to the tale of calamity, from whomsoever it proceeded; and that he was as simple and unostentatious in the mode, as he was liberal in the measure of his princely charities. Doubtless all those works of love returned largely into his own bosom; and when he suffered most keenly under what he deemed the detraction and malignity of party hate, "sweet must have been the odour of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their consolation."

We now take our leave of him. As a public man, a sense of duty has compelled us to deal with him with a painful fidelity. If we have nothing extenuated his defects and errors as a politician, we are not conscious of having set down aught in malice. We are, perhaps, too near the scene of his actings and doings to judge with entire impartiality of his character as a minister. But the judgment which we have formed is now before the reader, and we believe it will not be found to differ widely from the award of an impartial posterity.

# DUBLIN

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DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 21 D'OLIER-STREET.

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scarcely obtained, with the prospect of the immediate completion of the plates, when he was ordered to take the command of the artillery in China.

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and of the map of Arabia, till his return; when, the difficulties being removed, the maps were finished, and the printing of the second volume proceeded.

"By an accident, which it is unnecessary to dwell on, the author, on his return to England, after an absence of four years, had the misfortune to lose, together with other valuable effects, a large portion of the manuscript; and the time since spent in making good the deficiency led to a still further delay in the publication of the work."—*Preface to Vol. I.*, pp. 17, 19.

Had the author, beforehand, in making an estimate of his undertaking, set down a higher figure for his item of contingencies, he might have possibly conceived it desirable to publish, in the first instance, an outline or report of the expedition, and to adjourn his larger treatment of the subject to a future day. We are, however, well aware of the difficulties that contractors, whether in masonry or literature, experience in gauging the probable time and outlay of a great work; and hence we are disposed to make allowances for miscalculations on this score, more especially in the case of a first essay, as this is; and where the author, hitherto more conversant with camps than with the more peaceful arena of letters, had to turn his sword into his pen—a far more critical metamorphosis than its conversion into a ploughshare. Besides, there are some minds incapable of working on a small scale. This seems to be a characteristic of the author's, who is excursive, and seems to want the epitomising power. On the whole, as matters have turned out, we are all the better pleased that he has followed his natural bent. The appearance of a sketch, such as we speak of, would have satisfied the letter of the law, but might have effected nothing more. The expedition and its objects were well known to have been dropped at the time by an incoming ministry, and hence a mere *brochure* on the subject would most probably have answered no substantial purpose whatsoever, whilst it might have adjourned, *sine die*, the work before us, instead of, as is now the case, postponing it to a time when it may be more practically available. We conceive that the present is far more

propitious than any previous period to the furtherance of the enterprise, that the facilities for its accomplishment are now greater, and the public mind more ripe for the subject.

The time has come when a growing impression seems to be entertained, that the East and West have been too long separated by an imaginary circle of longitude; that Europe may be brought nearer to Asia; that the transit from the Levant to Hindostan may be abbreviated to a tenth of its distance; and that the means of intercourse between the two continents thus accruing, and their results—commerce, arts, and civilisation—must no longer be left undeveloped. There is no doctrine of Finality applicable to steam locomotion, no more than there is to Parliamentary Reform. The steam-engine, the pioneer of social reformation, is already on its road from the West, and is approaching the frontier of Turkey; whilst at the same time it is starting from the East, and projecting its course from Calcutta to Hyderabad, and so forward. These two must meet, and possibly at no distant day, at the station-house at Bussorah. A belt of semi-civilisation, more especially there where knowledge first dawned on the human race, cannot long interpose between enlightenment on both sides. It is between two fires—those of science, too—and hence must succumb to cultivation. It is only a question of time, and that perhaps within the limits of a present generation. Already a gigantic international scheme\* has been proposed for connecting Vienna, to which there is now nearly a continuous railroad from Ostend—through Pesth, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia, Belochistan, with India—still further, with China. Here political questions, of an apparently complicated and hazardous nature, may start up for solution, the more prominent one being the old rivalry between the Slavonian and the Saxon in the East. Still, these questions will have to be solved sooner or later, and it will most probably be either Russia or Great Britain that will occupy the head of the Board as Chairman and Manager of the "Asia Minor, Euphrates, Persia, and Belochistan Railway and Steam Company." First come will, perhaps, be first

\* Vide *Times Newspaper*, 7th February, 1850.

served in this case, as in most others. This work, then, treating so largely as it does of those regions which may possibly again become the theatre of great historical events, and of a river which may again play an important part in the history of the world, makes its appearance most opportunely just now.

We proceed to give a brief outline of the origin of the expedition and its results. In the year 1829, the steam navigation between Bombay and Suez was first practically set on foot. It was a great improvement on the previous routes. Still, its expense was found to be considerable, and the prevalence of the south-west monsoon on the Red Sea in summer made the navigation difficult and perilous during that season. Hence, after five years' trial of this line, the Government was disposed to entertain any proposal that promised to better the communication with India, or rather they, and their agents, had themselves meantime instituted such inquiries as subsequently eventuated in the prospect of a more desirable route to Bombay than that of the Red Sea, namely, by the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. In effect these inquiries were finally made through the instrumentality of the author, who, at the suggestion of the late Sir Robert Gordon, the British Ambassador at the Porte, was about to visit the Turkish provinces, in order to ascertain their condition, and to whom it was also proposed by Mr. Cartwright, the Consul-General at Constantinople, to take this opportunity of testing the opinion of Mr. Peacock, of the India Board, as to the capability of the Euphrates for steam navigation.

The same suggestion was also made to him a short time after by Mr. Barker, the Consul-General in Egypt, who had received from the Earl of Aberdeen a list of queries respecting the comparative advantages of the proposed route to India by the Euphrates and of that by the Red Sea. Accordingly, the author investigated the two lines, descending the river on a raft of hurdles, and exploring the Red Sea from Suez to Kosseir. The expedition to survey the Euphrates and Tigris, which took place about three years after these preliminary investigations, was the result. It sailed from England, under the command of Colonel Chesney, in

February, 1835, and arrived in the Orontes in the April of the same year. Owing to the opposition of Ibrahim Pacha, it was not until several months after that the steam vessels which were destined to navigate the rivers, and which had been carried out in pieces, were transported in detail from the Orontes to Bir, the starting-point on the Euphrates, and were there put together—these various steps having only been effected by incredible labour and perseverance, and at the cost of several valuable lives. The descent of the Euphrates commenced in March, 1836. The larger of the two steamers, named the Euphrates after the river, achieved its object, as most of our readers recollect, and anchored in Bussorah in the Persian Gulf. The fate of the other, the Tigris, destroyed in a few moments by one of those preternatural hurricanes which occur but once or twice in the world's history, will, doubtless, also be remembered. Subsequently two different ascents were made of the Karun, and two descents of the Bahamishir, whilst the Tigris river was twice ascended upwards of 400 miles beyond its junction with the Euphrates, thus proving the navigability of the river. But to these, the more literal objects of the expedition, the labours of Colonel Chesney, and the other enterprising men who formed it, were not confined. A detached set of operations was meanwhile carried on. The greater part of northern Syria, that portion which would be necessarily connected with the navigation of the Euphrates if realised, was surveyed, and eventually mapped; a line of levels from the sea to that river, and from it again to the Tigris near Bagdad, was completed; North Mesopotamia was explored; the geography of Susiana, hitherto very inaccurate, was rectified; geological examinations were extended from the Levant to the rivers, and from the Taurus to the Persian Gulf; extensive mines of coal, iron, and plumbago were discovered in the vicinity of the rivers; and above all, the materials and natural facilities for commerce were found in abundance. Nor has this been asserted in a mere vague and general way by the author. Here, as elsewhere, he substantiates his statements by facts and figures; and gives a full tabular account of the present state of commerce in these regions, pursuing it from India up the

Persian Gulf and the two rivers to the Levant, Constantinople, and the Black Sea, and showing what he conceives to be its great capability of enlargement, and the deep interest the British merchant has in being the agent to fully develop it. We must refer those more specially interested in matters of this nature to the work itself for the complete account. We, however, cannot pass on from this important section of the subject without presenting a few extracts from it.

After tracing the course of commerce from India to Ormuz, and up the Persian Gulf until he comes to Mohammerah, in the district of Susiana, Colonel Chesney proceeds to say :—

“The next port is Mohammerah, forty-one miles up the Euphrates, at the mouth of the Kárún, a place already possessing considerable trade, which is capable of great increase. The river has been found to be navigable for steamers as far as Shuster, which would form an admirable centre for trade, and where the appointment of an English resident would be attended with great advantages to commerce.

“In 1830, the author descended the Kúrún in a large Arab vessel carrying cargo, and it has since been navigated on three occasions by steamers.”—*Appendix*, vol. ii. p. 701.

Again, having stated the great commercial facilities of Bussorah, Kurnah, and Bagdad, more especially of the second, he says :—

“The next place of importance on the Tigris is Mósul; and here a considerable opening for British commerce exists. The present consumption of English goods in Mósul and the adjacent country is more than sufficient to support a mercantile establishment, although these goods are at present carried thither from Aleppo, Damascus, or Baghdád, by native traders of small capital, who pay a very heavy duty of fourteen per cent., and are purchased from third or fourth hands, by which the prices to the consumers are so enormously enhanced, as to place the articles almost beyond their reach. A piece of print, worth thirteen shillings in Manchester, is sold in Mósul for thirty-two shillings. The English merchants, however, only pay three per cent. The houses at present receiving British goods in Syria are nearly all commission houses, and consequently unable to sell so cheaply by ten per cent. as the regular merchant, which is a serious disadvantage to Arab trade. If mer-

cantile houses were established at Mósul and Dizár-Bekr, goods arriving from England, even without the proposed facilities of steam, could be transported at a comparatively small cost from Alexandretta to Dizár-Bekr, and thence down the river to Mósul; or the caravans would go direct from Alexandretta to Mósul, and the consumers would thus obtain British manufactures at little more than one-half of what they pay at present, and the consumption would naturally increase. The trade of such an establishment would probably soon extend into Persia, whose Russian trade is now increasing. Calicoes printed near Moscow were in 1839 sold in Kurdistán and Mesopotamia. The products of these countries would afford advantageous returns to England, in gall-nuts, sheep's wool, and madder-roots. Of the former, 1,500 cantars, about 350 tons, are brought annually from Mósul alone to Aleppo, for shipment to Europe, and an exchange with high-priced foreign goods is effected advantageously to both parties. Prime black galls can be purchased at Mósul at 950 piastres per cantar of 187½ okes (an oke of Mósul is 480 drachms); and including all expenses of carriage to Alexandretta, they would, when ready for shipment, amount to 1,800 piastres per cantar, or fifty-two shillings per cwt. Sheep's wool is abundant, and of very fine quality, and gives a handsome profit, even under the present disadvantageous circumstances. Madder roots, fine goat's wool, yellow wax, and arsenic, are also articles of profitable export from Mósul and Dizár-Bekr. The articles most in demand among the natives are printed and dyed calicoes, muslins (lappets), printed handkerchiefs, bleached maddapolams, forty yards, fine cotton velvets, gray domestics (calicoes), and light cloths, such as are called ladies' cloth in England; there is also a considerable demand for zebras, a cotton-stuff made in Glasgow and Paisley. In Mósul they use a good deal of water-twist yarn, No. 20-30, for making a light jaconet, which they print for head-dresses; there is also a considerable consumption of cochineal by the printers and dyers in that town. In any mercantile establishment in Mósul, it would be necessary to have a person at home acquainted with the taste of the natives, to select the goods. The great attention paid by the Russians to the taste of these countries, has been one great cause of their success in trade.”—*Appendix*, vol. ii, pp. 702-3.

Further on he adds :—

“It is therefore evident that great advantages to commerce would arise from the establishment of an English consul or vice-consul at Angora, and the encouragement and protection which would thus be given to trade. At present a thousand native merchants are employed, all making large profits,

where one English merchant would suffice. This part of Asia-Minor is well peopled, and the inhabitants are industrious. The people, also, are anxious for European goods, but from passing through so many hands, they are at present too dear for their means. Russian cutlery is much in demand, there being no supply of British manufacture. An English merchant, who has occasionally supplied goods for Asia-Minor, recommends loaf-sugar, coffee, white Manchester cloths, as tungils, jaconets, sheetings, &c., and printed calicoes, such as those purchased by the Greek merchants (the patterns of which should be selected by some one acquainted with the taste of the country), as being most suitable at present for the markets of Mósul and the neighbouring towns. The same gentleman has given it as his opinion that the sale of £100,000 worth of goods, which otherwise would not be manufactured, would more than repay the country the whole expenses of the Euphrates Expedition, without taking into account the merchants' profits. This calculation was made with reference to the present trade, which, however, ultimately would be largely increased."—*Appendix*, vol. ii. p. 704.

Finally, he winds up the argument with a practical matter-of-fact moral, as usual, showing that it is no mere fanciful hypothesis he is dealing with :

"Under such promising circumstances, it seems that a company might advantageously be formed, with a small capital (say of £25,000, in £50 shares), for commercial purposes. One steamer might be employed on the Euphrates, commencing at Beles, the port of Aleppo, for the descent. One between Mohammerah and Baghdád, and a third on the Kárún—a fourth steamer being kept as a reserve, to give occasional rest to the officers, men, and machinery of the others. The general voyage of the steamer on the Euphrates might be between Beles and Hilláh, a town of considerable trade, sixty miles below Fehéjah, descending to the ports of Mohammerah and Basrah, as occasion might require. Fehéjah is the place of transit to Baghdád, which is nearly opposite to it, at a distance of twenty-three and a-half miles. An eligible communication would thus be opened with the other steamer navigating the Tigris. From Iskenderún or Suweidiyeh on the Syrian coast, to Beles, a distance of one hundred miles, every facility exists for conveyance. The transit may occupy six days from the sea to the Euphrates, and five or six more to Baghdád: forty days is an average passage for merchant vessels from England to Syria, making in all fifty-two days to that internal market. Supplies would also reach Baghdád direct from England by way of the Persian Gulf. This channel also embraces the whole intercourse

with India and the Arabian coast, both as to goods and passengers: the traffic and employment for steamers might possibly be greater here than on the Euphrates above. The products of Arabia and the inland countries have been already given in the custom-house returns."—*Appendix*, vol. ii., p. 705.

We would direct the attention of commercial men to these hints and statements. They are, of course, far more competent to appreciate them than we are. But we can all understand the great advantages of increased facility of communication, which the route by the Euphrates unquestionably discloses. Let us suppose a railway from Iskenderún to the Great River, and let us further suppose an electric telegraph along that line of railway, and carried down the river navigation. It is true that the breaking of the wire between Dover and Ostend, although an accident easily reparable there, shows that, as yet, we cannot expect to carry lines of electric transit under water, through any wide expanse of sea, where it would be exposed to chafing on a rocky bottom, as in all sea-lines it must be; but down the banks or bed of a river, where the wire might be hidden in a channel specially cut for it, there could be no danger of any accident of that kind.

Now, supposing this project taken up in a national spirit by our Government, and a railway and electric telegraph laid from Iskenderún to the Euphrates, and the telegraph thence continued along the river navigation to the head of the Persian Gulf, it would only take the time required by the steamer from Bombay to Basrah, and from Iskenderún to Trieste (to within 70 miles of which the electric telegraph is already in operation from Ostend), to give us our Indian intelligence. That time would be only eight or nine days!

The bay and harbour of Iskenderún are well suited to serve as a port, almost without expense. Supposing the rocks and artificial obstructions to be removed, and a canal cut straight through the Lamlum marshes, and which would not require either locks or masonry, there would then be an open passage along the Euphrates of 938 miles, from Ja'ber to Basrah.

Let us now see the results in a tabulated form:—



BY SEA.			THROUGH CONTINENT.		
	Miles.	D. H.		D.	H.
London to Gibraltar, at 15 miles per hour	1232	8 10	London to Trieste by Train	2	12
Gibraltar to Malta	990	2 18	Trieste to Iskenderún, 1,200 miles, at 15 miles per hour	8	0
Malta to Iskenderún	980	2 17	Iskenderún to Ja'ber	0	5
Iskenderún to Ja'ber	116	0 5	Ja'ber to Basrah	2	10
Ja'ber to Basrah, at 16 miles	938	2 10	Basrah to Bombay	4	0
Basrah to Bombay, at 15 miles	1440	4 0	For delays, &c.	2	0
Changes and delays		8 0			
		18 12		14	11

MESSAGES BOTH WAYS.						D.	H.
By Electric Telegraph to Trieste	...	...	...	...	...	0	1
Trieste to Iskenderún	...	...	...	...	...	8	8
Iskenderún to Basrah, Electric	...	...	...	...	...	0	1
Basrah to Bombay	...	...	...	...	...	4	0
Delays for Steamers, &c.	...	...	...	...	...	1	0
						8	10

BY SEA.			BY THE CONTINENT.		
		D. H.		D.	H.
Bombay to Basrah, 1,440 miles, at 15 miles per hour	...	4 0	Bombay to Basrah, 1440 miles	4	0
Basrah to Ja'ber, 938 miles, at 12 miles per hour	...	3 6	Basrah to Ja'ber	3	6
Ja'ber to Iskenderún, 116 miles	...	0 5	Ja'ber to Iskenderún	0	5
Iskenderún to Malta	...	2 17	Iskenderún to Trieste	3	0
Malta to Gibraltar	...	2 18	Trieste to London	2	10
Gibraltar to London	...	8 10	Delays	2	0
Changes and delays	...	8 0			
		19 8		15	7

The run from Trieste to Alexandria is about 130 miles shorter than that to Iskenderún from the same port; but practical men affirm that the latter has many advantages, particularly during the heavy gales of the winter months, when the vessel is sheltered by the shores of Candia, Asia Minor, Greece, &c., instead of being, as in the other case, exposed to the more open sea. Again, the harbour of Iskenderún is perfectly clear of shoals, and is approachable by night as well as by day, whereas Alexandria is dangerous, and at times can scarcely be entered even in the day-time.

The Austrian steamer takes five days twelve hours from Trieste to Alexandria, and her average passage to Iskenderun would probably be effected in about the same time. Now all this, if not as yet rigidly conclusive, is nevertheless eminently promising, and worthy of the fullest investigation.

But to return to Colonel Chesney and his labours.—So far the expedition was successful, and the capability of the Euphrates for steam-navigation was put

beyond a doubt. That difficulties attended the first experiment was to have been expected. Had they not existed, the navigation of the river would most probably never have become complete; or if so, would long since have been restored. It was to have been anticipated that some of the lawless of the Arab tribes scattered on its banks—though these were found to be comparatively few—would, as they did in some instances, assault the stranger who had approached their haunts. A critical navigation in some parts of the river, still in its natural state, was also to have been presumed, and hence the difficulties at Lamah were no surprise, except in their being found to constitute the only material drawback of any consequence; and even this is ascertained to be easily remediable. The tempest that visited the Tigris, were it indigenous to the district, would indeed be a formidable impediment; but this, it appears, as we have before stated, was a phenomenon of such rare occurrence as to have struck even the wild tenantry.

self of these regions with astonishment.

On the whole, the practicability of the Euphrates as a line of transit, and the opening it afforded to commerce and civilisation, were apparent. To this conclusion not the author only, but all the officers and official functionaries of the expedition, distinctly assented. It was one of the many proofs that Colonel Chesney gave of his forethought and scrupulous spirit throughout the whole of this important mission, that he required, at two different periods of it, a written statement of their individual opinions, without mutual reference and concert, from each of his fellow-travellers, as to the capability of the Euphrates for navigation; and these he transmitted, their contents being unknown to him, along with his own statement, to the Government at home. It is no derogation from the conscientious motive that dictated this procedure, that the author saw, at a glance, that the truth of the matter must have been patent to all, and that they could come to but one conclusion. The passage in his letter to Sir John Hobhouse, immediately following that in which he mentions this arrangement, and his intention to enclose the several statements to him, is, by its very simplicity and sincerity of faith, an argument worth a whole volume of systematic evidence. He says,\* "however much the opinions may vary as to details, I conclude that every man who has descended the river *with his eyes open* must consider the Euphrates navigable throughout the year with proper sized vessels, and also that there is an ample supply of fuel along the banks of different kinds; the rest, therefore, is a mere matter of detail to be considered by Government, in case of coming to the decision to open the river permanently."

Judging from the character of his published despatches, &c., and the work now under consideration, Colonel Chesney is specially a man *with his eyes open*, both physically and mentally, which we take to be the true definition of your genuine traveller and the genius that explores.

"The exploratory voyages in descending and ascending the rivers Kárún, Tigris, and

Euphrates, have sufficiently proved the practicability of their navigation with vessels of a suitable construction. With regard to the latter, Lieutenant, now Commander C. D. Campbell, of the Indian navy, having ascended the river from the bar to Beles, in the spring of 1841, a distance of 1,030 miles, using chiefly wood and bitumen as fuel, stated in a letter to the author—"I quite agree with your officers regarding the description of vessels, and have proposed a small one for the rapids. Even without this, I will bring the packets in sixteen days from Basrah to Beles, after a little more experience of the river."—*Appendix N*, vol. ii. p. 699.

The author, and the various members of the expedition, returned to England in 1837, but the ministry was now changed, and the enterprise dropped. Consecutiveness is not the strongest point of representative governments, whilst it is, perhaps, one of the few advantages which in some sort atones for an absolute one. The labours, however, of the able and resolute men who had achieved the experiment were recognised by the country at the time, and the author had the honour of receiving the first Victoria medal which was conferred by the Geographical Society for signal services. But here the recognition of these services terminated, and we regret to find, from a few words in the preface, that Colonel Chesney has not only not obtained the honourable guerdon which might have been well awarded to his distinguished exertions in the cause of British interests and of science, but is still a virtual creditor to the State, not only for the general losses he has sustained in the expedition, but for the promise of pecuniary aid, on the faith of which he contracted expenses for this publication, which, even under the most propitious circumstances, he can never expect it to repay. We put the case far more strongly than the author does, who drops only two or three modest allusions to his disappointments, and these for the most part introduced to account for the delay of his work. But we like fair play, and we do think that, one or two cases only excepted, there are no set of men who confront more formidable perils to life, or what is worse, to reputation, or who receive a more inadequate return, than the pilgrims of travel and discovery, who

\* "Extracts from Communications addressed to the Board of Control, relating to the recent Expedition to the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris; and its Results." 1838.

tropical countries, should occasionally be subject to storms of great violence, is to be expected; and that it really is so, those who returned from the expedition know too well; but the prevalence and extent of such calamities appears to be greatly overrated in popular works. Even the judicious Niebuhr pronounces the effect of the simoon or sinem to be instant suffocation to every living creature that happens to be within the sphere of its activity; and he adds, that the carcasses of the dead immediately become putrid. But on referring the question of the destruction of carcasses to the Arabs themselves, Mr. Werry, then Consul-General for Syria, thus replies, in September, 1838:—‘I had a meeting here of the chief, Arghgle, and of the Aenizeh sheikhs who accompanied the last caravan of 200 camels from Baghdad, and though some of them have traversed the desert, in all directions, for thirty years past, they never heard of a caravan, nor even of a single animal or man, being buried alive in the sand raised by a whirlwind. They stated that, generally speaking, the surface soil in the countries which they traversed would not admit of being raised in columns sufficiently dense to inflict such a calamity; and that, whatever may have occurred in the African desert, nothing of the kind, to their knowledge, has taken place in Arabia. The simoom, however, they added, is hot and suffocating, and has frequently caused the death of persons who have been unable to shelter themselves from its deleterious influence. They asserted also, that earthquakes are experienced in the country.’—Vol. i. pp. 573-80.

The pedigrees of the three great branches of the Arab family, and the tabular lists exhibiting the names of the modern tribes, along with their numerical strength, here furnished, form the most complete *resumé* of the subject that we believe is extant, and are a most important accession to our scanty statistics of Arabia. When we call it a *resumé*, it will be understood that, in the collection, the author's own independent labours occupy the largest share. With two or three exceptions only, all the tribes of Mesopotamia, and more than a third of those of the desert, have been ascertained and classified by Colonel Chesney. This is the more creditable, when amongst his fellow-labourers we find such distinguished names as those of Purgstall, Burkhardt, Sprenger, &c.

Having to deal with a vast and dense congeries of matter-of-fact in this volume, the author seems to have felt the wish occasionally to change his hand, and to refresh both himself and his reader

with subjects of a more speculative nature. Thus he enters into an inquiry with respect to the probable site of Paradise, the period of Job's trial, &c. We do not object to these curiosities of literature, when sparingly introduced, which we feel bound to say they are in this case, but we cannot accept them in any other sense. As many regions have contended for the honour of containing the primæval seat of mankind as have for the birth-place of Homer; and when it is recollected that, in the former case, these regions comprise an integral portion of the earth's surface, as compared with the circumscribed space within which the birth-place of the bard is claimed, and, moreover, that the site of Paradise is both an antediluvian and semi-supernatural fact, the reserve with which we accept any theory whatsoever on the subject is infinitely enhanced. The author's views on the subject may, however, interest the curious, and we supply an extract:—

“It must be admitted, however, that in this investigation there is little to guide the inquirer beyond the very brief description which is contained in the Book of Genesis; and the difficulty of the research is the greater, as the designations given in the Scriptures must be traced among those which were imposed by a people whose language, in all probability, differed from that of the Pentateuch, and who, moreover, took possession of the tracts about the Black and Caspian seas, after those tracts had ceased to be called by their original names. . . . Under such discouraging circumstances, any attempt to elucidate the geography of Eden might have been deemed hopeless, if it were not that many indications, afforded by the character and natural productions of the country, presented themselves to me during the progress of my rather extensive researches in that part of the world. From these, and from the fact that the sources of the Euphrates and Tigris, and of two other great rivers, exist within a very circumscribed space in Armenia, I have been led to infer that the rivers known by the comparatively modern names of Halys and Araxes, are those which, in the Book of Genesis, have the names of Pison and Gihon; and that the country within the former is the land of Havilah; whilst that which borders upon the latter is the still more remarkable territory of Cush. . . . It is not, therefore, at all surprising that tradition should have assigned as the site of the earthly Paradise the fertile region watered by the numerous affluents of the Halys, Araxes, Tigris, and Euphrates, especially since this tract, owing to the variety of its

surface, climate, and temperature, is adapted for the growth of almost every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."—Vol. i. pp. 266–70.

In the post-diluvian question of the period of Job's history, the author scarcely evinces as much ingenuity as in this which belongs to the first dawn of creation. His theory seems to rest mainly on his indentifying Eliphaz, the Temanite, who appears in the Book of Job, with a person of that name who was a contemporary with Jacob, thus fixing the year 1851 B.C. as that in which Job lived. But we do not think he succeeds in establishing this identity, and on the whole there is considerable obscurity in the reasoning. The author is more happy in his identification of the ancient Ophir of the Scriptures with the peninsula of Malacca, and the adjacent tracts.

The second volume of this work differs essentially from the first, resembling it only in its ulterior object—the illustration of the countries of which it treats, and the mass of research it accumulates with that view. No crevice is here unpacked; every line is freighted with an important fact.

The first fifteen chapters comprise an abstract of the history of mankind, as connected with these great biblical regions, from the dispersion after the Deluge to the establishment of the Turkish power in Europe. Of this section of the work the first seven chapters may be described as the narrative of the Old Testament, accompanied by a kind of running commentary in the shape of the most authentic versions and *addenda* of Gentile writers. The sacred and profane chronicles, thus placed side by side, and mutually illustrating one another, are mutually corroborative and explanatory. The former frequently supplies a clue to eliminate the truth from the allegorical corruptions of the latter, whilst these again, even through the unfaithful paraphrase of scriptural facts which they present, often bear witness to the verity of the inspired page; whilst, meantime, the importance and resources of those regions which were in ancient times the great theatre of man's activity, rendered thus more apparent, suggests the inference of their capability for future renovation.

After the seventh chapter the Scripture history subsides, and the eventful

pagan episodes of the Younger Cyrus and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, Alexander the Great and Darius, Surenna, Trajan, and Julian, &c., succeeding chronologically, furnish, by a kind of lay supplement, an additional series of illustrations of these countries, the geography of the several expeditions being exhibited in maps and text. Then follows the great Arabian story, its prophet and apocalypse, its duel of ten centuries with Christianity, three continents forming the lists, and finally its collapse into modern insignificance and inanity. This brings us to the end of the fifteenth chapter.

The four remaining ones are independent dissertations, but bear more or less practically on the object of the expedition. They treat, respectively, of the intercourse between Asia and Europe from the earliest ages, their ancient and modern commerce, and the literature, science, and art of the Western Asiatic countries. This portion of the work is almost an encyclopædia in itself, and carries the reader through a large and diversified field of research. It will, however, depend upon the definition that may be given to the extremely vague expression, "physical geography," whether this plan, viewed as the continuation of that of the first volume, on the whole fulfils it. Certainly it does not fall short of, however it may exceed it. Its adequacy can only be disputed on the ground of its superabundance.

The historical sketches in this volume are an important accession to the department to which they belong, supplying, as they do, a series of new versions taken on the spot, with all the reality of personal inspection to verify them, of those great events which characterise the annals of the East, from the period of the first Cyrus, five hundred years before the Christian era, to the capture of Constantinople in the fifteenth century. Their value consists mainly in their painstaking fidelity, the fastidious accuracy and severity of truth with which the writer sifts every fact, and maps the whole course of the history. But neither is that interest wanting which invites the general reader; and it is perhaps the more attractive, that it is not artificially excited in order to cater for his amusement, but seems to flow spontaneously from the author's own enthusiasm for his subject. Thus the accounts of the battle

of Arbela, of Alexander's intrepid assault in the battle with the Malli, of Zenobia, and her defence of Palmyra, &c., &c.—all of them already familiar passages of history—derive a freshness and originality from the earnest spirit in which they are recounted. But it is, perhaps, the classical scholar and the military student who will find these sketches more practically available. They will here find the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" and the expedition of Alexander traced with an official precision that gives to these respective narratives, in those portions of them where it is suitable, the character of despatches written from the field of operations, whilst a carefully-executed chart of the whole line of route in each case signally enhances the value of this portion of the work.

Having touched on the subject of the celebrated "Retreat," we extract a note from the second volume on the disputed passage of the *Anabasis* with respect to the Median Wall. It may interest the classical scholar:—

"The translation of this passage of Xenophon, ἀφίπνευτο πρὸς τὸ Μηδικῆς τεῖχος καὶ παρεῖλθεν αὐτοῦ ἵστα. (*Anabasis* lib. ii. cap. 4), has been much discussed and variously rendered. In Allpress's Xenophon, p. 80, the army is made to arrive at and pass along within the Median Wall, which translation is also given in the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, by Charles Anther, LL.D., William Tegg and Co., Cheapside; by the Rev. Dr. Butcher, F.T.C.D., as well as by Schneider, who, in a note on this passage, condemns Halbkardt for translating it—'Kamen sie zur Medischen Mauer, und setzten nun jenseit derselben ihren Marsch forr.' Viger, in his Greek Idioms, also quotes an instance from Xenophon, where the verb occurring in the passage in question, joined with a substantive in the genitive case, signifies 'departure from' or deflection; and Donnegan's Greek Lexicon gives ἵστα as an adverb, with the signification of 'in the interior,' 'inside,' or 'within,' which renderings of the passage are in conformity with the relative geographical positions of the Median Wall and Sitace. On the other hand, Hutchinson, in his edition of Xenophon, p. 139, and Mitford's History of Greece, vol. iv. p. 189, states that the Greeks came up to and passed through the Median Wall; and this interpretation has been followed by Bishop Thirlwall, in his History of Greece, vol. iv. p. 335, ed. London, 1847, since he conceives, in accordance with Passow, in his Greek Lexicon, that when joined with a verb of motion, ἵστα must bear the signification of *to the inside*, not *on the inside*. The Bishop of St. David's considers

that Schneider's condemnation of Halbkardt arises solely from the great difficulty of reconciling his translation with the geographical position of Sitace, but that the philological difficulty thus raised by Schneider is quite as great as the geographical difficulty of the other. The same opinion appears to be held by other Grecian scholars—the Right Rev. Dr. Wilson, Lord Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, and the Rev. Dr. Mac Donnell, S.F.T.C.D., among the number."—Vol. ii. pp. 220–1.

We append the sketch of Zenobia and the siege of Palmyra by Aurelian:—

"Zenobia was prepared to defend herself in what was deemed an almost impregnable and well-garrisoned position; while, in consequence of its central situation at the commercial entrepôt of the east, Palmyra was in the highest state of wealth and prosperity which had ever yet been attained by any city, Tyre and Carthage alone excepted. As lately as the time of Odenatus, it had been skilfully fortified, and, in addition to the advantages of high and strong walls, it possessed that of an isolated situation in a wide-spreading desert. Here the resources of the besieging army, in water, would be limited to a scanty supply, while the city was amply provided for a protracted defence, which, from the enormous wealth of the people, their devotion to their queen, and her determined valour, promised to be successful, supported as it was, outside the walls, by the Arab, Persian, and Armenian auxiliaries. Such a state of things, at a period when defensive siege-warfare was equal, if not superior, to that of attack, almost justified the answer of defiance which was sent in the name of Zenobia, by her secretary, to the summons of Aurelian, who from that time appears to have determined to be revenged on this minister.

"Thinking their city impregnable, the inhabitants, from the summit of their walls, irritated the Romans with reproachful epithets; while the latter gradually raised towers, and carried on their approaches with timber supplied by the neighbouring date-groves. Sorties and other efforts were not wanting; for, encouraged by their sovereign, and the influential men who were so much attached to Zenobia, the city was long and valiantly defended. But Syria being open to the besiegers, and reinforcements having joined them under Probus, the hope that supplies would fail them seemed vain, while, on the other hand, those of the city began at length to be exhausted. It was therefore resolved that Zenobia, in person, should seek further assistance from Persia.

"The departure of the queen took place during the night, by, it is supposed, one of the channels constructed for cleansing the town; and, mounted on a dromedary, she made



her way, almost unattended, towards Zelibi. But her escape having been made known, some fleet horsemen overtook the fugitive on the very banks of the Euphrates, and Zenobia returned as a captive to Aurelian. All hope of assistance from Persia was now at an end, and the question of capitulation, to avoid starvation, was therefore seriously agitated within the city. A certain party, animated by the spirit of the warrior-philosopher, Longinus, urged its defence to the last extremity, whilst another proposed to capitulate. The latter, which was headed by Sandarion, prevailed, and the siege terminated.

"Taking with him the spoils of the city, Aurelian returned to Emessa, where he caused Zenobia, and those who had favoured her revolt to be examined. The queen pleaded the peculiar circumstances in which she had been placed, the weakness of her sex, and the injudicious advice of her counsellors, including, it is said, the faithful Longinus, who, to the disgrace of the emperor, was executed.

"Zenobia claimed descent from Cleopatra and the Ptolemies. She is said to have understood the Egyptian, Greek, and Latin languages, and to have been acquainted, through Longinus, with Oriental and Egyptian history. To these intellectual accomplishments were added personal bravery and skill in martial exercises. Zenobia appears to have possessed some of the high qualities which so eminently belonged to her husband, although, during her reverses in Syria, and the latter part of the siege of Palmyra, she scarcely displayed that courage and constancy for which she has obtained such credit."—Vol. ii. pp. 428-9.

It appears that a hurricane, similar to that which wrecked the Tigris vessel, befel the Emperor Julian on the same river (Euphrates) nearly fifteen hundred years ago:—

"The storm of the 7th April, A. D. 363, is thus described by the historian:—'When the sun was declining near the western horizon, a small cloud appeared; the air suddenly became so thick that they could not see, and after repeated and threatening peals of thunder, accompanied by flashes of lightning, a soldier was struck down by lightning, with two horses which he was leading from the river after they had drank at it.' In another passage he adds:—'A whirlwind seized on them, and making numerous eddies, so confused the encampment, that many tents were rent to pieces, and most of the soldiers thrown on their backs and faces, not being able to keep their feet through the violence of the wind.'"—Vol. ii. p. 435.

Just now that ethnology engages so much attention, and the interest excited by the discovery and interpretation of ancient inscriptions has received

a new impulse from the labours of Layard, Rawlinson, Hincks, &c., the following observations upon that all but mythic people, the Himyarites, and their relics in this kind, are very acceptable:—

"A remarkable expedition appears to have proceeded under Abu Kurrab, the Himyarite, who, after having invaded India and Bactria, founded an empire in the latter territory, the capital of which was Samarcand. . . . By some, however, even the name of this widely-spread race has been considered apocryphal; but it should be recollected that the existence of the Tobbāi, in Arabia at least, does not depend entirely upon tradition; for there are proofs that a civilised people existed at a very remote period, bearing this appellation, and speaking a language exclusively their own—a dialect of which is still in use amongst the people of Mahrah. It is no longer doubtful that they also had a peculiar written character of great antiquity, called Suri or Syrian, and many specimens have been found in different places, but more especially in Ejemen. Niebuhr was aware of the existence of inscriptions in an unknown character, at San'á and other places; but, as his usually persevering researches were frustrated by illness, it remained for Leitzen, the celebrated discoverer of Djerash, to set this part of the question at rest, by finding them at Dhafár, one of the places which had been formerly enumerated; and not far from the town of Jerim, Leitzen discovered three such inscriptions: one he purchased, and a second was copied; but the third was so deeply imbedded in a wall, that he failed in the attempt to copy it. Again, at Mankat, one hour from Dhafár, this lamented traveller met with five other Himyarite inscriptions on different stones, which were built into the wall of a mosque. Of these only two were copied, the others being too high to admit of being deciphered. Four out of the five were on white marble, in relief; and it is remarkable that, in the case of the largest, which, in point of art and execution, equals any Greek inscription, the lines are attached to strokes, like the well-known and most ancient Dévanagari Sanscrit character."—Vol. ii. pp. 81-2.

But we must refer the reader to the volumes themselves. The few specimens that our limits admit of our presenting give but a very inadequate idea of the extent of varied matter and research which they contain.

With respect to the composition of the work, we perhaps best describe it by stating that it is consistent with the merits of the author already recognised. The style is unassuming and sincere, and, growing naturally out of the subject, is always easy and agree-

able, whilst it not unfrequently attains to that involuntary eloquence which pictures the adventures and vicissitudes of a true and eventful history; as, for instance, the description of Alexander's heroism in the battle with the Malli, which is given with considerable animation. The absence, however, except in these instances, of a more ambitious vein, or of a systematic plan to please, may occasionally disappoint the reader whose taste is formed on the brilliant models of this attractive mode of writing. Thus he may be somewhat disconcerted when a world-famous city, such as Palmyra, Baalbeck, &c. slips under his notice, as it does here, without his having a presentiment or a preparation — 'a flourish,' as the old stage direction calls it—to announce its advent on the stage, or any telling point or dramatic situation to cause excitement when it is there.

But this feeling, even in the class of readers we allude to, will, we think, subside; and they will, perhaps, gradually learn to not only acquiesce in the unaffected spirit that eschews dramatic effort in a great Thesaurus, like this, but to regard it with satisfaction, as a voucher for that fidelity which should be the motto of such an undertaking. Occasionally, however, there is an exception to this, and a dry and meagre mode of treatment is employed, as in the chapter on Arabian literature, which is inadequate, and short of the mark. More matter of fact is not always fidelity, no more than the skeleton is the body; and this is more specially the case in literature, where the supplement of form, beauty, and life, is the essential condition. We could have wished that the author had, in this department of his subject, thrown his matter into a more life-like shape, and given it less the air of a table of literary statistics or a *catalogue raisonné*.

Again, with respect to the method

observed in this work, we should add, that although in the larger divisions of it there is much methodical arrangement observable, yet that we occasionally miss it in the subdivisions and smaller compartments, where we, in consequence, encounter some obscurity. Thus the description of the Himyarites—a subject in itself dark, and suffering under a species of historical eclipse, and hence requiring much precision of treatment as consistently be applied—is not handled with sufficient exactitude. These, however, the perhaps inevitable lay incident to a large work; and as compared with its striking and unquestionable merits, are but slight deductions.

The maps and charts which accompany these volumes are all large measures of geographical reform. Based upon scrupulous surveys, and daguerreotyped, as it were, by those resources of science which allow the light of knowledge to shine full on it, they present the most faithful transcript we have as yet obtained of that most interesting region.

This same conscientious spirit is observable in the authorities by which the author fortifies his views, and which are both numerous, and, in most cases, of high eminence as regards literary and scientific qualifications.

We trust that the two volumes which are to form the complement of this work may be soon forthcoming. From the sample we have already seen, we are justified in expecting that a large accession to the information already possess with respect to the East; and on the whole, we can take our leave of the subject with repeating, that we consider the labours of Colonel Chesney as constituting of those monuments of enterprise and research which illustrate the civilization of a nation, and entitle those who reared them to be accounted as having deserved well of their country.

## THE MYSTIC VIAL; OR, THE LAST DEMOISELLE DE CHARREBOURG.

## I.—THE GAME OF BOWLS.

MORE than a century ago—we know not whether the revolution has left a vestige of it—there stood an old chateau, backed by an ancient and funereal forest, and approached through an interminable straight avenue of frowning timber, somewhere about fifteen leagues from Paris, and visible from the great high road to Rouen.

The appliances of comfort had once been collected around it upon a princely scale; extensive vineyards, a perfect wood of fruit-trees, fish-ponds, mills, still remained, and a vast park, abounding with cover for all manner of game, stretched away almost as far as the eye could reach.

But the whole of this palatial residence was now in a state of decay and melancholy neglect. A dilapidated and half-tenanted village, the feudal dependency of the seignorial domain, seemed to have sunk with the fortunes of its haughty protector. The steep roofs of the Chateau de Charrebourg and its flanking towers, with their tall conical caps, were mournfully visible in the sun among the rich foliage that filled the blue hazy distance, and seemed to overlook, with a sullen melancholy, the village of Charrebourg that was decaying beneath it.

The Visconte de Charrebourg, the last of a long line of ancient seigneurs, was still living, and though not under the ancestral roof of his chateau, within sight of its progressive ruin, and what was harder still to bear, of its profanation; for his creditors used it as a store-house for the produce of the estate, which he thus saw collected and eventually carted away by strangers, without the power of so much as tasting a glass of its wine or arresting a single grain of its wheat himself. And to say the truth, he often wanted a pint of the one and a measure or two of the other badly enough.

Let us now see for ourselves something of his circumstances a little more exactly. The Visconte was now about seventy, in the enjoyment of tolerable health, and of a pension of nine hundred francs (£36) per annum, paid by the Crown. His creditors permitted him

to occupy, besides, a queer little domicile, little better than a cottage, which stood just under a wooded hillock in the vast wild park. To this were attached two or three lilliputian paddocks, scarcely exceeding an English acre altogether. Part of it, before the door, a scanty bit we allow, was laid out in a little parterre of flowers, and behind the dwelling was a small bowling-green surrounded by cherry-trees. The rest was cultivated chiefly for the necessities of the family. In addition to these concessions his creditors permitted him to shoot rabbits and catch perch for the use of his household, and that household consisted of three individuals—the Visconte himself, his daughter Lucille (scarcely seventeen years of age), and Dame Marguerite; in better times her nurse—now cook, housemaid, and all the rest.

Contrast with all this what he had once been, the wealthy Lord of Charrebourg, the husband of a rich and noble wife, one of the most splendid among the satellites of a splendid court. He had married rather late, and as his reverses had followed that event in point of time, it was his wont to attribute his misfortunes to the extravagance of his dear and sainted helpmate, “who never could resist play and jewellery.” The worthy Visconte chose to forget how much of his fortune he had himself poured into the laps of mistresses, and squandered among the harpies of the gaming-table. The result, however, was indisputable, by whatever means it had been arrived at, the Visconte was absolutely beggared.

Neither had he been very fortunate in his family. Two sons who, together with Lucille, had been the fruit of his marriage, had both fallen, one in a duel, the other in a mad-cap adventure in Naples.

And thus, of course, ended any hope of seeing his fortunes even moderately reconstructed.

We must come now to the lonely dwelling, which serves all that is left of the family of Charrebourg for a

palace. It is about the hour of five o'clock in the afternoon of a summer's day. Dame Marguerite has already commenced her preparations for supper in the kitchen. The Visconte has gone to the warren to shoot rabbits for to-morrow's dinner. Two village lads, who take a pleasure in obliging poor old Marguerite—of course neither of them ever think of Lucille—have just arrived at the kitchen door. Gabriel has brought fresh spring water, which, from love of the old cook, he carries to the cottage regularly every morning and evening. Jacque has brought mulberries for "the family," from a like motive. The old woman has pronounced Jacque's mulberries admirable; and with a smile tapped Gabriel on the smooth brown cheek, and called him her pretty little water carrier. They loiter there as long as they can; neither much likes the other; each understands what his rival is about perfectly well; neither chooses to go while the other remains.

Jacque, sooth to say, is not very well-favoured, sallow, flat-faced, with lank black hair, small, black, cunning eyes, and a wide mouth; he has a broad square figure, and a saucy swagger. Gabriel is a slender lad, with brown curls about his shoulders, ruddy brown face, and altogether good-looking. These two rivals, you would say, were very unequally matched.

Poor Gabriel! he has made knots to his knees of salmon-colour and blue, the hues of the Charrebourg livery. It is by the mute eloquence of such traits of devotion that his passion humbly pleads. He wishes to belong to her. When first he appears before her in these tell-tale ribbons, the guilty knees that wear them tremble beneath him. He thinks that now she must indeed understand him—that the murder will out at last. But, alas! she, and all the stupid world beside, see nothing in them but some draggled ribbons. He might as well have worn buckles—nay, *better*; for he suspects that cursed Jacque understands them. But in this, indeed, he wrongs him; the mystery of the ribbons is comprehended by himself alone.

He and Jacque passed round the corner of the quaint little cottage; they were crossing the bowling-green. "And so," sighed poor Gabriel, "I shall not see her to-day."

"Hey! Gabriel! Jacque! has good

Marguerite done with you?—th— a game of bowls together to— me."

The silvery voice that spoke those words came from the coral lip-cille. Through the open cas— clustered round with wreath— in the transparent shade, she wa— ing out like a portrait of Fl— bowering frame of foliage. Could— thing be prettier?

Gabriel's heart beat so fast th— could scarcely stammer forth a d— answer; he could scarcely— bowls. The beautiful face am— vine-leaves seemed everywhere.

It would have been worth one— to look at that game of bowls. i— was something in the scene at comical and melancholy. Jacq— cool, but very clumsy. Gabrie— ter player, but all bewildered, agi— trembling. While the little da— of nobility, in drugged pet— her arms resting on the wind— looked out upon the combatant— such an air of unaffected and i— superiority, as the queen of bea— the gallery of a tilting-yard— wear while she watched the h— humble yeomen and villain ar— Sometimes leaning forward w— grave and haughty interest; w— again shewing her teeth, li— coronels of pearl, in ringing lang— its very unrestrainedness, as ha— as her gravity. The spirit of the blesse, along with its blood, w— doubtedly under that slender dr— bodice. Small suspicion had— commanding little damsel that bipeds who were amusing her— their blunders were playing for of her. Audacity like that was— indeed to be contemplated.

"Well, Gabriel has won, a— am glad of it, for I think he— better lad of the two," she said. "the prettiest dogmatism conceiv— "What shall we give you, Ga— now that you have won the ga— let me see."

"Nothing, Mademoiselle—entreat," faltered poor Gabriel, tr— bling in a delightful panic.

"Well, but you are hot and t— and have won the game beside. Ma— guerite shall give you some pears— a piece of bread."

"I wish nothing, mademoiselle,"— poor Gabriel, with a melancholy gl— of courage, "but to die in your arms."

"Say you so," she replied, with one of those provokingly unembarrassed smiles of good-nature which your true lovers find far more killing than the cruellest frown; "it is the speech of a good villager of Charrebourg. Well, then, you shall have them another time."

"But, as your excellence is so good as to observe, I have won the game," said Gabriel, reassured by the sound of his own voice, "and to say I should have something as—as a token of victory, I would ask, if mademoiselle will permit, for my poor old aunt at home, who is so very fond of these flowers, just one of the white roses which mademoiselle has in her hand; it will give her so much pleasure."

"The poor old woman! Surely you may pluck some fresh from the bush; but tell Marguerite, or she will be vexed."

"But, mademoiselle, pardon me, I have not time; one is enough, and I think there are none so fine upon the tree as that; besides, I know she would like it better for having been in mademoiselle's hand."

"Then let her have it by all means," said Lucille; and so saying, she placed the flower in Gabriel's trembling fingers. Had he yielded to his impulse, he would have received it kneeling. He was intoxicated with adoration and pride; he felt as if at that moment he was the sultan of the universe, but her slave.

The unconscious author of all this tumult meanwhile had left the window. The rivals were *tête-à-tête* upon the stage of their recent contest. Jacques stood with his hand in his breast, eyeing Gabriel with a sullen sneer. He held the precious rose in his hand, and still gazed at the vacant window.

"And so your aunt loves a white rose better than a slice of bread?" ejaculated Jacques. "Heaven! what a lie—ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I won the game and I won the rose," said Gabriel, tranquilly. "I can't wonder you are a little vexed."

"Vexed?—bah! I thought she would have offered you a piece of money," retorted Jacques; "and if she *had*, I venture to say we should have heard very little about that nice old aunt with the *penchant* for white roses."

"I'm not sordid, Jacques," retorted his rival, "and I did not want to put mademoiselle to any trouble."

"How she laughed at you, Gabriel, your clumsiness and your ridiculous grimaces; but then you do make—ha, ha, ha!—such very comical faces while the bowls are rolling, I could not blame her."

"She laughed more at you than at me," retorted Gabriel, evidently nettled. "You talk of clumsiness and grimaces—upon my faith, a pretty notion."

"Tut, man, you must have been deaf. You amused her so with your writhing, and ogling, and grinning, and sticking your tongue first in this cheek and then in that, according as the bowl rolled to one side or the other, that she laughed till the very tears came; and after all that, forsooth, she wanted to feed you like a pig on rotten pears; and then—ha, ha, ha!—the airs, the command, the magnificence. Ah, la! it was enough to make a cow laugh."

"You are spited and jealous; but don't dare to speak disrespectfully of mademoiselle in my presence, sirrah," said Gabriel, fiercely.

"Sirrah me no sirrahs," cried Jacques, giving way at last to an irrepressible explosion of rage and jealousy. "I'll say what I think, and call things by their names. You're an ass, I tell you—an ass; and as for her, she's a saucy, impertinent little minx, and you and she, and your precious white rose, may go in a bunch to the devil together."

And so saying, he dealt a blow with his hat at the precious relic. A quick movement of Gabriel's, however, arrested the unspeakable sacrilege. In an instant Jacques was half frightened at his own audacity; for he knew of old that in some matters Gabriel was not to be trifled with, and more than made up in spirit for his disparity in strength. Snatching up a piece of fire-wood in one hand, and with the other holding the sacred flower behind him, Gabriel rushed at the miscreant Jacques, who, making a hideous grimace and a gesture of ridicule, did not choose to await the assault, but jumped over the low fence, and ran like a Paynim coward before a crusader of old. The stick flew whizzing by his ear. Gabriel, it was plain, was in earnest; so down the woody slope toward the stream the chase swept headlong; Jacques exerting his utmost speed, and Gabriel hurling stones, clods, and curses after him. When, however, he had



reached the brook, it was plain the fugitive had distanced him. Pursuing his retreat with shouts of defiance, he here halted, hot, dusty, and breathless, inflamed with holy rage and chivalric love, like a Palladin after a victory.

Jacque meanwhile pursued his retreat at a slackened pace, and now and then throwing a glance behind him.

"The fiend catch him!" he prayed. "I'll break his bird-traps and smash his nets, and I'll get my big cousin, the blacksmith, to drub him to a jelly."

"But Gabriel was happy: he was sitting under a bush, lulled by the trickling of the stream, and alone with his visions and his rose.

The noble demoiselle in the meantime took her little basket, intending to go into the wood and gather some wild strawberries, which the old Visconte liked; and as she never took a walk without first saluting her dear old Marguerite—

"Adieu, ma bonne petite maman," she said, running up to that lean and mahogany-complexioned dame, and kissing her heartily on both cheeks; "I am going to pick strawberries."

"Ah, ma chere mignonne, I wish I could again see the time when the lackeys in the Charrebourg, blue and salmon, and covered all over with silver lace, would have marched behind mademoiselle whenever she walked into the park. Parbleu, that was magnificence!"

"Eh bien, nurse," said the little lady, decisively and gravely, "we shall have all that again."

"I hope so, my little pet—why not?" she replied, with a dreary shrug, as she prepared to skewer one of the eternal rabbits.

"Ay, why not?" repeated the de-

moiselle, serenely. "You tell me, nurse, that I am beautiful, and I think I am."

"Beautiful—indeed you are, my little princess," she replied, turning from the rabbit, and smiling upon the pretty questioner until her five thin fangs were all revealed. "They said your mother was the greatest beauty at court; but, *ma foi!* she was never like you."

"Well then, if that be true, some great man will surely fall in love with me, you know, and I will marry none that is not richer than ever my father, the Visconte, was—rely upon that, good Marguerite."

"Well, my little pet, bear that in mind, and don't allow any one to steal your heart away, unless you know him to be worthy."

At these words Lucille blushed—and what a brilliant vermillion—averted her eyes for a moment, and then looked full in her old nurse's face.

"Why do you say that, Marguerite?"

"Because I feel it, my pretty little child," she replied.

"No, no, no, no," cried Lucille, still with a heightened colour, and looking with her fine eyes full into the dim optics of the old woman; "you had some reason for saying that—you know you had."

"By my word of honour, no," retorted the old woman, in her turn surprised—"no, my dear; but what is the matter—why do you blush so?"

"Well, I shall return in about an hour," said Lucille, abstractedly, and not heeding the question; and then with a gay air she tripped singing from the door, and so went gaily down the bosky slope to the edge of the wood.

## II.—THE GENTLEMAN IN BLUE AND SILVER.

Lucille had no sooner got among the mossy roots of the trees, than her sylvan task commenced, and the fragrant crimson berries began to fill her basket. Her little head was very busy with all manner of marvellous projects; but this phantasmagoria was not gloomy; on the contrary, it was gorgeous and pleasant; for the transparent green shadow of the branches and the mellow singing of the birds toned her day-dreams with their influence.

In the midst of those airy pageants she was interrupted by a substantial and

by no means unprepossessing reality. A gentleman of graceful form and mien, dressed in a suit of sky-blue and silver, with a fowling-piece in his hand, and followed closely by a bare-legged rustic, carrying a rude staff and a well-stored game-bag, suddenly emerged from behind a mass of underwood close by. It was plain that he and Lucille were acquainted, for he instantly stopped, signing to his attendant to pursue his way, and raising his three-cornered hat, bowed as the last century only could bow, with an inclination that was at

once the expression of chivalry and ease. His features were singularly handsome, but almost too delicate for his sex, pale, and with a certain dash of melancholy in their noble intelligence.

"You here, Monsieur Dubois!" exclaimed Lucille, in a tone that a little faltered, and with a blush that made her doubly beautiful. "What strange chance has conducted you to this spot?"

"My kind star—my genius—my good angel, who thus procures me the honour of beholding Mademoiselle de Charrebourg—an honour than which fortune has none dearer to me—no—none *half* so prized."

"These are phrases, sir."

"Yes; phrases that expound my heart. I beseech you bring them to the test."

"Well, then," she said, gravely, "let us see. Kneel down, and pick the strawberries that grow upon this bank; they are for the Visconte de Charrebourg."

"I am too grateful to be employed."

"You are much older, monsieur, than I."

"No doubt."

"And have seen more of the world, too."

"True, mademoiselle," and he could not forbear smiling.

"Well, then, you ought not to have tried to meet me in the park so often as you did—or indeed at all—you know very well you ought not."

"But, mademoiselle, what harm can the most ill-natured of human critics discover —"

"Oh, but listen to me. I begin to fear I have been wrong in talking to you as I have done; and if so, you ought not to have presented yourself to me as you did. I have reflected on it since. In fact, I don't know who you are, Monsieur Dubois. The Charrebourgs do not use to make companions of every body; and you may be a roturier, for anything I can tell."

Monsieur Dubois smiled again.

"I see you laugh because we are poor," she said, with a heightened colour and a flashing glance.

"Mademoiselle misunderstands me. I am incapable of that. There is no point at which ridicule can approach the family of Charrebourg."

"That is true, sir," she said, laughingly; and she added, "and on that account I need not inquire wherefore people smile. But this seems plain to me—that I have done very wrong in

conversing alone with a gentleman of whom I know nothing beyond his name. You must think so yourself, though you will not say it; and as you profess your willingness to oblige me, I have only to ask that all these foolish conversations may be quite forgotten between us. And now the *petit panier* is filled, and it is time that I should return. Good evening, Monsieur Dubois—farewell."

"This is scarcely a kind farewell, considering that we have been good friends, Mademoiselle de Charrebourg, for so long."

"Good friends—yes—for a long time; but you know," she continued, with a sad, wise shake of her pretty head, "I ought not to allow gentlemen whom I chance to meet here to be my friends—is it not so? This has only struck me recently, Monsieur Dubois; and I am sure you used to think me very strange. But I have no one to advise me; I have no mother—she is dead; and the Visconte seldom speaks to me; and so I fear I often do strange things without intending; and—and I have told you all this, because I should be sorry you thought ill of me, Monsieur Dubois."

She dropped her eyes for a moment to the ground, with an expression at once very serious and regretful.

"Then am I condemned to be henceforward a stranger to *dear* Mademoiselle de Charrebourg?"

"I have told you all my thoughts, Monsieur Dubois," she answered in a tone whose melancholy made it nearly as tender as his own. But, perhaps, some idea crossed her mind that piqued her pride; for suddenly recollecting herself, she added, in a tone it may be a little more abrupt and haughty than her usual manner—

"And so, Monsieur Dubois, once for all, good evening. You will need to make haste to overtake your peasant attendant; and as for me, I must run home now—adieu."

Dubois followed her hesitatingly a step or two, but stopped short. A slight flush of excitement—it might be of mortification—hovered on his usually pale cheek. It subsided, however, and a sudden and more tender character inspired his gaze, as he watched her receding figure, and followed its disappearance with a deep sigh.

But Monsieur Dubois had not done with surprises.

"Holloa! sir—a word with you," shouted an imperious voice, rendered more harsh by the peculiar huskiness of age.

Dubois turned, and beheld a figure, which penetrated him with no small astonishment, advancing toward him with furious strides. We shall endeavour to describe it.

It was that of a very tall, old man, lank and upright, with snow-white moustaches, beard, and eyebrows, all in a shaggy and neglected state. He wore an old coat of dark-grey serge, gathered at the waist by a belt of undressed leather, and a pair of gaiters, of the same material, reached fully to his knees. From his left hand dangled three rabbits, tied together by the feet, and in his right he grasped the butt of his antiquated fowling-piece, which rested upon his shoulder. This latter equipment, along with a tall cap of rabbit skins, which crowned his head, gave him a singular resemblance to the old prints of Robinson Crusoe; and as if the *tout ensemble* was not grotesque enough without such an appendage, a singularly tall hound, apparently as old and feeble, as lank and as grey as his master, very much incommoded by the rapidity of his pace, hobbled behind him. A string, scarce two yards long, knotted to his master's belt, was tied to the old collar, once plated with silver, that encircled his neck, and upon which a close scrutiny might have still deciphered the armorial bearings of the Charrebours.

There was a certain ludicrous sympathy between the superannuated hound and his master. While the old man confronted the stranger, erect as Don Quixote, and glaring upon him in silent fury, as though his eye-balls would leap from their sockets, the decrepit dog raised his bloodshot, cowering eyes upon the self same object, and showing the stumps of his few remaining fangs, approached him with a long, low growl, like distant thunder. The man and his dog understood one another perfectly. Conscious, however, that there might possibly be some vein of ridicule in this manifest harmony of sentiment, he bestowed a curse and a kick upon the brute, which sent it screeching behind him.

"It seems, sir, that you have made acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Charrebourg?" he demanded, in a tone

scarcely less discordant than those of his canine attendant.

"Sir, I don't mean to consult you upon the subject."

Robinson Crusoe hitched his gun, as though he was about to "let fly" at the invader of his solitudes.

"I demand your name, sir."

"And I don't mean to give it."

"But give it you shall, sir, by——."

"It is plain you understand catching rabbits, and dressing their skins, better than conversing with gentlemen," said the stranger; and, with a supercilious smile, he turned away.

"Stay, sir," cried the old gentleman, peremptorily, "or I shall slip my dog upon you."

"If you do, I'll shoot him."

"You have insulted me, sir. You wear a *couteau de chasse*—so do I. Destiny condemns the Visconte de Charrebourg to calamity, but not to insult. Draw your sword."

"The Visconte de Charrebourg!" echoed Dubois, in amazement.

"Yes, sir—the Visconte de Charrebourg, who will not pocket an affront, because he happens to have lost his revenues."

Who would have thought that any process could possibly have metamorphosed the gay and magnificent courtier, of whose splendid extravagance Dubois had heard so many traditions, into this grotesque old savage.

"There are some houses—and foremost among the number that of Charrebourg," said the young man, with marked deference, raising his hat—"which no loss of revenue can possibly degrade, and which, associated with the early glories of France, gain but a profounder title to our respect, when their annals and descent are consecrated by the nobility of suffering."

Nebuchadnezzar smiled.

"I entreat that Monsieur le Visconte will pardon what has passed under a total ignorance of his presence."

The Visconte bowed, and resumed, gravely, but more placidly—

"I must then return to my question, and ask your name?"

"I am called Dubois, sir."

"Dubois! hum! I don't recollect, Monsieur Dubois, that I ever had the honour of being acquainted with your family."

"Possibly not, sir."

"However, Monsieur Dubois, you appear to be a gentleman, and I ask

you, as the father of the noble young lady who has just left you, whether you have established with her any understanding such as I ought not to approve—in short, any understanding whatsoever?"

"None whatever, on the honour of a gentleman. I introduced myself to Mademoiselle de Charrebourg, but she has desired that our acquaintance shall cease, and *her* resolution upon the subject is, of course, decisive. On the faith of a gentleman, you have there the entire truth frankly stated."

"Well, Monsieur Dubois, I believe you," said the Visconte, after a steady gaze of a few seconds; "and I have to add a request, which is this—that, unless through me, the acquaintance may never be sought to be renewed. Farewell, sir. Come along, Jonquil!" he added, with an admonition of his foot, addressed to the ugly old brute who had laid himself down. And so, with a mutual obeisance, stiff and profound, Monsieur Dubois and the Visconte de Charrebourg departed upon their several ways.

When the old Visconte entered his castle, he threw the three rabbits on the table before Marguerite, hung his fusil uncleared upon the wall, released his limping dog, and stalked past Lucille, who was in the passage, with a stony aspect, and in total silence. This, however, was his habit, and he pursued his awful way into his little room of state, where, seated upon his high-backed, clumsy throne of deal, with his rabbit-skin tiara on his head, he espied a letter, with a huge seal, addressed to him, lying on his homely table.

"Ha! hum. From M. Le Prun. The ostentation of the Fermier-General! the vulgarity of the bourgeois, even in a letter!"

Alone as he was, the Visconte affected a sneer of tranquil superiority; but his hand trembled as he took the packet and broke the seal. Its contents were evidently satisfactory: the old man elevated his eyebrows as he read, sniffed twice or thrice, and then yielded to a smile of irrepressible self-complacency.

"So it will give him inexpressible

pleasure, will it, to consult my wishes. Should he become the purchaser of the Charrebourg estate, he entreats—ay, that is the word—that I will not do him the injustice to suppose him capable of disturbing me in the possession of my present residence." The Visconte measured the distance between the tiled floor and the ceiling, with a bitter glance, and said, "So our bourgeois-gentilhomme will permit the Visconte de Charrebourg—ha, ha—to live in this stinking hovel for the few years that remain to him; but, *par bleu*, that is fortune's doing, not his. I ought not to blame this poor bourgeois—he is only doing what I asked him. He will also allow me whatever '*privileges*' I have hitherto enjoyed—that of killing roach in the old moat and rabbits in the warren; scarce worth the powder and shot I spend on them. *Eh, bien!* after all what more have I asked for? He is also most desirous to mark, in every way in his power, the profound respect he entertains for the Visconte de Charrebourg. How these fellows grimace and caricature when they attempt to make a compliment! but he can't help that, and he is trying to be civil. And, see, here is a postscript I omitted to read."

He re-adjusted his spectacles. It was thus conceived:—

"P. S.—I trust the Visconte de Charrebourg will permit me the honour of waiting upon him, to express in person my esteem and respect; and that he will also allow me to present my little niece to Mademoiselle de Charrebourg, as they are pretty nearly of the same age, and likely, moreover, to become neighbours."

"Yes," he said, pursuing a train of self-gratulation, suggested by this postscript; "it was a *coup* of diplomacy worthy of Richelieu himself, the sending Lucille in person with my letter. The girl has beauty; its magic has drawn all these flowers and figures from the pen of that dry old schemer. Ay, who knows, she may have fortune before her; were the king to see her——"

But here he paused, and, with a slight shake of the head, muttered, "Apape sathanas!"

### III.—THE FERMIER-GENERAL.

The Visconte eat his supper in solemn silence, which Lucille dared not interrupt, so that the meal was far

from cheerful. Shortly after its conclusion, however, the old man announced, in a few brief sentences, as much of

the letter he had just received as in anywise concerned her to know.

"See *you* and Marguerite to the preparations; let everything, at least, be neat. He knows, as all the world does, that I am miserably poor; and we can't make this place look less beggarly than it is; but we must make the best of it. What can one do with a pension of eight hundred francs—bah!"

The latter part of this speech was muttered in bitter abstraction.

"The pension is too small, sir."

He looked at her with something like a sneer.

"It is too small, sir, and ought to be increased."

"Who says so?"

"Marguerite has often said so, sir, and I believe it. If you will petition the king he will give you something worthy of your rank."

"You are a pair of wiseheads, truly. It cost the exertions of powerful friends, while I still had some, to get that pittance; were I to move in the matter now, it is more like to lead to its curtailment than extension."

"Yes, but the king admires beauty, and I am beautiful," she said, with a blush that was at once the prettiest, the boldest, and yet the purest thing imaginable; "and I will present your petition myself."

Her father looked at her for a moment with a gaze of inquiring wonder, which changed into a faint, abstracted smile; but he rose abruptly from his seat with a sort of shrug, as if it were chill, and, muttering his favourite exorcism, "Apage sathanas!" walked with a flurried step up and down the room. His face was flushed, and there was something in its expression which forbid her hazarding another word.

It was not until nearly half an hour had elapsed that the Visconte suddenly exclaimed, as if not a second had interposed—

"Well, Lucille, it is not *quite* impossible; but you need not mention it to Marguerite."

He then signed to her to leave him, intending, according to his wont, to find occupation for his solitary hours in the resources of his library. This library was contained in an old chest; consisted of some score of shabby volumes of all sizes, and was, in truth, a queer mixture. It comprised, among other tomes, a Latin Bible and a mis-

sal, in intimate proximity with three other volumes of that garb, which even the Visconte de Charbourg would have blushed and trembled to have seen in the hands of his child. It resembled thus the heterogeneous mixture of his own mind, with an incongruous ingredient of superinduced religion; but, on the whole, unpretentious and unclean. He took up the thumb-stumbed Vulgate, in which, of late years, he had read a good deal, and somehow, it did not interest him at that moment. He threw it back and suffered his fancy to run among schemes more exciting and alas! less guiltless. His daughter's words had touched an evil chord in his heart—she had unwittingly unmasked the devil that lurked within him, and this guardian angel from the pit was playing, in truth, very ugly pranks with his ambitious imagination.

Lucille called old Marguerite to her bed-room, and there made the astonishing disclosure of the promised marriage; but the old woman, though herself very fussy in consequence, perceived no corresponding excitement in her young mistress; on the contrary, she was sad and abstracted.

"Do you remember," said Lucille, after a long pause, "the story of the fair demoiselle of Alsace you used to tell me long ago? How true her lover was, and how bravely he fought through all the dangers of witchcraft and war to find her out again and wed her, although he was a noble knight, and she, as he believed, but a peasant daughter. Marguerite, it is a pretty story. I wonder if gentlemen are as true of heart now?"

"Ay, my dear, why not? Love is love always; just the same as it was of old is it now, and will be while the world wags."

And with this comforting assurance their conference ended.

The very next day came the visit of Monsieur le Prun and his niece. The Fermier-General was old and ugly, there is no denying it; he had a shrewd, penetrating eye, moreover, and in the lines of his mouth were certain unmistakable indications of habitual command. When his face was in repose, indeed, its character was on the whole forbidding. But in repose it seldom was, for he smiled and grimaced with an industry that was amazing.

His niece was a pretty little fair-



haired girl of sixteen, with something sad and even *funeste* in her countenance. The fragile timidity of the little blonde contrasted well with the fire and energy that animated the handsome features of her new acquaintance. Julie St. Pierre, for that was her name, seemed just as unconscious of Lucille's deficient toilet as she was herself, and the two girls became, in the space of an hour's ramble among the brakes and bushes of the park, as intimate as if they had spent all their days together. Monsieur le Prun, meanwhile, conversed affably with the Visconte, whom he seemed to take a pleasure in treating with a deference which secretly flattered alike his pride and his vanity. He told him, moreover, that the contract for the purchase of the Charrebourg estate was already completed, and pleased himself with projecting certain alterations in the Visconte's humble residence, which would certainly have made it a far more imposing piece of architecture than it ever had been. All his plans, however, were accompanied with so many submissions to the Visconte's superior taste, and so many solicitations of "permission," and so many delicate admissions of an ownership, which both parties knew to be imaginary, that the visiter appeared in the attitude rather of one suing for than conferring a favour. Add to all this that the Fermier-General had the good taste to leave his equipage at the park gate, and trudged on foot beside his little niece, who, in rustic fashion, was mounted on a donkey, to make his visit. No wonder, then, that when the Croesus and his little niece took their departure, they left upon the mind of the old Visconte an impression which (although, for the sake of consistency, he was still obliged to affect his airs of hauteur) was in the highest degree favourable.

The acquaintance thus commenced was not suffered to languish. Scarce a day passed without either a visit or a *billet*, and thus some five or six weeks passed.

Lucille and her new companion became more and more intimate; but there was one secret recorded in the innermost tablet of her heart which she was too proud to disclose even to her gentle friend. For a day—days—a week—a fortnight after her interview with Du Bois, she lived in hope that every hour might present his handsome

form at the cottage door to declare himself, and, with the Visconte's sanction, press his suit. Every morning broke with hope, every night brought disappointment with its chill and darkness, till hope expired, and feelings of bitterness, wounded pride, and passionate resentment succeeded. What galled her proud heart most was the fear that she had betrayed her fondness to him. To be forsaken was hard enough to bear, but to the desolation of such a loss the sting of humiliation superadded was terrible.

One day the rumble of coach-wheels was heard upon the narrow, broken road which wound by the Visconte's cottage. A magnificent equipage, glittering with gold and gorgeous colours, drawn by four noble horses worthy of Cinderella's state-coach, came rolling and rocking along the track. The heart of Lucille beat fast under her little bodice as she beheld its approach. The powdered servants were of course to open the carriage-door, and Du Bois himself, attired in the robes of a prince, was to spring from within and throw himself passionately at her feet. In short, she felt that the denouement of the fairy tale was at hand.

The coach stopped—the door opened, and Monsieur Le Prun descended, and handed his little niece to the ground; Lucille wished him and Du Bois both in the galleys.

He was more richly dressed than usual, more ceremonious, and if possible more gracious. He saluted Lucille, and after a word or two of common-place courtesy, joined the old Visconte, and they shortly entered the old gentleman's chamber of audience together, and there remained for more than an hour. At the end of that time they emerged together, both a little excited as it seemed. The Fermier-General was flushed like a scarlet withered apple, and his black eyes glowed and flashed with an unusual agitation. The Visconte too was also flushed, and he carried his head a little back, with an unwonted air of reserve and importance.

The adieux were made with some little flurry, and the equipage swept away, leaving the spot where its magnificence had just been displayed as bleak and blank as the space on which the pageant of a phantasmagoria has been for a moment reflected.

The old servant of all work was charm-

ed with this souvenir of her better days. Monsieur Le Prun had risen immensely in her regard in consequence of the display she had just gloated upon. In the estimation of the devoted Marguerite he was more than a Midas. His very eye seemed to gild everything it fell upon as naturally as the sun radiates his yellow splendour. The blue velvet liveries, the gold-studded harness, the embossed and emblazoned coach, the stately beasts with their tails tied up in great bows of broad blue ribbons, with silver fringe, like an Arcadian beauty's chevelure, the reverential solemnity of the gorgeous lacqueys, the *tout ensemble*, in short, was overpowering and delightful.

"Well, child," said the Visconte, after he and Lucille had stood for a while in silence watching the retiring equipage, taking her hand in his at the same time, and leading her with a stately gravity along the narrow walk which environed the cottage, "Monsieur Le Prun, it must be admitted, has excellent taste; *par bleu*, his team would do honour to the royal stables. What a superb equipage! Happy the woman whom fortune will elect to share the splendour of which all that we have just seen is but as a sparkle from the furnace—fortunate she whom Monsieur Le Prun will make his wife."

He spoke with so much emotion, directed a look of such triumphant significance upon his daughter, and pressed her hand so hard, that on a sudden a stupendous conviction, at once horrible and dazzling, burst upon her.

"Monsieur—! for the love of God do you mean—do you mean——?" she said, and broke off abruptly.

"Yes, my dear Lucille," he returned with elation, "I *do* mean to tell you that you—you are that fortunate person. It is true you can bring him no wealth, but he already possesses more of that than he knows how to apply. You can, however, bring him what few other women possess, an ancient lineage, an exquisite beauty, and the simplicity of an education in which the seeds of finesse and dissipation have not been sown; in short, the very attributes and qualifications which he most esteems—which he has long sought, and which in conversation he has found irresistible in you. Monsieur Le Prun has entreated me to lay his proposals at your feet, and you of course con-

vey through me the gratitude with which you accept them."

Lucille was silent and pale; within her a war and chaos of emotions were struggling, like the tumult of the ocean.

"I felicitate you, my child," said the Visconte, kissing her throbbing forehead; "in you the fortunes of your family will be restored—come with me."

She accompanied him into the cottage; she was walking, as it were, in a wonderful dream; but amidst the confusion of her senses, her perplexity and irresolution, there was a dull sense of pain at her heart, there was a shadowy figure constantly before her; its presence agitated and reproached her, but she had little leisure to listen to the pleadings of a returning tenderness, even had they been likely to prevail with her ambitious heart. Her father rapidly sketched such a letter of complimentary acceptance as he conceived suitable to the occasion and the parties.

"Read that," he said, placing it before Lucille. "Well, that I think will answer. What say you, child?"

"Yes, sir," she replied with an effort; "it is true; he does me indeed great honour; and—and I accept him; and now, sir, I would wish to go and be for a while alone."

"Do so," said her father, again kissing her, for he felt a sort of gratitude toward her as the prime cause of all these comforts and luxuries, whose long despaired of return he now beheld in immediate and certain prospect. Not heeding this unwonted exuberance of tenderness, she hurried to her little bedroom, and sat down upon the side of her bed.

At first she wept passionately, but her girlish volatility soon dried these tears. The magnificent equipage of Monsieur Le Prun swept before her imagination. Her curious and dazzled fancy then took flight in speculations as to the details of all the, as yet, undescribed splendours in reserve. Then she thought of herself married, and mistress of all this great fortune, and her heart beat thick, and she laughed aloud, and clapped her hands in an ecstacy of almost childish exultation.

Next day she received a long visit from Monsieur Le Prun, as her accepted lover. Spite of all his splendour, he had never looked in her

eyes half so old, and ugly, and sinister as now. The marriage, which was sometimes so delightfully full of promise to her vanity and ambition, in his presence most perversely lost all its enchantment, and terrified her, like some great but unascertained danger. It was, however, too late now to recede; and even were she free to do so, it is more than probable that she could not have endured the sacrifice involved in retracting her consent.

The Visconte's little household kept early hours. He himself went to bed almost with the sun; and on the night after this decisive visit—for such Monsieur Le Prun's first appearance and acceptance in the character of an affianced bridegroom undoubtedly was—

Lucille was lying awake, the prey of a thousand agitating thoughts, when, on a sudden, rising upon the still night air, came a little melody—alas! too well known—a gay and tender song, chanted sweetly. Had the voice of Fate called her, she could not have started more suddenly upright in her bed, with eyes straining, and parted lips—one hand pushing back the rich clusters of hair, and collecting the sound at her ear, and the other extended toward the distant songster, and softly marking the time of the air. She listened till the song died away, and covering her face with her hands, she threw herself down upon the pillow, and sobbing desolately, murmured—“too late!—loo late!”

#### IV.—THE STRANGE LADY IN WHITE.

The visits of the happy Fermier-General occurred, of course, daily, and increased in duration. Meanwhile preparations went forward. The Visconte, supplied from some mysterious source, appeared to have an untold amount of cash. He made repeated excursions to the capital, which for twenty years he had not so much as seen; and handsome dresses, ornaments, &c., for Lucille, were accompanied by no less important improvements upon his own wardrobe, as well as various accessions to the comforts of their little dwelling—so numerous, indeed, as speedily to effect an almost complete transformation in its character and pretensions.

Thus the time wore on, in a state of excitement, which, though chequered with many fears, was on the whole pleasurable.

About ten days had passed since the peculiar and delicate relation we have described was established between Lucille and Monsieur Le Prun. Urgent business had called him away to the city, and kept him closely confined there, so that, for the first time since his declaration, his daily visit was omitted upon this occasion. Had the good Fermier-General known but all, he need not have offered so many apologies, nor laboured so hard to console his lady-love for his involuntary absence. The truth, then, is, as the reader no doubt suspects, Lucille was charmed at finding herself, even for a day, once more her own absolute mistress.

A gay party from Paris, with orders of admission from the creditors, that day visited the park. In a remote and bosky hollow they had seated themselves upon the turf, and, amid songs and laughter, were enjoying a cold repast. Far away these sounds of mirth were borne on the clear air to Lucille. Alas! when should she laugh as gaily as those ladies, who, with their young companions, were making merry?—when again should music speak as of old with her heart, and bear in its chords no tone of reproach and despair? This gay party broke up into groups, and began merrily to ramble towards the great gate, where, of course, their carriages were awaiting them.

Attracted mournfully by their mirth, Lucille rambled onward as they retreated. It was evening, and the sunbeams slanted pleasantly among the trees and bushes, throwing long, soft shadows over the sward, and converting into gold every little tuft, and weed, and knob that broke the irregular sweep of the ground.

She had reached a part of the park with which she was not so familiar. Here several gentle hollows were converging toward the stream, and trees and wild brushwood in fresh abundance clothed their sides, and spread upward along the plain in rich and shaggy exuberance.

From among them, with a stick in his hand, and running lightly in the direction of her father's cottage, Gabriel suddenly emerged.

On seeing her at the end of the irregular vista, which he had just entered, however, he slackened his pace, and doffing his hat, he approached her.

"A message, Gabriel?" she inquired.

"Yes, if mademoiselle pleases," said he, blushing all over, like the setting sun. "I was running to the Visconte's house to tell mademoiselle."

"Well, Gabriel, and what is it?"

"Why, mademoiselle, a strange lady in the glen desired me to tell Mademoiselle de Charrebourg that she wished to see her."

"But did she say why she desired it, and what she wished to speak to me about?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"Then tell her that Mademoiselle de Charrebourg, knowing neither her name nor her business, declines obeying her summons," she said, haughtily. Gabriel bowed low, and was about to retire on his errand, when she added—

"It was very dull of you, Gabriel, not to ask her what she wanted of me."

"Madame, without your permission, I dare not," he replied, with a deeper blush, and a tone at once so ardent and so humble, that Lucille could not forbear a smile of the prettiest good nature."

"In truth, Gabriel, you are a dutiful boy. But how did you happen to meet her?"

"I was returning, mademoiselle, from the other side of the stream, and just when I got into the glen, on turning round the corner of the grey stone, I saw her standing close to me behind the bushes."

"And I suppose you were frightened?" she said, archly.

"No, mademoiselle, indeed; though she was strangely dressed and very pale, but she spoke to me kindly. She asked me my name, and then she looked in my face very hard, as a fortune-teller does, and she told me many strange things, mademoiselle, about myself; some of them I knew, and some of them I never heard before."

"I suppose she is a fortune-teller; and how did she come to ask for me?"

"She inquired if the Visconte de Charrebourg still lived on the estate, and then she said, 'Has he not a beautiful daughter called Lucille?' and I, mademoiselle, made bold to answer, 'Oh yes, madame, yes, in truth.'"

Poor Gabriel blushed and faltered more than ever at this passage.

"Tell mademoiselle," she said, "I have something that concerns her nearly to tell her. Let her know that I am waiting here; but I cannot stay long. And so she beckoned me away impatiently, and I, expecting to find you near the house, was running, when mademoiselle saw me."

"It is very strange; stay, Gabriel. I will go and speak to her, it is only a step."

The fact was that Lucille's curiosity (as might have been the case with a great many of her sex in a similar situation) was too strong for her, and her pride was forced to bend to its importunity.

"Go you before," she said to Gabriel, who long remembered that evening walk in attendance upon Lucille, as a scene so enchanting and delightful as to be rather a mythic episode than an incident in his life; "adieu, Gabriel," she added, as they entered the cold shadow of the thick evergreens, and felt, she knew not why, a superstitious dread creep over her, "do not wait within call, but so as not to overhear our conversation; you understand me."

They had now emerged from the dark cover into the glen, and looking downward toward the little stream, at a short distance from them, the figure of the mysterious lady was plainly discernible. She was sitting with her back toward them upon a fragment of rock, under the bough of an old gnarled oak. Her dress was a sort of loose white robe, it might be flannel, such as invalids in hospital wear, and a red cloak had slipped from her shoulders, and covered the ground at her feet. Thus solitary and mysterious, she suggested the image of a priestess cowering over the blood of a victim in search of omens.

Lucille approached her with some trepidation, and to avoid coming near her wholly by surprise she made a little detour, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the features of the stranger, as well as of permitting her to become aware of her approach.

Her appearance, upon a nearer approach, was not such as to reassure Lucille. She was tall, deadly pale, and marked with the small-pox. She had particularly black eye-brows, and awaited the young lady's approach with that ominous smile which attends

higher than the lips, and leaves the eyes and forehead dark, threatening, and uncertain. Altogether, there was a character, it might be of insanity, it might be of guilt, in the face, which was formidable.

Lucille wished herself at home, but there was that in the blood of the Charrebourgs which never turned away from danger, real or imaginary, when once confronted.

"So you are Lucille de Charrebourg?" said the figure, looking at her with that expression of malice, which is all the more fearful that it appears causeless.

"Yes, madame, that is my name; will you be so good as to tell me, beside, the name of the lady who has been kind enough to desire an interview with me?"

"For a name, my dear, suit yourself; call me Sycorax, Jezebel, or what you please, and I will answer to it."

"But what are you?"

"There again I give you a *carte blanche*; say I am a benevolent fairy; you don't seem to like that? or your guardian-angel? nor that neither! Well, a witch if you please, or a ghost, or a fortune-teller—ay, that will do, a fortune-teller—so that is settled."

"Well, madame, if I may not know either your name or occupation, will you be good enough at least to let me hear your business."

"Surely, my charming demoiselle; you should have heard it immediately had you not pestered me with so many childish questions. Well, then, about this Monsieur Le Prun?"

"Well, madame?" said Lucille, not a little surprised.

"Well, my dear, I'm not going to tell you whether this Monsieur Le Prun is an angel, for angels they say *have* married women; or whether he is a Bluebeard—you have heard the story of Bluebeard, my little dear—but this I say, be he which he may, *you* must not marry him."

"And pray who constrains my will?" exclaimed the girl, scornfully, but at the same time inwardly frightened.

"I do, my pretty pigeon; if you marry him, you do so forewarned, and if he don't punish you *I* will."

"How dare you speak in that tone to me?" said Lucille, to whose cheek the insolent threat of the stranger called a momentary flush of red; "*you* punish me, indeed, if *he* does not! I'll not permit you to address me so; be-

sides I have help close by, if I please to call for it."

All this time the woman was laughing inwardly, and fumbling under her white robe, as if in search of something.

"I say he may be an angel, or he may be a bluebeard, I don't pretend to say which," she continued, with a perfectly genuine contempt of Lucille's vaunting, "but I have here an amulet that never fails in cases like this; it will detect and expel the devil better than blessed water, *vera crux*, or body of our Lord, for these things have sometimes failed, but this can never. With the aid of this you cannot be deceived. If he be a good man its influence will be ineffectual against him; but if, on the other hand, he be possessed of evil spirits, then test him with it, and you will behold him for a moment as he is."

"Let me see it, then."

"Here it is."

She drew from under the white folds of her dress a small spiral bottle, enamelled with some Chinese characters, and set in a base and capital of chased gold, with four little spiral pillars at the corners connecting the top and bottom and leaving the porcelain visible between. It had, moreover, a stopper that closed with a spring, and altogether did not exceed two inches in length, and in thickness was about the size of a swan's quill. It looked like nothing earthly, but what she had described it. For a scent-bottle, indeed, it might possibly have been used; but there was something odd and knowing about this little curiosity, something mysterious, and which seemed as though it had a tale to tell. In short, Lucille looked on it with all the interest, and if the truth must be spoken, a good deal of the awe which its pretensions demanded.

"And what am I to do with this little bauble?" she asked, after she had examined it for some moments curiously.

"When you want to make trial of its efficacy, take it forth, look steadily in his face, and say, 'I expect to receive the counterpart of this;' that is all. If he be a good man, as who can say, the talisman will leave him as it finds him. But if he be, as some men are, the slaves of Satan, you will see, were it but for a second, the sufferings and passions of hell in his face. Fear



not to make trial of it, for no harm can ensue, you will but know the character you have to deal with."

"But this is a valuable bauble, its price must be considerable, and I have no money."

"Well, suppose I make it a present to you."

"I should like to have it—but—but ———."

"But I am too poor to part with it on such terms, and you too proud to take it—is that your meaning? Never mind, I can afford to give it, and, proud as you are, you can afford to take it. Hide it until the time to try him comes, and then speak as I told you."

"Well I will accept it," said Lucille, coldly, but her voice trembled and her face was pale; "and this I know, if there be any virtue of any sort in the toy, it can only prove Monsieur Le Prun's goodness. Yes, he is a very kind man, and all the world, I am told, speaks of his excellence."

"Very probably," said the stranger, "but mark my words, don't marry him; if you do you shall see me again."

"Holloa, devil! are you deaf?" thundered a sneering voice from a crag at the opposite side, "Come, come, it's time we were moving."

The summons came from a broad, short, swarthy fellow, with black moustache and beard, arrayed in a suit of dusky red. He had one hand raised high above his head beckoning to her, and with the other he furiously shook the spreading branch of a tree beside him; the prominent whites of his eyes, and his grinning teeth, were, even at that distance, seen conspicuous; and so shaggy, furious, and unearthly did he seem, that he might well have represented some wild huntsman or demon of the wood. It seemed, indeed, as though a sort of witches' dance were to be held that night in the old park of Charrebourg, and that some of the preternatural company had reached the trysting-place before their time.

The ill-omened woman in white hastily gathered up her mantle, without any gesture or word of farewell. With hurried strides her tall figure glided off toward the apparition in red, and both speedily disappeared among the hazy cover at the other side.

The little hollow was now deserted, except for Lucille. It was not till

they had quite vanished, and that she was left there alone, that she felt something akin to terror steal over her, and hurried from the scene of her strange interview as from a haunted spot. A little way up the rising bank Gabriel was awaiting her return, sorely disappointed that fortune had in no wise made her debtor to his valour.

Long before she reached home the sun had gone down, and the long dusky shadows had given place to the thin, cold haze of approaching night. Often as she glided onward among rocks and bushes she felt an instinctive impulse, something between terror and aversion, prompting her to hurl the little spiral phial far from her among the wild weeds and misty brakes, where, till doomsday, it might never be found again. But other feelings, stranger in their kind, determined her at least to defer the sacrifice, and so she reached her chamber with the mysterious gift fast in her tiny grasp.

Here she again examined it, more minutely than before; it contained neither fluid nor powder of any sort, and was free from any perfume or odour whatsoever; and excepting that the more closely she inspected it, the more she discovered in its workmanship to excite her admiration, her careful and curious investigation was without result. As she carefully folded up the curious souvenir, and secreted it in the safest corner of her safest drawer, she thought over the interview again and again, and always with the same result as respected the female who had bestowed it, namely, that if not actually a lady, she had at least the education and the manners of a person above the working classes.

That night Lucille was haunted with ugly dreams. Voices were speaking to her in threats and blasphemies from the little phial. The mysterious lady in white would sit huddled up at the foot of her bed, and the more she smiled the more terrible became her scowl, until at last her countenance began to dilate, and she slowly advanced her face closer and closer, until, just as her smiling lips reached Lucille, she uttered a yell, whether of imprecation or terror she could not hear, but which scared her from her sleep like a peal of thunder. Then a great coffin was standing against the wall with Monsieur Le Prun in it dead and shrouded, and a troop of choris-

ters began singing a requiem, when on a sudden the furious voice she had heard that evening screamed aloud, "to what purpose all this hymning, seeing the corpse is possessed by evil spirits;" and then such looks of rage and hatred flitted over the livid face in the coffin, as nothing but hell could have inspired. Then again she would see Monsieur Le Prun struggling, his face all bloody and distorted, with the man in red and the strange lady of the talisman, who screamed, laughing with a detestable glee, "Come bride, come, the bridegroom waits." Such horrid dreams as these haunted her all night, so much so that one might almost have fancied that an evil influence had entered her chamber with the little phial. But the songs of gay birds pruning their wings, and the rustle of

the green leaves glittering in the early sun round her window, quickly dispelled the horrors which had possessed her little room in the hours of silence and darkness. It was, notwithstanding, with a sense of fear and dislike that she opened the drawer where the little phial lay, and unrolling all the paper envelopes in which it was carefully folded, beheld it once more in the clear light of day.

"Nothing, nothing, but a grotesque little scent-bottle—why should I be afraid of it?—a poor little pretty toy."

So she said, as she folded it up again, and deposited it once more where it had lain all night. But for all that she felt a mysterious sense of relief when she ran lightly from her chamber into the open air, conscious that the harmless little "toy" was no longer present.

#### V.—THE CHATEAU DES ANGES.

The next day Monsieur Le Prun returned. His vanity ascribed the manifest agitation of Lucille's manner to feelings very unlike the distrust, alarm, and aversion which, since her last night's adventure, had filled her mind. He came, however, armed with votive evidences of his passion, alike more substantial and more welcome than the gallant speeches in which he dealt. He brought her, among other jewels, a suit of brilliants which must have cost alone some fifteen or twenty thousand francs. He seemed to take a delight in overpowering her with the costly exuberance of his presents. Was there in this a latent distrust of his own personal resources, and an anxiety to astound and enslave by means of his magnificence—to overwhelm his proud but dowerless bride with the almost fabulous profusion and splendour of his wealth? Perhaps there was, and the very magnificence which dazzled her was prompted more by meanness than generosity.

This time he came accompanied by a gentleman, the Sieur de Blassemare, who appeared pretty much what he actually was—a sort of general agent, adviser, companion, and hanger-on of the rich Fermier-General.

The Sieur de Blassemare had his *titres de noblesse*, and started in life with a fair fortune. This, however, he had seriously damaged by play, and he was now obliged to have recourse to that species of dexterity, to support his luxuries, which, employed

by others, had been the main agent in his own ruin. The millionaire and parvenu found him invaluable. He was always gay, always in good humour; a man of birth and breeding, well accepted, in spite of his suspected rogueries, in the world of fashion—an adept in all its ways, as well as in the mysteries of human nature; active, inquisitive, profligate; the very man to pick up intelligence when it was needed—to execute a delicate commission, or to advise and assist in any project of taste. In addition to all these gifts and perfections, his fund of good spirits and scandalous anecdote was inexhaustible, and so Monsieur Le Prun conceived him very cheaply retained at the expense of allowing him to cheat him quietly of a few score crowns at an occasional game of picquet.

This fashionable sharper and voluptuary was now somewhere about five-and-forty; but with the assistance of his dress, which was exquisite, and the mysteries of his toilet, which was artistic in a high degree, and above all, his gaiety, which never failed him, he might easily have passed for at least six years younger.

It was the wish of the benevolent Monsieur Le Prun to set the Visconte quite straight in money matters; and as there still remained, like the electric residuum in a Leyden vial after the main shock has been discharged, some few little affairs not quite dissipated in the explosion of his fortunes, and which, before his re-appearance even in the

back-ground of society, must be arranged, he employed his agile aid-de-camp, the Sieur de Blassemare, to fish out these claims and settle them.

It was not to be imagined that a young girl, perfectly conscious of her beauty, with a great deal of vanity and an immensity of ambition, could fail to be delighted at the magnificent presents with which her rich old lover had that day loaded her.

She spread them upon the counterpane of her bed, and when she was tired of admiring them, she covered herself with her treasures, hung the flashing necklace about her neck, and clasped her little wrists in the massive bracelets, stuck a pin here and a brooch there, and covered her fingers with sparkling jewels; and though she had no looking-glass larger than a playing-card in which to reflect her splendour, she yet could judge in her own mind very satisfactorily of the effect. Then, after she had floated about her room, and curtsied, and waved her hands to her heart's content, she again strewed the bed with these delightful, intoxicating jewels, which flashed actual fascination upon her gaze.

At that moment her gratitude effervesced, and she almost felt that, provided she were never to behold his face again, she could—*not* love but *like* Monsieur Le Prun very well; she half relented, she almost forgave him; she would have received with good-will, with thanks, and praises, anything and everything he pleased to give her, except his company.

Meanwhile the old Visconte, somewhat civilised and modernised by recent restorations, was walking slowly to and fro in the little bowling-green, side by side with Blassemare.

"Yes," he said, "with confidence I give my child into his hands. It is a great trust, Blassemare; but he is gifted with those qualities, which, more than wealth, conduce to married happiness. I confide in him a great trust, but I feel I risk no sacrifice."

A comic smile, which he could not suppress, illuminated the dark features of Blassemare, and he looked away as if studying the landscape until it subsided.

"He is the most disinterested and generous of men," resumed the old gentleman.

"*Mais*, so he is," rejoined his companion; "but Mademoiselle de Charrebourg happened to be precisely the person he needed; birth, beauty, simpli-

city—a rare alliance. You underrate the merits of Mademoiselle de Charrebourg. He makes no such presents to the Sisters of Charity."

"Pardon me, sir, I know her merits well; she is indeed a dutiful and dear child."

And the Visconte's eyes filled with moisture, for his heart was softened by her prosperity, involving, as it did, his own.

"And will make one of the handsomest as she will, no doubt, one of the most loving wives in France," said Blassemare, gravely.

"And he will make, or I am no prophet, an admirable husband," resumed the Visconte; "he has so much good feeling and so much ——"

"So much money," suggested Blassemare, who was charmed at the Visconte's little hypocrisy; "ay, by my faith, that he has; and as to that little bit of scandal, those mysterious reports, you know," he added, with a malicious simplicity.

"Yes, I know," said the Visconte, shortly.

"All sheer fiction, my dear Visconte," continued Blassemare, with a shrug and a smile of disclaimer.

"Of course, of course," said the Visconte, peremptorily.

"It was talked about, you know," persisted his malicious companion, "about twenty years ago, but it is quite discredited now—scouted. You can't think how excellently our good friend the Fermier-General is established in society. But I need not tell you, for of course you satisfied yourself; the alliance on which I felicitate Le Prun proves it."

The Visconte made a sort of wincing smile and a bow. He saw that Blassemare was making a little scene out of his insincerities for his own private entertainment. But there is a sort of conventional hypocrisy which had become habitual to them both. It was like a pair of blacklegs cheating one another for practice with their eyes open. So Blassemare presented his snuff-box, and the Visconte, with equal *bonhomie*, took a pinch, and the game was kept up pleasantly between them.

Meanwhile Lucille, in her chamber, the window of which opened upon the bowling-green, caught a word or two of the conversation we have just sketched. What she heard was just sufficient to awaken the undefined but anxious train of ideas which had become

connected with the image of Monsieur Le Prun. Something seemed all at once to sadden and quench the fire that blazed in her diamonds; they were disenchanted; her heart no longer danced in their light. With a heavy sigh she turned to the drawer where the charmed vial lay; she took it out; she weighed it in her hand.

"After all," she said, "it is but a toy. Why should it trouble me? What harm *can* be in it?"

She placed it among the golden store that lay spread upon her coverlet. But it would not assimilate with those ornaments; on the contrary, it looked only more quaint and queer, like a suspicious stranger among them. She hurriedly took it away, more dissatisfied, somehow, than ever. She inwardly felt that there was danger in it, but what could it be? what its purpose, significance, or power? Conjecture failed her. There it lay, harmless and pretty for the present, but pregnant with unknown mischief, like a painted egg, stolen from a serpent's nest, which time and temperature are sure to hatch at last.

The strangest circumstance about it was, that she could not make up her mind to part with or destroy it. It exercised over her the fascination of a guilty companionship. She hated but could not give it up. And yet, after all, what a trifle to fret the spirits even of a girl!

It is wonderful how rapidly impressions of pain or fear, if they be not renewed, lose their influence upon the conduct and even upon the spirits. The scene in the glen, the image of the unprepossessing and mysterious pythoness, and the substance and manner of the sinister warning she communicated, were indeed fixed in her memory ineffaceably. But every day that saw her marriage approach in security and peace, and her preparations proceed without molestation, served to dissipate her fears and to obliterate the force of that hated scene.

It was, therefore, only now and then that the odd and menacing occurrence recurred to her memory with a depressing and startling effect. At such moments, it might be of weakness, the boding words, "Don't marry him; if you do you shall see me again," smote upon her heart like the voice of a spectre, and she felt that chill, succeeded by vague and gloomy anxiety, which superstition ascribes to the passing presence of a spirit from the grave.

VOL. XXXVI.—NO. CCXIV.

"I don't think you are happy, dear Lucille, or may be you are offended with me," said Julie St. Pierre, turning her soft blue eyes full upon her handsome companion, and taking her hand timidly between her own.

They were sitting together on a wild bank, shaded by a screen of brushwood, in the park. Lucille had been silent, abstracted, and, as it seemed, almost sullen during their walk, and poor little timid Julie, who cherished for her girlish friend that sort of devotion with which gentler and perhaps better natures are so often inspired by firmer wills, and more fiery tempers, was grieved and perplexed.

"Tell me, dear Lucille, are you angry with me?"

"I angry! no, indeed; and angry with you, my dear, *dear* little friend! I could not be, dear Julie, even were I to try."

And so they kissed heartily again and again.

"Then," said Julie, sitting down by her, and taking her hand more firmly in hers, and looking with such a loving interest as nothing could resist in her face, "you are unhappy. Why don't you tell me what it is that grieves you? I dare say I could give you very wise counsel, and, at all events, console you. At the convent the pensioners used all to come to me when they were in trouble, and, I assure you, I always gave them good advice."

"But I am not unhappy."

"Really?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, shall I tell you? I thought you were unhappy because you are going to be married to my uncle."

"Folly, folly, my dear little prude. Your uncle is a very good man, and a very grand match. I ought to be delighted at a prospect so brilliant."

Even while Lucille spoke, she felt a powerful impulse to tell her little companion *all*—her fondness for Dubois, her aversion for Monsieur Le Prun, the scene with the strange woman, and her own forebodings; but such a confession would have been difficult to reconcile with her fixed resolution to let the affair take its course, and at all hazards marry the man whom, it was vain to disguise it from herself, she disliked, distrusted, and feared.

"I was going to give you comfort by my own story. I never told you before that *I*, too, am affianced."

"Affianced! and to whom?"

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"To the Marquis de Secqville."

"Hey! Why that is the very gentleman of whom Monsieur de Blassemare told us such wicked stories the other day."

"Did he?" she said, with a sigh. "Well, I often feared he was a prodigal; but heaven, I trust, will reclaim him."

"But do you not love him?"

"No. I never saw him but once."

"And are you happy?"

"Yes, quite happy now; but, dear Lucille, I was very miserable once. You must know that shortly after we were betrothed, when I was placed in the convent at Rouen, there was a nice girl there, of whom I soon grew very fond. Her brother, Henri, used to come almost every day to see her. He was about three years older than I, and so brave and beautiful. I did not know that I loved him until his sister went away, and his visits, of course, ceased; and when I could not see him any more, I thought my heart would break."

"Poor little Julie!"

"I was afraid of being observed when I wept, but I used to cry to myself all night long, and wish to die, as my mother used to fear long ago I would do before I came to be as old as I am now; and I could not even hear of him, for my friend, his sister, had married, and was living near Caen, and so we were quite separated."

"You were, *indeed*, very miserable, my poor little friend."

"Yes; but at last, after a whole year, she was passing through Rouen, and so she came to the convent to see me. Oh, when I saw her my heart fluttered so that I thought I should have choked. I don't know why it was, but I was afraid to ask for him; but at last, finding she would not speak of him at all, which I thought was ill-natured, though indeed it was not, I *did* succeed, and asked her how he was; then all at once she began to cry, for he was dead; and knowing *that*, I forgot everything—I lost sight of everything—they said I fainted. And when I awoke again there were a good many of the sisters and some of the pensioners round me, and my friend still weeping; and the superioress was there, too, but I did not heed them, but only said I would not believe he was dead. Then I was very ill for more than a month, and my uncle came to see me; but I don't think he knew what had made me so; and as soon as

I grew better the superioress was very angry with me, and told me it was very wicked, which it may have been, but indeed I could not help it; and she gave me in charge to sister Eugenie to bring me to a sense of my sinfulness, seeing that I ought not to have loved any one but him to whom I was betrothed."

"Alas! poor Julie, I suppose she was a harsh preceptress also."

"No, indeed; on the contrary, she was very kind and gentle. She was so young—only twenty-three—dear sister Eugenie!—and so pretty, though she was very pale, and oh, so thin; and when we were both alone in her room she used to let me tell her all my story, and she used to draw her hand over her pretty face, and cry so bitterly in return, and kiss me, and shake me by the hands, that I often thought she must once have loved some one also herself, and was weeping because she could never see him again; so I grew to love her very much; but I did not know all that time that sister Eugenie was dying. The day I took leave of her she seemed as if she was going to tell me something about herself, and I think now if I had pressed her she would. I am very sorry I did not, for it would have been pleasant to me as long as I live to have given the dear sister any comfort, and show how truly I loved her. But it was not so, and only four months after we parted she died; but I hope we may meet, where I am sure she is gone, in heaven, and then she will know how much I loved her, and how good, and gentle, and kind I always thought her."

Poor little Julie shed tears at these words.

"Now I do not love the Marquis," she continued, "nor I am sure does he love me. It will be but a match of convenience. I suppose he will continue to follow his amusements and I will live quietly at home; so after all it will make but little change to me, and I will still be as I am now, the widow of poor Henri."

"You are so tranquil, dear Julie, because he is dead. Happy is it for you that he is in his grave. Come, let us return."

They began to walk towards the cottage.

"And how would you spend your days, Julie, had you the choice of your own way of life?"

"I would take the veil. I would



like to be a nun, and to die early, like sister Eugenie."

Lucille looked at her with undisguised astonishment.

"Take the veil!" she exclaimed, "so young, so pretty. *Parbleu*, I would rather work in the fields or beg my bread on the high-roads. Take the veil—no, no, no. Marguerite told me I had a great aunt who took the veil, and three years after died mad in a convent in Paris. Ah, it is a sad life, Julie, a sad life!"

It was the wish of the Fermier-General that his nuptials should be celebrated with as much privacy as possible. The reader, therefore, will lose nothing by our dismissing the ceremony as rapidly as may be. Let it suffice to say, that it *did* take place, and to describe the arrangements with which it was immediately succeeded.

Though Monsieur Le Prun had become the purchaser of the Charrebourg estate, he did not choose to live upon it. About eight leagues from Paris he possessed a residence better suited to his tastes and plans. It was said to have once belonged to a scion of royalty, who had contrived it with a view to realising upon earth a sort of Mahomedan paradise. Nothing indeed could have been better devised for luxury as well as seclusion. From some Romish legend attaching to its site, it had acquired the name of the Chateau des Anges, a title which unhappily did not harmonise with the traditions more directly connected with the building itself.

It was a very spacious structure, some of its apartments were even magnificent, and the entire fabric bore overpowering evidences, alike in its costly materials and finish, and in the details of its design, of the prodigal and voluptuous magnificence to which it owed its existence.

It was environed by lordly forests, circle within circle, which were pierced by long straight walks diverging from common centres, and almost losing themselves in the shadowy distance. Studded, too, with a series of interminable fish-ponds, encompassed by hedges of beech, yew, and evergreens of enormous height and impenetrable density, under whose emerald shadows water-fowl of all sorts, from the princely swan down to the humble water-hen, were sailing and gliding this way and that, like rival argosies upon the seas.

The view of the chateau itself, when at last, through those dense and extensive cinctures of sylvan scenery, you had penetrated to its site, was, from almost every point, picturesque and even beautiful.

Successive terraces of almost regal extent, from above whose marble balustrades and rows of urns the tufted green of rare and rich plants, in a long, gorgeous wreath of foliage, was peeping, ran, tier above tier, conducting the eye, among statues and graceful shrubs, to the gables and chimneys of the quaint but vast chateau itself. The forecourt upon which the great avenue debouched was large enough for the stately muster of a royal levee; and at intervals, upon the balustrade which surrounded it, were planted a long file of stone statues, each originally holding a lamp, which, however, the altered habits of the place had long since dismounted.

If the place had been specially contrived, as it was said to have been, for privacy, it could not have been better planned. It was literally buried in an umbrageous labyrinth of tufted forest. Even the great avenue commanded no view of the chateau, but abutted upon a fountain, backed by a towering screen of foliage, where the approach divided, and led by a double road to the court we have described. In fact, except from the domain itself, the very chimneys of the chateau were invisible for a circuit of miles around, the nearest point from which a glance of its roof could be caught being the heights situated a full league away.

If the truth must be told, then, Monsieur Le Prun was conscious of some disparity in point of years between himself and his beautiful wife; and although he affected the most joyous confidence upon the subject, he was nevertheless as ill at ease as most old fellows under similar circumstances. It soon became, therefore, perfectly plain, that the palace to which the wealthy bridegroom had transported his beautiful wife was, in truth, but one of those enchanted castles in which enamoured genii in fairy legends are described as guarding their captive princesses—a gorgeous and luxurious prison, to which there was no access, from which no escape, and where, amidst all the treasures and delights of a sensuous paradise, the captive beauty languished and saddened.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LX.

CHARLES KEAN.

THE name of KEAN has a "stirring sound" in association with the annals of the stage. The brilliant career of Edmund Kean, the father, dazzling and eccentric as that of a comet, with its melancholy close, is still vivid in the remembrance of his contemporaries, and by them as vividly conveyed to the present generation. Charles Kean, the son, and subject of the present memoir, inheriting the genius and success of his parent, but avoiding the fatal improvidence by which both were rendered unavailing, has, while yet within the meridian of life, placed himself at the head of a profession for which he was neither trained nor intended. He has realised a competent independence by his own exertions, and won an honourable estimation in the eyes of all who are acquainted with him. It is not given to many to achieve these multiplied advantages; nor have they been gained in the present instance without trial, privation, and vicissitude. Scenes of exciting interest have been passed through, and many difficulties encountered. A detail of these events can scarcely fail to amuse the careless and instruct the reflecting reader.

Charles John Kean is an Irishman. He was born at Waterford, on the 17th of January, 1811. His father at the time formed one of the company attached to the theatre in that city. His mother, Mary Chambers, was also a native of Waterford, descended from the highly respectable family of Cuffe, long settled in that county. Miss Chambers, with a sister, had, from family embarrassments, been induced to attempt the stage as a means of livelihood, and first became acquainted with Edmund Kean, while performing in the Cheltenham theatre, under the management of Mr. Beverley. They were married at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in 1808, he being under twenty, and several years junior to his wife. They had another and elder son, named Howard, born at Swansea, for which Charles has sometimes been mistaken. He died of water on the brain, at Manchester, in February, 1814, a short time before his father appeared at Drury-lane, not having completed his fifth year; but even at that early age remarkable for his beauty, and promise of theatrical talent, having performed occasionally as his father in infantine characters.

When Charles Kean was born, and for a considerable time after, the fortunes of his parents were at the lowest possible ebb; they had barely a subsistence for the present, and were almost hopeless of the future. His father, toiling with the endless drudgery of an itinerant life, acted every night in play, intrigue, and farce—not unfrequently Richard III. and Harlequin on the same evening—and during the day endeavoured to eke out a scanty and doubtful salary of some five-and-twenty shillings a-week, by giving lessons in boxing, fencing, dancing, and riding. Prejudice has sometimes designated the stage as an "avocation." Those who think so would do well to try it experimentally for a short period, and thus test the accuracy of their opinion by the soundest of all applications.

At this time none saw in Edmund Kean the undistinguished and somewhat insignificant country actor—the future prop of Drury-lane—the magnet of attraction—the star before whose brightness all rival influences were to become pale. The genius was unquestionably there, but the opportunity had not yet arrived. It came at last. In 1814, Kean obtained the long sought for opening in London, and the family entered the metropolis in the most legitimate of theatrical conveyances—a wagon!

Now the scene changed rapidly and effectually. Success, that potent wizard of the enchanter, at once established the great tragedian on the pinnacle of fame and the high road to opulence. "Now, Mary," said he to his wife, "shall ride in your own carriage." The doors of the rich and influential were thrown open to him; he might have chosen his own society; his praises





the columns of the daily papers, and his attraction replenished the long-exhausted treasury of the theatre. It was in fact a realised dream—

“ And all went merry as a marriage-bell.”

Charles Kean, in due course of time, was sent to school, preparatory for Eton College. His father resolved to give him a good education, an advantage he had never possessed himself. He was placed under the charge of the Rev. E. Polehampton, first at Worplesdon, in Surrey, and afterwards at Greenford, near Harrow. At this seminary he remained several years; the number of scholars was limited, and they were principally composed of noblemen's sons. In June, 1824, he entered Eton as an “Oppidan,” his father fixing his allowance, for board and education, at £300 per annum. His tutor was the Rev. Mr. Chapman, since Bishop of Ceylon; Dr. Goodall, Provost; and Dr. Keate, Head Master. He remained at Eton three years, being placed as high as the rules of the institution having reference to age would allow. When taken away, he was in the upper division, and had obtained much credit by his Latin verses. Boating and cricket are the two great amusements of the Etonians in summer; and Charles Kean became so expert a leader in aquatics, that he was chosen second captain of the “Long Boats,” as they are called—no insignificant honor in Etonian eyes. Under the tuition of the celebrated Angelo, he also won distinction as an accomplished fencer—a valuable acquirement in the profession he was destined to pursue.

Up to this period, everything appeared happy and prosperous in the family. Charles was repeatedly assured by both his parents that he would inherit an ample fortune, and be placed in a distinguished profession. His mother preferred the church—his father inclined to the navy; but his own predilection was decidedly for a military career. There can be no doubt whatever that Edmund Kean might have maintained his family in all the elegancies of life, and left behind him a sum amounting to £50,000. Since the days of Garrick, no actor had received so much money in so short a space of time. But clouds had long been darkening, and a crisis was at hand. Habits of irregularity and reckless extravagance had gradually settled upon him. Ill-chosen associates estranged him from his wife and son; he had still a few anxious friends, who stepped in, and endeavoured to arrest his downward course, but a legion of evil counsellors hemmed him round, and the warning voice passed by unheeded. He was falling from his high position—his popularity began to decline—his physical powers were sinking under premature decay, and his finances were exhausted.

Charles, who had for some time suspected the total derangement of his father's affairs, was startled into conviction by a pressing letter from his mother, received during his last half-year at Eton, in the early part of 1827, entreating him to come to her immediately. He obtained permission to absent himself for a few days, and hastened to London. He found her suffering the most intense anxiety. She wept in his arms, and implored him not to leave her. It appeared that Mr. Calcraft, a Member of Parliament, and one of the most influential of the Drury-lane Committee of that day, had offered to procure for him a cadetship in the East India Company's service. His father thought the offer too eligible to be declined; and in giving notice that he intended to accept it, ordered his son to make instant preparations for his departure. Mrs. Kean had been entirely separated from her husband for two or three years; she was reduced to a broken, pitiable state of health—nearly bed-ridden—helpless as an infant, and without a single relative to whom she could look for succour or consolation. Weighing these circumstances well, Charles Kean formed his determination, and sought an interview with his father, to bring matters to a final conclusion.

Edmund Kean was then precariously situated. His realised capital was gone, and he was living from day to day on the uncertain earnings which might cease altogether with increasing infirmities. He told his son that he must accept the offer of the cadetship, that he would provide his Indian outfit, and this being done, that he must depend entirely on his own exertions, and never apply to him for any future support or assistance. Charles replied that he was perfectly contented, and willing to embrace these conditions, provided something like an adequate allowance was *secured* to his mother. Finding that his father no



longer had it in his power to promise this with any degree of certainty, he respectfully, but firmly, told him he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined, with thanks, the kind proposal of Mr. Calcraft. This answer excited the anger of the elder Kean to the highest pitch; he gave way to the most intemperate passion, and a painful scene ensued.

"What will you do," said he, "when I discard you, and you are thrown entirely on your own resources?"

"In that case," replied the son, "I shall be compelled to go on the stage (the father smiled in derision); and though I may never be a great actor, I shall at least obtain a livelihood for my mother and myself, and be obliged to no one."

The father stormed; the son endured a torrent of vituperation without losing his temper, or forgetting the respect due to a parent; they parted, and from that hour all intercourse between them was suspended. In the following July, when the Eton vacation came on, he was informed that his accounts were paid up, his allowance stopped, and he was not to return. A short time before this a young nobleman, one of his intimate associates, with whom he had first become acquainted at the preparatory school, seeing him unusually dejected, inquired into the cause. Kean, in the fulness of his heart, told him the result of his interview with his father, and that in all probability he should be driven to adopt the stage as his profession. "I quite approve of your resolution," said his aristocratic friend, "and commend you warmly for it; but recollect this, if you do so, from that hour you and I must be strangers, as I never did, and never will speak to or acknowledge an actor." About a year or so afterwards, when Charles Kean was acting at Leamington, the noble earl finding himself in the same hotel, moved off instantly, bag and baggage, to avoid the unhallowed propinquity: thus at least carrying out the consistency of his prejudice, without regard to his personal convenience.

Very fortunately Charles Kean had contracted no private debts, a rare occurrence in an Etonian. He made his way to London, and hastened immediately to his mother's lodgings. He found her in sickness, in sorrow, and in poverty. A small yearly income, hitherto allowed by her husband, had been entirely withdrawn. They were without money, and utterly destitute of resources. A more forlorn condition can scarcely be imagined.

Precisely at this juncture, a misunderstanding arose between Edmund Kean and Mr. Stephen Price, the well-known American lessee of Drury-lane theatre, and for the first time the great tragedian left his old theatrical home, the scene of his early triumphs, to engage with Mr. Charles Kemble at Covent-garden. Mr. Price having heard how the son was situated, and thinking the name of Kean a powerful talisman, immediately made him an offer of engagement at Drury-lane for three years, with a salary of £10 a-week, to be increased to £11 and £12 during the second and third years, in case of success. The heart of the young man bounded with hope, and the offer was gratefully accepted. He stipulated, however, that he must first write to his father, who was then absent from London, and make him acquainted with the circumstance. Price approved of this, received the letter and undertook to forward it; but no answer was returned, and there is reason to believe the letter never reached the hands for which it was intended.

Thus Charles Kean became an actor. Necessity and not choice determined his lot in life. How little does the world in general know of the secret springs of our actions. It judges by the surface only, and can seldom penetrate the hidden depths, or sound the under currents, which, with controlling power, impel us on a course we otherwise might avoid, and never would have selected. For this act he was generally condemned. Mr. Calcraft considered him rash and ill-advised. His father's partisans denounced him as wilful, thankless, and disobedient—some shrugged their shoulders, while others shook their heads—and all, because he would not leave a helpless mother unprotected, who if, during his absence, his father had died, might have starved in her bed!

The future course of the young aspirant being now marked out, his first appearance on any stage took place at Drury-lane theatre on the opening night of the season, Monday, October the 1st, 1827. Young Norval, in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*, was the character selected for the occasion. He was yet under seventeen, and so complete a stripling in appearance as well as in years,

that the authorities of the theatre debated on the question of announcing him as Mr. Kean, *junior*, or *Master Kean*. He settled the point, by rejecting the latter designation with the utmost disdain. On the Saturday night previous to his appearance, a dress-rehearsal was suggested by the manager, that he might "face the lamps" for the first time, and familiarise himself with his stage costume. Many personal friends of Mr. Price, with some members of the committee, were present, who complimented him warmly on the success of his rehearsal. While supping afterwards in the manager's room, with true boyish feeling, he expressed a wish to show himself to his mother in his stage-habilliments of Norval. The manager consented, but wondering that he still lingered in the theatre, drew from him in a whisper the reluctant confession that he was without the means of paying for a hackney-coach. Price supplied the money, and young Kean flew to his mother's lodgings to display his finery, relate the encouragement he had received, and cheer her with the hopes and expectations with which he panted for the following Monday.

The eventful night arrived. Curiosity to see the son of the great actor, Edmund Kean, filled the vast theatre to overflowing. A first appearance before a London audience in those days was a much more serious business than it is at present—a trying ordeal even for the experienced veteran, who might feel confident of his powers and had often tested their effects. What, then, must it have been to the unpractised novice, trembling at the sound of his own voice, and unnerved even by the sight of his own name for the first time in print? The awful moment is come—he stands before the audience, fairly launched on the experiment of his life—he has no time to think of all that hangs on the issue of the next two hours, but must brace his spirits to the task, and sink or swim according to the measure of his own unaided courage. The entrance of Young Norval is preceded by that of the attendants of Lord Randolph, bearing in custody the faithless servant, "the trembling coward who forsook his master." The audience unluckily were led to mistake the latter worthy for the new candidate, and greeted him with the rounds of applause intended for the hero of the evening. Here was another damper, for, in such situations, the veriest trifles have their effect. He recovered himself, however, and went through his part with courage and increasing animation. Some good judges (and more than one were present who took an interest in his fate) could detect, even through all the rawness of an unformed style and the embarrassment of a novel situation, the germs of latent ability, and the promise of future excellence. The audience received him throughout with kind indulgence, encouraged him by frequent approbation, and called for him when the tragedy concluded. It was success certainly, but not decided success. Charles Kean felt that, although he had passed his examination with tolerable credit, he had neither attained "high honours," nor achieved what, in theatrical parlance, is termed "a hit." On the following morning he rushed with feverish anxiety to the papers, and, without pausing, read them to his mother. His fate and hers, their future subsistence, the bread they were eating, the roof that covered them—all lay in the balance, and all depended on the dictum of the *all-powerful press*! It was unanimous in condemnation. Not simple disapproval or qualified censure, but sentence of utter incapacity—stern, bitter, crushing, and conclusive. There was no modified praise, no admission of undeveloped powers, no allowance for youth and inexperience. The crude effort of a school-boy was dealt with as the matured study of a practised man. The hearts of both were struck with dismay—they wept in concert; and, for a moment, he was tempted to abandon the stage in despair. He proposed to Mr. Price to relieve him from the engagement, but this the manager considerately declined, and urged him to persevere. Hope is ever strong in the heart of youth: in the morning of life the voice of friendly encouragement impels more than the leaden tongue of censure can impede.

The youthful actor lingered at Drury-lane through the season, occasionally appearing as Norval, Selim in *Barbarossa*, Frederick\* in *Lovers' Vows*, and Lothaire in Monk Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, which was revived when

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\* On this occasion Miss Ellen Tree, the future Mrs. C. Kean, acted Amelia Wildenhaim, this being the first time of their meeting together on the stage.

Mrs. Duff, an American actress, made her appearance. The houses had ceased to be crowded, his attraction dwindled to nothing—the audience grew cold in their applause. The papers, whenever they condescended to notice him, continued their censure; and at length, almost heart-broken, he left London for the provinces, that he might have a better opportunity of obtaining the constant practice so much required.

During this tour, and while acting in Glasgow, he visited his father, who was then residing in the cottage he had built in the Isle of Bute. His reception was more cordial than he anticipated. Little allusion was made to the past, and a temporary reconciliation took place. This led to the elder Keans proposing to act one night in the Glasgow theatre for his son's benefit, on the first of October, 1828—by singular coincidence, the anniversary of his *debut*. They appeared as Brutus and Titus, in Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus*. The house, as might be supposed on such an occasion, was crowded to excess, the receipts amounting to nearly £300. In January, 1829, the subject of our memoir returned to Drury-lane, and appeared as Romeo to the Juliet of Miss Phillips, a young *débütante* of much promise, who, some few years afterwards, went to America, and married in New Orleans. But fortune was not yet prepared to smile on his efforts—the press discouraged, and the public neglected him. He remained a member of the company, but his services were seldom required. He was evidently of no importance to the management, and was losing his own time. He therefore took the first opportunity of again visiting the provinces, for the sake of hard study and frequent practice. In the course of the summer he acted, in conjunction with his father, in Dublin and Cork, appearing as Titus, Bassanio, Wellborn, Iago, Icilius, and Macduff.

In the October following, he accepted an offer from Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket Theatre, to play six nights, during the concluding fortnight of the season, for £20. He acted Romeo twice to Miss F. H. Kelly's Juliet, Frederick, in *Lover's Vows*, twice. On the fifth night he appeared as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the *Iron Chest*, and, for the first time in his life, felt that he had succeeded. The play was repeated on the closing night of the season with increased effect. The London press afforded him positive praise—he could scarcely believe it real. In the course of this year he visited Amsterdam and the Hague with an English company, under the management of an adventurer named Aubrey, being tempted by an offer of £20 a week, which his employer evidently never intended to pay, and of which, with the exception of a few pounds at the commencement, he never received a penny. After a short experiment of about three weeks, Aubrey decamped, leaving his actors without funds, and in rather an awkward predicament, to shift for themselves. As their only resource, they announced a general benefit at Amsterdam, to which the King of Holland contributed by a handsome present. The receipts were doled out in due proportion, and the modicum allotted to Charles Kean enabled him to return to England, by way of Calais. He now began to feel his strength; his powers were called forth by exercise, and he had obtained a mastery over the mechanical part of his profession—the knowledge of “stage business”—which practice only can accomplish. He therefore determined to try his fortune in America, and accordingly appeared at the Park Theatre, in New York, as Richard III., in the early part of September, 1830. The name of Kean was already well known to our transatlantic brethren, not only by the voice of fame, but by the two visits of his father, who had produced a most powerful and permanent impression throughout the United States. They were prepared to greet the son with warm cordiality. His reception was all he could desire: everywhere he attracted audiences, and gained applause and dollars. His hopes revived in proportion. It was no small triumph for a lad, still under twenty, to establish an enduring American reputation, in such characters as Richard III., Hamlet, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Sir Giles Overreach.

In January, 1833, he returned to England. As if to prepare him for a cool reception at home, in descending into the boat which was to convey him on shore, he fell overboard. Such was his anxiety to reach London and see his mother, after an absence of more than two years, that he travelled all night from Portsmouth in his wet clothes, but fortunately sustained no injury from this act of hasty imprudence. Very soon after his arrival he was engaged by Mons.

Laporte, at that time manager of Covent Garden, with a salary of £30 a week, and stipulated, as a "sine qua non," in opposition to the wishes of the management, that he should make his first appearance in Sir Edward Mortimer—his former success in that character at the Haymarket, in 1829, appearing a sufficient guarantee for a similar result in 1833. But he found himself mistaken. He was but coldly welcomed by the audience; the press veered round again, and the same papers which had formerly lauded his efforts in the same character, reversed their opinions, and fell back on the old tone of condemnation. There seemed to him in this "something more than natural," but the mystery of which "his philosophy" was unable to fathom. He had acted only a few nights with moderate success, when his father was engaged by Laporte, and in the month of March appeared as Shylock. But time and dissipation had done their work. The powers of the elder Kean had long been on the decline, and it was now painful to behold "the poor remains" of the once great delineator of Shakspeare's noblest characters. He was reduced to a mere shadow, the wreck of what he had once been. There was still the occasional flash, which, as usual, electrified the audience, but the effort was momentary; the piercing eye, the sustained power, the epigrammatic distinctness, the thrilling energy, were gone for ever.

Laporte thought, naturally enough, that the appearance of the father and son in conjunction was likely to attract money to his almost empty treasury. They acted together for the first, and, as it was so fated, the only time in London, on the 25th of March, 1833. The play was *Othello*. The Moor, as usual, by Edmund Kean, Iago by Charles Kean, and Desdemona by Miss Ellen Tree. This eventful performance, the last appearance of the father on the mimic scene, and rapid precursor of his final exit from the stage of life, is thus graphically described in the pages of Barry Cornwall:—

"There was no rehearsal, nor any arrangement as to the mode of play; but when the son arrived at the theatre in the evening, he was told that his father desired to see him. He went accordingly to his dressing-room, and found him shivering and exceedingly weak. 'I am very ill,' said he; 'I am afraid I shall not be able to act.' Mr. Charles Kemble, who was present, cheered him up; but to provide against the worst, a servant was desired to air a dress (such as Othello wears), in order that Mr. Warde might take up the part, in case Kean should actually break down before the conclusion of the play. The play commenced. After the first scene, Kean observed, 'Charles is getting on to-night—he's acting very well; I suppose that's because he is acting with me.' He was himself very feeble. He was, however, persuaded to proceed, and brandy and water was administered to him as usual. By this help he went on pretty well till the commencement of the third act; but before the drop-curtain rose, he said to his son, 'Mind, Charles, that you keep before me; don't get behind me in this act. I don't know that I shall be able to kneel; but if I do, be sure that you lift me up.' Still he pursued his way without faltering. He went off with Desdemona, and no one observed any change. But on entering, where he says, 'What! false to me,' &c., he was scarcely able to walk across the stage. He held up, however, until the celebrated 'Farewell,' which he uttered with all his former pathos; but on concluding it, after making one or two steps towards his son (who took care to be near him), and attempting the speech, 'Villain! be sure,' &c., his head sank on his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end. He was able to groan out a few words in Charles's ear—'I am dying—speak to them for me;' after which (the audience in kindness refusing to hear any apology) he was borne from the stage. His son, assisted by other persons, carried him to his dressing-room, and laid him on the sofa. He was as cold as ice; his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he was unconscious of all that was going on around him. In this state he remained some time, when, the remedies which were applied having restored him to his senses, he was taken to the 'Wrekin tavern,' near the theatre, and Messrs. Carpue and Duchez (the surgeons) were sent for."

After a week's stay he was removed to Richmond, where he died on the 15th of May. A short time before his death, in an interval of serious reflection, he wrote a penitential and affectionate letter to his wife, entreating her forgiveness, and requesting her to visit him. The letter produced the desired effect. "Mrs. Kean answered this appeal by proceeding at once to Richmond. She saw her



husband once more after seven years of estrangement, and the most perfect reconciliation followed. She went to him again repeatedly, and the best understanding prevailed between them. All this was the work of their son.\*

Edmund Kean died deeply involved in his pecuniary affairs. The career of this remarkable man; his powerfully original genius, long contending with adverse circumstances, but finally forcing its way in spite of every obstacle; his endless weaknesses and wasted opportunities—all suggest many subjects for painful meditation, but this is not the place to indulge in them. He was buried in the churchyard at Richmond. His funeral was most respectably conducted; nearly all the leading members of the different London theatres were present, and his son, as soon as he was able, erected a tablet to his memory. His theatrical wardrobe and properties, furniture, plate, and other moveables, whether at Richmond or the cottage in Bute, were seized and sold for the benefit of creditors. Included amongst these articles were some of peculiar interest. A snuff-box and two swords, gifts of Lord Byron, with the splendid silver cup (made after the celebrated Warwick vase), which cost three hundred guineas, presented to Edmund Kean in 1816, by the Committee and Company of Drury-lane. It was sold to a silversmith for the weight of the silver. In July, 1834, it was standing in the window of a carvers' and gilders' shop in Duncannon-street, Strand. Charles Kean, accidentally passing, saw it, and walked in. He had a conversation with the shopman (the master being out), told him who he was, and begged him to say, that if not parted with for a reasonable time, the first money he earned should be applied to the purchase. On the following evening it was stolen from the window, as the handbills stated, offering £20 reward. In all probability it was melted down forthwith, and is no longer in existence. Far better would it have been if the play-going public, admirers of the late possessor, or even a few personal friends, had thought of securing the relic by subscription, to present to his son and widow. A timely suggestion might easily have accomplished this.

The sale of Edmund Kean's valuables took place on the 17th June, 1834. The world wondered, and it was said loudly, by more than one, that Charles Kean *ought* to have bought in the effects of his father, and prevented a public auction. A hasty opinion, uttered by those who either knew not, or what is more likely, chose to forget that the young man was still struggling for his own subsistence, and had no superfluous means at his disposal. Could he have commanded funds sufficient, a comparatively trifling sum might have redeemed the Bute estate, an unprofitable purchase, comprising twenty-four acres of bog and rock, on which his father had expended above £4,000 in building and improvements.

Shortly after the representation of *Othello*, Knowles's play of *The Wife* was produced, and was received with success almost equal to that of the *Hunchback*. Charles Kean was the original Leonardo Gonzaga; Miss Ellen Tree, Mariana; Knowles himself playing Julian St. Pierre. This piece ran for the remainder of the season, and was continued with undiminished attraction long after the Covent-Garden company removed to the Olympic Theatre. But Charles Kean saw that he had as yet made little or no impression. Causes were in operation which time and absence might remove. Knowing that without difficulty he could obtain profitable engagements elsewhere, he resolved to "bide his time," and act no more in London until he could place himself at the "top of the tree." He had encountered rebuffs and disappointment; as often as he made a step in advance, some opposing influence dragged him back again; still the conviction of ultimate success was strong within him, and he felt satisfied that sooner or later he should attain it. One day he met accidentally Mr. Dunn, the treasurer of Drury-lane Theatre, who on the part of Mr. Bunn, at that time the lessee, proposed a benefit for his mother, as the widow of Edmund Kean. The offer was a kind one, but Charles declined it, feeling that he was now able to support his surviving parent by his own exertions, and unwilling to let her be considered an object of public charity. Mr. Dunn then suggested, that in all probability he could readily obtain an engagement at Drury-lane at £15

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\* "Life of Edmund Kean." London. 1835.



a week. "No," replied he, "I will never again set my foot on a London stage until I can command my own terms of £50 a night." "Then, Charles Kean," rejoined Mr. Dunn, with a smile, "I fear you may bid a long farewell to London, for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." Time rolled on, and at the expiration of five years only, during which he had received £20,000 by acting in the country, he drove to the stage-door of Drury-lane in his own carriage, with a signed engagement at £50 a night in his pocket, and which engagement, for upwards of forty nights, was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility.

It would be difficult to cite a more striking instance of a strong internal conviction leading to the anticipated end, or of industry and perseverance so amply crowned by a corresponding result. There was talent of no ordinary quality, beyond doubt, with some assisting circumstances, in this individual case; but a valuable lesson, and a powerful moral of general application are here combined. In struggling through the race of life, some are doomed to toil perpetually on a rugged path, while others glide with railroad regularity on a smooth one. But the goal is open to all; what *one* has accomplished, *another* may hope to achieve also, and no one should despair, while retaining health and unclouded faculties to second an honourable resolution.

In 1833, after leaving London, Charles Kean accepted an engagement to perform with a well-selected English company, in Hamburg, under the direction of Mr. Barham Livius. The experiment promised successfully, but in a few weeks was brought to a premature close by the interference of the local authorities; it being represented to them that the attraction of the "foreigners" interfered with and injured the regular establishments. Some governments are less tenacious of the interests of their fellow-countrymen. The heroine of this company was Miss Ellen Tree, a young lady equally distinguished by her amiable character, personal attractions, and high professional ability. A friend, well acquainted with both, predicted to Charles Kean (when one day dining with his family) that he would infallibly lose his heart, exposed to such combined temptation, and has lived to see his prediction most happily accomplished in the marriage of the parties. The visit to Hamburg led to an intimacy, increasing a mutual attachment previously commenced in London, and they became engaged to each other. But the projected union was broken off, and for some years appeared anything but a likely event, the mothers on both sides deeming it equally ineligible. At this time all the advantages were clearly on the side of the lady. Charles had yet the world before him, with his fortune to make; while the object of his choice was in the full tide of her fame, with beauty and accomplishments which might have graced a coronet.

During his probationary *lustrum* in the provinces, the two metropolitan cities of Dublin and Edinburgh took the lead in encouragement and remuneration. In both he played repeated engagements, and always with increasing attraction and applause, receiving large sums, and materially improving the treasury of the managers.

In Dublin, from a very early period, his efforts had been uniformly hailed with characteristic warmth. Not from national partiality, because he was an Irishman—the fact was either unknown or disregarded. But naturally quick, they saw the rising merit and acknowledged it. Here, the public and the press were equally uninfluenced by preconceived opinions or fostered prejudices. In Edinburgh (in the year 1837), he cleared, in a single engagement, nearly £1000. All the leading members of the bench and bar, including many names of first-rate literary celebrity, were to be seen amongst his constant auditors. Liverpool proved another stronghold. Manchester, Bath, Exeter, Plymouth, with many of the larger towns, followed the example. In the summer of 1838, he visited his native city of Waterford, and was greeted with the compliment of a public dinner. A silver claret-jug, valued at £100, was afterwards presented to him in London, by a deputation of gentlemen from Waterford, inscribed as follows:—

"PRESENTED TO CHARLES KEAN, ESQ.,  
As a token of esteem for his private character; and admiration of his talents,  
BY A FEW FRIENDS,  
In his native city of Waterford,  
June 28th, 1838."

He was making rapid strides towards fame and fortune, establishing himself in the best society, with hosts of influential friends in every place he appeared in. One of his early and warmest patronesses was the late Duchess of St. Albans, from whose kindness he obtained many valuable introductions. The theatres were crowded wherever he acted. He presented the extraordinary and unique instance of an actor without London popularity, proving himself the safest speculation, and the most attractive "star" a manager could venture to engage.

Charles Kean had now arrived at the culminating point of his theatrical life—the apex, as it might be called, of his career. He had, it is true, achieved great marvels in the country, his hold on all the leading theatres was well secured, and, to a certain extent, he was perfectly independent of the metropolis. But still, London success was the key-stone of his ambition—the crowning glory to which he aspired. The time had come when the question was to be decided, whether he had formerly been held down by prejudice, or really had not the abilities so pertinaciously denied to him. He was twenty-seven years of age, and had served an arduous apprenticeship of nearly eleven years. He was now to take his degree permanently amongst the magnates of his craft, or sink for ever into the ranks of mediocrity. His enemies (for who has not enemies?) loudly predicted his failure. According to them, he was nothing but "a lucky humbug," trading on his name and resemblance to his father. "Let him only face a London audience," said they, "and he will be found out at once." If *they* were right, all the audiences in the leading cities throughout the kingdom, all the provincial press, were in a conspiracy to be wrong. His numerous friends, on the other hand, were equally confident of his triumph.

Mr. Macready, when he entered on the management of Covent Garden, in 1837, had invited Charles Kean to join his company, and the following interesting correspondence took place between them:—

"TO CHARLES KEAN, ESQ.

"8, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, London,  
"July 22nd, 1837.

"DEAR SIR,—The newspapers may, perhaps, have informed you that I have taken Covent Garden Theatre. I have embarked in this hazardous enterprise, congenial neither to my habits nor disposition, in the hope of retrieving, in some measure, the character of our declining art, or at least of giving to its professors the continuance of *one* of our national theatres as a place for its exercise, which most persons despaired of. The performers have met the sacrifice I am prepared to make with a spirit highly laudable to their feelings, and I trust the event will prove not discreditable to their judgment. Every one has consented to a reduction of his or her claims, and I believe the names of all our principal artists are entered on my list. Your celebrity has, of course, reached me: in the most frank and cordial spirit I invite you to a participation in the struggle I am about to make. I understand that your expectations are high; let me know your terms, *and if it be possible* I will most gladly meet them, and do all in my power to secure your assistance, and give the complete scope to the full development of your talents.

"I will not further allude to the cause for which I am making this effort, than to express my belief and confidence that your own disposition will so far suggest to you its professional importance, as to insure us against any apprehension of your becoming an antagonist, should you decline (as I sincerely trust you will not) enrolling yourself as a co-operator.

"I remain, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

"W. C. MACREADY."

"TO W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.

"Cork, July 27th, 1837.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had the honour to receive your very courteous letter; and permit me, before I answer that portion of it which relates to myself, to congratulate you on the assumption of the Covent Garden management.

"I assure you, with great sincerity, I think it a most fortunate circumstance for the drama and the public, that you have placed yourself at the head of this theatre, and that you occupy a position where your energies will sustain, your taste improve, and your influence elevate the stage. No one could be more fitly chosen to preside where you do now—I say this without hesitation, and distinctly—because, from your well-understood predilection for our classical plays, and your own range of parts, you will give those plays every possible preference; and thus (to use your own words) "retrieve in some measure the character of our declining art." Connected as you now are with Covent Garden, controlling its business, and set over its destinies, allow me to wish you, for your own sake and that of the profession, a long term of prosperous management. For your offer to me of an engagement, and your assurances of

giving "ample scope to the full development of my talents," I thank you very much. Your invitation, and the kind and handsome manner in which you offer it, are most flattering to me; and though neither my inclination nor my interests point to London just now, still I set due value upon your encouraging proposal. But let me tell you *frankly*, that *were* I to go to London, there have occurred some circumstances between Mr. Bunn and me, whereby he might hold me bound (were it only partially so) to *him*; and even in a case where a contract was perhaps but *implied*, if Mr. Bunn made it a question of *honour* with me, I should, of course, be governed by the absolute and arbitrary dictate of such a monitor. I repeat, however, I do not contemplate a movement towards London for the present.

"Another point in your letter demands a few words. You express your confidence that my own disposition will so far suggest to me the professional importance of your present enterprise, as to assure you against my becoming an antagonist elsewhere, should I decline your offer to co-operate with yourself. You may indeed believe that I *could* not, neither *would* I, oppose myself to the interests of any establishment, or any individual. But surely you could never suppose that my acceptance of an engagement at any time, with any manager of the other great theatre, would involve hostility to *you*. The interests of both the national theatres are alike important to the public. I should naturally consider my own advantage in connecting myself with either, consistently with my rank in the drama, and its welfare generally; and were I to assent to your view of the case, I should necessarily shut myself out of a large sphere of action. I might deprive myself of those professional associations I most valued. I should, in fact, compromise my professional freedom and independence; and it does not belong to the proud eminence you have yourself attained, to narrow my efforts in working out my individual fame. I labour hard in my profession, and in doing this, if I can in any way, or at any season, contribute to your success, while honourably zealous for my own, it will gratify my feelings and my heart.

"I remain, dear sir, truly yours,

"CHARLES KEAN."

"TO CHARLES KEAN, ESQ.

"Theatre Royal, Covent Garden,  
"August 2, 1837.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg my observations may not be considered in the light of a desire to limit you in any way. I intended to convey to you my intention to concede as liberal terms as I could suppose either you could demand, or any manager, with the means or purpose of paying you, could grant. Any expectation founded on such an intention, was not meant to make a part of the business of my letter. In inviting you to London, I fulfil a duty that devolves on me with my office, and I do so in the most frank and liberal spirit.

"I shall regret your absence, should you think it right to reject my overtures; and, with my very cordial thanks for the kind expressions of your letter,

"I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"W. C. MACREADY."

Charles Kean judged that, according to the plan laid down by Mr. Macready, it could scarcely come within his views to place him in the exclusive position at which he now aimed. He therefore paused to deliberate before he hazarded the London venture, and finally closed with the offer of Mr. Bunn to act twenty nights at Drury-lane, with a salary of £50 a night. That he decided wisely in preferring an arena entirely unoccupied, is evidenced by the result. Had he fallen into the ranks at Covent Garden, he might have proved a valuable recruit, but would never have risen to a baton of command.

On the 8th of January, 1838, he appeared as Hamlet—a memorable evening in his own history, with a triumphant issue, never surpassed in the history of the stage. He was received with enthusiasm. From his entrance to the close of the performance the applause was incessant. The celebrated point "Is it the King?" in the third act, produced an electrical effect—to use a favourite expression of his father's, "*the pit rose at him!*"\*

At the conclusion he was called for, and hailed with reiterated acclamations. "Caps, hats, and hands applauded him to the clouds." The success was solid, substantial. There were no hired claqueurs, no packing in the pit, no undue influence to forestall unbiassed judgment. It was an honest verdict; and on

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\* "The closet scene with his mother was acted with great power. His attitude and look when, having slain Polonius, he rushes in, exclaiming, 'Is it the king?' fully deserved the immense applause which followed one of the most striking scenic exhibitions which we have witnessed for a long time."—*Times*, January 9th, 1838.

the following morning the leading journals corroborated the opinion of the public. The articles were elaborately written, with critical acumen, and with candour, kindness, and ability. It was stated that "he fully deserved the frequent applause bestowed by a house crowded from the pit to the gallery," and that "he had given a very elegant and finished portrait of Hamlet;"\* that, "in the most palmy days of Old Drury, a greater success, or a more decided hit had never been achieved;" and that "his engagement would prove of the utmost advantage to the theatre"†—that "his acting was excellent throughout, his triumph most complete, and his fortune secured."‡ We have selected these short extracts at random, and could multiply them readily from many other papers, but space precludes, and enough are given to shew that the impression of this first performance was most flattering to the actor, and fully vindicated the judgment of his friends.

There was now no longer any doubt as to the position he was henceforward to hold. His place in the foremost rank of the profession was established. His performances were continued for forty-three nights, and would have been protracted to a much longer period, without intermission, but that a previous engagement in Edinburgh interfered, and compelled his temporary absence from London. He felt the full disadvantage of this break, but determined not to disappoint his northern friends, to whom he was under many obligations.

Attentions were now lavished on him from every side; his society was courted by persons of the highest rank; his table literally groaned beneath the weight of cards, invitations, and congratulatory letters. But "*surgit amari aliquid*," even in life's most honied intervals. He was beset from morning till night by innumerable petitions for relief from unemployed actors, decayed artists, and semi-genteel mendicants. Claims from some he had known and often assisted before, with demands from others whose names he had never heard mentioned. Between the 8th of January and the close of March he received £2,100, and was asked to lend or bestow at least £6,000! These worthy applicants undoubtedly considered him as public property, and that having made a fortune in less than three months, he had nothing to do but give it away again.

On the 30th of March, he received the high compliment of a public dinner, in the saloon of Drury-lane Theatre, on which occasion he was also presented with a magnificent silver vase, value £200, bearing the following inscription:—

"PRESENTED TO CHARLES KEAN, ESQUIRE,

By the admirers of his distinguished talents,

At a public dinner,

Given to him in the Saloon of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane,

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT MORPETH, M.P., IN THE CHAIR."

At this dinner Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, who had long been a zealous patron and warm admirer of Charles Kean, was to have presided, but he was detained unexpectedly in the House of Commons, and the chair was taken and most ably filled by the Vice-President, the Marquis of Clanricarde. Above one hundred and fifty persons were present, including many names eminent by their talent and literary reputation. The speeches, as may be supposed, were eloquent and characteristic. That of Charles Kean, in particular, was remarkable for the modest and unassuming tone in which he spoke of himself and his pretensions.

During this, his first engagement in London, he appeared in only three characters—Hamlet, Richard III., and Sir Giles Overreach. Hamlet he acted twenty-one nights (twelve without intermission), Richard III. seventeen, and Sir Giles five. The gross receipts amounted to £13,289, making a nightly average of £309. In 1814, when Edmund Kean, the father, made his *débüt*, he played to an average of £484 for a corresponding number of nights, but the prices were then considerably higher, and there are other qualifying circumstances. Weighing all these together, the number of persons present was nearly the same, and there was little actual difference in the comparative attraction. It has been often said that the enormous salaries paid to individual performers

\* *Times*.

† *Morning Post*.

‡ *Globe*.

have had a very damaging effect on the interests of the drama. This is quite true in the abstract, and sound as a general principle, but instances, such as the present, furnish unanswerable exceptions. The matter reduces itself to a commercial speculation, and viewed in that light, no one will deny that

“ The intrinsic value of a thing  
Is just as much as it will bring.”

We believe Charles Kean was the first actor of Hamlet (of any note) who gave up the old traditionary practice of having a stocking “down-gyved to his ankle,” during that portion of the play where he assumes a disordered intellect—a piece of stage-trickery sufficiently vulgar, and certainly “more honour’d in the breach than the observance.” Even Garrick, although a reformer, indulged sometimes in these stage trickeries. It is recorded, that in the closet-scene with the Queen, he had a mechanical contrivance by which the chair fell as if of itself, when he started up on the entrance of the ghost. Henderson, his immediate successor in the part, rejected this, and his doing so was called, by the critics of the day, “a daring innovation.”

The popularity of Charles Kean’s Hamlet was by no means on the decline; but the public were anxious to see the new performer in another character, and accordingly, in compliance with incessant applications at the box-office, *Richard III.* was brought forward on the 5th of February. The actor’s powers were thus tested in a part of stirring, restless energy, totally distinct from the contemplative philosophy of Hamlet. He achieved another signal triumph. His success, both with the public and the press, fully equalled that of his first appearance. A highly influential organ thus conveyed its opinion:—

“When we witnessed Mr. Charles Kean’s Hamlet, we saw that he had *mind*; but we certainly did feel a doubt whether his physical powers would enable him successfully to enact characters where great bodily as well as great mental exertion was required. His performance of last night has dissipated the doubt. His vigour seemed to grow with the exigency of the scene. . . . It is not often that the son inherits any great portion of the genius of the father. In this instance, however, the mantle of the father has fallen gracefully on the son. Mr. Kean has studied the character thoroughly, he understands it, and plays it in a manner worthy of his name.”\*

On the first night of *Richard*, the Queen was present throughout the entire play, and commanded the manager to express to Charles Kean her extreme approbation of his performance. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* was not produced until the engagement was drawing near its close. This play had slumbered on the shelves since the declining days of Edmund Kean, no living actor venturing to grapple with his gigantic reputation in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*. It was reserved for his son to do so, and give another proof that his genius was hereditary; but the play, with all its vigour, and the demoniac power of the leading character, is coarse and repulsive, little suited to the extreme fastidiousness of modern delicacy.

When Charles Kean returned from Edinburgh, his London performances were resumed, but with something of diminished attraction. The season was advancing, and the interruption (as all persons experienced in theatrical matters anticipated) had given a check to the flowing tide of success. “A change,” too, had suddenly “come o’er the spirit” of the press; some of the influential journals assumed an altered tone, and condemned the identical “points” they had a short time before so warmly praised. It was impossible that a few weeks of absence could have produced any variation in the actor’s style, or the measure of his pretensions. A *hostile clique* was forming, but how, wherefore, or by whom suggested, it would be fruitless to inquire. If professional jealousy, in any shape, had anything to do with this, it never was exercised upon less justifiable grounds. Charles Kean had always proved himself a kind and generous friend to his less prosperous brethren. We could enumerate many instances which have fallen within our own knowledge. He had now to contend occasionally with a cap-

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\* *Times*, February 6th, 1838.



tious criticism and a dissentient opinion; but an overwhelming majority were with him, enough to satisfy the most ambitious candidate for public favour. Universal suffrage is an impracticable chimera.

An actor's fame is greatly advanced by an *original* character; it places him on his own ground, freed from the disadvantage of comparison. Charles Kean, fully convinced of this, applied to Sir Edward Bulwer, in the hope of being aided by his powerful genius. We insert his letter, with the reply:—

“TO SIR E. LYTTON BULWER, BART.

“Liverpool, November 12th, 1838.

“SIR,—The flattering success which has attended my attempts in the provinces to do justice to the character of Claude Melnotte,\* and the debt of gratitude I owe you for the means thus afforded me of advancing my professional career, must be my apology for addressing you, if a better excuse did not exist in your character as an author, and the deserved influence you possess over our dramatic literature. I am most anxious to appear in London in a new part, and I feel that your assistance would be invaluable in the promotion of this purpose, and of my desire to carry out all the objects of the legitimate drama in a spirit of honourable competition. If it should suit your views to give me the benefit of your great talents on this occasion, I shall be sincerely grateful; and though pecuniary considerations can be no object with you, I think it right to add, as a matter of business, that I place myself and a *carte blanche* at your disposal. I trust there is no indelicacy in saying this, when I reflect how much I should still remain your debtor, by the honour I might hope to derive from the representation of any character from the pen of Sir Lytton Bulwer.

“I have the honour to be, sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

“CHARLES KEAN.”

“TO CHARLES KEAN, ESQ.

“2, Charles-street, Berkeley's-square,

“November 14.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Believe me sincerely obliged and flattered by your letter, and the request it contains. The manner in which you express your wish cannot but make me anxious, sooner or later, to comply with it. I fear, however, that at present, heavy engagements, and other circumstances, tedious to enter upon, will not allow me an honour otherwise sincerely to be desired, and which you will permit me to consider not sacrificed, but deferred. For the rest, allow me to assure you that the pecuniary considerations to which you so delicately allude, are not likely to form an obstacle against any future arrangements; and that

“I am, dear sir,

“Very truly your obliged,

“E. LYTTON BULWER.”

Early in June, 1839, he entered on his first engagement at the Haymarket, under the management of Mr. Webster, receiving, as at Drury-lane, £50 a night and a benefit. This engagement was extended beyond the number of nights originally settled, *Hamlet* proving the most popular performance. Towards the close of the summer, anxious once more to visit a country where to (use his own words, in his farewell address to the Haymarket audience), “in his early professional struggles he had found a home to receive and friends to cheer him,” he crossed the Atlantic, and, in September, appeared at the National Theatre, in Church-street, New York. But a fatality seemed to attend his second visit to the United States. He was suffering from an affection of the throat; his voice gave way, and on the fourth night he entirely broke down. The theatre was destroyed by fire soon after. At Boston, in December, 1839, he narrowly escaped a frightful catastrophe. While acting *Rolla*, in *Pizarro*, and standing between the wings, preparatory to his entrance for the dying scene, the child was brought to him; he stepped a pace forward to receive it; the leader of the supernumeraries, named Stimpson, who was also waiting to go on as one of the soldiers, moved into the spot he had left vacant; at that moment a heavy counterweight fell from the machinery above, broke through a slight scaffolding, and crushed the

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\* The hero of Sir E. L. Bulwer's highly popular play of *The Lady of Lyons*, one of the most successful of modern dramas. This character was first acted in London by Mr. Macready, with great ability.

unfortunate underling, who was killed on the spot, his blood profusely sprinkling the dress of Rolla as he rushed on from the wing to finish the tragedy.

An attack of bronchitis soon after this compelled him to abandon various engagements. Loss of time to a professional man is loss of money. He returned to England, after visiting the Havanna, his second transatlantic trip being less protracted and remunerative than he had anticipated. On the first of June, 1840, he resumed his performances at the Haymarket, and added *Macbeth*, for the first time, to the list of his London characters. In this, probably the most difficult to embody amongst all the mighty conceptions of Shakspeare, his success equalled the sanguine expectations of his friends, and it has always been considered one of his ablest delineations. In the last act in particular, he was singularly energetic: his death-scene was original and effective. The play was very carefully produced; it ran fifteen nights, and materially served both the actor and the theatre. During the following season, *Romeo and Juliet* was produced under his direction; Miss Ellen Tree being the Juliet, and Mr. James Wallack, Mercutio. His provincial engagements continued as attractive as ever, and with each succeeding year his fame and fortune were steadily increasing. On the 29th of January, 1842, occurred the most auspicious event in his life—the wisest step he had ever taken, and the surest guarantee of his future prosperity: he was married at the church of St. Thomas, in Dublin, to Miss Ellen Tree—an attachment of long standing, and, in every respect, “a well-assorted union.” By this Charles Kean not only secured his domestic happiness, but obtained a large addition to his worldly means, and an invaluable co-operator in his theatrical career. By a rare combination of private and professional excellence, Miss Ellen Tree had already acquired a handsome independence, and placed herself in the foremost rank of the distinguished females whose names shed lustre on the history of the British Drama. In characters requiring great physical power, with the more commanding attributes, something might be wanting which a few others had excelled her in; but in all the softer delineations, in a just discrimination of the tenderer passions, in versatility, in natural pathos, or elegant vivacity—in a clear knowledge of her author’s meaning, and in lady-like deportment—she was, and is, without a superior on the modern stage.

This marriage, which, for reasons of their own, was not immediately made public, took place on the last day of their Dublin engagement, and on that same evening, by a odd coincidence, they performed together in *The Honeymoon*. Their first appearance in the acknowledged characters of man and wife took place at Glasgow on the 27th of the following February—the combined attraction producing, in five performances in one week, the sum of £1000. During the following summer, both were engaged at the Haymarket Theatre. *As You Like It*, *The Gamester*, and *The Lady of Lyons* were frequently repeated. They also appeared in a new play by Sheridan Knowles, called *The Rose of Arragon*, which, though successful in representation, and acted for twenty-five consecutive nights, is, nevertheless, one of the least agreeable productions of a very superior writer.

During the winter of 1843, Charles Kean entered into a separate engagement with Mr. Bunn at Drury-lane, receiving the same terms as in 1838. On this occasion *Richard III.* was produced in a style of unprecedented magnificence, with correct costumes and decorations.

America has generally proved an “El Dorado” to the leading London “stars.” Mrs. C. Kean was desirous of paying a farewell visit to the many kind friends she had formerly made in that country, and a very tempting offer presenting itself, they laid aside several excellent engagements at home, and in the summer of 1845 once more embarked for the United States. Their success was everywhere “prodigious.” By the close of the first year they realised and sent home a greater profit than had ever before been accomplished within the same time. A new play, called *The Wife’s Secret*, proved universally attractive. This play, a production of sterling merit, was written by Mr. G. Lovell, already well known in the literary and dramatic world by the *Merchant of Bruges*, *Love’s Sacrifice*, &c., &c. It was purchased by Kean (who fully relied on the talent of his author) for the large sum of £400, before it was commenced.

In the year 1846 he ventured on an experiment never before hazarded in

America—the production of the two gorgeous historical tragedies of *Richard III.* and *King John*, on a scale of splendour which no theatre in London or Paris could have surpassed. The scenery, the decorations, the banners, armorial bearings, heraldic blazonry, groupings, and all the minor details were so correctly studied, that the most fastidious reader of Montfaucon or Meyrick would have been puzzled to detect an error. But our brethren of the stars and stripes are utilitarians rather than antiquaries; more inclined to look forward than to pore over ancient chronicles: they appeared not to enjoy with a perfect zest the pomp of feudal royalty, or the solemn pageantry of baronial privileges. The upshot of all was, that the expenditure far exceeded the return, and the produce of the second year bore no comparison with that of the first.

In the summer of 1847 they returned to England. Their first act on arriving at home was one of disinterested kindness. Hearing, through a mutual friend, that Mr. Calcraft, the lessee of the Dublin Theatre, had fallen into difficulties, they crossed at once to Ireland, and volunteered to perform for his benefit. The attraction of these powerful auxiliaries, added to the personal popularity of the manager, produced a house crowded by all the rank and fashion of the Irish metropolis. The play selected was *The Jealous Wife*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kean (for the first time in Europe) appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Oakly. The Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Clarendon, who had very lately entered on his office, was present, with the Countess and the viceregal suite. They expressed warm approbation of the performance, and on the following Saturday, the 31st July, visited the theatre in state, commanding the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in the comedy of *The Wonder*. This produced a second house as numerous as the former one. They had thus the satisfaction of rendering a double service to an old and valued friend at a very critical juncture.

After going through a series of engagements, all settled before they had sailed for America, in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin, they returned to the Haymarket Theatre early in January, 1848, and appeared in their new play of *The Wife's Secret*. Their reception and the success of the play were equally enthusiastic. It was repeated thirty-six times with undiminished effect; the engagement, originally for thirty nights, was extended to sixty; and on the occasion of their benefit her Majesty honoured them with her presence, conferring the distinction of a "special patronage."

At the commencement of 1849, Charles Kean was selected, without application on his part, to conduct the "Windsor Theatricals"—a series of private performances at the Castle, adopted by the Queen and Prince Albert, with the double object of gratifying their own tastes, and promoting the interests of the British drama. The compliment was a highly gratifying one, both to the man and the actor; but the difficulties accompanying it were of no trifling nature. A very general desire was manifested to appear before royalty; but it was no easy task to reconcile conflicting claims, or bring down expectations, occasionally unreasonable, to a practicable standard. That Kean acquitted himself to the perfect satisfaction of his august employers, may be assumed from the facts that her Majesty presented him with a diamond ring, and accorded him the still more flattering honour of a personal interview. To satisfy all his brethren of the sock-and-buskin was a much more arduous undertaking. He laboured with unceasing tact, command of temper, and perfect impartiality; but he discovered that to roll up-hill the stone of Sisyphus, to draw water in the bucket of the Danaïdæ, or to carve Mount Athos into a statue, would be gentle pastime, compared to the complicated Herculean labour he had vainly hoped to accomplish.

On the 30th of March, 1849, the widow of Edmund Kean died at Keydell, near Horndean, in Hampshire, the country residence of her son, on a small estate he had purchased in 1844, and where she had found a happy retreat during the closing years of her chequered and eventful existence. The history of the elder Mrs. Kean presents us with a moral lesson of the deepest interest, a subject for profound reflection, and a special instance of the varied dispensations of Providence. During the early years of her married life she struggled with many privations, and drained the cup of poverty to its bitterest dregs—then came the episode of London success, with all its unlooked-for luxury and ruinous profusion; then followed the desertion of her husband, the combined evils of broken health and vanished hopes; disease, neglect, and destitution, more pungently felt from an

interval of prosperity; until, finally raised again by the filial piety and untiring exertions of her son, she passed the evening of her days surrounded by all the comforts of affluence, and all the soothing cares of the fondest affection.

On the 21st of May, 1849, Charles Kean presided at the fourth anniversary dinner of the General Theatrical Fund, to which he had always been an annual contributor—an excellent institution, well deserving the general support it appears to receive. It was the first time he had ever been called on to discharge the duties of chairman at a public dinner. According to the published accounts, he acquitted himself with much ability, and spoke with pathos and effect. The collection exceeded, by nearly £100, the sum obtained on any of the former occasions. During the seasons of 1848-9, and 1849-50, Charles Kean departed from the plan he had hitherto adopted in his London engagements, and accepted a permanent situation with Mr. Webster at the Haymarket Theatre. He was principally induced by family considerations—the declining health of his mother, and a desire to superintend the early education of his daughter and only child, a little girl now nearly seven years old.

In January he was commanded to direct the second series of Windsor theatricals, which were unexpectedly curtailed by the intervening death of the Queen Dowager, and has now, a third time, been entrusted with the same commission for the approaching Christmas. In March last, he and Mrs. Kean concluded their engagements at the Haymarket. On the occasion of their benefit the Queen again honoured them with her presence and special patronage. The play selected was *Much Ado about Nothing*; they appeared as Benedict and Beatrice, characters in which they had gained much reputation during the season. In August, in conjunction with Mr. Koeley, he entered on a lease, for two years, of the Princess's Theatre in Oxford-street, and for the first time embarked on the "stormy sea" of management. His season commenced, under highly favourable auspices, on the 28th of September.

We have thus briefly sketched the principal incidents in the life of Charles Kean, from his birth to the present date. That he has been a fortunate man, in the general acceptation of the term, no one will deny; and that he merits his good fortune will be as readily conceded by all impartial judges. In his early career he had much to contend against, and his history presents strong points of encouragement to all who are destined to fight their way through the world, of whatever calling or profession. The towering reputation of his father, and the name he inherited, were more frequently impediments than advantages, as inviting invidious comparisons rather than indulgent recollections. A natural resemblance in the son was reproached as a positive offence; while the most palpable and servile imitation in a stranger was cordially hailed as indicative of kindred genius. At the same time his high gentlemanlike bearing, his well-known affection for his mother, and his honourable character, were powerful auxiliaries, backing his own genius, and carrying him gallantly over many opposing obstacles and many prejudiced opinions. The professional reputation of Charles Kean is erected on a sound foundation. As Junius says, in reference to the fame of Lord Chatham, "Recorded honours shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it."

It may here be expected that we should enter into a detailed analysis of Charles Kean's peculiar style of acting, an estimate of his powers, and a critical comparison between him and the other leading performers who have illustrated his era. But we abstain from this at present. It sounds too like a requiem or an epitaph; and we trust many long and happy years will elapse before he becomes a candidate for either. This one fact, however, is certain—his reputation is exclusively built on his delineations of Shakspeare. Hitherto he has derived little assistance from original characters.\* In this respect, both his father and himself have been less fortunate than their predecessors. Rolla, The Stranger, Penruddock, and Octavian, assisted the fame of John Kemble, nearly as much as Hamlet, Lear, Wolsey, or Coriolanus. Virginius, William Tell,

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\* The only exception is, probably, "Sir Walter Amyot," in *The Wife's Secret*, and this can scarcely be ranked as a first-rate character.

Werner, and Richelieu, have proved as valuable stepping-stones to Macready, as King John, Othello, or Macbeth.

Mr. C. Kean has now entered on a dangerous experiment, as manager of an important London theatre. He has many qualifications for the task, with sound experience; and his known liberality to authors can scarcely fail to give an impetus to dramatic literature. He has already a second time paid £400 to the author of *The Wife's Secret*, for a new play, which will be produced immediately; and is in treaty with several of the leading English dramatists to employ their pens in a similar task. We should like to see some of our own countrymen enter into this competition. Where is Sheridan Knowles? Is the lamp extinguished which once burned so brilliantly? Or if his genius slumbers on its laurels, and cannot be awakened, where is the young literature of Ireland? A liberal purchaser is in the market, if the proper article be supplied. We heartily wish Mr. Kean success, and much depends on the result of his exertions. His own fortunes, and the fortunes of the legitimate drama, to a considerable extent, are involved in the issue. The progressive events of his season will be watched with unusual interest. He has fallen on evil days, and his net is cast in troubled waters. But a favourable *prestige* accompanies his name, with a very general impression that the star of his destiny, hitherto so brilliant, will suffer no eclipse. His acknowledged abilities, joined with those of his accomplished lady, their estimation in general society, and irreproachable characters, can do much; and much is wanting to revive the public taste, and restore the stage to its former elevation. Unless some powerful lever is applied to counterbalance the thousand-and-one causes which weigh down its vitality, and hasten its decline, the most intellectual of recreations will shortly be numbered amongst the things that were; and the art and its professors may lay down peaceably together, inscribing over their common sepulchre—

“FUIMUS TROES!”

#### WHAT DO FALLEN TOWERS DECLARE?

What do fallen towers declare,  
 Mouldering, crumbling castles speak?  
 What, but that old time was there,  
 Was there, in some malignant freak!  
 But does this truth the ruin tells,  
 Whisper not another too  
 As sad, as painful, and as true?  
 It does—yes, strongly it compels,  
 My soul to feel that time will do  
 With me, with you, with all that breathe  
 A havoc equal in our death,  
 When pain, disease, and suffering meet  
 Allied, to wreck, to cruciate and beat  
 Our “earthly house” to dust beneath our feet!



## AGE OF CHARLES V.

BEFORE addressing ourselves to the very curious and interesting volume before us,\* we wish to make some remarks that may serve for an introduction to the "Correspondence of Charles V."

The age of Charles V. is, beyond all comparison, the most interesting in modern history. Not long before Charles came into his immense possessions, the world of Europe had been startled by the prodigious discoveries of Columbus. The minds of men were variously agitated by novelties of speculation, by the growth of literature consequent on the invention of the printing-press, and by the political struggles between the Papacy and the Empire. The contest between Charles and Francis I. partook more of the keenness of personal rivalry than any struggle we recollect between crowned heads. Their challenging each other to single combat, and their insulting cartels, contained more personality than has ever been exhibited by kings striving with each other, and approximate to the spirit of romance. Lastly, the Reformation is the grand event of the age of Charles V.—a change which, of itself, was the parent of vast political revolutions.

Interesting as the age of Charles V. is in itself, it has been rendered still more so in the pages of history. We do not rate Robertson's "History of the Reign of Charles V." as being his best performance, but it is his greatest theme, and contains a greater variety of attractive matter than his other works. The style of his histories of Scotland and America is superior; but if the readers were polled, we believe that they would decide, by a large majority, that the "Reign of Charles V." was his greatest work. They would confound the immense importance of the subjects treated of

with the execution of the work itself. Yet, as a subject for history, there were great difficulties in its treatment. The very first, and almost the greatest, principle of historical composition is, that the writer should give his subject as much *unity* as possible. His work should not consist of unconnected parts; an animating principle should pervade it, so as that the idea of an *artistic whole* should be powerfully (though, perhaps, unconsciously) impressed on the reader's mind. This unity of action and of interest is necessary alike to the historian and the dramatic poet, and is found not on the pedantic and artificial rules of critics, but in the nature of the human mind, which cannot employ itself on several objects at the same time. When the attention is divided, the impression on the mind is less animated, and the reader soon becomes perplexed or disgusted. There must always be a main point—a certain grand goal, to which the author should conduct his readers. How artfully Livy, in the commencement of his superlative performance, awakens the reader's attention by suggesting the continuous grandeur of his theme, "*Res Romana quæ ab exiguis profecta initiis, eo creverit, ut jam magnitudine laboret sua.*"

It is remarkable that David Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from the project of writing the "History of the Age of Charles V." in the following words:—"That subject is *disjointed*, and your hero, who is the sole connection, is not very interesting. A competent knowledge, at least, is required of the state and constitution of the Empire, of the several kingdoms of Spain, of Italy, and of the Low Countries, which it would be the work of half a life to acquire; and though some parts of the story may be entertaining, there are many that would be

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\* "Correspondence of the Emperor Charles V. and his Ambassadors at the Courts of England and France, from the Original Letters in the Imperial Family Archives at Vienna; with a connecting Narrative and Biographical Notices of the Emperor, and of some of the most distinguished Officers of his Army and Household; together with the Emperor's Itinerary from 1519-1551." Edited by William Bradford, M.A., formerly Chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna. 8vo. London: Bentley. 1850.

dry and barren, and the whole seems not to have any great charms."\*

It is the boast of Robertson that, with one exception, he triumphed over the difficulties started by the scrutinising and captious understanding of Hume. Upon a complicated subject he produced a work of lucid arrangement, containing a prodigious variety of matter within a very small space. But in a critical sense, the "*Reign of Charles V.*" does not make a complete whole. When we have arrived at the end of the work, we crave that the author should proceed. It is, rather, as an elaborate and careful introduction to the history of modern Europe, that the work is of such inestimable value.

To the statesman, as well as the philosopher, the age of Charles V. must always be interesting, as it was then that the powers of Europe were formed into one great system. It may be useful to contrast the state of Europe then with its condition at the present time. The changes of the last three centuries may be classified as political and social.

Under the first may be enumerated the alternations in the balance of power, and the rise and fall of certain kingdoms. Under the last may be placed the important religious changes consequent on the reformation of religion.

In 1850 there are not less than five great powers in Europe, viz., England, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. In the age of Charles V., three centuries ago, the two leading powers of Europe were France and Spain. At that time England was only recovering from the wasting effects of the Wars of the Roses, and though she had the frame-work of a parliament, the spirit of the constitutional system and the mercantile strength of the island had not developed themselves, while the independence of Scotland and the insecurity of Ireland weakened the energy of her monarchy. In those times neither Russia nor Prussia had a political existence, and the wonderful results of the energy and enterprises of the Czar Peter and Frederick the Great were not anticipated. Germany was

then a conglomeration of small states, hanging loosely together, with different laws and ideas prevailing in various parts of it. Spain, however, since the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, had concentrated its strength, and on the death of Ferdinand, Charles succeeded to the crown, having previously inherited the Netherlands as heir to the house of Burgundy. The death of the Emperor Maximilian left vacant the Imperial throne, and first gave rise to the protracted competition of Charles and Francis I. This struggle and rivalry was of the greatest importance, and it has no small attraction for ourselves, as it first led England to the adoption of a foreign policy.

There were not less than four great wars between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V. They had each from the first signified their intentions of carrying on a rivalry with each other. "Both of them," says Hume, with great felicity of style, "were princes endowed with talents and abilities, brave, aspiring, active, industrious, beloved by their subjects and servants, dreaded by their enemies, and respected by all the world. Francis open, frank, liberal, munificent; carrying these virtues to an excess which prejudiced his affairs. Charles, political, close, artificial, frugal, better calculated to obtain success in wars and negotiations, especially the latter. The one the more amiable man, the other the greater monarch."† The main pretext, and to some extent the actuating motive, of those wars was on one side to increase, and on the other to diminish the power of the Empire. Contemplated from that point of view, the struggle of Francis might be considered as a contest for the independence of Europe. And as the personal qualities of these two famous rivals counterpoised each other, so did the evils and advantages of their respective situations. For though Charles had far more extensive dominions, yet his power was not so concentrated, or his authority so well obeyed as those of his rival.

In the first of these wars Charles had Henry VIII. and the Pope on his side,

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\* This letter is not very generally known. We find it in the "*Memoir of Robertson*," by Dugald Stewart, read before the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, and prefixed to the eight-volume edition of Robertson, published in 1791.

† "*Reign of Henry VIII.*," cap. 2.

while Francis had Venice and the Swiss. This first was ended with the defeat of Francis at Pavia,\* and was concluded by the Treaty of Madrid. The second war was carried on by Francis, who, by means of a treaty at Cognac, continued to have the Pope, Venice, and the Duke of Milan on his side; and Henry VIII., by the promises of Francis, was induced to join in it. This second war was memorable by the quarrel between the Pope and the Emperor, which led to Charles of Bourbon sacking Rome, and the Pope being besieged in the Castle of St. Angelo, and obliged to capitulate. Thus, in those times, while that imaginary unity which Romanist teachers are so fond of declaiming upon, prevailed in the unreformed Church, the Pope was treated with as little respect as in these latter days, when he escaped from his beloved subjects under the guise of a hackney coachman. Charles V., however, had not devised the humiliation of the papacy. This second war was closed by the peace of Cambray, in 1529, and the consequences were favourable to Charles. His imperial power over the Italian states was extended. We may observe that besides the Hereditary Dukedom of Florence being established then, that the Constitution of Genoa was settled upon the basis on which it has subsisted towards our times.

The third war was that France might regain power over the Italian States, and Francis allied himself with the Pope. The spectacle of another exhausting war induced a general wish that the differences between the great rivals might be settled without the waste of blood and treasure. There was accordingly a congress at Nice between the Pope, the Emperor, and Francis, and a ten years' truce was agreed upon; but the opposition between the antagonists was founded so much on emulation, and on the balance of opposite interests, that the provisions of the Council of Nice were, at the end of four years, broken through by

The fourth war, in which Francis had an alliance with the Sultan and

Venice, besides Denmark and Sweden, amongst the northern states of Europe. On the other hand, the Emperor had Henry VIII. on his side. This great war concluded at the peace of Cressy, without its objects being gained. The termination of the struggle between these two great adversaries was only terminated by the death of Francis in 1547, the year in which Henry of England also died.

The contemplation of so great and protracted a struggle, of which we have presented the foregoing brief analysis, is suggestive of several reflections. During that struggle the Reformation made rapid progress; and are we precipitate in the conjecture that if the attention of Charles had not been distracted by the variety of his own projects, and the attacks of Francis I., the Reformation might not so easily have made its way, however certainly that great change must have taken place in a later age? But avoiding all conjectural ground, we desire to fix the attention of our readers upon the great results, firstly to Europe, and secondly to England, France, and Spain, respectively, of the struggle between Charles V. and Francis.

1. As to Europe, it is quite clear that the great political idea of "The Balance of Power" was then first practically generated. It is true that even in ancient times the idea of a balance of power in politics was not unknown. Every reader of Grecian history recollects that Thucydides represents the league formed against Athens, and which produced the Peloponnesian war, as owing to the principle of a balance of power. When Thebes and Lacedæmonia disputed for sovereign power, Athens always threw itself into the lighter scale, and endeavoured to preserve a balance. In the speech of Demosthenes for the Megalopolitans, this principle of a balance of power is expounded with his peculiar force. The wars of the Grecian States between themselves were more wars of emulation than of policy, deriving their origin from personal pride rather than the lust of power—a circumstance which makes it still more remarkable

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\* Sismondi says, on the authority of a MS. chronicle of Nicaise Ladum, king-at-arms of Charles V. and the parliamentary registers, that the letter written by Francis to his mother was as diffuse as his ordinary epistles, and contained only a version of the celebrated phrase, "*Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*"

that the idea of a balance of power should be maintained by them. In the history of Rome we do not meet with any definite allusions to the principle of the balance of power, because the Romans never met with any general confederacy against them, but subdued their neighbours one after another. After the fall of the Empire, the condition of the various states of Europe was ill suited for foreign conquest; but when vassalage and the feudal militia were abandoned, Europe was naturally alarmed at the exorbitant power centred in Charles V. Hence the struggles against him illustrated and enforced the principle of a balance of power. That principle was acted upon by Elizabeth and her ministers, and King William, after coming to the throne, devoted himself to its maintenance. The foreign danger at the age of 1688 was from the overgrown power of the French monarchy; and our revolution has therefore an European as well as a mere English aspect, since the foreign policy of England, consequent on 1688, was entirely different from what must have prevailed if the Stuart family had continued to occupy the throne. Walpole and Chatham both acted on the principle of the balance of power being a leading one in the politics of Europe. Since their time, however, we have seen sciolists and pretenders of all kinds casting ridicule on a principle affirmed by Elizabeth and King William—by Walpole and by Chatham. That pedantic and narrow-minded school of politicians, of which for so many years the *Westminster Review* was the organ, made the "balance of power" a constant target for their sarcasms. Mr. Roebuck, with his usual snappish superficiality, has squirted forth some of his small sarcasms against it. But the principle is self-evident, and it is enough to say for its reality, that the general concert of several kingdoms for three centuries has proved its necessity. It is our business here not to argue for its truth, but to trace its origin to that age in modern

history when it received its most distinct recognition—the times of Charles V.

2. Since that memorable age, what a wonderful difference there has been between the fortunes of England and of Spain. At that time England was only emerging into European importance; since then, her course has been steadily progressive, while the path of Spain has been uniformly downward.\* At that time the fortunes of Europe were decided by the revolutions of France and Spain; since then England and France have been the leading powers. Yet England had great difficulties in her wonderful career. The independence of Scotland, and the perennial discontent of Ireland (whether Protestant or Catholic), placed great obstacles to the concentration of her power; still for three centuries her executive has been as strong (to say the least) as any country in the world; for the same space of time her Parliament has ruled her people. Her illustrious commoners, from the time of the Mr. Hampdens and Mr. Hydes, to the Mr. Pitts and Mr. Cannings, have swayed her counsels and inspired her ambition. While France has alternately crouched beneath a Richelieu, a Louis XIV., and a Napoleon, England has preserved its freedom; and while we write, the British Queen enjoys more firmly her power than any potentate, whether pope, emperor, or president, in the civilised globe. What passes in her Parliament is of world-wide importance. The decisions of her legislature are eagerly watched by the statesmen of civilised, and by the chieftains of barbarous nations. While preserving her free constitution, she has conquered an empire ten times greater than that over which Charles V. bore sway. The Indies of the East and of the West show that no torrid climate tames the energy of her hardy sons; the long line of settlements in pestilent Africa, Sierra Leone and Accra, Aunamboe and Fernando Po, show the death-daring courage of

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\* "Memoirs of Spain, under Philip IV. and Charles II." by Mr. Dunlop, Author of "History of Fiction" (Edinburgh, 1834), is a book not so well known as it deserves to be. Watson and Thomson conclude their works with the death of Philip III., in 1621; and Coxe begins his "Memoirs" at the date of 1700. The intervening period is ably treated of with much candour and undoubted knowledge by Mr. Dunlop. Upon the melancholy decline of the Spanish power, *vide* the modern Spanish historian, Ortiz, in the sixth volume of his "*Compendio Cronologico de la Historia d'Espana*."



her commercial enterprise. Into whatever sea the mariner pursues his foamy track, the British flag meets him, waving from some fortress on a sea-girt isle, or fluttering at the mast-head of the three-decker or the merchantman. St. Helena tells of England, and of the fall of her greatest foe. The Cape of Good Hope, which recalls the voyages of Vasco de Gama, reminds one how the maritime energy of Portugal has vanished, while the matchless navy of England still remains. The great continent of New Holland opens boundless prospects of the diffusion of the English race and language; and even the States of America, while free from her legal authority, bear testimony to the moral power of English lawgivers and teachers. What has been the cause of the increase of this vast empire since the reign of Charles V., while Spain has declined during the same period?

Unquestionably, the first and greatest cause has been, that England has been self-ruled, self-judged, and, if we may so speak, self-inspired. She has not taken her religion from a college of Italian casuists, nor crouched beneath sacerdotal sway; nor has she guided her legislation by the whispers of courts, or the whims of kingcraft. She rose with the rise, as she most certainly would crumble with the fall, of the Protestant religion. Not superior to the Spaniards in mental capability, her people have left them far behind in social energy and freedom. They have thought for themselves, and exercised their own untrammelled faculties. Their social, personal, and political freedom are all closely interwoven with the growth of the Protestant religion, as the servility and despotism of Spain are the result of the mind-killing despotism of an exaggerated form of sacerdotal rule. In one country the observer beholds the free press—in the other, the priests. Liberty of thought has been sacred in England—servility of soul has been consecrated in Spain. The exercise of private judgment on the most sublime of subjects has accustomed the English to think with boldness and energy on personal and political questions; the habit of reading the Bible familiarises their mind with the grandeur of religious truths, in all their revealed and simple magnificence. In Spain, on the other hand, the religio-

sity of the human mind has been compelled to cast itself upon mere formalism—upon fantastic religious processions through the picturesque streets, of half Moorish architecture—upon bedizening of saints' statues with satin and gold-lace, or ringing of bells before great images rolled upon wheels round the great cathedral churches, and all the theatric mannerism of undiluted Romanism, as it exists in southern countries, untampered by the presence of Protestantism. Looking on this subject from the merely political point of view, is it not evident that one system of religion must produce freedom and energy of character, and the other be fatally favourable to the sloth and despondency of the mind?

Since the reign of Charles V., the Reformation has divided Europe into North and South—into Protestant and Catholic. In one we behold energy and social progress, and in the other stagnation and decay. Some political philosophers, following up the system of Montesquieu, have attempted to account for the difference between North and South Europe—between the effects of Protestantism and Romanism—by physical and not by moral causes. They say that climate is the efficient cause of the superiority of the North and of the inferiority of the South. Not to go back to Greece and Rome, such a theory is immediately refuted by pointing to the Italian Republics—to Venice and to Florence—as evidences that climate is not the cause of the indolence and backwardness of the Southern populations. But the theory can be crushed more effectually in another mode, *e. g.*: supposing that it be admitted that climate makes the difference between the condition of Protestant and Catholic countries, how comes it to pass that in the lazy countries—in those depressed below the standard of human energy and moral vigour—that Catholicism allies itself with the enervating, and Protestantism with the energising climate? Is not this, in other words, a distinct confession that one religion enervates and the other gives energy and vigour?

Again, to place this question in another light, we may refer to Protestants and Catholics when suffering from legal depression. Contrast the active, energetic, and highly-cultivated Huguenots of France, in the age of Louis XIV., with the Catholics of Ireland at any



period, or even with the Catholics of Spain or Italy for the last three centuries. Even after the Edict of Nantes, the Protestants of France suffered grievously from the state of the laws, and from the ban of a triumphant ascendancy; yet their wealth, industry, and general intelligence were so remarkable as to attract envy, and finally led to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which France lost her best subjects, and England gained colonies of highly-trained manufacturers and artisans. Even now the state of the Protestants of France is most creditable to their character and religion. Despite of a host of evils, their moral energy has survived the shocks of external misfortune.

Recollecting that, since 1778, the Catholics of Ireland have had unlimited powers of acquiring property, and that previously to that time, even during the times of the Penal Laws, that great masses of property were held in trust for the Catholics, and not forgetting the moral power resulting from numbers, we are only surprised that the Catholics of Ireland are not far wealthier than they are. The late Sir Robert Peel believed that a vast quantity of capital was held by Roman Catholics, who desired to invest it in the land; but the history of the last three years has disclosed the real state of the facts. Never was there a greater delusion than to suppose that the Catholics had such masses of capital in their hands as Sir Robert Peel at one time supposed. We have it ourselves upon the authority of distinguished Roman Catholics, that since 1790 the higher class of Catholic gentry and capitalists has diminished rather than increased. For every one eminent Catholic family that has risen, another Catholic family has fallen within the same period, a fact which is proved by a curious tabular statement now lying before us, but which it would be invidious to publish. We do not, however, forget the immense increase of the Catholic middle classes; but taking all things into account, we are only surprised that it is not wealthier.

Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Alison incline to the opinion that race is the cause of the difference between the religion of North and South Europe. In the present state of ethnology, to affirm anything dogmatically about race is extremely precipitate. To the view

of religion being mainly influenced by race we cannot subscribe. The Italians have a vast quantity of Teutonic blood in their veins, and it would be paying the highest compliment to the Celtic race to class that marvellously-endowed people—the countrymen of the Medici, of Galileo, Dante, Tasso, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and a host of illustrious celebrities—along with the Celts. In natural qualities we are sure that they are not inferior to any nation. Besides, both in France and Spain, the Reformation made vast progress, and was only extirpated by the systematic persecution of powerful governments; and the fact of the religion of the English nation having changed so frequently under the House of Tudor, completely vitiates the theory that race causes the difference between the religions of North and South Europe. In no place was the Reformation so earnest and downright as in Scotland, where certainly there was a vast quantity of Celtic blood. It would be difficult for Mr. Macaulay to name more zealous missionaries of Protestantism than two distinguished men of the Celtic race. Hugh M'Neile and Mortimer O'Sullivan; and to their names we might add a swarm of Irish Protestant Celts, from the days of O'Sheridan (the non-juring Bishop of Kilmore), Premium Madden (or O'Madden), the late Dr. Phelan (or O'Phelan), the present Bishop of Cashel (a real O'Daly of the proud house of Dunsandle), or Croly (O'Crowley), author of "Salathiel." These are the names of men whose characters have partaken of the *perverfidum ingenium Sctorum*, and certainly were zealous Protestants. And to these clerical Celts we might add numbers of laymen of unquestionable Gaelic descent, like Daniel O'Neil (the ally of the Duke of Ormond), the O'Connollys of Castletown, the O'Briens of Dromoland, the Mac Carthys of Carrignavar, the O'Heys of Knocklofty (now called Hutchinsons), the O'Callaghans of Shanbally (Lord Lismore's family), the clan of the O'Gradys of Limerick, besides innumerable other Celtic and zealous Protestants; while, *et cetera*, a host of families of Anglo-Saxon origin and descent profess now-a-days the religion of Rome.

We agree with Mr. Mill, that referring intricate moral problems to a theory of race is a very vulgar mode

of solving questions in political philosophy.\*

As England rose by Protestantism, and Spain sunk by adhering to retrograde and romantic views, so it is remarkable that France, since the time of Charles V., was never, in any true sense, a thoroughly Catholic country. We need not go beyond the orations of Bossuet and Massillon to see how vast was the ascendancy of the French monarchy over the Church, and how merely theoretical was the power of the papacy in the French Catholic school. In point of fact, French Catholicism was a religion by itself.

Contrasting the history of France with that of England, in the last three centuries and a-half, the grand fact which arrests the political philosopher is, the centralised energy of the French power. Since the fall of Charles the Bald of Burgundy (1477), the French monarchy tended to centralisation; and its unity of character is strikingly contrasted with that of England, with its outlying dependencies of Scotland and Ireland. Nor did the old French parliaments in anywise interfere with the vigour of the monarchy, while the policy of Richelieu systematised the concentration of all power in the king, and pulverised the local political influence of the provincial *noblesse*. Hence, gradually and necessarily, arose the great system of Louis the Fourteenth. The Revolution carried still further the bureaucratic and centralised system, and blotting out the old map of France, swept from it those noble old names endeared by historic associations, and divided the country into Paris and the provinces. From this unity and vaunted centralisation results the remarkable fact, that French affairs are now, and for some time to come will be, under the domination of what we will call *the capricious absolutism of the Parisian population*.

Reverting to the age of Charles V., when power over Italy was the grand object struggled for by Charles and Francis I., let us ask, what would the French power be now if the upper half of Italy had been obtained by France. Then, indeed, the Mediterranean would have been

"a French lake." Is it precipitate to hope that French statesmen, monarchic or republican, have ceased to entertain designs upon North Italy, not dissimilar from those of Francis I.?

From these general reflections we turn to the very interesting volume before us. Mr. Bradford was formerly chaplain to the British Embassy at Vienna, and, during a long residence in that capital, he obtained entire and authenticated copies of the letters published in this volume. A few of these had previously been published in a German periodical, by Baron Hormayr; and Mr. Bradford did not place very much value on his collection, until a high authority at the British Museum declared them to be wholly unknown, and to possess so much historical value as to warrant their publication.

There are about sixteen original letters from Charles V. himself, addressed to various persons. There is the same number of letters addressed to him by influential persons in his service. These letters make up nearly half the volume. Mr. Bradford gives us some notices of the persons mentioned in this correspondence, and he has also subjoined the "Itinerary of Charles the Fifth," kept by his Flemish secretary, Vandenesse. This latter is a most unreadable document; but it is of value as authenticating the history of the times, and is not ill-placed in the present volume. But we have no hesitation in saying, that the most interesting portion of the entire volume is the translation of the manuscript of Bernardo Navagiero, Venetian ambassador at the Court of Charles. This MS. is now in the possession of the Rev. Walter Sneyd, of Denton, Oxon, who gave the use of it to Mr. Bradford. Instead of being placed towards the end of the volume, Mr. Bradford ought to have printed it in the front of his work. Navagiero writes admirably, he puts a vast quantity of matter into a small space, is a close and various observer, and goes to the pith of his subject. He was Bishop of Verona, a Father of the Council of Trent, and died a cardinal. His report was addressed to the Doge

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\* See that vigorous thinker's valuable remarks on Ireland, in vol. ii. of his masterly treatise on Logic.

and senate of Venice, and commences as follows :—

"MOST SERENE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, —In the following report, which is the last duty of my embassy, I shall feel myself bound to consider rather how many things may without injustice be omitted, than how many things are to be put in; since it is impossible that scantiness of material can be attributed to an ambassador just returned from the court of so great an Emperor as Charles V; and especially when such stirring events as active warfare, untenable confederations, and an unhopèd for peace, all took place during his mission! Considering therefore the manifold occupations of your highness and of this illustrious council, I will confine myself to the relation of such things only as may tend to usefulness in the future deliberations of your excellencies—thereby endeavouring to fulfil the object of that wise custom which requires a similar report from all our ambassadors.

"DESCRIPTION OF THE EMPEROR.

"The Emperor is now forty-six years of age. He is a prince who amidst all his greatness and victories has retained a most humble and modest demeanour.

"He appears to be very studious of religion, and wishes by his example to excite the fervour of Divine worship in his court; so that in order to acquire his favour there is no surer method than propriety of conduct, and the profession of sincere Christianity.

"His court is more quiet and modest than I can describe; without any appearance of vice, and perfectly well ordered. In his audiences, especially towards persons in official situations, he is extremely patient, and answers everything in detail; but seldom or never comes to an immediate resolution on any subject. He always refers the matter, whether it be small or great, to Monsr. de Granvelle; and after consulting with him he resolves on the course he has to take, but always slowly, for such is his nature.

"Some people find fault with this, and call him irresolute and tardy: whilst others praise him for caution and discretion.

"With regard to private audiences, he used to be more diligent than he now is: but even now he generally has two or three every day after dinner. These private audiences are sometimes left to his ministers; and *they* being few, and the affairs many, no one can come to court for any matter, whether of importance or otherwise, without being detained much longer than is agreeable to them.

"The Emperor dines in public almost always at the same hour—namely, twelve o'clock at noon. On first rising in the morning, which he does very late, he attends a private mass, said to be for the soul of the late Empress. Then, after having got over a few audiences, he proceeds to a public

mass in the chapel, and immediately afterwards to dinner. So that it has become a proverb at court: '*Dalla messa alla mensa,*' (from the mass to the mess).

"The Emperor eats a great deal; perhaps more than is good for his health, considering his constitution and habits of exercise. And he eats a kind of food which produces gross and viscous humours, whence arise the two indispositions which torment him; namely, the gout and the asthma.

"He tries to mitigate these disorders by partial fasts in the evening, but the physicians say it would be better if he were to divide the nourishment of the day into two regular meals.

"When his Majesty is well, he thinks he never can be ill, and takes very little notice of the advice of his physician; but the moment he is ill again, he will do anything towards his recovery.

"He is liberal in some things, such as recompensing those who have served him in the field, and those for whom he has any particular regard; but even in this he proceeds slowly. In his dress, his table, furniture and equipages, and the chase, he affects rather the state of a moderate prince, than of a great emperor. Although not by nature inclined to do so, his Majesty is constrained to dispense gifts on a very large scale; for all the income of the *three orders* in Spain, which are extremely rich, must of necessity be distributed by the Emperor, as also the many benefices and bishoprics of Spain and his other dominions. It is plain that he proceeds very cautiously in these matters, and gives away with much discrimination; having respect only to the good character and virtuous conduct of those to whom they are given; and on the subject of these bishoprics, his Majesty generally acts by the advice and opinion of his confessor, a Spanish monk of the order of St. Dominick.

"The Emperor professes to keep his word, to love peace, and to have no desire for war, unless provoked to it. He is constant in keeping up the dignity of those whom he has once made great; and whenever they get into difficulties he trusts rather to his own judgment in their case, than to what is said of them by others. He is a prince who will listen to all, and is willing to place the utmost confidence in his friends, but chooses to have always the casting voice himself; and when once persuaded in his own mind, it is rare indeed that any argument will change his opinion. His recreations consist chiefly in following the chase; sometimes accompanied by a few attendants, and sometimes quite alone, with an arquebuss in his hand. He is much pleased with a dwarf given to him by his Highness the King of Poland, which dwarf is very well made and quick-witted. The Emperor sometimes plays with him, and he seems to afford him infinite amusement. There is also a jester lately come from Spain who makes his Ma-

jesty laugh, and causes a deal of merriment at court. His name is Perico, and in order to please the Emperor, whenever Philip his son is named, he calls him S<sup>r</sup> di Todo.

"And now, though I might enlarge much more upon the nature, habits and virtues of the Emperor, I will only remark as a brief summary, that from all I have seen in my time and from what others who frequent his court are obliged to confess, there does not exist in these days a more virtuous prince or one who sets a better example to all men, than his Majesty Charles V."

Navagiero then enters upon a description of the Court of the Emperor, and characterises the various persons in it. He gives a description of the German, Belgian, and Spanish soldiery, and then enters upon the feelings entertained by the Emperor towards the other powers in Europe, in the following style:—

"To discover the genuine feelings of the Emperor towards other crowned heads, is no easy task; for nothing in this world can be more hidden and obscure than the heart and mind of man generally, unless it be *the heart and mind of an emperor, which may be deemed all but impenetrable!* . . . This much may be received as a general proposition, that kings and princes *neither love nor hate anybody*, except as they stand affected towards their own personal advantage; which truth may be perspicuously exemplified in the Emperor, who has been both a friend and a foe to every one by turns.

"He was at one time an enemy to the king of England, and afterwards entered into an alliance with him. He made war unceasingly upon the King of France for twenty years, and ended by concluding a friendly treaty and by giving up Milan to him. To the Lutherans he has appeared sometimes in the light of a friend, and sometimes in that of an enemy. Of the Pope he has often said the very sharpest things, and yet after all has done as much for his advantage as even your highness. With regard to our own republic, one may fairly presume, that as long as he considers our alliance profitable he will retain it—but no longer. At the present time he is well aware that the friendship of Venice is serviceable, both for the preservation of his Italian States, and for the purpose of keeping the Turks in check. He will therefore remain on good terms with your highness, of whom he has always spoken to me in a most affectionate and respectful manner. And besides the resolution of your illustrious council not to accept any of the various proposals made by the most Christian King, has been more grateful than I can express, both to his Imperial Majesty and to all his friends.

"The Emperor has discoursed, not only to myself but to others who have repeated it to me, of the great dependance he places on your highness; and when I was taking my leave of him, he spoke at such length on this subject, than I began to marvel when he would stop. He told me he was extremely well satisfied with my services, inasmuch as he believed that I had done, and would do, everything in my power to keep alive the good feeling subsisting between you; and then turning to my secretary he said, *that he hoped for no less on his part also.* The Emperor believes that this illustrious republic has no intention of ever turning against him, and it is quite possible he may be sincere in his wish of keeping on friendly terms with us. Yet, I would not advise your highness to trust implicitly to his professions, should any occasion offer when the contrary might become advantageous to him.

"All princes are naturally opposed to republics, especially those princes who have most power, and most ambition."

After describing the hatred borne by the Emperor to the Grand Turk, and the little affection which Charles had for the ultra-montane kings of France and England, Navagiero thus enters upon the position of the Emperor with regard to Germany, and to its nascent Protestantism:—

"Concerning the Emperor's disposition towards the States of Germany, every one is at present certain, that war is in contemplation.

"Your highness will perhaps expect me to say a few words on the causes and probable results of this war, and to enumerate, as far as I am able, the forces with which it is designed to be carried on.

"The causes which are said to have moved the Emperor to this, are: first, the little regard which the German States have for some years past shewn to his orders, by not attending the Diet; and secondly, the fear that the heresy which infects some of them, should spread over them all, and finally pervert his dominions in the Low Countries, which are the chief sources of his greatness. That there is some ground for this fear is proved by the fact, that in Holland and in Friesland more than 80,000 persons have suffered death at the hands of justice, for Anabaptist errors.

"Some eminent men also in Flanders and Brabant, are beginning to leave the Catholic Church: for which reason his majesty's confessor, and a Spanish Dominican monk, both of whom exercise great influence over him, have never ceased to urge him on to this.

"I believe that if it comes to war, this enterprise will assume a more vehement and sanguinary character than our age has yet witnessed. The princes of Germany have

never liked Charles V.; probably because he continually avails himself of their counsels, without treating them in the deferential and considerate manner which Maximilian and all the former emperors accustomed them to expect.

"They complain, that blindly led by passion, he has wasted his power in disputes with his fellow-Christians, instead of turning it to account against the Turk, as was his duty; that he is now about to make war upon themselves, who by choosing him for their emperor, brought him more glory and renown than he ever derived from anything else, and that under the pretence of religious zeal, he intends to conduct a foreign army into Germany, to trample on their ancient liberties.

"In short, if this war *does* come to pass, it is likely to be a very fierce one; and even should matters stop short of it, I question whether the rest of Germany will ever get over the hatred it has conceived for the house of Austria. The Duke of Alva has already been proclaimed captain-general, and most people think that the Emperor will join the army in person. Some say otherwise; but I am persuaded that he cannot refrain from being present wherever war is going on.

#### "PROBABLE RESULTS OF SUCH A WAR.

"As to the probable issue of anything so uncertain as war, I will venture no opinion. Those who are favourable to the present undertaking, assert: first, that it is the cause of God and must prosper: secondly, that the *free cities* will not venture to give the promised help to the Landgrave as head of the League, on account of the benefits they derive from trade in the Emperor's dominions; and thirdly, that the Lutherans have no good leader, and that German troops are useless except in a pitched battle, which the Emperor would take care to avoid. Those who are against the war maintain, that there never was a more dangerous enterprise both for the Emperor and for all Christendom; and more especially for Italy. That with regard to religion, should he be able speedily to force the Protestants into submission and to impose certain conditions upon them, these might be observed as long as his army was present, *but no longer*. That should the war continue any time, the Turk would certainly come down upon him by sea and by land, either spontaneously, or at the invitation of the Protestants themselves. That the hostility of France and England would be excited, who, suspecting him of covering ambitious designs under the cloak of religion, would come to the relief of the Protestants by invading his territories wherever they lay contiguous to their own.

"That the Emperor cannot expect to conquer such enemies in the space of two years,

which is quite as long as his army could possibly hold together; whilst the parties to the League of Smalcalde might, with very little expense or trouble, go on for many more, with a numerous and powerful body of men, all fighting for the religion which they are persuaded is the best, and which they are ready to defend with their lives and fortunes.

"And lastly, that should the Lutherans be emboldened by any successful resistance against the Emperor, they would presently turn their arms against Rome; where knowing that the Pope desires no less than their utter and complete extirpation, the warfare would be carried on with a degree of fury, resembling rather the incursions of the ancient Barbarians than anything else; and would finally result in no advantage to any party except that of the Turk."

We think that those extracts will make our readers concur with our estimate of Navagiero as a close and practical observer, writing in a pithy style. The conclusion of his paper is, however, so characteristic, that we will print it. There is a brassy modesty in the manner in which the ambassador dilates on his own services, and there is a sly archness in the way in which he begs for remuneration, that produce the effect of humour. The passage is conceived in the "*nolo episcopari*" style, and shows that Navagiero had a keen regard for the greatest happiness of the greatest number—the greatest number being number ONE.\*

"Of my own conduct during the last *thirty-four months* I will say but little; it being a dangerous thing for a man to speak of himself; but if I have given your highness and this illustrious council any satisfaction, I thank God for having fulfilled my most ardent wishes.

"When I was about to leave the court, his Majesty the Emperor sent me *this chain*, which by the just laws of our illustrious state belongs of right to your highness, and cannot be mine without the special permission of this illustrious council. Nor do I venture to demand it on account of the many hardships I have experienced in the public service. Yet in this cause I have often suffered both hunger and thirst in the late campaign, and have slept on the bare cold ground when the baggage-waggons were left behind.

"I have also braved death by passing through places infected with the plague, and have seen eight of my servants die by my side; to say nothing of four mules, and two

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\* See Sir Bulwer Lytton's satire in five acts, called *Money*.



horses, which formed nearly all my stud. I would rather that your excellencies heard from others than from myself, how the greatest part of my property has been spent in serving the republic, and upholding its credit.

"All this is no more than every good citizen is bound to do and to suffer for his country. And had it pleased God to take away my life during my last illness, which lasted four months, and cost me more than 500 ducats, I would have resigned it willingly, knowing that my life was spent in the service of your highness. Nevertheless, as I said before, not on this account would I venture to request this gift, were it not for the infinite clemency of your illustrious council, which not only gives me a hope, but even a certainty of obtaining it.

"I even think that your excellencies, out of regard to your own honour and dignity, will lament that the gift is not *greater*, in order that it might relieve my wants more efficaciously.

"By me it will be highly prized as an earnest that my services have not been unacceptable; and further as a means of defraying a part of the debt incurred in this embassy, which I have not otherwise the power of repaying, save with my own person, or with *the assistance* of your excellencies."

The character of Charles appears in his letters just as we would have expected. He is studiously circumspect, and caution appears to be the predominating characteristic of his mind. When Hume said to Robertson "that your hero is not very interesting," he was quite right. There was little in the character that a dramatist would delight to contemplate; but with his high intelligence, activity, and prudence, he was admirably fitted for monarchic sway. The following letter, written while Francis I. was his prisoner, in consequence of the result of the battle of Pavia, exhibits the character of Charles in a very striking manner. It is addressed to the Viceroy of Naples, concerning the custody of his illustrious prisoner:—

"Tres cher et Feal!—

"We have received your letters from Villa Franca of the 10th of this month, and have seen the instructions you have given to Manuel Malversin, the contents of which have given us great satisfaction, as well as the arrangements you have made for the removal of the King of France. With regard to the desire you express to know our good pleasure respecting the place where his person may be securely deposited, as well as the time of your own coming to us, and how the

fleet you have brought, for which we have to remit ten thousand ducats, should be disposed of, we have to answer,

"First as to the person of the King of France; it is our desire that he should be well treated, and even better, if it be possible, than he has already been,—provided always that he is well secured; and for this purpose three places have been named to us, which are said to be very suitable. The one is Patina near Valencia, another Chinchilla in Castile, for which it would be necessary to disembark at Carthagena, and the third Mora, which is a considerable distance from you and not more than five leagues hence. It appears to us that the said Patina, being situated in an agreeable part of the country, and being the nearest point to Saulo or to any port in Catalonia where you might disembark, would be the best and most secure place we could fix on for the King, always, be it understood, with a good guard about him, as usual, and as you know to be necessary. At the same time, if any other place should appear to you more likely to keep his person in greater safety, and not liable to inconvenience, you are at liberty to determine on this point as you think best, with this condition, that a sea-port must not be fixed on, which might be dangerous. As to your coming to us, it is the thing which we have always most desired were it possible, and now that there is so good an opportunity we the more desire it, when you may be sure you will be more than welcome, and not only give us pleasure, but render us service. The sooner you come the better, as you will see by the dispatch which we believe Figueroa, who left us two days ago, will have already brought you, in which we inform you of many important things touching the affairs of Italy, that inasmuch as new circumstances require new counsels, it is our intention so with you to advise, conclude and resolve, as may best promote our service.

"After which it will be necessary with all diligence to make known our resolves to those in Italy, who ought to be acquainted with them, that no time may be lost in the execution of whatever, as has been intimated, shall in your presence and with your advice be determined on. As everything therefore must remain in suspense till your arrival, we have despatched a special courier to M. de Bourbon, begging him to await where he at present is the further communication of our intentions, and another also to the Marquis of Pescara, requiring him not to abate in his endeavours to fulfil the charge which you committed to him, holding out a good hope that his services will not be unrequited. Whether you think good to accompany the said King of France to Patina, or to whatever place he may be conducted, or to come incontinently to us, leaving the aforesaid charge to Alarcon, we commit to your own discretion; begging you not to forget that your presence here is most desirable, and to

take care, that the king and his attendants should have no lack of horses on his journey, that he may be sensible of the interest we take in his progress, and of our earnest desire that his treatment in all respects may be good and honourable. We write to our cousin the Marquis of Bradenburgh now being at Valencia, that he should pay the king a visit on our part, and see that horses be provided. This letter will be intrusted to your care, and you will read it. Write also yourself to the said marquis, giving him your instructions as to what he should do and say, and among them, that he make his visit handsomely accompanied, as he well knows how.

“As to what is to be done with our said fleet which you have brought, it is my wish on this subject also to consult with you in person, and to have your opinion and advice. It is our desire that before you take your leave of the King of France, you should endeavour, if possible, that, besides what he has already accorded, in case it should prove not desirable that his galleys should return to Genoa, the rest of the French fleet should abstain from making war or causing damage to any of our vassals or servants during the term of fifteen days after the arrival of our fleet on the coasts of Spain. You might indeed prolong this term to two months or less after the expiration of the fifteen days, but for this it would be necessary to take the precaution of sufficient security, and also that the six galleys of the King of France should remain with ours, as you have been at the charge of their equipment. With regard to the ten thousand ducats which you have thought necessary for the said fleet, we have incontinently ordered them to be forthcoming, and will transmit them as soon as possible without fail.

“For the rest, we have no doubt, but you will take care to make the king of France satisfied with the proposed movement to the said Patina, telling him of the honourable treatment he may expect, and of our good intentions towards an universal peace and his consequent enlargement, maintaining throughout this matter our own honor without sullyng his, and preserving the good opinion of the friends of both. You may further assure him in the most courteous terms, that his present removal is only until we have time to come to a good resolution and conclusion of the whole matter. We write thus, because we think it proper that you should spare no pains to make him satisfied, and to keep him cheerful, that he may not take in ill part, or as unkind treatment, his being placed in the castle of Patina, where his person, I repeat, must be kept in perfect security.

“Instead of your maitre d'hotel, who has been taken ill on the road, we send Colin Bajonier; and we have now nothing further to say, until we hear from you, which we much desire; and for this purpose you can send back the said Colin, or some other person as soon as possible, and inform us of what you have done, in the aforesaid matters, and when we may expect you here.

“Given in our city of Toledo, Tuesday the 20th of June, 1525.”

As a further specimen of the Emperor's character, we will extract part of a letter addressed by him confidentially to his brother the Archduke Ferdinand. The reader will observe the decided terms in which the Emperor alludes to the Lutherans. It is curious to contrast the resolution to enforce uniformity of religious opinion, as expressed in the following letter, with a speech made by Charles not long before his death, when in his monastic retirement he used to amuse himself by making clocks and watches, which he could never make to keep time together. “How impracticable was the object in which I so much employed myself during my grandeur! How impossible that I, who could never make two machines that would go exactly alike, could ever make mankind concur in the intricate and mysterious doctrines of religion!”\*

“My good brother!

“I have received your letters by the Commander Meneses, bearer of the present dispatch, and am much rejoiced at the good news of you which he has brought me. He has informed me (having sent his credentials in writing, as did likewise Salinas) of all the things that you desired him to say, in which I have found much that is good, for which I thank you cordially—and now to answer you thereupon.

“First—As to the movement of the Lutherans, and the evil they have done, and to all appearance mean to do; it has annoyed, and does continue to annoy me bitterly. If it were in my power to remedy it speedily, I would spare neither my person nor my estates in the cause, but you see the difficulty there is in it, especially since I hope to be in Italy so soon, in order to take possession of my crowns, as I have already written you word.

“When that is done, I mean to exert all my power in the extermination of this said sect of the Lutherans, nothing doubting, that awaiting my aforesaid return, you will pro-

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\* Compare Hume's “Reign of Mary,” cap. ii., with Robertson's “Reign of Charles V.,” book xii.

vide for the encounter against them in the best manner you can, as you have very well done heretofore; and besides the honour and merit you will acquire towards God, and the world, I shall hold myself much bounden to you for it.

“As to the dispatch that you ask for, concerning the necessary letters and instructions which would be required on the subject of your election to be king of the Romans, and your wish that I should let you know how far and in what manner I shall be both able and willing to assist you in gaining the electors in the said election, I pray you to believe and to consider well, that it would be very desirable both for your affairs and my own, that this thing should be done. Nevertheless you know and are aware of the condition of the said electors, and how that I do not think all the gold of Spain could gain them at present, because of the difficulties which would be suggested by such people as you well know are far from being favourably disposed towards us. They would raise suspicions, *zizanie* (discords), scruples, diffidence and great jealousy both between the potentates of Italy and the several princes of Germany. They would probably allege, and with truth, that at present I am myself, in fact, no more than King of the Romans, and that on this account the election of another ought to be deferred.

“Under this pretext they would bring me into some quarrel which I should have difficulty in getting out of; whilst you would be involved in the same, inasmuch as my troubles so strictly concern you. Wherefore, my good brother, I advise you to keep this matter very secret, and not to let any one hear of it, until I have assumed my said crowns as Emperor. This done, you may be assured that I will assist you in the said election, with all my power, and, by my presence then, I shall do more to the purpose with one golden florin, than could now be effected with one million. Wherefore, as aforesaid, the thing cannot be done till my coronation is over—for it would only be losing money, and spoiling all to attempt it at present.

“I am at this time writing to several princes of Germany, and addressing myself to them as having concluded to go shortly to my coronation, as you will advertise them more at length. I am not writing to them to prepare themselves, nor to come to meet me, because they would require money, and would afterwards hold me responsible for it. Wherefore, considering that they are not bound to appear at the said coronation, I have thought it better to send them no other notice of it, than one of courtesy such as my said letters contain. I have desired the superscriptions to be left blank and open, in order that you may have them filled up and directed to whomsoever you please; and I think they may serve and assist in the readier dispatch and conclusion of the said Diet of

St. Michel's, under colour of the necessity of commencing at that time your journey towards Milan, there to join or await me—for I singularly desire to see you, and to enjoy the comfort and pleasure of your fraternal presence, and that we may confer together on all our affairs. Wherefore I will give you early notice of the time you should leave Germany, and it suffices for the present, that you hold everything in good order and readiness, as I have no doubt you well know how to do.

“The King of France is now here—I have caused him to be placed in the castle of *Patina*, where he will be well treated. He has offered me certain articles of peace, which I send you a copy of, and has promised to do still better. I will let you know the result; and if it tends to my honour and advantage, and to the preserving of my friends, I will follow your advice in coming to terms, well knowing that it would be very propitious to my interests to make peace before I leave this for Italy. If the said peace cannot be concluded, I shall order the said King of France to be kept here in all safety, and will deliberate on the subject of a war for next year.’”

When Francis I. was taken prisoner to Spain, he lost his health, partly from confinement, but chiefly from anguish of mind. He was visited while in prison by his favourite sister Marguerite de Valois, whom he used to call, punning on her name, “*La Marguerite des Marguerites*.” She came to Spain also with the intention of treating for peace with the Emperor. The letters from Margaret to the Emperor are very brief, and we are disappointed with this part of the correspondence. Mr. Bradford's account of Margaret is a very fair specimen of his own style of composition, and will not be without interest for many readers; but we have not room for extracting more than what relates to her visit to Francis:—

“The duchess set out on her mission, attended by some of the dignitaries of the kingdom, even before the safe conduct demanded of the Emperor had reached Lyons; provided with full powers from the Regent, and accredited in her own person to conduct the negotiation. About the time of her arrival at Madrid, the king's illness had assumed a dangerous character. The Emperor, according to his itinerary, given in another part of this volume, had come to visit him the day before. The entry is as follows, ‘On the 18th of September, the Emperor came from Segovia, which he had left on the 16th, to Madrid, to visit the King of France, who according to the report of his physicians, was

very ill. On the following day also arrived the Duchess of Alençon, the king's sister, whom the Emperor received on the staircase and conducted to the sick bed of Francis; after which the Emperor again departed, leaving the duchess with the king her brother.'

"No great impression seems to have been made on Charles's sensibility or generosity at this touching interview. The duchess was left to employ all her address in treating with cold-hearted counsellors, officially concerned, whose determination was made, and who abated nothing of their oppressive conditions.

"There seemed to be some shew of good feeling on the part of Charles, when he first presented himself to his illustrious captive. 'Sir,' said Francis, when the Emperor first appeared before him, 'you come to witness the death of your prisoner;' 'You are not my prisoner,' returned Charles, 'but my friend and my brother; I have no other desire than to give you liberty, and all the satisfaction you desire.'

"It would have been well if these consoling words had been followed by corresponding actions; but other affairs called him off to Toledo to meet Bourbon, whose interests also were to be considered in the arrangements pending with Francis. The marks of friendship and favour heaped upon this ill-fated and culpable prince by his new master, roused the indignation of the Castilian nobles. It was on this occasion that the Marquis of Villana, whose palace had been assigned as his temporary residence, thus dared to address the Emperor: 'Sire, I can refuse nothing to your majesty; but the moment Bourbon quits my house, I shall set fire to it, as a place polluted by the presence of a traitor, and no longer a fit residence for men of honour.'

"It was on the final departure of the Duchess of Alençon, that the king's dejection returned; when in utter despair of obtaining his liberty on terms otherwise than dishonourable to himself and ruinous to the interests of his country, he came to the resolution of abdicating his crown. This magnanimous determination was soon resounded throughout Europe, and redoubled the interest felt for his misfortunes. All the men of letters were forward in deploring his fate; and Erasmus, a subject of the Emperor, had the boldness thus to plead his cause to his master. 'If I were conqueror,' wrote this eminent man, I would thus speak to the conquered; 'My brother, fate has made you my prisoner; a like misfortune might have happened to me. Your defeat shews the fragility of all human greatness: Receive your freedom; become my friend. Let all rivalry cease between us except that of virtue. In delivering you, I acquire more glory than if I had conquered France. In accepting this kindness with gratitude, you achieve more than if you had driven me from Italy.'

"This good advice was all thrown away;

other notions prevailed, and Charles with his ministers went on in their cold heartless diplomacy, as the ensuing letters testify.

"The first in order is the minute of a letter from Charles to the King of France, written from Segovia, a little before his visit to Madrid.

"These minutes of letters from the Emperor, many of them autograph, were memoranda, to be worked up by the secretary into a more epistolary form.

"TO THE KING OF FRANCE.

"Segovia, September, 1523.

"I have been informed by your letter of the news of M<sup>re</sup>. D'Alençon, your sister, having set sail, and hope soon to hear of her disembarkment, which I much desire, and which will give me pleasure. I have also been informed of your illness, at which I am deeply grieved. On this account I send Don John de Cúñiga to learn, as I hope, better tidings of your health. Through whom I beg you to communicate them to him who desires to be, and to remain your &c. &c.'

"The following from the Duchess of Alençon to the Emperor, is from a facsimile of the original, from which the translation is made. It is in so illegible a hand, that the meaning in one or two passages is only to be guessed. It was written apparently a few days after the Emperor's visit to her brother.

"Sire!

"September, 1523.

"The kind visit which you have been pleased to make to the king my brother, and the good words which the present satisfactory messenger has brought him from you, as well as the letters you have condescended to write to me with your own hand, and which I have shewn him, have given him so much comfort and ease, that I now see him out of all danger for the present, rejoicing in the hope of a speedy termination of affairs, and the continuation of your entire friendship.

"Whereupon, Sire, for fear of a relapse, which might prove fatal, and thus deprive you of so good and affectionate a friend and brother as I know him to be, may it please you to permit for the same cause that you kindly agreed to my coming here, that I should shortly go to you, in order that I may at once witness the union of two princes whom God has placed together upon earth, and endued with greater power and excellence than others, for some inestimable good. And this I now more than ever hope for.

"Your most humble

"MARGUERITE.

"To the Emperor."

The letters from the Court of London from Chapnys (the Capucius of Shakspeare), are also extremely interesting, though not containing much important matter. But we have shown to our readers that the volume before us is a most valuable accession to a



historical library, and every one who has a copy of Robertson's "Charles V." on his shelves, ought to place this volume by its side. There is an *actuality* about this volume, and a presentation of historical subjects at first hand, which give it great value. Robertson's work is too general in its views, and not sufficiently graphic in its details; and as an illustrative commentary upon the times under consideration, this volume of Mr. Bradford's is a most valuable present. We are under obligation to him for his labours and most valuable researches, and hope that we shall have the pleasure

of meeting him again in the historical field.

The state of Europe since the days of the Emperor Charles presents so interesting a subject, from its wonderful changes, that we propose to notice it in connexion with some recent contributions to historical science. What we have said at the commencement of this article may serve as a preliminary introduction to our historical reviews of the chief events in the histories of the Five Great Powers, together with those of the Papacy and Italian States, since the days of Charles V.

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GRACE KENNEDY.

CHAPTER IV.

GRACE's month of trial had expired—a second rolled over, and she was still with Mrs. Saunders, learning something every day, and a favourite with all. Her first friend, the cook, treated her like her own child, and took care to let her want for nothing in the eating way; and as her business was chiefly in the kitchen, she learned a great deal of cooking; and the housemaid taught her to sew, and took her up stairs, and shewed her how to make the beds and clean the rooms; and the laundry-maid taught her to wash and make up things; and William, the butler, used to take her on his knee in the evenings, and hear her say her letters, and tell her stories; and Miss Jane taught her a lesson every day in the school-room, before her mamma; and Grace was by no means a stupid pupil, she had quite learned her alphabet, and was spelling little words. But Jane had hard work teaching her about God and Jesus Christ. It was a long time before she could impress on her mind that "God's eyes were on every place, beholding the evil and the good." And Jane sometimes got a little impatient with her pupil; but her mother's clear eye looked over at her, and she checked herself and recommenced again; and sometimes she wished to go out, and wanted to put off the instruction till late in the day;

but Mrs. Saunders never would allow this. "You have undertaken the education of Grace, my dear Jane, at your own request, and you must attend to it regularly—the lesson will soon cease to be thought of by both you and her, if the hour is optional." And so Grace pursued her studies, loving everybody and loved by all. She was now quite a pretty girl, with nice rosy cheeks, and sweet blue eyes smiling into yours as she addressed you. And Jane taught her prayers, and spoke of Jesus Christ, and how we were to pray to God in his name. Grace, as she took off her clothes at night, and knelt down to offer her little petitions to the Almighty, would think of her father at home, and Peter, and Katty, and wonder had they as good clothes as she had. And then her thoughts came back to where she was, and she prayed God to bless the good lady who gave her all those things. And then she would dream that she and Ned were wandering over the country again, and that she was toiling home to the hut on the bog with the bag on her back; and she tripped and fell; and Ned tried to help her up; and she awoke, and found herself in her nice little bed, instead; but poor Ned was gone. And then she would cry and fall asleep again.

Another month rolled over, and Jane was not tired of teaching Grace her les-



sons. But were all Grace's trials ended? Had she no temptations to resist like other people? Mrs. Saunders allowed her to learn her lessons in the school-room, and write on the slate, which she had just commenced; and sometimes she brought up her work to be taught more regularly than Catherine the housemaid instructed her below stairs. And one day they had all gone out to drive, and she had learned her lesson in the school-room after they went, and written a copy of strokes on the slate. And now she took up her work to go on hemming a rubber that her mistress had given her as a trial, and after two or three stitches she awkwardly broke her needle. What should she do? Mrs. Saunders always blamed her when she broke her needle—she said it was carelessness. If she could but get another. Oh, there was Miss Jane's work-box on the table. If it was open? She stood up—paused for a second, then went over to the table—stopped again. She tried was it open. It was. Oh, what a pretty looking-glass in the back of it! And Grace looked at the glass, and made it seem ten times more charming. What a nice thimble!—it just fitted her. She had a very ugly thimble compared with it. And a dear little pair of scissors! But where were the needles? She had seen Miss Jane take them out of a little book. Where was it? Ha! there's a little blue ribbon. What is this? And she pulled, and the whole thing came up; and there was the needle-book underneath. She opened it, and got a needle. Ah, Grace! shut the whole thing up, now. Do, darling Grace! There's trouble before you, Grace. No! She put the needlebook back. There was something blue in the corner. What is this? She took it up. A nice little blue bag, with bright beads at the ends, and rings on it. Oh, how pretty! and so heavy. What makes it heavy? Poor Grace! And she pulled up the rings, and turned it up; and then shining white money poured into her hand. Sixpences—shillings—and big shillings! She never saw so much before. Now, dear Grace—steady, resist,—do not sully your sweet name by taking any. The silver glittered on her palm. All Miss Jane's. So much. She did not know how much. Would Miss Jane miss one little sixpence? And she took one up with her other hand. A little sixpence from so much.

She looked at it. All Miss Jane's Christmas-boxes. She was keeping it up to buy something. Miss Jane, her little mistress, who was so good to her. Would she take her sixpence? Miss Jane who taught her, who was her friend, and advised her—Miss Jane who spoke to her of poor Ned, who told her of God and Jesus Christ—Miss Jane who said "God's eyes are on every place beholding the evil and the good." The sixpence dropped back to the rest. Hurrah! hurrah! she conquered. She did not sin—she held the bright jewel of honesty and gratitude still unstained. God keep thee so by *His* grace, my darling child! She took the purse again to put the silver back. But stop. 'Tis not over yet. A shadow darkened the window of the room, which opened on the grass-plot in front. Grace looked up. Oh, God! Oh! horror of horror! Her mother looking in at her. Now Grace trembled—now she prayed that the bolt was shot inside—: 'twas really a door, though like a window. Ah, Grace! your evil genius was near you when you went to look for that needle. There she is. Her mother looking at her. She laid her hand on the door—it opened—and she came into the room.

"'Haith yer thrivin', Grace, abagur, since ye left home—ye've med yer i.e. tin, an' ye're countin' the money. Begorra, its quick work wid ye. May be ye'd tell us the secret," she continued, coming towards her stealthily.

"Arrah, dont be grippin' it up in yer han', that a way—show us how much is id?"

"Mother, mother!" whispered Grace, almost choking, "it's all Miss Jane's." And she put her hand behind her.

"Come, be aisy now—an' if id's not yours, what is it in yer hand for?"

Grace was pale—she became criminal.

"Shew id here," continued her mother, "sure I'll not ate it."

"Ye'll not take any?" asked Grace, in her innocence.

"Take any?—is id me? Sure hanna! your father plenty now?"

"Well, there," said Grace, stepping back a step, and opening her hand.

"Oh, begorra!" said her mother, peering close, "four half-crowns, an' shillins, an'—"

She sprung on Grace, seized her wrist, took the money, and darted from the room. Ah! Grace, what will you

All's lost, now—honour, character, and all!

She was paralysed at first. She stood and gasped at the open window, and then, with a scream, rushed out. Her mother was just entering a shrubbery at the rear of the house. On Grace sped after her. Run, Grace, run—catch the thief—get the money back. Now, Grace—on the shrubbery walk—there she is—speed thee on, child!—'tis for honesty and honour, more than life. The end of the shrubbery—then the field—then the road. As she reached the field Grace overtook her.

“Mother! mother darlint! yer jok-in'. Give it to me—it's not mine—it's Miss Jane's. Mother, give it to me.” And she caught her dress, and held her. “Mother, mother! give it.”

“D—n you, let me go,” was the answer.

“Give it, mother—give it back.”

And still Grace held on. A blow—and she fell insensible. The thief hurried on.

Grace recovered. Where was her mother, and the money? Follow on still. Poor Grace! Still run on—along the road—she is not there—still on. Oh! mother, robbing your young child; stop and give that money to her.

Still on. The dark night came, with the little stars only as guides. Still on—out of breath. There is Escar and the police. Shall she ask did she pass? Oh! no—she is her mother.

Still run on. Turn on the bog-road—darker and darker still—on—on.

The bog on each side—the long, bleak road. She is opposite the old hovel. There is no light in that direction. How well she knows the path dotted with stones. There was no door to the hut—it was empty. Where were they? Gone! She stopped and

sat down in the old home she knew so well, and cried. Where were they all? ‘Mr. Worrell might know. On again.

Worrell opened his door himself.

“What do you want at this time of night?” he asked.

“It's Grace, sir—Grace Kennedy.”

“Ah! Grace, is it you? What brings you here, Grace?”

“My mother—I mean, where is my father livin'?”

“Sure he's got a house from Mr. Rawson, and is living there. But come in to the fire, Grace dear.”

“Oh! no, sir, I can't. But tell me, where's the house.”

“The second house up the boreen, on the left hand side, after you pass Mr. Rawson's big white gate.”

“Oh! thank you, sir.”

And Grace vanished. She found the house, and knocked.

“Does Peter Kennedy live here?” she asked, as a voice asked who was there.

“Yis,” was the answer.

The door opened, and she was in her father's arms.

“Is mother here?” she asked.

“No, alannah, she's not. Come to the fire, acushla. Bud yer could. Here, Mick, get up an' light the candle. There now, warm yourself. Alannah machree, what makes ye cry? Will ye ate anythin'?”

“No, father dear.”

“Well, come tell us —”

“When will mother come in?”

“Oh! sometimes she doesn't come in at all—sometimes later nor this; she does be out often for two or three days together.”

“I want to spake to her.”

“Well, darlint, lie down on the childer's bed, an' I'll wake ye whin she comes in.”

And after some persuasion Grace lay down and slept.

## CHAPTER V.

WHAT trouble there was at Fairport when they came home from driving. Jane took off her things, and went to the school-room for her work-box. There it was, the tray on one side, the box open, and the blue purse empty. All the little savings gone. Her Christmas-boxes, that she kept so safely, storing up each penny from day to day

to buy a frock for her pupil when she was able to read—all gone! Ah! good Jane. Pity for Jane. Her sweet castle, furnished with good intents and rich rewards, fallen to the ground. Unhappy Jane! And she sat down to cry.

And as she delayed to come with her work, Mrs. Saunders came to look for

her. There she was, sobbing in the dark.

"Jane, my love, what's the matter?" asked her mother.

"It's all gone, mamma—all the money's gone."

"What money, dear?"

"My money—four half-crowns, eight shillings, and five sixpences."

"Your money!" repeated Mrs. Saunders, and rang the bell to call for a candle.

The light was brought. There it was—the tossed work-box, the empty purse, and the open window. The money was gone!

"Call Mr. Saunders," said the lady.

And he came and saw the scattered things.

"William," he said, "collect the servants; do not let one leave the house."

And they all came—only one was missing.

"Where was Grace?" Silent all.

"Call Grace," said Mrs. Saunders, gently. Silence still.

"She's not in the house, ma'am," said William, sorrowfully.

"The last time I saw her was going to say her task to Miss Jane," said Catherine.

"I told her to stay here and learn her lesson, and write," sobbed Jane.

"It was Grace took the money," said Mr. Saunders, after a pause.

"I'm sorry for it. You may go down stairs," he said, addressing the servants.

"Ellen, dear, your experiment has signally failed. Jane, pet, don't cry; how much did you lose?"

"Four half-crowns, eight shillings, and five sixpences," said Jane, still crying.

"A pound and sixpence altogether," said her father, "which I will give you. So don't cry any more."

"William, send down to the police-sergeant at Escar to say that I would be glad to speak to him."

"Oh! papa, pray don't punish her," cried Jane. "Maybe she'll bring it back; she was tempted, I'm sure. Oh! don't tell the police."

"Jane," answered her father, "when people do wrong, we ought to prevent others from following their example; but punishment is another question in this case. We must first try and recover the money."

There was grief and heart-burning at Fairport that evening. Mrs. Saun-

ders was sorry that her *protégé* had so completely disappointed her hopes.

Jane would have given twice as much as she lost to have her forgiven and back again; and she cried at intervals till she went to bed, to think of her taking it when she was saving it up to buy a frock, and bonnet, and cape, for Grace herself. And Charles sympathized with his sister.

The servants one and all grieved for her and pitied her; and various were the comments and conjectures among them after they went down stairs. She had not even taken her bonnet, or any of her clothes but those on her. Was it not an extraordinary thing!

The police-constable came, and Mr. Saunders had him in the hall to speak with him.

"Why, sir, a girl such as you describe ran by the barrack to-day about half-past four. I did not see her, but I heard one of the men speak of it. She had no bonnet on?"

"Of that I'm not sure," answered the gentleman. "I will call the housemaid, and learn how she was dressed."

So Catherine was unwillingly obliged to describe her dress, and poor Jane herself had to come and assist in the description.

"It is likely, from what you tell me, Dalton," continued Mr. Saunders, "that she is at her old home or near it; so you will have the goodness to make inquiry, and let me know the result as soon as you can."

"Will you swear informations, sir?"

"No, not yet. I am in hopes that if you find the girl, you will get the money also, and in that case I should not be inclined to prosecute."

And the policeman took his leave.

Very early the next morning Grace awoke. Such dreams as she had. There was Miss Jane crying, and asking why did she take the money; and there Mrs. Saunders looking so sorrowfully at her. then it changed to Ned, and the little pale face as she saw him last; and then her mother, with her furious look, as she struck her down. And Grace awoke, crying bitterly. Her father was up; he had lit a candle, and was kindling the fire. Grace got up at once, and dressed herself.

"Ah! acushla, is that you?" he asked. "I was just goin' to call you. What moanin' an' cryin' ye kept all night, alannah machree. Come over here to the fire, darlin', an' take this

sup of warm milk, an' tell me all; they're asleep now, an' none to listen."

And the father and daughter sat down by the little fire, the father supplying the mother's place in listening to the outpourings of a daughter's sorrowful heart—the father administering the sweet, kind words of comfort to the mourner's ear, that a mother's tender voice ought to have uttered. And so, with his arm round her neck, and her's round his waist, she told her tale. He groaned, he clenched his hand, his teeth ground together—

"She struck ye?" he cried, starting up as she finished; "struck ye like a dumb baste! An' was it to rob an' ruin ye that she took the stranger's goold? Grace," he continued, after a pause, "I must go to my work; I have all the cattle to mind at Mr. Rawson's, and it wouldn't do to be late. Wait here, jewel, till evenin'; maybe she'll bring it here, or lave it back at the house." Poor Kennedy felt, as he spoke it, that it was a false hope. "And I'll get lave from Mr. Rawson, who's a good man to me, God bless him, to come here an hour before dark, and we'll go over to Mr. Saunders's. Get the childher's breakfast for them whin they wake, Grace ahagur, an' don't fret; sure ye're not in fault."

And he left the cottage.

Ah! Grace—my poor girl—your troubles are not over yet; still the clouds of sorrow are gathering more gloomily over you, and a heavy shower of bitterness is about to fall.

The breakfast was over, and Mick was gone, and Grace had got a needle, and was mending her little sister's frock—*her* old one—and she was talking to the little things as Miss Jane used to do with her, and told them little stories, and was just in the middle of one, when a voice behind her at the door asked—

"Is this Peter Kennedy's house?"

And Grace turned round, and let fall her work, as a policeman entered.

Grace dropped her work.

"Ho! ho!" said the policeman, "there you are, quite comfortable. Here she is, Dobbin," he continued, calling to a companion outside; and both came into the house.

Grace's cheeks tingled—her heart swelled to bursting. She looked down; she could not speak; she knew why they were come. They mistook her confusion for that caused by guilt.

"You're a nice one, arn't you, to go rob your mistress, after her bein' so good to you?"

Grace found words—

"I didn't rob her," she said, passionately.

"Oh, no; you only took a loan of it, I suppose. Well, I'll trouble you to hand it back, at all events. Come, Dobbin, search the house and beds, while I try her and the young ones."

To no purpose, of course, was the search.

"Come, lass," said he, "you must tramp with us."

"Oh, I didn't take it," she cried, "it was —"

She stopped, and thought of her mother. Should she tell of her own mother? She was bad to her, surely, but still her mother. She would go to gaol if she told, and then who would take care of Peter and Katty? Her father would make her give it back. She would not tell that her mother took it. This resolution strengthened her, and gave her courage. She prepared to accompany the policemen.

They brought her first to the barracks at Escar, and one of them, with the sergeant, conducted her thence to Mr. Saunders's. William opened the door; his eyes filled with tears as he saw Grace thus guarded.

"Ah, my poor Grace!" he said.

"Tell your master," said the sergeant, "that we're here."

And Mr. Saunders came out. Grace, in her resolve not to tell, became quite calm. The police thought it was sullenness; so did Mr. Saunders.

"We have her, sir," said the police, touching their caps. "Jackson and Dobbin found her in her father's house; they searched her and the house, but could not find the money. And she won't say anything; she's quite dogged."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Saunders, as the police stepped into the hall with their prisoner. "I am very sorry to see it; we shall make her speak, I dare say."

And the servants stole up to look at their favourite.

"The cratur!" said Margaret.

"Poor little thing!" said Catherine.

William said nothing; he was afraid he would cry. He thought of his own little daughter at home. The door from the school-room opened, and

Mrs. Saunders and the children appeared. Grace looked up; the lady advanced towards her.

"Grace," she said, sorrowfully, "how could you do this when we were so kind to you? Had you not enough; and from Miss Jane, too, who taught you your lessons?"

Grace looked up again. The large, silent tear-drops were rolling down Jane's cheek. The eyes of the two little girls met. Grace lost herself. She ran to her, knelt down at her feet, took her hand, kissed it again and again, and sobbed forth—

"I didn't, Miss Jane; I didn't, indeed. Don't cry, darlin' Miss Jane; we'll get it back again, maybe; but I didn't take it. Sure I wouldn't stale now, an' sure I wouldn't stale from you."

And Grace knelt at Jane's feet, and wept. The servant-women put their aprons to their eyes.

"I knew she didn't," said the cook.

William turned down stairs to cry in the pantry. Jane stooped over the kneeling girl, and holding her hand, cried with her. Mrs. Saunders herself was moved. Her husband was of sterner mould.

"Come away, Jane," he said, taking his daughter's hand. "Well, Grace," he asked, "if you did not take the money, who did? You were the only one in the school-room yesterday while your mistress was out; and if you did not take it, why did you run away?"

Grace wept still in silence, and answered not.

"You know something about the money, I dare say," he continued. "Give it back, and in consideration of your youth I shall let the matter drop; but if you don't restore the money, or tell where it may be found, I must send you to prison."

Grace cried afresh.

"I don't know where it is," she sobbed; "I wish I did."

"If you don't tell something more about it, I must swear informations against you, and send you to M—— gaol," again reiterated Mr. Saunders.

There was no answer—a pause.

"Grace, will you not say anything?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

"I can't, ma'am; I didn't take it."

"But you know, if you want us to believe you, you must tell something more than that."

"Oh, come," said Mr. Saunders, hastily, "I'll ride over to Hamilton's, and get the warrant for her committal."

"Ah, wait," said his wife, "perhaps she'll tell."

"Oh, ma'am," said Dalton, the policeman, "there's no use; she's made up her mind badly, and doesn't know what's for her good. A few nights in the gaol will bring her to her senses; and you know, ma'am, Mr. Saunders need not prosecute if he does not like; and it's a long way to M——, so the men ought by right to start now, to be back before night."

"Well, Grace, once more," said Mr. Saunders, "will you tell where you have hid the money?"

She only answered by tears.

"Do tell, Grace," said her mistress.

"I can't, ma'am; I don't know where it is."

"Oh, that will do," said the gentleman. "Dalton, will you have her sent to Mr. Hamilton's, and I will go over to get the warrant."

And Grace trudged along the weary road to gaol, the long road she never was on before; and a policeman marched on each side of her, with a gun and bayonet. And Grace smiled within herself. She walked on with a lighter step—she felt she did not take it. She felt proud as she thought that she bore another's guilt; and that Katty and Peter would not be left alone, and that her father would have somebody to get his dinner for him.

It was three o'clock when they entered M——. She was very tired; and the people looked out at the tall policemen and the little child as they passed along the town. And the boys left their play to follow them; but there was no hooting, not even a laugh; they all pitied. The thoughtless boys felt for the pretty, golden-haired girl—for her bonnet was forgotten, and her light-brown ringlets floated in the wind. And the little girls longed to go up and ask her what she had done. And the good mothers sighed as they thought of one so young in sin.

They came to the large, black-looking gaol, with ugly railing over the huge door; and the bell was rung, and the warrant of committal handed in, and Grace after it, and the wicket-door shut again. Grace was in gaol.



## CHAPTER VI.

POOR Kennedy! He got permission from his master to leave work earlier than usual. Another man took his place with the cattle. And he hurried home.

"I'll right her," he said, as he went along. "We'll go to Mr. Saunders's. Two hours there, and two back. I'll be back by eight o'clock."

And so he came to the house.

"Where's Grace?" he asked.

The little things could only tell him that two men came for her, and she went with them.

"Was yer mother here?" he asked.

"No, daddy, an' we're very hungry."

He hurriedly got something to eat for the little creatures. Surely, he thought, Mr. Saunders sent for Grace. Then telling the children to go to bed when they had eaten their supper, he went out. A neighbour's wife was washing a pot before her door, a little lower down the lane.

"Tell us, Biddy," he asked, "did ye see two men goin' to my house the day?"

"Faix I did, Pether a-hagur, an' I seen them goin' away too."

"Grace was with them, was she?"

"Yer daughter, ye mane," said the woman, coldly; "'haith she was."

"What is id ye mane at all, Biddy achora?"

"They was polismen that was wid yer daughter, Pether agra," answered the woman, raising herself up, and standing before him.

"Polis!" he shrieked, "polis!" and ran off. "Och, she's taken, the innocent cratur;" and he ran. "They wouldn't believe her. Bud where am I runnin' to?"

He turned back to the woman.

"Was it the Escar polis was in id?" he asked.

"Jist thim," was the answer.

"An' what time, Biddy honey?"

"Jist about eleven o'clock this mornin'."

"Oh, she's in gaol by this," he said, as he turned away. "I'll clear her, though, to her mistress, the kind lady; I'll prove her innocent, the darlint. I'll have the other wan taken." And on he sped to Escar.

Oh, he could not walk—he ran. There's Mr. Worrell's—on to the bog road; there's his old house. He

stops to breathe. He thinks of Grace in prison. On again—on, on, over the bog road. He did not feel the cold wind and the spitting rain beating against his face—Grace was in prison. He heeds not the sharp, rough stones he trips against in his haste—Grace is in prison. On, on, still. Here's the bridge, and the end of the bog road. On up the hill to the barrack. He rushes in.

"What made ye take Grace?" he asked, hardly able to speak from want of breath.

"Who are ye at all?" asked the sergeant, standing up.

"Ye took her presner to-day, didn't yez?" he asked.

"Took who prisoner?"

"Grace Kennedy, that was livin' at Mrs. Saunders's."

"Yes, we did; these two men are just after leaving her in the gaol."

"Oh my God iv Heaven!"—sitting down, and covering his face with his hands—and then he started up—"she didn't take it—'twas her mother; her mother forced it from her. Go 'rest her, I tell yez. Put *her* in gaol—my wife, Katty Kennedy. Take her up, and let the innocent darlint go."

"The man's mad," said the police.

"I'm not mad. I tell yez it was Katty Kennedy took the money for dhrink, and ye'll find her now in Philipstown, or Hollywood, or somewhere, dhrunk."

"I think we'll have to arrest you, too," said the sergeant, "as you know so much about the matter."

"Och, 'rest me if yez like; but let me go up to the good lady, Mrs. Saunders, and clear Grace."

"Oh, I'll take you there myself. Come along."

He told his story by the way—and they were brought into the hall; and the policeman told the servant that he had learned something more about the money.

Mr. Saunders was at dinner; but he and all the family came out.

"Och, ma'am, ye sent her to gaol," commenced Kennedy, in a piteous tone—"och, ye sent her to gaol, an' she innocent. The poor child. She never took it, ma'am dear; she never took it."

"What is all this?" asked Mr. Saunders. "Dalton, who is this man?"

"The girl's father, sir, at whose house the men found her this morning."

"My good man," said Mrs. Saunders, approaching Kennedy, "do you really mean to say that she is innocent?"

"I do, me lady. God knows she is. It was her mother took the money; and the darlint thought how she'd be punished if she told; so she wouldn't peach, an' is gone to prison herself, instead. That's the only raison I can think of for her not tellin' at onst, as she told me this mornin'."

"What did she tell you?"

"Why, yer ladyship, she said she was in the room, an' the young lady's workbox was open; an' Grace, the cratur' was lookin' for a needle, or somethin' in it; an' her mother came in by the window, and took the money out of the child's hand by force; an' Grace follyed her, and overtook her, and wanted to hould her; but the mother turned and struck her down, and darted off. Thin Grace got up, and follyed on, but lost her, and came to my house, wet and cowl'd, to thry if she was there. An' that's the story ma'am; an' I had to go to my work this mornin', and I saw she was loath to come back here by herself; so I told her to wait 'till evenin' an' I'd go wid her; an' I got leave from my mather to quit work early, and whin I came to the cabin she was gone. The polis had her, and then I ran on here, an' now she's in gaol."

And poor Kennedy's voice faltered through his tale, and at the end he fairly cried.

"Ah, John, you were too hasty. If I had spoken to her myself, she would have told me, I am sure," whispered his lady, sorrowfully.

"There is one point in your story that I do not understand," said Mr. Saunders, addressing the man. "You say that the woman forced the money out of the child's hand. Now, how came it in her hand?"

"Ah! the cratur took it up to look at it, I suppose, yer honour."

"Jane, my love, was not your money in the purse?"

"Yes, papa, in a corner of the workbox."

"So, you see, my man, that your daughter must first have taken the money out of the purse into her own hand, before it could be forced from it."

"Ah, sir, I'm not sure what she did; but wan thing I'm sartin of, that she niver thought of takin' the money, an' niver did."

"Don't you think, sir, it would be advisable to detain this man," asked the policeman.

"Why, there is no evidence whatever against him, Dalton, even by any accidental admission of his own. I don't see how you can keep him."

"Oh! don't go for to keep me, gentlemen, for the love iv heaven, or I'll lose my place; and Mr. Rawson's a good man, an' I'll get lave from him to come to-morrow; but who'd fodder the cows in the mornin' if I'm away. I'll do all I can for yez, to get the colleen out o' gaol, but don't keep me. There's two little wans at home, and maybe its the house they have set a-fire. Don't keep me. Sure, I wouldn't have come to the polis at all, if I had any hand in it. An' I'll find Katty, too, I'll go bail."

"Well, sir," said Dalton, "I think I had better take him up to Mr. Hamilton's, and get a warrant for the apprehension of the woman he speaks of, in his testimony in the case."

And they went to the magistrate's—the husband to give evidence against the wife, to save the child.

"Can we not get Grace out of prison now, dear?" asked Mrs. Saunders to her husband, as they returned to the dinner-table.

"Why, I dont know; she has been certainly to blame, according to her father's account, in going to the workbox at all, and then taking the money out. I wish you would see her, my love, and try if her version corresponds with what her father says. You have no objection to visit the gaol?"

"Oh, not the least," answered the lady; "only too happy, if I can be of any service to poor Grace, who I really hope is innocent. Can we not get her out?"

"I would not like to withdraw my informations, having sworn to them, particularly as the mother has not yet been taken; and the girl may be the guilty party, after all. But if you think well of her tale to-morrow, I may endeavour to get her out on bail; but you know, Ellen, it would be out of the question her coming here, as long as the shadow of a doubt rested on her."

"Where could we put her?" said his wife, half to herself.

"Let her go home, can't she?—the fittest place for her."

"Oh, John, how can you say that—home!—to that wretched hovel in the bog!"—for Mrs. Saunders was not aware of Kennedy's change of residence. "And what good has she learned in this home, that we should send her there?"

"The old schoolmistress wants a servant, I think," whispered Jane.

"Thank you, darling, for the hint; yes, that will just do," said her mother.

"She can stay at the school, and attend to her lessons, till she can come back here with a character unstained."

Next day Mrs. Saunders, with her husband, drove to the gaol.

They were shown into the master's parlour, and he himself soon appeared.

"Mr. Denny," said the gentleman, "we would be glad to see a little prisoner that was brought to you yesterday."

"I know, sir, a little light-haired child, about twelve years old—her name was Grace—Grace—"

"Kennedy," suggested Mr. Saunders.

"Exactly, sir—Kennedy—charged with robbing her mistress. Well, sir, she is in the house here. My wife, on seeing her, took quite a fancy to her. She was tired, poor thing, and hungry, when she came in, and she was taken down to the kitchen to eat something, and there she so won on my wife, good woman, that she declared she would not send her among the other prisoners, but would keep her herself to assist in the house. Poor little thing, she is very unhappy."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Saunders, "I should be glad to speak to her, alone, Mr. Denny, if it were perfectly convenient."

"Oh, certainly, ma'am, if you will step up to the drawing-room."

"I will walk round the prison with you, if you will allow me, Mr. Denny," interrupted Mr. Saunders, "and the little girl can come in here."

"Very well, sir, exactly," and they both left the room. "Will you wait here, sir, for a moment, 'till I call her?"

Poor Grace came up at the summons that some one wanted to speak to her.

And she entered the room, and there was her mistress. She jumped forward with delight, but stopped and

crimsoned—she recollected where she was, and she looked down.

"Grace," said her mistress, "come here and sit down beside me. Now, Grace, why did you not tell me yesterday, what your father has told about the money; you would not have come here, then, perhaps?" And the soft, gentle tone went to her heart, and she burst into tears.

"I'm sorry father told," she said, at length.

"Why should you be sorry, if he told the truth?"

"Sure I didn't tell a lie, ma'am dear?"

"I'm not saying you did; but you kept back part of the truth, and that was nearly as bad."

"Was that as bad? but sure —"

"But sure, what?"

"Is'n't there a great punishment for robbin', ma'am?"

"I believe the punishment is heavy; but what has that to say to it?"

"If I told, she'd suffer, ma'am," said Grace, with tearful eye, looking up to her mistress.

"Who is 'she?' Come, go on, Grace; tell me everything. I know all, but I want to hear it from yourself. You were going to take the money yourself, were you not?"

"Oh no, ma'am—indeed, indeed, no. I thought at first that a little sixpence would not be missed, and the devil put that in my head; but I thought then that God was lookin' at me, as you an' Miss Jane often told me, and I put the bad thought away."

"How came you to touch the money at all, Grace?"

"My needle broke, ma'am, an' I knew you'd be angry with me; and I saw Miss Jane's work-box, and tried was it open—I know I did very wrong—and it was; and I found the needle-book in the bottom, and took one. An' thin I saw the little bag, an' took out the money, an' had it in my hand, whin mother came to the glass door—oh, I got such a fright, ma'am—an' she came in an' coaxed herself over to me, and made a snatch at the money, and ran away. I followed her, and caught her just in the shrubbery, and she turned and hit me here, ma'am" (and there was the mark on her temple), "an' I fell; and whin I got up I ran on to father's, thinkin' she was there, but she was'nt. Thin I felt that you'd think that I took it, an' father

said he'd come over with me himself after work. Thin the polis came, an' I didn't like that mother should be taken—what id Katty and Pather do? an' she'd be hung, maybe, an' go to the bad place for wicked people ——."

"And is that all, Grace—the whole truth?"

"Indeed it is, ma'am. And her mistress read in the watery blue eye the bright glance of truth.

"Well, Grace, in the first place, it was awkward of you to break your needle; but there was no *sin* in that; it became *sin* when you went to *take one of Miss Jane's*, which was not your's—it was then the sin of *stealing*; for, as far as the sin goes, it is as great wrong before God to take a needle belonging to another as a pound. You stole a needle, and as you were engaged in the theft your curiosity was excited, and you were very near stealing money also. Your mother came, and actually took the money, the consequence, I may say, of your theft; for if you had not opened the work-box to *steal* the needle you would not have seen the money—you would not then have had it in your hand when your mother came to the window—and she would not have been tempted to take it. You have partly atoned for your fault in being sorry for it. But do not think the *wrong* consisted in going to Miss Jane's work-box, and opening it; that *was* certainly very wrong, idle curiosity; but the sin was in opening it to steal. Do you understand all I have said?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," replied Grace, sobbing, "I did steal the needle—I'm very sorry—an' I must stay here with mother; but ma'am, dear, did she give back the money?"

"She has not been heard of yet at all. But would you like to come away from this, if I could get you out?"

"Oh, ma'am dear, you're so good an' kind to poor me;" and Grace cried on.

"I must go now," said Mrs. Saunders, rising. "You had better go down stairs again."

"Amn't I to go with you, ma'am?"

"No, Grace, I must speak to Mr. Saunders about it; perhaps to-morrow or the day after you will come out. But, Grace, though I believe that you did not take the money, there are others who think you did; so until your mother is taken and tried you

shall stay at the school and learn your lessons. And if you are let out of this, you must promise not to run away or hide yourself anywhere."

"Oh, that I will, ma'am." And Mrs. Saunders held out her hand, and Grace took it in both her's, and looked as if she would have liked to kiss her mistress.

"Good bye, Grace," said her mistress, as they parted outside the door.

"Good bye, ma'am," said Grace, courtesying.

And Mrs. Saunders spoke to her husband, and he arranged with Mr. Hamilton, and the little girl in two days was let out on bail. And Mrs. Denny was very sorry to lose her; the blue-eyed child had won a little spot in the good woman's heart.

But were not they glad at Fairport? Poor Jane was wild with joy—the connecting link of gratitude between her and her humble pupil was not broken; and Charles was very happy too.

And William, the butler, shut himself up in the pantry for a whole hour, and the cook afterwards declared that she heard him crying and "thanking God."

And Catherine did nothing but laugh; and the cook said "she knew it all along," and that "she'd go and bring her back, the cratur'." And she did go. She told her mistress that she had important business in M——, it couldn't be put off; "an' wouldn't the master lend the ass's cart, an' thin she could bring home poor Grace." And her mistress smiled, and said she might go. And William suddenly recollected that he had but a single good boot or shoe in the world, and asked leave to drive the cart.

And they came to the gaol; and there was her father standing at the gate. He heard from the Escar police that she was coming out, and he came to bring her home. Mr. Rawson gave him the day — another man "foddered" the cattle. "His darlint—he knew he'd clear her." And out she came; she had her bonnet now; and her father hugged her, and William and the cook kissed her, and the four got on the cart—Grace between the two servants—and her father sitting behind, with his legs hanging down. And on went the donkey full trot—William could manage him well—on they went through the town; and the little boys recognised the golden-haired

little girl going home; and they ran after the cart and cheered;—"hurrah! hurrah! she's out! she's out!" How well the donkey went; he actually cantered; and the little boys cheered: it was quite a triumph. On they went home—good donkey!—and Peter's legs dangled behind; and he whistled some curious tune. On they went, and they all were so merry. But who are these on before? They come closer; they are like police. Closer still—two policemen holding a woman between them, and dragging her along—oh! God, her mother. Grace felt quite sick; her mother going to gaol—the same police that took her. "Oh! do stop, William." And Peter looked round, but still he whistled his old tune, and the police stopped.

"She's dead drunk," said Dobbin, "and wont walk a step, we're killed dragging her. You're clear at all events," said he, addressing Grace (poor Grace was sobbing bitterly), "we found silver on her, and Miss Jane Saunders knew it to be her's."

"I knew I'd clear her," said Peter behind.

The drunken woman looked up. "Grace," she stuttered. "Mother, mother," sobbed Grace. "Ye d——, may the curse iv ——," but Peter's hand was on her mouth, and he stooped down and whispered in her ear, and the drunken woman sunk down in silence. He jumped on the cart again; "Go an now." And on they went home.

#### CHAPTER VII.

GRACE went home with her father that night to Katty and Peter. Oh, weren't they glad to see her! But there was a great deal of sorrow in Grace's cup of joy. She thought of her mother in prison, and how she had cursed her.

"I must stay with you now, father dear."

"An' why, alannah? Didn't the lady say ye might go back to the big house now that ye war clear?"

"I know she did; but, father, who'll dress yer victuals, and take care of the children?"

"Nivir mind me; an' sure the children won't be worse off than they ever wor."

"But, father dear, sure there's no one now?"

"Nivir you mind, acushla; go back to yer mistress like a good girl to-morrow, as she towld ye; an' I'll think, an' maybe I'd manage; an' I'll go over an' see you on Sunday, plaze God; an' Biddy Hoolagan will have an eye to the childhre till then."

And Grace started the next morning back to Fairport, and she told her dilemma.

"Father wishes me to stay here, ma'am; but who'll mind the children?"

"I quite agree with your father," said Mrs. Saunders; "but I will talk over the matter with the master, and speak to your father when he comes on Sunday."

And she told her husband.

"What can be done?" she asked.

"I don't know anything else," said he, "except to give him work here. I think he's an honest man, and would have no objection to employ him."

"Oh, that will do exactly; and the children can all go to school."

"But you know, my dear, I cannot take him from Rawson; that is, I cannot offer him work so as to induce him to leave his present employment. Dunne, the herd, will be leaving me in a fortnight, and if Kennedy knows anything of cattle, as I think he does, that would suit him; and there's a house, too."

So there was Kennedy as they drove home from church on Sunday. He took off his hat, and approached them.

"Put on your hat, my man," said Mr. Saunders.

"Grace, ma'am," he began, "is very anxious to come home and tache the childhre, and mind them; bud I'm thinkin' that it's betther for her to stay here in a good place and larn herself. An' I'm goin' to make so bowld as to ax yer honor if I might put the little childhre to lodge with some of the neighbours here, and thin they'd be near Grace, and could go to the school; an' may be, in coorse of time, I'd get work about here myself."

"Would you wish for work in this neighbourhood, my friend?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

"Oh! yes, ma'am; sure that id jist do."

"Do you know anything of the



management of black cattle?" inquired the gentleman.

"Is it cattle, sir? sure that's what I'm at all my life; it's herd I am at Mr. Rawson's beyant. The cows, the craturs!"

"Well, my herd is going away in a fortnight, and if you wish for work in this neighbourhood, I'll give you the situation. There is a house, garden, and milk, and five shillings a-week, to be increased if you go on well."

And the hat was off again.

"May God bless you an' yer good lady, sir. I'll ax Mr. Rawson, sir, whin he could let me go, for he's a good man, and I wouldn't take him short; an' I'll tell ye, sir, this day week."

It was all arranged, and in a fortnight they took possession of their new abode.

"Your children will all go to school to-morrow, Kennedy, I hope?" said Mrs. Saunders, on the evening he arrived.

"Oh, yis, ma'am, sartinly; the craturs must have the edication."

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

"Why, ma'am," said Kennedy, approaching her, "by rights I ought to be a Protestant; an' if I know any religion it's that. My father was a Catholic sartinly, but my mother, and all belongin' to her, were raal Protestants. An' she used to be tachin' us when we were young; an' I'm sure that I was christened by the minister, an' often went to the church. Well, mother died an' we all young, an' father didn't much care what we wor; an' the neighbours strove to make us go to chapel, an' they brought the eldest sister, but me an' the boys ran wild; an' any prayers I know are all Protestant."

"Perhaps you could say one for me?" asked Mrs. Saunders, anxious to test the truth of his assertion, for she had a great horror of appearing to buy converts.

"Let me think, ma'am. Oh, here's wan—'O Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all our desires known, an' from whom no sacrets are hid, clane the bad thoughts of our hearts by the Holy Spirit, so that we'll love you always, through Jasus Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

"That is certainly one of our most beautiful prayers," said the lady, solemnly; "and you had a good mother

to teach you to pray to God, to make clean the thoughts of your heart. And about the children, Kennedy?"

"Sure, ma'am, they don't know a hap'orth about God Almighty—an' though Katty was a Roman, ma'am, she nivr throubled her head much about religion, except to take them to the priest to be christened. Sure she had no religion, an' I think the Protestant's the best."

"And it's your wish that your children should be brought up in that faith?"

"It is, ma'am, if ye plaze, wid the help of God."

"But about Grace?" continued the lady, "she has been looked upon here as a Roman Catholic, and has gone to chapel with the cook."

"Oh, it's no matther about Grace, ma'am."

"No matter?" said Mrs. Saunders, somewhat astounded.

"That is, ma'am—I mane, ye may make her what ye like. Be right, I've no call to her." And he came closer. "She's a fondlin', ma'am. But for the love of God, don't tell her that, ma'am. Sure ye needn't tell any wan. She thinks she's ours—an' I'm twice as fond of her as if she was. An' if she knew she wasn't, maybe she wouldn't love her poor father as well as she does. Tache her, yerself, ma'am. I'll be bound ye'll make her a good Christian; but don't tell her that."

"And how did you get her?" asked the lady, eagerly.

"A poor strange woman died in our house," said Kennedy, with a sort of shudder, "and left the little thing."

"Well, it was very good of your wife to bring the child up."

"Humph!" he muttered.

"Well, Kennedy?" continued Mrs. Saunders, "you had better announce yourself that you are a Protestant, and that you wish the children to go to church. I shall speak to Grace myself, and will send her down to-morrow morning, to take them to school." And Mrs. Saunders thought within herself, "thank God, she is not the child of that woman. An orphan. And this man told of his own wife's crime—the mother of his children—to save the strange girl from disgrace. 'Tis very odd." And the good lady buried these things in her heart, and her interest in the protégé increased.

It was early in March, and the hedges and little trees were beginning to tell that spring was come; and the birds sang joyfully in the morning, and there was a smile all round on the face of nature, and Grace and her little brother and sister went regularly to school. Mick had gone off somewhere with his bag, since his mother went to gaol. And Grace was such a good girl—she would win her way back into all their hearts. She had done so, dear child—even Mr. Saunders himself began to notice her, and like her. She was nominally living at Fairport, but was constantly down at her father's. And Mrs. Saunders never missed a pin'sworth from the house by Grace, which she had not given her.

When Mrs. Saunders had spoken to her about going to church, she clapped her hands, and said how glad she was, that she was often going to ask Miss Jane to let her go. She could not understand what they said in the chapel. And on Sundays they locked up the house, and Grace and her father, and brother and sister went to church. Grace used to talk to Miss Jane of all the nice stories of Jesus Christ she heard there.

One morning Mr. Saunders, as he was reading a letter that the post-boy had just brought, exclaimed, "My God! so sudden."

"What is the matter, love?" said his wife, alarmed.

"Poor Mrs. Fortescue is no more," he answered, solemnly.

"You don't say so?" said the lady, her eyes filled with tears. "Why, by the last account she was better."

"Here's the letter from her poor husband:"—

"Florence, February, 18—

"It's all over, Saunders. The temporary flush of health on my darling's cheek was delusive and vain; the last bright glimmer of the lamp ere it went out for ever. Fanny is gone. She expired two days ago, without a struggle, on the sofa, in the drawing-room, the last beams of an Italian sun gilding her dying bed. God's will be done. My poor girls now have no mother. Their grief is heart-rending. I have nothing to keep me here. Will you, my dear fellow, have everything got ready at the Abbey. I may be home in a week after you receive this—and kind Mrs. Saunders will provide anything wanting in the domestic way.

"Your distressed

"HENRY FORTESCUE.

"J. Saunders, Esq."

Mrs. Saunders was sobbing violently as her husband concluded. She left the room to cry in peace.

## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Carrigbawn, 28th September, 1850.

RESOLVE me, dear Anthony, how it is that the soul of man so finely sympathises with all the changes of scene and season in this changeful and beautiful world? How spring and summer, autumn and winter, as they roll on successively through the varying year, invigorate, inflame, solemnise, and sadden us? Truly the texture of man's inward life is intimately interwoven with the outward world around him, and its influences are not less potent on his physical than on his moral being. The fresh breezy morn and the dewy eventide—the bright blue sky of still sultry summer, and the wild blasts of gloomy winter—day and night, sunshine and shadow, playing upon our spirits as the hand of a cunning musician upon harp-strings, alike admonish us that we are a portion of God's wondrous creation, harmonised with the whole—sentient with insentient—perturbed or tranquillised as his omnipotent hand shakes or stills it; bearing our part involuntarily, often unconsciously, with spheres unnumbered, in that mystical adoration which universal nature is unceasingly offering up to its Divine Author. Sublimely is this consentaneous worship expressed in the fine canticle which our own Church has introduced into her spiritual service. I allude, of course, to the "Song of the Three Children,"—"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever."

Spring, with its bursting life and buoyant feeling, has long since swelled and softened into summer, and summer has ripened into an autumn of plenteous promise—a promise destined to be but partially realised. For men have gathered in the fruits of the earth, and find the gold of her grain scant and alloyed; and with sad hearts and crushed hopes they dig out her diseased and putrescent roots. And now the days are growing short, and the sunshine fitful; the streamlets are swelling, and their silvery currents are running dark and turbid, while the voices of winds and waters are becoming hoarser and more loud. The flush of her beauty is passing away from the face of the earth, but the change is not unmarked with a tender loveliness that is more touching than the brightness of summer. Her flowers are all gone; the purple and gold of her heathery braes are fading, and her foliage of tree and shrub, which "is a glory to her," as long hair is a glory to woman, has already lost gloss and colour, and is now falling away like the dry grey hairs from the head of one past the prime of life. The ash, latest to put forth its green, shows now but naked sprays traced against the sky, and her sister of the mountain has cast to the ground the clusters of her bright red berries, for they, too, are shrunk and faded; the leaves of the beech, and elm, and sycamore are twisted and shrivelled into crisp and discoloured shreds, and even the oak-leaf sears in the wind—

"And turning yellow,  
Falls and floats adown the air."

The day has been one of gloom, and gust, and shower; but as the sun is declining, the masses of clouds are broken and scattered, and the patches of bright blue that shine out between the sun-tinted edges of grey cloud, where

"We can almost think we see,  
Through golden vistas into heaven,"

promise a serene evening. Come, then, dear Anthony, and wander forth with me in the spirit, if you cannot in the flesh. Pass we out through the casement of my *sanctum* upon the shining gravel, and along the alley, lately dark and leaf-shadowed, now exposed to light and air; and as we wend upwards, skirting the grove of oak and pine, mark how the breath of evening shakes down showers of leaves, and bright drops of rain fall glinting from the swaying branches, as if Nature, with tears and sighs, mourned over her decay. How our feet crunch the dry skeleton leaves that lie like a carpet upon the shingles! There is something

in that sound that always saddens me. It speaks of death as loudly to my heart as the peal of the passing bell. "THE FALL OF THE LEAF!" How mysteriously does man's life synchronise with it. With what an agony of solicitude do many fond and fearing hearts take daily note of the process of maceration that eats away the parched leaf to a network of fibre, and then turn their sorrowful eyes to the clear, pale forehead and wasting cheek of some dear friend, sure that when the leaves have all laid them down upon earth's lap, the sick one will seek the same place of rest. Oh, mighty mother! all things that spring from thee to thee return, and thou drawest them to thy bosom, and there they take their rest. Some sleep but for a brief season, and rise refreshed and beautified, like a babe whose cheek is flushed from slumber, and thou seest them wake and sleep again and again; but man—thy last born and thy noblest—him thou hidest in thy heart, and coverest tenderly as for a long, deep sleep—ay, long and deep it is; still wilt thou behold its waking, but not till thou art thyself in thy death-struggle. And for man, what a waking! Stupendous, inconceivable, spiritual, glorified, incorruptible! What meeting of friends, what renewal of affections, what clearing up of all that is dark! "Behold," said one who spoke with a heaven-taught tongue, "I show you a mystery"—a mystery upon whose confines so many with whom we have held converse are already waiting, whose realisation we ourselves so rapidly approach.

"Time draweth onward fast,  
And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
————— What is it that will last?  
All things are taken from us, and become  
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past."

And how does life show now to us, dear Anthony, in the retrospect, as we take it in in a glance, foreshortened in the perspective of memory. Pause a moment, and look on the river rushing at our feet. Far above, near the mountain-top, is its clear and sparkling source, and down along the hill-sides and ravines, here in light, there in gloom, it has sported and leaped, swelling and widening, till it hurries by us, deep in its channel, strong in its current, eddying and chafing—dark, turbid, and sinuous. Look down now and catch a glimpse of it in the far-away plain, in broad and plenteous volume, and thence it rolls away, though we see it no more, into the ocean, and is lost. It is a type of man's life, my friend, obvious and apt—its bright and joyous infancy—its youth of high, vague hope, how rarely fulfilled—its busy, fretful, toiling manhood—its sobered, passionless senectude, lapsing almost imperceptibly into eternity. A few lines, if you will listen to them, will tell you what I mean by this illustration. I would that you could, for my recitative, substitute the magnificent voice and finished style of my friend, Joseph Robinson, as he chaunts them to one of the fine airs which those great masters of song, the Germans, alone know how to conceive:—

#### L I F E.

Fount! that sparklest wild and free,  
As thy bright waves dance along,  
In the joyous melody  
Of thy bubbling voice of song—  
Just like Life, when young and bright,  
Full of joy, and song, and light!  
Ah! that shadows ever should lower.  
Sorrows will darken life's brightest hour!

Stream! that rushest deep and strong,  
In thy beauty and thy pride,  
Bearing wealth and pow'r along  
On thy full and lordly tide—  
Just like Life in manhood's hour,  
Strong in faith and hopeful power.  
Ah! that storms should ever arise;  
Tempests may wreck the hopes that we prize!

Flood! that glidest noiselessly  
 To thy ocean-home of rest,  
 Pouring sweet and tranquilly  
 All thy waves into her breast—  
 Just like Life when at its close,  
 And the worn heart seeks repose.  
 Ah! will ocean give back the wave?  
 Who shall disturb the peace of the grave?

Come, let us enter the wood, and so on and upwards still to the little mountain lake. Is not this a sweet spot even still? But you should have seen it a month since, when the thick-vestured trees stood closer around it, dipping their heavy branches into its margent, like lusty toppers crowding round the wine-bowl, or when the stars, of a clear calm night, looked down into its still face, shewing a nether firmament of blue and silver. Now the trees are well-nigh leafless beside it, and the breeze that moans through them has ruffled the mirror of its surface. I assure you it is a favourite spot with me for contemplation. What better place could we find, in which

"To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;  
 To muse and brood, and live again in memory  
 With those old faces of our infancy,  
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,  
 Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass."

What fitter time is there for such memories in the year's circuit than "the fall of the leaf?" Here are some of my musings on the spot where we are now standing: they smack, at all events, of the locality, though I will not say they are altogether worthy of the *genius loci*:—

#### FRIENDS OF YOUTH.

##### I.

Where are they, the loved in youth,  
 Upon our breasts reclining?  
 Whose souls looked into ours to view  
 Their own reflected, clear and true,  
 Like stars in calm lakes shining.

##### II.

Where are they, whose lightest tones,  
 Like gentle music waking,  
 Stirred our souls with feelings deep,  
 As rustling winds through forests creep  
 At night, their green hearts shaking?

##### III.

Seek them where the starlight shines  
 In waves when storms are pouring—  
 Where the music of the grove  
 Lives when wintry tempests rove,  
 Through leafless branches roaring.

##### IV.

Passed away—like ocean's waves  
 Upon some lone shore breaking;  
 Passed—as pass sweet dreams of night,  
 That leave us with the morning's light  
 In tears and grief at waking.

Now, then, brave sinews and muscles, for we must thread this rough, steep path, which winds through the heart of the wood, right over the ridge of the hill. Take good heed of the tangled branches, as they are the worst possible



brushes to apply to a silk "*Chapeau de Paris*," and the twisted roots may catch your foot, and disturb your vertical elevation. Now turn sharp round that wall of rock, with the light sprays of the feathery rowan waving on its summit, like the crest on a knight's helmet, and ——— There's something "to take the shine out of your eyes." Sea, sea, sea! as far as the vision can stretch westward. Those are the billows of the mighty Atlantic, rolling in unbroken swell from a land whose existence was unknown to us a few centuries ago, till they dash against the base of those white cliffs on which we are now standing. Look down cautiously over the edge of this beetling rock, and you will see the waves plashing with a deep hoarse roar, and then crumbled into sea-dust, which the light wind catches and flings up into our very faces. We are just in time to witness a splendid sunset. See, now, the waves flush and glitter as the edge of his deep red disk, apparently enlarged to tenfold its ordinary size, touches them. Look at the black cloud that rises from the horizon and spreads across his face, by little and little, till the whole is hidden; but the golden shafts that shoot up beyond it through the blue ether, shew that he is still battling gallantly with the darkness that will soon shroud him. Let us sit down here and watch in silence the light fading away through a thousand hues, such as they say mark a dolphin's death, till the last tinge of the palest salmon-colour gives place to the cold greyish blue of twilight. It is all over, dear Anthony—the day is dead, and here are my musings the while upon the sunset. Here, then, to our beautiful air, "The brink of the white rocks":—

#### THE BRINK OF THE WHITE ROCKS.

##### I.

On the brink of the white rocks at eve I reclined,  
 As the sun-flush spread wide o'er the waves;  
 And solemn and sad came the thoughts o'er my mind  
 Of the dear ones I laid in their graves.  
 The low moans of ocean fell soft on my ears,  
 The breeze brought the spray from the main;  
 And I thought on the strong hearts that sobbed o'er their biers—  
 Manhood's hot and sharp tears shed in vain.

##### II.

As slowly the day-god sank down in the west,  
 A cloud wrapt his orb from my view;  
 But high into heaven, above that cloud's crest,  
 The beams of his brightness shot through.  
 Oh, loved and lamented! mid sorrows and gloom  
 The sun of your bright spirits set;  
 But radiant above, breaks a light from the tomb,  
 Mingling hope with each bitter regret.

##### III.

At morning again, when the dark night is past,  
 In his glory the sun will arise;  
 Renewed in his strength, and more bright than when last  
 We watched him sink down from the skies.  
 The grave night's soon o'er and the dawn will appear,  
 When the dead will rise pure as the day;  
 While the clouds that hung round our last sad parting here  
 Shall have wept all their darkness away.

I believe there is no vainer sorrow than sorrowing for the dead. If the past be unalterable, and the future inexorable, then is lamentation over the bier vanity itself; but in truth we mourn not *for* the dead, but *after* the dead, and *for* ourselves. And this too is vain—a weakness of our nature, to be indulged in only so far as it sanctifies and improves us, to be mastered when it would enfeeble our minds or prostrate our energies. I like not the custom of the Hebrews, who honoured their dead with wailings. For myself I would prefer

to struggle for the composure of feelings that will permit me to recur with pleasure to all the endearing recollections which restore to me my friend, unalloyed with gloom or repining. There are few to whom time does not at length bring this tranquillity—he is the wisest who can reach it soonest. I shall let death rob me of as little as I can. If he take the body that I loved, I shall not suffer him to mar my spirit's intercourse with that of the departed—with that I shall hold converse in my lonely rambles and in the watches of the night. I will cling to all the endearing and enduring memories that make it oftentimes sweeter to think upon the dead than to commune with the living. And so, dear Anthony, I will sing you

THE MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

I.

Weep not for the dead !  
Thy sighs and tears are unavailing ;  
Vainly o'er their cold, dark bed  
Breaks the voice of thy loud wailing.  
The dead, the dead, they rest ;  
Sorrow, and strife, and earthly woes  
No more shall harm the blest,  
Nor trouble their deep calm repose.

II.

Weep not for the dead ;  
But oh ! weep sore for those remaining,  
Who bend with grief-defiled head  
O'er their untimely graves complaining.  
The dead, the dead, no more  
Shall fill our aching hearts and eyes ;  
But heaven hath left us store  
Of sweet and blessed memories.

III.

As stars through dark skies stealing,  
With tender, holy light ;  
As tongues of sweet bells pealing,  
Upon the deep still night ;  
So, on the spirit streaming,  
A solemn light is shed ;  
And long-loved tones come teeming  
With memories of the dead.

IV.

As clouds drawn up to heaven  
Return in softest showers,  
Like odours which are given  
Sweetest from bruised flowers,  
Sad thoughts, with holy calming  
The wounded heart o'erspread,  
In fragrant love embalming  
The memories of the dead.

Adieu, dear Anthony, for the present—“*sis memor mei.*” If you will that of me hereafter, when I have passed away, as I fondly trust you will—for my space is short, but thine is a lengthened one, and I hope my children's children will see thee every month in thy buff—think of me on some sweet autumn evening, when the heaven promises a bright morrow—when your heart is mellow, and your spirit is jocund. Think of me, my friend, at “THE FALL OF THE LEAF.”—Ever, in life and in death, yours,

JONATHAN FRANK SLIPSTY.

To Anthony Toplar, Esq.

## MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## "AN OLD GENERAL OF THE IRISH BRIGADE."

IN obedience to an order which arrived at Saumur one morning in the July of 1798, I was summoned before the commandant of the school, when the following brief colloquy ensued:—

"Maurice Tiernay," said he, reading from the record of the school, "why are you called l'Irlandais?"

"I am Irish by descent, sir."

"Ha! by descent. Your father was then an Emigré?"

"No, sir—my great grandfather."

"Parbleu! that is going very far back. Are you aware of the causes which induced him to leave his native country?"

"They were connected with political troubles, I've heard, sir. He took part against the English, my father told me, and was obliged to make his escape to save his life."

"You then hate the English, Maurice?"

"My grandfather certainly did not love them, sir."

"Nor can you, boy, ever forgive their having exiled your family from country and home: every man of honour retains the memory of such injuries."

"I can scarcely deem that an injury, sir, which has made me a French citizen," said I, proudly.

"True, boy—you say what is perfectly true and just; any sacrifice of fortune or patrimony is cheap at such a price; still you have suffered a wrong—a deep and irreparable wrong—and as a Frenchman you are ready to avenge it."

Although I had no very precise notion, either as to the extent of the hardships done me, nor in what way I was to demand the reparation, I gave the assent he seemed to expect.

"You are well acquainted with the language, I believe?" continued he.

"I can read and speak English tolerably well, sir."

"But I speak of Irish, boy—of the language which is spoken by your fellow-countrymen," said he, rebukingly.

"I have always heard, sir, that this has fallen into disuse, and is little known, save among the peasantry in a few secluded districts."

He seemed impatient as I said this, and referred once more to the paper before him, from whose minutes he appeared to have been speaking.

"You must be in error, boy. I find here that the nation is devotedly attached to its traditions and its literature, and feels no injury deeper than the insulting substitution of a foreign tongue for their own noble language."

"Of myself I know nothing, sir; the little I have learned was acquired when a mere child."

"Ah, then you probably forget, or may never have heard the fact; but it is as I tell you. This, which I hold here, is the report of a highly-distinguished and most influential personage, who lays great stress upon the circumstance. I am sorry, Tiernay, very sorry, that you are unacquainted with the language."

He continued for some minutes to brood over this disappointment, and at last returned to the paper before him.

"The geography of the country—what knowledge have you on that subject?"

"No more, sir, than I may possess of other countries, and merely learned from maps."

"Bad again," muttered he to himself. "Madyett calls these 'essentials;' but we shall see." Then addressing me, he said, "Tiernay, the object of my present interrogatory is to inform you that the Directory is about to send an expedition to Ireland to assist in the liberation of that enslaved people. It has been suggested that young officers and soldiers of Irish descent might render peculiar service to the cause, and I have selected you for an opportunity which will convert those worsted epaulets into bullion."

This at least was intelligible news, and now I began to listen with more attention.

"There is a report," said he, laying down before me a very capacious manuscript, "which you will carefully peruse. Here are the latest pamphlets setting forth the state of public opinion in Ireland; and here are va-

rious maps of the coast, the harbours, and the strongholds of that country, with all of which you may employ yourself advantageously; and if, on considering the subject, you feel disposed to volunteer—for as a volunteer only could your services be accepted—I will willingly support your request by all the influence in my power.”

“I am ready to do so at once, sir,” said I, eagerly; “I have no need to know any more than you have told me.”

“Well said, boy; I like your ardour. Write your petition and it shall be forwarded to-day. I will also try and obtain for you the same regimental rank you hold in the school”—I was a sergeant—“it will depend upon yourself afterwards to secure a further advancement. You are now free from duty; lose no time, therefore, in storing your mind with every possible information, and be ready to set out at a moment’s notice.”

“Is the expedition so nearly ready, sir?” asked I, eagerly.

He nodded, and with a significant admonition as to secrecy, dismissed me, bursting with anxiety to examine the stores of knowledge before me, and prepare myself with all the details of a plan in which already I took the liveliest interest. Before the week expired, I received an answer from the minister, accepting the offer of my services. The reply found me deep in those studies, which I scarcely could bear to quit even at meal-times. Never did I experience such an all-devouring passion for a theme as on that occasion. “Ireland” never left my thoughts; her wrongs and sufferings were everlastingly before me; all the cruelties of centuries—all the hard tyranny of the penal laws—the dire injustice of caste oppression—filled me with indignation and anger; while, on the other hand, I conceived the highest admiration of a people who, undeterred by the might and power of England, resolved to strike a great blow for liberty.

The enthusiasm of the people—the ardent darings of a valour whose impetuosity was its greatest difficulty—their high romantic temperament—their devotion—their gratitude—the child-like trustfulness of their natures, were all traits, scattered through the various narratives, which invariably attracted me, and drew me more strongly to their cause—even from affection than reason.

Madyett’s memoir was filled with these, and he, I concluded, must know them well, being, as it was asserted, one of the ancient nobility of the land, and who now desired nothing better than to throw rank, privilege, and title into the scale, and do battle for the liberty and equality of his countrymen. How I longed to see this great man, whom my fancy arrayed in all the attributes he so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen, for they were not only, in his description, the boldest and the bravest, but the handsomest people of Europe.

As to the success of the enterprise, whatever doubts I had at first conceived, from an estimate of the immense resources of England, were speedily solved, as I read of the enormous preparations the Irish had made for the struggle. The Roman Catholics, Madyett said, were three millions, the Dissenters another million, all eager for freedom and French alliance, wanting nothing but the appearance of a small armed force to give them the necessary organisation and discipline. They were somewhat deficient, he acknowledged, in fire-arms—cannon they had none whatever; but the character of the country, which consisted of mountains, valleys, ravines and gorges, reduced war to the mere chivalrous features of personal encounter. What interminable descriptions did I wade through of clubs and associations, the very names of which were a puzzle to me—the great union of all appearing to be a society called “Defenders,” whose oath bound them to “fidelity to the united nations of France and Ireland.”

So much for the one side. For the other, it was asserted that the English forces then in garrison in Ireland were below contempt; the militia, being principally Irish, might be relied on for taking the popular side; and as to the Regulars, they were either “old men or boys,” incapable of active service; and several of the regiments being Scotch, greatly disaffected to the Government. Then, again, as to the navy, the sailors in the English fleet were more than two-thirds Irishmen, all Catholics, and all disaffected.

That the enterprise contained every element of success, then, who could doubt? The nation, in the proportion of ten to one, were for the movement. On their side lay not alone

the wrongs to avenge, but the courage, the energy, and the daring. Their oppressors were as weak as tyrannical, their cause was a bad one, and their support of it a hollow semblance of superiority.

If I read these statements with ardour and avidity, one lurking sense of doubt alone obtruded itself on my reasonings. Why, with all these guarantees of victory, with everything that can hallow a cause, and give it stability and strength—why did the Irish ask for aid? If they were, as they alleged, an immense majority—if their's was all the heroism and the daring—if the struggle was to be maintained against a miserably inferior force, weakened by age, incapacity, and disaffection—what need had they of Frenchmen on their side. The answer to all such doubts, however, was “the Irish were deficient in organisation.”

Not only was the explanation a very sufficient one, but it served in a high degree to flatter our vanity. We were, then, to be organisers of Ireland; from us were they to take the lessons of civilisation, which should prepare them for freedom—ours was the task to discipline their valour, and train their untaught intelligence. Once landed in the country, it was to our standard they were to rally; from us were to go forth the orders of every movement and measure; to us this new land was to be an *El dorado*. Madyett significantly hinted everywhere at the unbounded gratitude of Irishmen; and more than hinted at the future fate of certain confiscated estates. One phrase, ostentatiously set forth in capitals, asserted that the best general of the French Republic could not be anywhere employed with so much reputation and profit. There was, then, everything to stimulate the soldier in such an enterprise—honour, fame, glory, and rich rewards were all among the prizes.

It was when deep in the midst of these studies, poring over maps and reports, taxing my memory with hard names, and getting off by heart dates, distances, and numbers, that the order came for me to repair at once to Paris, where the volunteers of the expedition were to assemble. My rank of sergeant had been confirmed, and in this capacity, as “sous officier,” I was ordered to report myself, to General Kilmaine, the Adjutant-General of

the expedition, then living in the “Rue Chanteraine.” I was also given the address of a certain Lestaing—Rue Tarbout—a tailor, from whom, on producing a certificate, I was to obtain my new uniform.

Full as I was of the whole theme, thinking of the expedition by day, and dreaming of it by night, I was still little prepared for the enthusiasm it was at that very moment exciting in every society of the capital. For some time previous a great number of Irish emigrants had made Paris their residence; some were men of good position and ample fortune; some were individuals of considerable ability and intelligence. All were enthusiastic, and ardent in temperament—devotedly attached to their country—hearty haters of England, and proportionately attached to all that was French. These sentiments, coupled with a certain ease of manner, and a faculty of adaptation, so peculiarly Irish, made them general favorites in society; and long before the Irish question had found any favour with the public, its national supporters had won over the hearts and good wishes of all Paris to the cause.

Well pleased, then, as I was, with my handsome uniform of green and gold, my small chapeau, with its plume of cock's feathers, and the embroidered shamrock on my collar, I was not a little struck by the excitement my first appearance in the street created. Accustomed to see a hundred strange military costumes—the greater number, I own, more singular than tasteful—the Parisians, I concluded, would scarcely notice mine in the crowd. Not so, however; the print-shops had already given the impulse to the admiration, and the “Irish Volunteer of the Guard” was to be seen in every window, in all the “glory of his bravery.” The heroic character of the expedition, too, was typified by a great variety of scenes, in which the artist's imagination had all the credit. In one picture the “jeune Irlandais” was planting a national flag of very capacious dimensions on the summit of his native mountains; here he was storming “Le chateau de Dublin,” a most formidable fortress perched on a rock above the sea; here he was crowning the heights of “La citadelle de Cork,” a very Gibraltar in strength; or he was haranguing the native chief,



tains, a highly picturesque group—a cross between a knight crusader and a south-sea islander.

My appearance, therefore, in the streets was the signal for general notice and admiration, and more than one compliment was uttered, purposely loud enough to reach me, on the elegance and style of my equipment. In the pleasant flurry of spirits excited by this flattery, I arrived at the general's quarters in the Rue Chantierine. It was considerably before the time of his usual receptions, but the glitter of my epauletts, and the air of assurance I had assumed, so far imposed upon the old servant who acted as valet, that he at once introduced me into a small saloon, and after a brief pause presented me to the general, who was reclining on a sofa at his breakfast. Although far advanced in years, and evidently broken by bad health, General Kilmaine still preserved traces of great personal advantages, while his manner exhibited all that polished ease and courtesy which was said to be peculiar to the Irish gentleman of the French court. Addressing me in English, he invited me to join his meal; and on my declining, as having already breakfasted, he said, "I perceive, from your name, we are countrymen; and as your uniform tells me the service in which you are engaged, we may speak with entire confidence. Tell me then, frankly, all that you know of the actual condition of Ireland."

Conceiving that this question applied to the result of my late studies, and was meant to elicit the amount of my information, I at once began a recital of what I had learned from the books and reports I had been reading. My statistics were perfect—they had been gotten off by heart; my sympathies were, for the same reason, most eloquent; my indignation was boundless on the wrongs I deplored, and in fact, in the fifteen minutes during which he permitted me to declaim without interruption, I had gone through the whole "cause of Ireland," from Henry II. to George III.

"You have been reading Mr. Maydett, I perceive," said he, with a smile; "but I would rather hear something of your own actual experience. Tell me, therefore, in what condition are the people at this moment, as regards poverty?"

"I have never been in Ireland, general," said I, not without some

shame at the avowal coming so soon after my eloquent exhortation.

"Ah, I perceive," said he, blandly, "of Irish origin, and a relative probably of that very distinguished soldier, Count Maurice de Tiernay, who served in the Garde-du Corps."

"His only son, general," said I, blushing with eagerness and pleasure at the praise of my father.

"Indeed!" said he, smiling courteously, and seeming to meditate on my words. "There was not a better nor a braver sabre in the corps than your father—a very few more of such men might have saved the monarchy—as it was, they dignified its fall. And to whose guidance and care did you owe your early training, for I see you have not been neglected?"

A few words told him the principal events of my early years, to which he listened with deep attention. At length he said, "And now you are about to devote your acquirements and energy to this new expedition?"

"All, general! Everything that I have is too little for such a cause."

"You say truly, boy," said he, warmly; "would that so good a cause had better leaders. I mean," added he hurriedly, "wiser ones. Men more conversant with the actual state of events, more fit to cope with the great difficulties before them, more ready to take advantage of circumstances, whose outward meaning will often prove deceptive. In fact, Irishmen of character and capacity, tried soldiers and good patriots. Well, well, let us hope the best. In whose division are you?"

"I have not yet heard, sir. I have presented myself here to-day to receive your orders."

"There again is another instance of their incapacity," cried he, passionately. "Why, boy, I have no command, nor any function. I did accept office under General Hoche, but he is not to lead the present expedition."

"And who is, sir?"

"I cannot tell you. A week ago they talked of Grouchy, then of Hardy; yesterday it was Humbert; to-day it may be Bonaparte, and to-morrow yourself! Ay, Tiernay, this great and good cause has its national fatality attached to it, and is so wrapped up in low intrigue and falsehood, that every minister becomes in turn disgusted with the treachery and mendacity he meets with, and bequeaths

the question to some official underling, meet partisan for the mock patriot he treats with."

"But the expedition will sail, general?" asked I, sadly discomfited by this tone of despondency.

He made me no answer, but sat for some time absorbed in his own thoughts. At last he looked up, and said, "You ought to be in the army of Italy, boy; the great teacher of war is there."

"I know it, sir, but my whole heart is in this struggle. I feel that Ireland has a claim on all who derived even a name from her soil. Do you not believe that the expedition will sail?"

Again he was silent and thoughtful.

"Mr. Madyett would say yes," said he, scornfully, "though, certes, he would not volunteer to bear it company."

"Colonel Cherin, general!" said the valet, as he flung open the door for a young officer in a staff-uniform. I arose at once to withdraw, but the general motioned to me to wait in an adjoining room, as he desired to speak with me again.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when I was summoned once more before him.

"You have come at a most opportune moment, Tiernay," said he; "Colonel Cherin informs me that an expedition is ready to sail from Rochelle at the first favourable wind. General Humbert has the command; and if you are disposed to join him I will give you a letter of presentation."

Of course I did not hesitate in accepting the offer; and while the general drew over his desk to write the letter, I withdrew towards the window to converse with Colonel Cherin.

"You might have waited long enough," said he, laughing, "if the affair had been in other hands than Humbert's. The delays and discussions of the official people, the difficulty of anything like agreement, the want of money, and fifty other causes, would have detained the fleet till the English got scent of the whole. But Humbert has taken the short road in the matter.

He only arrived at La Rochelle five days ago, and now he is ready to weigh anchor."

"And in what way has he accomplished this?" asked I, in some curiosity.

"By a method," replied he, laughing again, "which is usually reserved for an enemy's country. Growing weary of a correspondence with the minister, which seemed to make little progress, and urged on by the enthusiastic stories of the Irish refugees, he resolved to wait no longer; and so he has called on the merchants and magistrates to advance him a sum on military requisition, together with such stores and necessaries as he stands in need of."

"And they have complied?" asked I.

"Parbleu! that have they. In the first place, they had no other choice; and in the second, they are but too happy to get rid of him and his 'Legion Noir,' as they are called, so cheaply. A thousand louis and a thousand muskets would not pay for the damage of these vagabonds each night they spent in the town."

I confess that this description did not tend to exalt the enthusiasm I had conceived for the expedition; but it was too late for hesitation—too late for even a doubt. Go forward I should, whatever might come of it. And now the General had finished his letter, which, having sealed and addressed, he gave into my hand, saying—"This will very probably obtain you promotion, if not at once, at least on the first vacancy. Good bye, my lad; there may be hard knocks going where you will be, but I'm certain you'll not disgrace the good name you bear, nor the true cause for which you are fighting. I would that I had youth and strength to stand beside you in the struggle. Good bye."

He shook me affectionately by both hands; the Colonel, too, bade me adieu not less cordially; and I took my leave with a heart overflowing with gratitude and delight.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### LA ROCHELLE.

LA ROCHELLE is a quiet little town at the bottom of a small bay, the mouth of which is almost closed up by two islands. There is a sleepy, peaceful

air about the place—a sort of drowsy languor pervades everything and every body about it, that tells of a town whose days of busy prosperity have

long since passed by, and which is dragging out life, like some retired tradesman—too poor for splendour, but rich enough to be idle. A long avenue of lime-trees encloses the harbour; and here the merchants conduct their bargains, while their wives, seated beneath the shade, discuss the gossip of the place over their work. All is patriarchal and primitive as Holland itself; the very courtesies of life exhibiting that ponderous stateliness which insensibly reminds one of the land of dykes and broad breeches. It is the least "French" of any town I have ever seen in France; none of that light merriment, that gay volatility of voice and air which form the usual atmosphere of a French town. All is still, orderly, and sombre; and yet on the night in which—something more than fifty years back—I first entered it, a very different scene was presented to my eyes.

It was about ten o'clock; and by a moon nearly full, the diligence rattled along the covered ways of the old fortress, and crossing many a moat and drawbridge, the scenes of a once glorious struggle, entered the narrow streets, traversed a wide place, and drew up within the ample portals of "La Poste."

Before I could remove the wide capote which I wore, the waiter ushered me into a large sal  n where a party of about forty persons were seated at supper. With a few exceptions they were all military officers, and sous-officiers of the expedition, whose noisy gaiety and boisterous mirth sufficiently attested that the entertainment had begun a considerable time before.

A profusion of bottles, some empty, others in the way to become so, covered the table, amidst which lay the fragments of a common table-d'h  te supper—large dishes of cigars and basins of tobacco figuring beside the omelettes and the salad.

The noise, the crash, the heat, the smoke, and the confusion—the clinking of glasses, the singing, and the speech-making, made a scene of such turmoil and uproar, that I would gladly have retired to some quieter atmosphere, when suddenly an accidental glimpse of my uniform caught some eyes among the revellers, and a shout was raised of "Holloa, comrades! here's one of the 'Gardes' among us." And at once the whole assembly rose up to greet me.

For full ten minutes I had to submit to a series of salutations, which led to every form, from hand-shaking and embracing to kissing; while, perfectly unconscious of any cause for my popularity, I went through the ceremonies like one in a dream.

"Where's Kilmaine?" "What of Hardy?" "Is Grouchy coming?" "Can the Brest fleet sail?" "How many line-of-battle ships have they?" "What's the artillery force?" "Have you brought any money?" This last question, the most frequent of all, was suddenly poured in upon me, and with a fortunate degree of rapidity, that I had no time for a reply, had I even the means of making one.

"Let the lad have a seat and a glass of wine before he submits to this interrogatory," said a fine, jolly-looking old chef-d'escadron at the head of the table, while he made a place for me at his side. "Now tell us, boy, what number of the Gardes are to be of our party?"

I looked a little blank at the question, for in truth I had not heard of the corps before, nor was I aware that it was their uniform I was then wearing.

"Come, come, be frank with us, lad," said he; "we are all comrades here. Confound secrecy, say I."

"Ay, ay," cried the whole assembly together—"confound secrecy. We are not bandits nor highwaymen; we have no need of concealment."

"I'll be as frank as you can wish, comrades," said I; "and if I lose some importance in your eyes by owning that I am not the master of a single state secret, I prefer to tell you so, to attempting any unworthy disguise. I come here, by orders from General Kilmaine, to join your expedition; and except this letter for General Humbert, I have no claim to any consideration whatever."

The old chef took the letter from my hands and examined the seal and superscription carefully, and then passed the document down the table for the satisfaction of the rest.

While I continued to watch with anxious eyes the letter on which so much of my own fate depended, a low whispering conversation went on at my side, at the end of which the chef said—

"It's more than likely, lad, that your regiment is not coming; but our

general is not to be balked for that. Go he will; and let the government look to themselves if he is not supported. At all events, you had better see General Humbert at once; there's no saying what that dispatch may contain. Santerre, conduct him up stairs."

A smart young fellow arose at the bidding, and beckoned me to follow him.

It was not without difficulty that we forced our way up stairs, down which porters, and sailors, and soldiers were now carrying a number of heavy trunks and packing-cases. At last we gained an ante-room, where confusion seemed at its highest, crowded as it was by soldiers, the greater number of them intoxicated, and all in a state of riotous and insolent insubordination. Amongst these were a number of the townspeople, eager to prefer complaints for outrage and robbery, but whose subdued voices were drowned amid the clamour of their oppressors. Meanwhile, clerks were writing away receipts for stolen and pillaged articles, and which, signed with the name of the general, were grasped at with eager avidity. Even personal injuries were requited in the same cheap fashion, orders on the national treasury being freely issued for damaged noses and smashed heads, and gratefully received by the confiding populace.

"If the wind draws a little more to the southward before morning, we'll pay our debts with the top-sail sheet, and it will be somewhat shorter, and to the full as honest," said a man in a naval uniform.

"Where's the officer of the 'Regiment des Guides,'" cried a soldier from the door at the further end of the room; and before I had time to think over the designation of rank given me, I was hurried into the general's presence.

General Humbert, whose age might have been thirty-eight or forty, was a tall, well-built, but somewhat over-corpulent man; his features frank and manly, but with a dash of coarseness in their expression, particularly about the mouth; a sabre-cut, which had divided the upper lip, and whose cicatrix was then seen through his moustache, heightening the effect of his sinister look; his carriage was singularly erect and soldierlike, but all his gestures betrayed the habits of one who

had risen from the ranks, and was not unwilling to revive the recollection.

He was parading the room from end to end when I entered, stopping occasionally to look out from an open window upon the bay, where by the clear moonlight might be seen the ships of the fleet at anchor. Two officers of his staff were writing busily at a table, whence the materials of a supper had not yet been removed. They did not look up as I came forward, nor did he notice me in any way for several minutes. Suddenly he turned towards me, and snatching the letter I held in my hand, proceeded to read it. A burst of coarse laughter broke from him as he perused the lines; and then throwing down the paper on the table, he cried out—

"So much for Kilmaine's contingent. I asked for a company of engineers and a battalion of 'les Gardes,' and they send me a boy from the cavalry-school of Saumur. I tell them that I want some fellows conversant with the language and the people, able to treat with the peasantry, and acquainted with their habits, and here I have got a raw youth whose highest acquirement in all likelihood is to daub a map with water-colours, or take fortifications with a pair of compasses! I wish I had some of these learned gentlemen in the trenches for a few hours. Parbleu! I think I could teach them something they'd not learn from Citizen Carnot. Well, sir," said he, turning abruptly towards me, "how many battalions of the 'Guides' are completed?"

"I cannot tell, general," was my timid answer.

"Where are they stationed?"

"Of that also I am ignorant, sir."

"Peste!" cried he, stamping his foot passionately; then suddenly checking his anger, he asked, "How many are coming to join this expedition? Is there a regiment, a battalion, a company? Can you tell me with certainty that a sergeant's-guard is on the way hither?"

"I cannot, sir; I know nothing whatever about the regiment in question."

"You have never seen it?" cried he, vehemently.

"Never, sir."

"This exceeds all belief," exclaimed he, with a crash of his closed fist upon the table. "Three weeks letter-writing! Estafettes, orderlies, and special couriers to no end! And here we have an

unfledged cur from a cavalry institute, when I asked for a strong reinforcement. Then what brought you here, boy?"

"To join your expedition, general."

"Have they told you it was a holiday-party that we had planned? Did they say it was a junketting we were bent upon?"

"If they had, sir, I would not have come."

"The greater fool *you*, then! that's all," cried he, laughing; "when I was your age I'd not have hesitated twice between a merry-making and a bayonet-charge."

While he was thus speaking, he never ceased to sign his name to every paper placed before him by one or other of the secretaries.

"No, *parbleu!*" he went on, "La maitresse before the mitraille any day for me. But what's all this, Girard. Here I'm issuing orders upon the national treasury for hundreds of thousands without let or compunction."

The aide-de-camp whispered a word or two in a low tone.

"I know it, lad; I know it well," said the general, laughing heartily; "I only pray that all our requisitions may be as easily obtained in future. Well, Monsieur le Garde, what are we to do with you."

"Not refuse me, I hope, general," said I, diffidently.

"Not refuse you, certainly; but in what capacity to take you, lad, that's the question. If you had served—if you had even walked a campaign ——"

"So I have, general—this will show you where I have been;" and I handed him the "livret" which every soldier carries of his conduct and career.

He took the book, and casting his eyes hastily over it, exclaimed—

"Why, what's this, lad? You've been at Kehl, at Emenendingen, at Rorschach, at Huyningen, through all that Black Forest affair with Moreau! You *have* seen smoke, then. Ay! I see honourable mention of you besides, for readiness in the field and zeal during action. What! more brandy! Girard. Why our Irish friends must have been exceedingly thirsty. I've given them credit for something like ten thousand "velts" already! No matter, the poor fellows may have to put up with short rations for all this yet—and there goes my signature once more. What does that blue light mean, Girard?"

said he, pointing to a bright blue star that shone from a mast of one of the ships of war.

"That is the signal, general, that the embarkation of the artillery is complete."

"*Parbleu!*" said he, with a laugh, "it need not have taken long; they've given in two batteries of eights, and one of them has not a gun fit for service. There goes a rocket, now. Isn't that the signal to heave short on the anchors? Yes, to be sure. And now it is answered by the other! Ha! lads, this does look like business at last!"

The door opened as he spoke, and a naval officer entered.

"The wind is drawing round to the south, general; we can weigh with the ebb if you wish it."

"Wish it!—if I wish it! Yes, with my whole heart and soul I do! I am just as sick of La Rochelle as is La Rochelle of me. The salute that announces our departure will be a 'feude-joie' to both of us! Ay, sir, tell your captain that I need no further notice than that *he* is ready. Girard, see to it that the marauders are sent on board in irons. The fellows must learn at once that discipline begins when we trip our anchors. As for you," said he, turning to me, "you shall act upon my staff with provisional rank as sous-lieutenant: time will show if the grade should be confirmed. And now hasten down to the quay, and put yourself under Colonel Lerrasin's orders."

Colonel Lerrasin, the second in command, was, in many respects, the very opposite of Humbert. Sharp, petulant, and irascible, he seemed quite to overlook the fact, that, in an expedition which was little better than a foray, there must necessarily be a great relaxation of the rules of discipline, and many irregularities at least winked at, which, in stricter seasons, would call for punishment. The consequence was, that a large proportion of our force went on board under arrest, and many actually in irons. The Irish were, without a single exception, all drunk; and the English soldiers, who had procured their liberation from imprisonment on condition of joining the expedition, had made sufficiently free with the brandy-bottle, to forget their new alliance, and vent their hatred of France and Frenchmen in



expressions whose only alleviation was, that they were nearly unintelligible.

Such a scene of uproar, discord, and insubordination never was seen. The relative conditions of guard and prisoner elicited national animosities that were scarcely even dormant, and many a bloody encounter took place between those whose instinct was too powerful to feel themselves anything but enemies. A cry, too, was raised, that it was meant to betray the whole expedition to the English, whose fleet, it was asserted, had been seen off Oleron that morning; and although there was not even the shadow of a foundation for the belief, it served to increase the alarm and confusion. Whether originating or not with the Irish, I cannot say, but certainly they took advantage of it to avoid embarking; and now began a schism which threatened to wreck the whole expedition, even in the harbour.

The Irish, as indifferent to the call of discipline as they were ignorant of French, refused to obey orders save from officers of their own country; and although Lerrasin ordered two companies to "load with ball and fire low," the similar note for preparation from the insurgents induced him to rescind the command and try a compromise. In this crisis I was sent by Lerrasin to fetch what was called the "Committee," the three Irish deputies who accompanied the force. They had already gone aboard of the *Dedalus*, little foreseeing the difficulties that were to arise on shore.

Seated in a small cabin next the wardroom, I found these three gentlemen, whose names were Tone, Teeling, and Sullivan. Their attitudes were gloomy and despondent, and their looks anything but encouraging as I entered. A paper on which a few words had been scrawled, and signed with their three names underneath, lay before them, and on this their eyes were bent with a sad and deep meaning. I knew not then what it meant, but I afterwards learned that it was a compact formally entered into and drawn up, that if, by the chance of war, they should fall into the enemy's hands, they would anticipate their fate by suicide, but leave to the English government all the ignominy and disgrace of their death.

They seemed scarcely to notice me as I came forward, and even when I

delivered my message they heard it with a half indifference.

"What do you want us to do, sir?" said Teeling, the eldest of the party. "We hold no command in the service. It was against our advice and counsel that you accepted these volunteers at all. We have no influence over them."

"Not the slightest," broke in Tone. "These fellows are bad soldiers and worse Irishmen. The expedition will do better without them."

"And *they* better without the expedition," muttered Sullivan, drily.

"But you will come, gentlemen, and speak to them," said I. "You can at least assure them that their suspicions are unfounded."

"Very true, sir," replied Sullivan, "we can do so, but with what success? No, no. If you can't maintain discipline here on your own soil, you'll make a bad hand of doing it when you have your foot on Irish ground. And, after all, I for one am not surprised at the report gaining credence."

"How so, sir," asked I, indignantly.

"Simply that when a promise of fifteen thousand men dwindles down to a force of eight hundred; when a hundred thousand stand of arms come to be represented by a couple of thousand; when an expedition, pledged by a government, has fallen down to a marauding party; when Hoche or Kleber — But never mind, I always swore that if you sent but a corporal's guard that I'd go with them."

A musket-shot here was heard, followed by a sharp volley and a cheer, and, in an agony of anxiety, I rushed to the deck. Although above half a mile from the shore, we could see the movement of troops hither and thither, and hear the loud words of command. Whatever the struggle, it was over in a moment, and now we saw the troops descending the steps to the boats. With an inconceivable speed the men fell into their places, and, urged on by the long sweeps, the heavy launches swept across the calm water of the bay.

If a cautious reserve prevented any open questioning as to the late affray, the second boat which came alongside revealed some of its terrible consequences. Seven wounded soldiers were assisted up the side by their comrades, and in total silence conveyed to their station between decks.

"A bad augury this!" muttered Sullivan, as his eye followed them. "They

might as well have left that work for the English!"

"A swift six-oar boat, with the tricolour flag floating for a flag-staff at her stern, now skimmed along toward us, and as she came nearer we could recognise the uniforms of the officers of Humbert's staff, while the burly figure of the general himself was soon distinguishable in the midst of them.

As he stepped up the ladder, not a

trace of displeasure could be seen on his broad bold features. Greeting the assembled officers with a smile, he asked how the wind was?

"All fair, and freshening at every moment," was the answer.

"May it continue!" cried he, "ser-  
vently. "Welcome a hurricane, if it  
only waft us westward!"

The foresail filled out as he spoke, the heavy mass heaved over to the wind, and we began our voyage.

#### THE METHOD OF DIVINE GOVERNMENT.\*

THE injury done by vague and indeterminate notions in practical sciences, such as theology, morals, and politics, has been happily illustrated by the parallel instance of the mischievous effects of a fog in London. The danger of the case arises from the mixture of light and obscurity. If the privation of light were total, and the darkness were, like that of Egypt, "a darkness that might be felt," an entire suspension of human activity would ensue. "*They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place.*" But the mixture of light is just sufficient to tempt men to continue their business, and venture abroad, though not enough to save them from the risk of running against a lamp-post, or stumbling down a cellar. So likewise, in the case of an intellectual haze, the great danger is, that those whose understandings are informed with nothing better than half-views and indeterminate notions, will, nevertheless, judge and act as vigorously as if they were judging and acting in the broad daylight of clear reason.

But there is another peculiar danger connected with some intellectual fogs, for which it is not easy to find a parallel. The citizens of London, though pretty well habituated to November mists, are rarely, if ever, known to *fall in love* with the grand obscurity of that mysterious state of the atmosphere, or persuade themselves that they could *then* cross Fleet-street most safely when they could not distinguish an omnibus

from a dog-cart. But let the reader imagine to himself, if he can, a mist so resplendent with gay, prismatic colours, such "a gorgeous canopy of golden air," as that men should begin to forget its inconvenience in their admiration of its beauty, and a kind of nebular taste should prevail for preferring this glorious dimness to the vulgar clarity of common day. Nothing short of such a case as this would afford a parallel for the mischief done to the public mind by those writers, at present so popular in England and America, who have long been accustoming their disciples to admire, as a style truly philosophical, what can hardly be described otherwise than as a certain haze of words imperfectly understood, through which some remote ideas, scarcely distinguishable in their outlines, *loom*, as it were, upon the view in a dusky kind of grandeur which vastly exaggerates their proportions.

It is chiefly in such foggy forms that the metaphysical philosophy of Germany is every day exercising an increasing influence on the popular literature of England: and its practical effect seems to be felt much more in the production of a distaste, and even contempt for all metaphysics or theology of home-growth, than in substituting anything definite in their place. It has been, indeed, sufficiently instilled into men's minds, that German philosophy is something far more pro-

\* "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral." By Rev. James M'Cosh, A.M. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1850. 8vo., pp. 540.

found than anything hitherto extant in our native literature; but *what* that profound something is, appears not at all so generally understood by the mass of its admirers. We are willing to assume that the distinguished gentlemen who have set the fashion in this case, have, in their own private studies, acquired a more exact and complete acquaintance with it than they deem it necessary to exhibit in their writings: but we are pretty sure that a large proportion of their followers have been content to take matters upon trust, and believe with an implicit faith that what they perceive to be very *hard* thinking, is very accurate thinking also. However that may be, transcendentalism is unquestionably the vogue at present. How long it may continue so, it is not so easy to calculate. We, in these countries, have been, from time immemorial, apt to lag behind the rest of Europe in matters of fashion. We take up some peculiarity just when it has become so soiled and common in the place of its nativity, as to be there passing out of repute. As Falstaff would express it, "We sing the tunes the carmen whistle." In Germany itself, that grotesque dress of mysticism in which their philosophy was at first invested, and which gave it an air at once so strange and striking, is beginning to be thought rather an incumbrance than an advantage; and some of the younger Hegelins have startled their more ceremonious elders by presenting them with the principles of the sects, faithfully, but somewhat coarsely, rendered into the vulgar tongue. It seems to be felt, even there, that to produce a permanent, as well as a strong effect upon the popular mind, matter-of-fact in a plain style must be set before it; and probably the author whose book we purpose to review, has exercised a sound discretion, as well as shown a just taste, in calculating his argument, both in matter and manner, rather for coming than for present popularity. Not that he has neglected altogether to sacrifice to the Graces at present worshipped by the reading public. He has done so, in our humble opinion, rather too largely. Though there be no mysticism, there is a superabundance of rhetoric, and that peculiar kind of redundant illustration which, like Homer's similes, runs wild into episode. A literary Cuvier would set

him down as *Chalmero-Butlerian*. But the sobriety of his principles, the soundness of his arguments, and the goodness of his aim, would redeem in our eyes a thousand greater faults of manner than can be justly imputed to him.

The practical knowledge which the disciples of Butler love best to study, is the knowledge of things and persons, not as they are in themselves, but as they are in respect of us. The ambitious mind of man naturally grasps first at the former sort of knowledge, supposing that, having gained it, the other will follow as a corollary. No doubt such is the highest form of knowledge where it is attainable; but it seems attainable only in a few cases, if any, and those of no great practical importance. The great mass of our practical knowledge consists in a knowledge of the relations—not of the essences of things—a knowledge not so much derived by deductive inference, as reached by inductive observation. Mr. M'Cosh's object is to ascertain what can be learned by observation of the method of God's government of the world, physical and moral. Such an inquiry seems, like Bishop Butler's great work, to assume, in the outset, the existence of the Deity; and though the state of the controversy with infidels in the last century made such an assumption safe *then*, matters have so changed their aspect at present, that, finding Deism no longer tenable, the enemy has preferred the bolder position of Atheism, withdrawing from the open plain of experience to those mountains of fundamental principles, which, as this author eloquently says, is a region "often covered with clouds, but where all the streams of science have their fountains." From these fastnesses, Mr. M'Cosh undertakes to dislodge the adversary. Yet we have some doubts whether, after all, the expedition be absolutely necessary. As there is plainly no presumption against the existence of a physical and moral Governor of the universe, so it seems to us that a proof that the course of things is *as if there were* such a Governor, is in itself a legitimate proof of his existence. But our duty at present is to attend our author, not to guide him.

"General laws" are, according to the cant of modern Infidelity, the true substitute for the old idea of God.

The phrase is one of most convenient ambiguity to the employers of it, and the first business of the author is to distinguish its various meanings. He specifies three several significations which it may bear:—1. The properties of bodies. But these cannot, with any plausibility, be assigned as the causes of the course of nature, because bodies require a certain combination and adjustment, before they can act upon one another, and it is only *upon one another that they act*. No material substance changes spontaneously, but, when severed from external agents, remains for ever in the state in which it was when the separation took place.

Hence we come (2), to another meaning: the action of two or more substances *so adjusted* as to make their properties active. Here, indeed, an account is given of the effects resulting from such an adjustment; but it is only given by assigning what raises another question as to the cause determining that adjustment itself. Baffled here, then, we turn to the last meaning (3), a predication of such resemblance as brings certain objects into a common class—as when we say that all quadrupeds are mammalia. But in this sense, to speak of the *action* of a general law is manifestly absurd, because the thing spoken of is the mere enunciation of a fact.

The great value of this part of the work consists in bringing clearly before the reader the fact, that we must suppose an original *adjustment* of the properties of the elementary bodies to each other, in certain definite combinations, to account for the continued action of the machinery of the universe. If this be admitted, then no assignment of secondary physical causes, however subtle or intricate, can evade the old argument from design. It only pushes it back; and (what is specially worthy of remark) *increases the force of its recoil by every point which it is made to recede*. Suppose, for example, that you can show demonstrably, from the known properties of matter, that a certain mixture in definite proportions of gases, acids, and earths, will develop itself into the organized structure of a plant, or an animal, and what have you shown but the admirable simplicity of the contrivance by which the Author of nature secures his multiplied ends? The state of science in modern times only requires that, instead of stopping

short at the mechanism by which the end is immediately obtained, the argument for design should bottom itself upon the selection of original collocations or adjustments fruitful in developed mechanism for the attainment of the Creator's ends.

Driven from the shelter of ambiguity afforded by the term "laws," the Atheist is reduced either (1) to deny that the properties of bodies require mutual adjustment by some external agent, and seek a cause of development in some original property of matter itself; or (2), to deny that a *cause* is to be sought at all, and reduce all science to a mere affair of classification and arrangement—the finding of the most general possible expression for the facts of the universe.

This latter evasion leads the author into a discussion of the difficult question concerning cause and effect. Is a cause only an antecedent phenomenon; an effect a consequent phenomenon; and the *connexion* between them merely the strength of the association between the two ideas in our minds? Mr. M'Cosh thinks otherwise. He undertakes to establish that, while the notion of an effect is certainly that of a phenomenon—a change of state—the notion of the cause which we feel that such a change requires is that of a *substance*, endowed with certain powers or properties by which the change is effected. This statement, as he remarks, while it is in accordance with the natural notions of men's minds, secures natural theology from the attacks which some metaphysicians have made upon it from this quarter. Admitting that material substances are real causes, brings with it no danger, since experience shows that their properties cannot act without previous adjustment and combination; while the limitation of effects to *changes* renders it unnecessary to search for a cause of the eternal existence of the Supreme.

Some, however, we apprehend, there will be, who, readily granting to this author that action and passion are predicable only of substances, will feel a difficulty in the way of allowing any proper activity to matter. It must be allowed that our notions of distinct material *substances* are vague and obscure; and that some of those who speak of the powers of material substances use expressions which would lead one to suppose that they retained



certain obsolete notions of common essences that are probably foreign to their thoughts. What, *e.g.*, is the *substance* meant, when we speak of the power of the magnet to attract iron? It is not surely intended that there is really but one identical substance in all matter, or in all loadstones, or that the particular loadstone before us, accidentally cut to certain particular dimensions, becomes, by being separated from the block, a new singular *substance*. This latter may be the popular notion, but it can hardly be the scientific one. The truth is, that, in a vulgar way of thinking, the mind deals very much *pro arbitrio* with material substances, narrowing or extending their limits as suits its own convenience; and seems able and apt to consider any portion of matter which it can take in at one view, and shut off for a time from other things by any noticeable limits, as a particular substance. Speaking scientifically, however, the substance, or rather aggregate of substances, intended, must be some original atoms, of whose existence it must be allowed that we have no direct sensible evidence, and of which, unquestionably, the mind takes no conscious cognizance, when it places the cause of attraction in the magnet. But still, upon what ground, it may be asked, are even these atoms asserted to be simple substances? Their little parts may cohere, if you please, with a force which defies the known powers of nature to separate them:—still they are parts separable by Omnipotence and, when the mind considers any one part by itself, must it not regard that as a separate substance as truly as one solid inch in a glass decanter is really a different thing from all the contiguous solid inches?—or, to put the matter in another light, would such a force of cohesion as would make the decanter practically an atom, make it also a distinct singular substance? But if we take refuge in Boscovich's *points* of attraction and repulsion, is not this really to drop the idea of matter, without confessing it? These and many other (perhaps more important) difficulties will probably induce some readers to prefer the doctrine laid down by Mr. Stewart upon this question:—

“When it is said,” he observes, “that every change in nature indicates the operation

of a cause, the word *cause* expresses something which is supposed to be necessarily connected with the change; and without which it could not have happened. This may be called the metaphysical meaning of the word, and such causes may be called *metaphysical* or *efficient causes*. In natural philosophy, however, when we speak of one thing being the cause of another, all that we mean is, that the two are constantly conjoined, so that when we see the one we may expect the other. These conjunctions we learn from experience alone, and without an acquaintance with them we could not accommodate our conduct to the established course of nature. The causes which are the objects of our investigation in natural philosophy may, for the sake of distinction, be called *physical causes*. . . . In stating the arguments for the existence of the Deity, several modern philosophers have been at pains to illustrate that law of our nature which leads us to refer every change we perceive in the universe to the operation of an efficient cause. This reference is not the result of reasoning, but necessarily accompanies the sensation, so as to render it impossible for us to see the change without feeling a conviction of the operation of some cause by which it was produced; much in the same manner in which we find it to be impossible to conceive a sensation without being impressed with a belief of the existence of a sentient being. Hence, I apprehend, it is that when we see two events constantly conjoined, we are led to associate the idea of causation or efficiency with the former, and to refer to it that power or energy by which the change was produced. . . . It is by an association somewhat similar that we connect our sensations of colour with the primary qualities of body. A moment's reflection must satisfy any one that the sensation of colour can only reside in a mind; and yet our natural bias is surely to connect colour with extension and figure, and to conceive *white*, *blue*, and *yellow*, as something spread over the surfaces of bodies. In the same way we are led to associate with inanimate matter the idea of *power*, *force*, *energy*, and *causation*, which are all attributes of mind, and can exist in a mind only.” —Elements of P. of H. M., Chap. I. sec. ii. pp. 54, 56.

In a word, the person of whom we speak will be apt to argue thus:—Mind is confessedly a cause, a substantial cause, of which, as a cause, we have direct evidence in our consciousness. We are compelled by the law of our nature to conclude the existence of a causal substance where we perceive a change. But that this is a material substance we have no evidence whatever. For it is confessed



that the bias of our minds which leads us, in a particular case, to treat the immediately contiguous physical antecedent as the true cause, is illusory. All we can truly affirm, upon any hypothesis, with respect to any physical conjunction, is, that upon the presence of it certain effects will ensue—that it is *either* the cause, or a *certain mark* of the presence of the cause. Since, even upon the supposition of true material efficient causes, how can we be sure that the material agent which produces any given effect may be not the sensible object with which it is conjoined, but a subtle being which has hitherto, and will for ever, elude human observation? There is, then, no one material substance which we can, upon any direct evidence, pronounce to be a *cause* in this sense at all; and, therefore, it is more philosophical to recognise, in such cases, the agency of such a substance as we know to be capable of causation.

But in pursuing the “springs of knowledge,” we have almost lost ourselves in “the clouds.” Let us return to regions more level to our capacities. Laws of nature, then, are to be considered as laws imposed by God upon nature; and, through an instructive and entertaining chapter, the author proceeds to point out instances of the adaptation of the general laws of nature to the constitution of the human mind. The mind is naturally fitted to love the combination of variety and sameness, and the number of elements in the collocations of things around is sufficient to produce variety without confusion. The mind is furnished with an intuition of connexions between phenomena—a natural vaticination, as Berkeley calls it, of an expected order; and the prophecy is fulfilled by a causal connexion between all events. The mind is fitted to gather knowledge by *experience*, and an experience is provided for it. Phenomena have causes; substances are so adjusted as to act; causes adjusted so as to produce general laws of succession. We have faculties enabling us to generalise and classify for the attainment of knowledge, practical and speculative; and the principle of order is maintained throughout the world in number, form, colour, &c., both in more obvious lines for practical direction, and in more intricate and various, where only the eye of the philosopher can detect them. The

mind is made apt to love the beautiful, and beauty, both moral and physical, is presented to it.

But there is one circumstance connected with the laws of nature which thinking men have, in all ages, remarked with some surprise—that the ascertainable stability and universality of those laws increases as we recede from earth, and man’s practical concerns. The simplicity of the laws of the heavenly bodies, *e. g.*, enables us to calculate with certainty their motions for ages back and for ages to come; while the multiplicity of the laws which regulate human affairs renders the effects often as irregularly variable as if every cause had not been subjected to precise conditions. Thus, in a rough way, it may be said, that *what is put within our foresight is beyond our power; and what is within our power is beyond our foresight.* It was this view of things which led Aristotle to exclude Providence from sublunary affairs, and compare the universe to a great household, in which the provident care of the master extends itself but slightly to the crowd of slaves and cattle.

The common account of the irregularities of earthly affairs is, that it is a necessary defect arising from the unavoidable crossing of the complex general laws by which they are ordered, and which Omnipotence itself could not prevent, consistently with the use of any general laws at all. But this author is dissatisfied with that explanation. The final end of these irregularities is to be sought in the discipline which they provide for parts of our intellectual and moral nature, which would otherwise lack their due culture. “The recurrences of nature surround us by [with] friends and familiar faces; and we feel that we can walk with security and composure in the scenes in which our Maker has placed us. The occurrences of nature, on the other hand, bring us into contact with new objects and strangers, and quicken our energies by means of the feelings of curiosity and astonishment which are awakened.” But the great reason of these apparent irregularities is, that the *interferences* of general laws are so calculated as to make the course of things administer a particular providence suitable to the ever-changing moral characters and conditions of beings undergoing a discipline for an-

other life. The author, in short, adopts, to some extent, Leibnitz's grand conception of a pre-established harmony between the moral and the physical world, and regards Providence as manifested in the designed interferences of laws with one another, not in suspension of those laws by direct acts of a controlling Divine power. There are several interesting remarks upon this view of things as applied to the great question of the efficacy of prayer; but it will probably be still felt by many, that one great moral difficulty remains untouched. If this be the true theory of prayer, the more fully, it will be said, we understand what we are really about when we pray, the better. It cannot be necessary for the right use of means that we should put out of mind the true account of their utility. How can one feel that it is other than an impediment to the earnestness of prayer, to have a full conviction present to his mind, that he is not *now* by his supplication exercising any influence on the Being whom he addresses, but that the answer which he is to expect is the pre-arranged result of causes, set in motion once for all at the creation of the world? It may, indeed, tend to lessen this difficulty, to observe, that the present sympathy, so to speak, of the Deity with the suppliant, is just the same as if he were now answering the prayer which He long ago foresaw; but we doubt whether it will wholly remove it; and many minds will prefer recurring to the mysterious truth that time has no relation to the Deity's own existence; and considering that the representation of His acting *now* upon a present supplication, and his *having foreseen* things from the beginning, are both only analogical representations of a thing inconceivable to our minds—that what takes place, with reference to us in successive duration, has no succession in reference to the Deity. What seems to be really meant by the terms *foresight*, *pre-arrangement*, &c. in such cases is—that the causes which (relating to us) are antecedent in time to a given effect, are arranged with a view to the prayer which (relatively to us) is long posterior to them.

But here again we become aware that we have followed the author too far into the clouds. The author passes now from the world without to the world within—from a survey of exter-

nal nature to a survey of the human mind; and here again we are doomed to stumble at the very threshold over metaphysics.

The question of the freedom of the will is a controversy which at all times, and in all places, has divided men's opinions, wherever and whenever the human mind has raised itself in any degree to abstract speculation. Pagan science, when it expired, bequeathed this as a fatal legacy to the Christian schools, where, blended with the deeper interests of theological dispute, it has arrayed the divines of Christendom on either side as stern, if not angry, combatants in a protracted warfare, which has found a battle-field in every Church throughout the world; and which, whatever tendency it may have to enlarge our knowledge, has certainly done little to improve our charity. Mr. M'Cosh, we need hardly say, for he is a clergyman of the Free Kirk of Scotland, declares for necessity; but he makes large and candid admissions to the maintainers of liberty. He readily gives up, as an empty truism, Edwards' dogma, that "the strongest motive determines the will;" judiciously observing that the *strongest* motive can be fixed no otherwise than by determining the will; and (which is still more remarkable) he frankly allows the same writer's objections to a *self-determining* power to be no better than childish cavils. However, upon explanation, it appears that he holds the will to be self-determined in no other way than as the understanding is—i. e., to act always in accordance with its *own fixed laws*. Any other freedom than this he regards as involving a surrender of the great axiom, that every event must have a cause—meaning thereby a fixed antecedent, which will always necessarily be followed by the same effect. There is, we apprehend, some confusion of thought in the way in which this axiom is used as an argument against the freedom of the will—a confusion regarding both the character of the axiom itself, and the nature of the causes which it speaks of. The axiom is treated as if, in its general expression, it were engraven as an innate maxim on the mind; whereas the correct account seems to be, that its abstract form is only a generalisation of the particular intuitive references which, on the occurrences of particular events, we make severally in each case

to a particular cause. The value of the general expression consists in its correctly representing the particular intuitions of the mind, and therefore cannot legitimately be made a standard to control them. If an event can be specified which the mind does not intuitively refer to a necessary fixed cause, the axiom is thereby sufficiently shown not to cover that case. Now the maintainers of liberty assert that in the case of volitions there is no such reference; nay more, that in the phenomenon of self-reproach there is involved a consciousness that, all antecedents remaining the same, the act of volition might have been different from what it was; and that this is so necessarily involved in the moral judgment, that as soon as such a conviction is expunged, and the mind taught to regard the volition as the necessary result of laws imposed by some other being, the sense of responsibility vanishes. That, in order to moral responsibility, the will must be viewed as an *αὐτόνομος*—a self-acting principle—this author seems to admit; but in his sense the understanding is an *αὐτόνομος*. Yet no one blames himself for defects or errors of understanding.

It is vain to allege in answer to this that we practically do discover laws necessarily regulating the will. The thing is true, but it is no answer; for so far as the will is thus regulated, it affords no matter for moral judgments. No one *praises* a man for preferring pleasure to pain, where everything else is equal; and though the habitual indulgence of criminal desires may produce a character (*i. e.*, a relation between those desires and the will) of incurable proclivity to vice, our censure of such a character always proceeds on the notion of its having been formed by *voluntary* indulgence; and the *natural* strength of passion and *natural* weakness of understanding are always allowed as *excuses* diminishing guilt. Thus, in proportion as the will approaches the state of mechanical action, it ceases to be the object of the peculiar sentiments of praise or blame. The agent may be disliked or admired, but not commended or censured. Indeed, it seems strange that those who speak so much of the *character* determining the will, should forget that the character, as

distinguished from mere natural disposition, is the creature of the will.

But again, it is probable that many advocates of the freedom of the will may complain that the meaning of this famous axiom is mistaken when it is thus applied. They will say that the cause which that axiom contemplates is an efficient cause—a *will*; whereas the antecedents to which it is applied in the argument are mere antecedents. They will accordingly be ready with a distinction. We grant, they will say, that every volition must have an antecedent of some sort—namely, the presence of one or more motives; but we deny that such antecedents are invariable antecedents, having a necessary connexion with the act of will, so as that, with the same antecedents, we shall always have the same consequents. Even in the world of matter, they will urge, this necessary connexion does not exist between physical antecedents and consequents, but only between effects and efficient causes. No cause but the efficient strictly fulfils the condition of absolutely invariable antecedence. All others are but causes *analogically*. There is nothing more than a high probability that the best ascertained physical antecedents will always be attended with the same consequents. We must, then, either hold that the Deity, as a strict efficient, produces every particular volition of our minds, or else give up the axiom as inapplicable to the present question.

Desiring that this review should lead our readers to obtain and peruse the book itself, we have been led on to dwell more largely upon the incidental errors which the student might not perceive of himself, than upon the merits and beauties which he cannot fail to discover. The issue has been, that we have exhausted our space before our work is done. But before we conclude, let us express our opinion once for all. This argument is the effort of no common mind. The author cannot stir any question he treats of without throwing up the deeply-seated seeds of thought. He is in general a powerful and convincing reasoner, and like his master, Chalmers, he is apt to clothe his severest logic in a gorgeously embroidered robe of imagery and eloquence.

## DR. JOHNSON'S RELIGIOUS LIFE AND DEATH.\*

FULLER accounts for the strange alterations which surnames undergo, till their original form can be longer recognised, by the consolatory reflection, that "they are not the best families who spell best." In our experience as reviewers, we are often led to observe that they are not the best men who write the best books. Still, whether his book be good or not, it is something for an author to impress his readers with the feeling that he is himself an amiable and well-meaning man. It is something, too, to have such a resource as literature to fill up hours which would otherwise be passed perhaps idly and unprofitably. The volume before us is plainly the work of a person having but little practice in the arts of book-making. He regards Johnson with great admiration, and is anxious to call attention to some points in his character, but is every now and then misled by one or other of the idols of the heathen. A sentence of Carlyle's, or Sidney Smith's, or Leigh Hunt's, is sure to lead him right or wrong wherever the meteor light may shed its glimmer. We wish he would write without his books. He is best when he most relies on his own natural good sense, and is alone with Johnson or Boswell. The book would be a better book than it is, if he had not the weak, though kindly, habit of praising everybody and everything. It is unfortunate for him that he thinks it desirable, before telling us his own impression of Johnson, to read all that Macaulay, or Sidney Smith, or anybody else has written on the subject.

Still the book is an entertaining book, and will be found an exceedingly pleasant travelling companion on a journey. It has a hundred agreeable stories—some of them resting on the best grounds of authenticity—several doubtful enough, still not by any means to be altogether rejected, as the stories invented about a great man are in general framed from a true conception of his character, and believed

because likely to be true. We cannot expect the author of a volume of *ana* to sift the evidence of every story he tells, and, as a volume of *ana* this book is to be regarded.

Trotter's "Memoirs of Fox" supply our author with a motto to his first chapter—"We continued our reading of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.' How often at midnight, as Mr. Fox listened with avidity, he apologised to me for keeping me from my rest! but still, delighted with our reading, he would say, 'Well, you may go on a little more.'" Some half-dozen testimonials, which might have been spared, follow. They are certificates of character for Johnson, written in the tone and temper of an Edinburgh or London man of some notoriety recommending an obscure friend to some situation in Ireland or the Colonies, and furnishing him with as many virtues as he can remember or invent. This chapter might have been spared. Johnson is not in want of the praises of Mr. Anderson, or Mrs. More, or others whom we find quoted, and whose gifts and graces are recorded in notes which, in some cases, communicate to us, for the first time, the very existence of the parties called as witnesses for Johnson. The next chapter is better. It is called "Johnson's Early Religious Life." Something is told us of the formal and austere habits of Johnson's mother. Religion was made unpleasant to him; still it was impressed on his memory, and the lessons learned in earliest childhood influenced his after life. This topic is pursued through three or four chapters, and then we pass to a division of the book entitled "Johnson's Humanity," which is dealt with somewhat more successfully than the former. These formal divisions give an author but little aid, and are of no use whatever to the readers in any but a work of pure science. If in this book the leading incidents of Johnson's life had been told with some reference to dates of time and place, it would

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\* "Dr. Johnson: His Religious Life and Death." By the Author of "Dr. Hookwell," "The Primitive Church in its Episcopacy," &c. London: Bentley. 1850.



have been infinitely more convenient in every way, and would have rendered some of the mistakes into which the author has fallen almost impossible. However, we have no right to suggest alterations which would imply a change in the whole plan of the book. A reviewer must take what he finds, and deal with it as he can. If the child that we endeavour to foster will not live, it is not our fault; but whatever may become of it, we have no right to change it at nurse.

Of Johnson's "humanity," by which our author seems to mean his general kindness of disposition, he had nothing of the bear about him, as Goldsmith said, but the skin. A great many instances are given, but they are such as would be found in the case of almost every man; and we think it would have been easy to have brought from Boswell's book alone proofs much more decisive than those which our author has selected. We prefer quoting from the book before us the account of Johnson's generous support of the half-dozen helpless persons who found a shelter in his house, because neglected by the world:—

"One of the most extraordinary and continued acts of kindness in Dr. Johnson's life, was that which opened his house as a residence to several persons of indigent circumstances. Let us first tell the case of Mrs. Williams. She was the daughter of a Welsh physician, and excited the compassion of Dr. Johnson, on coming to London to have an operation performed on her eyes. He took her into his house for the greater convenience in this performance, and, on its failure (for she became totally blind), he never desired, so long as he was in possession of a house, that she should depart from under its roof. . . . She was poor, and mainly supported by the voluntary contributions of others. Dr. Johnson obtained for her pecuniary aid from Mrs. Montague (a lady whom he solicited also on behalf of a Mrs. Ogle, Davies, a bankrupt bookseller, &c.); from Garrick also he asked a benefit-night at the theatre, and was eager in disposing of the tickets (from this she derived £200); and he greatly assisted her in some literary undertakings: Sir John Hawkins stating, that by her quarto volume of 'Miscellanies,' to which Dr. Johnson was known to contribute much from his pen, she increased her little fund to £300. Lady Knight thinks that, ultimately, she possessed an annual income of about thirty-five or forty pounds a year. . . .

"But with all the alleviations provided for her, and with much cheerfulness under

the sad deprivation of sight, she seems to have been of an irritable and peevish temper. All agree in their testimony of this, though some endeavour to palliate it. She would frequently quarrel with Johnson's favourite negro servant, and then would taunt him with the money spent on Barber's education, saying, 'This is your scholar, on whose education you have spent £300.' On one occasion, Boswell, who had long observed her asperity of manner, says, 'Mrs. Williams was very peevish, and I wondered at Johnson's patience with her now, as I had often done on similar occasions. The truth is, that his humane consideration of the *furlorn and indigent state* in which this lady was left by her father, induced him to treat her with *the utmost tenderness*.' Johnson himself writes of her, when he had procured her accommodation in the country on account of illness—'Age, sickness, and *pride* have made her so peevish, that I was forced to bribe the maid to stay with her by a stipulation of half-a-crown a week over her wages.' He had supplied her with all conveniences to make her excursion and abode pleasant and useful. The next year, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, he writes—'Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them.' During her illness he ever spoke tenderly of her, and in his diary this affecting record is made:—'This has been a day of great emotion; the office of the Communion for the Sick has been performed in poor Mrs. Williams's chamber. At home I see almost all my companions dead or dying. . . . I hope that I shall learn to die as dear Williams is dying, who was very cheerful before and after this awful solemnity, and seems to resign herself with calmness and hope upon eternal mercy.' To Dr. Brocklesby he writes:—'Be so kind as to continue your attention to Mrs. Williams. It is a great consolation to the well, and still greater to the sick, that they find themselves not neglected, and I know that you will *be desirous of giving comfort, even where you have no great hope of giving help*.' On hearing of her death he was much affected, and composed a solemn prayer on the event. To Mrs. Montague, who had allowed her a pension, he writes to communicate the tidings of her death, and says—'You have, madam, the satisfaction of having alleviated the sufferings of a woman of great merit, both intellectual and moral.' To Mr. Langton he writes—'I have lost a companion (Mrs. Williams), to whom I have had recourse for domestic amusement for thirty years, and whose variety of knowledge never was exhausted; and now return to a habitation vacant and desolate.' And in another, to the same friend, he alludes to Mrs. Williams, 'whose death, following that of Levett, has now made my house a solitude. She left her little substance to a charity-



school. She is, I hope, where there is neither darkness (in reference to her blindness), nor want, nor sorrow.'

"Mrs. Desmoulins was another inmate of Dr. Johnson's house, and a recipient of his charity; she also was the daughter of a physician, who left a large family in poverty, she herself having made an imprudent marriage, and now become a widow. Johnson allowed her half-a-guinea a week—above a twelfth part of his pension—and also lodged her daughter under his roof. On Good Friday, 1779, we find this record in his diary:—'I maintain Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter; other good of myself I know not where to find, except a little charity.' We find him also writing to the Rev. Dr. Vyse, to ask for the situation of Matron of the Chartreux for her, and he says—'She is in great distress, and therefore may probably receive the benefit of a charitable foundation.' Such an appointment (which she did not obtain) would have relieved Dr. Johnson, but, at the same time, he was well aware that it would have added to her comfort and self-respect, albeit to be a pensioner of Dr. Johnson's was not without honour. She did not live altogether in peace with the other inmates, for Johnson records, 'To-day Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins had a scold, and Williams was going away; but I bid her not *turn tail*, and she came back, and rather got the upper hand.' Again, to Mrs. Thrale, he writes:—'Mr. Levett and Mrs. Desmoulins have vowed eternal hate.'

"Passing over Miss Carmichael, of whom so little is known, come we to the unfortunate Mr. Robert Levett. In the story of this man there is much of mingled goodness and romance. An Englishman by birth, and the eldest of ten children, he commenced life as a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris, where some surgeons, who frequented the house, took a liking to him, themselves taught him something of their art, and obtained free admission for him to the lectures of their ablest professors in pharmacy and anatomy. In London he became a popular practitioner among the humbler classes, who, of course, could afford to pay him only very small sums, and often paid him in kind. As regards his marriage, he was made the victim of an artful and profligate woman, and yet he was nearly sixty years of age at this time. Johnson writes to Barretti:—'Levett is lately married; not without much suspicion that he has been wretchedly cheated in his match;' and he used further to say that, compared with the marvels of this transaction, the Arabian Nights seemed familiar occurrences. It appears that she persuaded Levett, although he became acquainted with her under the poorest circumstances, that she was unrighteously kept out of a large fortune; yet, before he had been married four months, a writ was taken out against him for debts

contracted by her. Then he was obliged to be secreted, but ere long she ran away from him, was tried at the Old Bailey for robbery, acquitted, and a separation took place; from that time, Johnson taking him to his home. All this misfortune only moved the compassionate heart of Johnson; and he was remarkable for standing by those who were distressed, and relieving those who could never recompense him. He seems to have been a man of ungainly appearance, for Boswell contrasts the 'awkward and uncouth Robert Levett' with the brilliant Colonel Forester, of the Guards, who wrote the 'Polite Philosopher,' when showing that Dr. Johnson associated with persons most widely different in manners, abilities, rank, and accomplishments. At the same time, Boswell thought well of him, for, in a letter to Johnson, he says—'I wish many happy years to good Mr. Levett, who, I suppose, holds his usual place at your breakfast-table.' Levett seems to have held the matutinal appointment of lord of the tea-kettle, and, in the absence of the other inmates, to have become tea-maker. Johnson, who always treated him with 'marked courtesy,' as though he was an equal or more; and, when absent, writing kindly to him, would observe, that 'Levett was indebted to him for nothing more than house-room, his share in a penny loaf at breakfast, and now and then a dinner on a Sunday.' This was no mean debt, but how insignificant when compared with that contracted from the constant experience of Johnson's condescension and courtesy. He resided for about twenty years under this great man's roof, 'who,' says Stevens, 'never wished him to be regarded as an inferior, or treated him like a dependent.' His temper, notwithstanding, seems to have been irritable and, perhaps, sullen. It has already been seen that 'Levett hates Desmoulins;' and we find again Dr. Johnson himself saying, 'Mr. Levett and Mrs. Desmoulins have vowed eternal hate; Levett is *the more insidious, and wants me to turn her out*;' and again, 'Mrs. Williams is come home better, and the habitation is all concord and harmony, *only Mr. Levett harbours discontent*.' It was not long, however, before Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins had a violent quarrel, so continually was dissension arising among those who may be almost termed his pensioners.

"Yet Johnson held him in great esteem, and regretted him in his death. To Mr. Laurence he communicates the intelligence of 'our old friend's' death, and remarks—'So has ended the long life of a very useful, and very blameless man.' To Mrs. Thrale he writes—'My home has lost Levett, a man who took interest in everything, and therefore ready at conversation;' to Mrs. Porter—'The loss of friends will be felt, and poor Levett has been a faithful adherent for thirty years;' and to Captain Langton—'At night, at Mrs. Thrale's, as I was mus-

ing in my chamber, I thought, with uncommon earnestness, that, however I might alter my mode of life, or whithersoever I might remove, I would endeavour to retain Levett about me; in the morning my servant brought me word that Levett was called to another state—a state for which I think he was not unprepared, for he was very useful to the poor. *How much soever I valued him*, I now wished that I had valued him more.

"The notice of the inmates of Dr. Johnson's dwelling would not be complete without a brief sketch of Francis Barber, his faithful servant, almost uninterruptedly, for nearly thirty-two years. He was a negro, brought from Jamaica to this country by Colonel Bathurst, who, in his will, left him his freedom: and Johnson, who was probably poor at this time, seems to have taken him out of compassion for his forlorn state, as well as out of love to his intimate friend Dr. Bathurst, son of the Colonel. Dr. Johnson put him to school, often wrote in terms of great kindness to him, and read and prayed with him. Twice, through some wayward fancy, he left his master, but was right glad to get into his old quarters again: for even when separated Johnson sought to do him good; and the servant could not refrain from an occasional visit to his old master's house.

. . . . . Boswell seems to have entertained a good opinion of Frank, saying, on one occasion, 'I was happy to find myself again in my friend's study, and was glad to see my old acquaintance, Mr. Francis Barber.' In the famous picture of 'A Literary Party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's,' Barber is represented in his capacity of servant, and one cannot help thinking but that he, in common with the distinguished members of that evening's hospitality, even while bringing in more wine, is casting his eyes towards his master, and listening to his rare discourse.

"Johnson having previously asked Dr. Brocklesby what would be a proper annuity to a favourite servant, and the Doctor answering that much depended on the circumstances of the master, and that fifty pounds per annum would be considered a handsome reward from a nobleman: 'Then,' said Johnson, 'shall I be *nobilissimus*—for I mean to leave Frank seventy pounds a-year, and I desire you to tell him so.' He did remember him handsomely in his will, and Barber retired to Lichfield, according to Dr. Johnson's request, and died in the year 1801, in the Infirmary at Stafford, after undergoing a painful operation."

How this happy family continued to live together, is to us difficult to conceive. Johnson, to be sure, was a good deal away; the habits of that day were not like ours, and the club was, for half his time, his proper home. Levett was among his patients all day long;

the black dog and the old cats, though they growled and mewed when they met on the stairs or in the passages, were not condemned to lie on the same rug; and when they were too near each other for peace, the domestic tigresses, and the big black brute that worried and feared them, were awed by some apprehension of their keeper. For the most part, they lived in what may be called separate divisions of the same cage, and did not meet very often. Mrs. Piozzi tells us that Johnson "was really sometimes afraid of going home, because he was sure to be met at the door with numberless complaints; and he used to lament that they made his life miserable, from the impossibility he found of making theirs happy, when every favour he bestowed on one was wormwood to the rest." Mrs. Piozzi was sometimes rash enough to express her sympathy with Johnson's distress, and then he would begin justifying and defending them—"He finished commonly," she adds, "by telling me that I knew not how to make allowances for situations I never experienced." Hawkins tells us that Levett would at times "insult him; and Mrs. Williams, in her paroxysms of rage, would drive him from her presence." "Discord and discontent reign in my humble habitation, as in the palace of monarchs," is Johnson's language in one of his letters. Each of these inmates, it would seem, wished their common benefactor to turn the other out. Our author is struck by Johnson's benevolence, and exclaims, in a feeling certainly true, but perhaps too strongly expressed, "What a picture is this of the larger world of ungrateful men, and God over all, provoked every day."

In Johnson's interview with George III., he felt that he had said something calculated to lower Dr. Willis in the king's estimation, and instantly sought to remove the effect. Reynolds remarked, that when Johnson had been rough to any one in company, he took the first opportunity of reconciliation by drinking to him, or addressing his discourse to him. If the other did not accept this overture to reconciliation, it seemed to give Johnson no farther concern. In either way, there was an end of the matter.

"'Johnson's charity to the poor,' writes Boswell, 'was uniform and extensive, both

from inclination and principle.' Like Goldsmith, when he had exhausted his own purse in acts of liberality, he would beg for others, if in real distress; this 'he did judiciously as well as humanely.' The Rev. Dr. Maxwell says, 'He frequently gave all the silver in his pocket to the poor, who watched him between his house and the tavern where he dined.' 'Those,' records Miss Reynolds, 'who knew his uniform benevolence, and its actuating principles—steady virtue and true holiness—will readily agree with me, that peace and goodwill towards man were the natural emanations of his heart. I shall never forget the impression,' she continues, 'I felt in Dr. Johnson's favour, the first time I was in his company, on his saying, that, as he returned to his lodgings at one or two o'clock in the morning, he often saw poor children asleep on the thresholds and stalls, and that he used to put pennies into their hands to buy them a breakfast.' 'And this at a time,' observes Croker, 'when he himself was living on pennies.'

"Boswell observes, 'Johnson's love of little children, which he discovered upon all occasions, calling them 'pretty dears,' and giving them sweetmeats, was an undoubted proof of the real humanity and gentleness of his disposition.'

"Retrenchment in charity he thought should be the last consideration when obliged to economise. He writes to Mrs. Thrale, at the same time not allowing her to diminish a two-guinea annual subscription,—'Whatever reasons you have for frugality, it is not worth while to save a guinea a-year by withdrawing it from a public charity.' But beneficent as he was himself in alms-giving, he thought it better, in general, to spend money than to give it away. 'A man,' he said, 'who spends his money, is sure he is doing good with it; he is not so sure when he gives it away. A man who spends ten thousand a-year will do more good than a man who spends two thousand, and gives away eight.'"

Our author gives many of what he happily calls Johnson's golden sayings:—"To give pain ought always to be painful;" "Those who have loved longest love best;" "A friend may be often found and lost, but an old friend never can be found."

This man of rough manners, but of warm affections, had a proper contempt for all sentimentality. Johnson felt, and therefore did not talk about feeling. To Boswell, when reproaching himself for not feeling as others say they do, Johnson said, "Sir, don't be duped by them any more. You will find these very feeling people are not very ready to do you any good. They pay you by feeling." On another oc-

casion he said, "Sir, it is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others as much as they do themselves. It is equally so, as if one should pretend to feel as much pain while a friend's leg is cutting off as he does. No, sir, you have expressed the rational and just nature of sympathy. I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this (Mrs. Thrale's) boy."

We have five chapters on Johnson's churchmanship, which, on the whole, give a very good notion of Johnson's views. We have to complain that our author's own are not as distinctly exhibited. Perhaps they are to be regarded as unfixed. We presume, from the tone and temper in which these chapters are written, that the author is himself a clergyman. His reading is plainly that of a man who finds his amusement, if not his professional occupation, in the study of sermons and episcopal charges; and men separated from each other by differences of doctrine that would seem irreconcilable, are here brought together, and a sort of harmony wrought out which they themselves never suspected. Johnson could not have known what to have made of his admirer. He would not have heard one single sentence without actually smashing every bone and member of it into a jelly, but he would have loved the man himself. His whole time would have been taken up in savage roughnesses and in reconciliations. On Reynolds's principle, he would never have had time to say a word to any one else.

Johnson was a Jacobite and the son of a Jacobite; he, however, drank "Church and King" with "true Tory cordiality" before the Pretender's death.

Johnson loved the Church with his whole heart. When reminded that himself and a friend met usually at church—"Sir," said he, "it is the best place we can meet in, except heaven, and I hope we shall meet there, too." When asked to hear Robertson the historian preach, he said, "I will hear him if he will get up into a tree and preach; but I will not give a sanction by my presence to a Presbyterian assembly."

Johnson's model of a good clergyman was—

"The Rev. Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, who, we are told, was idolised in

the West of England, both for his excellence as a preacher, and the uniform perfect propriety of his private character. After telling of the great and comprehensive nature of his thought and action, his firmness, and general benevolence, and profound learning, Johnson proceeds to say, 'His discharge of parochial duties was exemplary. How his sermons were composed, may be learned from the excellent volume which he has given to the public; but how they were delivered can be only known to those who heard them: for, as he appeared in the pulpit, words will not easily describe him. His delivery, though unconstrained, was not negligent, and though forcible, was not turbulent: disdaining anxious nicety of emphasis, and laboured artifice of action, it captivated the hearer by its natural dignity: it roused the sluggish and fixed the volatile, and detained the mind upon the subject without directing it to the speaker.'

Unluckily Johnson has not told us whether Mudge's sermons were *extempore* or not; but our author leans to the conclusion, from the fact of their having been printed, "that they were previously written in the study;" and this leads to a disquisition on the subject of written and unwritten sermons. Our author's opinion is, that "a good sermon is a good sermon, whether written or spoken; and the question whether sermons should be written and read, or be unwritten, and spoken without book, should be left to the ability and freedom of ministers, and even be regarded as a matter of the least importance." With this text our author opens a discourse of many pages long, on which he argues, or rather tells stories, on both sides of the question, from which it would appear that the unimportant question was regarded as of all importance by many experienced men, and that some terrible fellows, with good memories, contrived to evade all difficulty, by not writing sermons, but getting written sermons by heart, and declaiming them with proper emphasis and gesture. "You read your sermons out of a paper," said a Quaker to the goodly Mr. Baxter, "and, therefore, you have not the Spirit." And Baxter made answer to his impertinent friend, "It is not want of your abilities that makes ministers use notes, but it is a regard to the work, and the good of the hearers. I use notes as much as any man when I take pains, and as little as any man when I am lazy or busy, or have not time to

prepare. It is easier for us to preach these sermons without notes than even with them." Bishop Hall said, "Never durst I climb into the pulpit to preach any sermon, whereof I had not before, in my poor and plain fashion, penned every word in the same order wherein I hoped to deliver it." Bishop Andrews used to say, "When he preached twice a-day at St. Giles's, he prated once."

Johnson's letter to Strahan suggests a good mode of preparing sermons. There is a better—to steal the brooms ready made:—

"Your present method of making your sermons seems very judicious. Few frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more their own than yours will be. Take care to register, somewhere or other, the authors from whom your several discourses are borrowed; and do not imagine that you shall always remember even what, perhaps, you now think it impossible to forget."

How shall our essayist decide this question—as to what a young divine shall do, considering that doctors differ pretty widely on the subject. Bishop Burnett recommends using other men's sermons rather than making their own. Bishop Bull says much the same thing in much the same way. Why offer their own crudities, when such excellent discourses are to be obtained in print? On the other hand, Bishop Spratt says every person who preaches should make it a matter of conscience to preach nothing but what is of his own composing. George Herbert says, "Though the world is full of such composing, yet every man's own is fittest and readiest, and most savory to him"—a fact which may well be, without helping us to decide the question. After some half-dozen pages, our author continues his extracts from Johnson's letter:—

"What I like least in your letter is your account of the manners of your parish; from which I gather, that it has been long neglected by the parson. The Dean of Carlisle (Dr. Percy), who was then a little rector in Northamptonshire, told me, that it might be discerned whether or no there was a clergyman resident in a parish, by the civil or savage manner of the people. Such a congregation as yours stand in need of much reformation, and I would not have you think it impossible to reform them. A very savage parish was civilised by a decayed gentlewoman, who came among them to teach



a petty school. My learned friend, Dr. Wheeler, of Oxford, when he was a young man, had the care of a neighbouring parish for fifteen pounds a-year, which he was never paid; but he counted it a convenience, that it compelled him to make a sermon weekly. One woman he could not bring to the communion; and when he reproved or exhorted her, she only answered that she was no scholar. He was advised to set some good woman or man of the parish, a little wiser than herself, to talk to her in a language level to her mind. Such honest, I may call them holy artifices, must be practised by every clergyman, *for all means must be tried by which souls may be saved*. Talk to your people, however, as much as you can; and you will find, that the more frequently you converse with them upon religious subjects, the more willingly they will attend, and the more submissively they will learn. *A clergyman's diligence always makes him venerable*. I think I have now only to say, that, in the momentous work you have undertaken, I pray God to bless you."

Our author, with all his gravity, is often not a little lively. He knows that a reader is often cheered by a good story. It would be unfair of us to suggest that the following are old, inasmuch as we have never heard them before; yet that they are not new, we are quite ready to swear. At a book-stall one cannot have the slightest doubt very often, at the first view, whether a book is new or old; the question is, are they good. They are introduced by a passage from Boswell:—

"On one occasion some clergymen in his company carried convivial joviality to excess, thinking all the while that he would be entertained. But Johnson sat silent and grave for some time; at last, turning to Beauclerk, he said, *by no means in a whisper*, 'This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive.' Sir Walter Scott tells us of a minister, who held a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid Presbyterian party in the Church of Scotland, yet was remarkable for the way he shone in convivial society. 'He was ever gay amid the gayest: when it once occurred to some one present to ask, what one of his elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry mood.' 'Think,' replied the Doctor; 'why, he would not believe his own eyes.'

"In the case of 'believing one's own eyes,' refinedly called, 'ocular demonstration,' there is an anecdote told of the late Rev. Rowland

Hill. Late on one evening he ordered his carriage, and bade his coachman drive him to Drury-lane Theatre. The man stared, hesitated, thought his master mad; but, 'To the theatre!' was the authoritative command. Down he was set at the theatre, and to his coachman's utter bewilderment, purchased a ticket, and walked in. Rowland Hill entered a box, fixed his eyes sternly on its occupant, exclaiming, 'Oh, you are there—are you!' and abruptly quitting the theatre, drove home. The poor and almost petrified occupant was a preacher at his own chapel, who had been reported to him as a frequenter of the theatre, but which report he would not credit until 'seeing was believing' to him.

"That the rebuker should have clean hands is an important consideration in the value of a rebuke. In the above case we may imagine it was indeed withering! But a story is told in a hunting county, in which a clergyman delivered himself by his ready wit. A venerable archdeacon, who had heard of this clergyman's hunting propensities, sent for him to lecture him on the subject. Soundly did he administer his rebuke, long was he about it, while his poor victim spake not a word in his defence. Suddenly the archdeacon, perceiving a smile on the culprit's countenance, said, 'Ah! I see my admonition has little effect upon you: alas! you too much resemble Gallio in the Scriptures, who cared not for these things.' Now was the climax—and the expected penitent, drawing himself up to his full height, and fixing a wickedly merry eye on his reverend elder, replied, 'Mr. Archdeacon, I have heard you with patience: you may have rebuked me rightly, and I may be a Gallio; but this I have to say, that if I am a Gallio, your son Richard is a tally-ho; and so, Mr. Archdeacon, I wish you a very good morning.' The son Richard was a noted clerical fox-hunter."

Churches, and the architecture of churches—the comforts of cushioned pews, and the fitness of having pictures on the walls—are the subject of a chapter. Our essayist, too, would have us observe Church holidays. Some thirty days in the year would be thus taken from the labour-market, which he seems to say would be no disadvantage. Every parish, too, in addition to those, might have its own wakes, or proper feast days:—

"The true account of their origin may be best derived from Dugdale;\* and it appears, in regard (according to heathen custom) that

\* Letter from Pope Gregory to Mellitus, Bishop of London. Dugdale's "Monasticon," vol. ii. p. 828.



many oxen used to be sacrificed to devils, some solemnity (on the introduction of Christianity) ought to be allowed in lieu thereof; and on the day of the dedication, or festivals of those saints whose relics were placed there, they were to set up tents about the temples converted into churches, and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting, so that beasts should not be sacrificed to the devil, *but slain to be eaten*, praising God. This is the plain institution of wakes, which, at one time, were eminently religious services, but now universally abused in their observance. Of holy-days in general, as days of leisure and recreation, there is great difference of opinion; and we must all allow that a holy-day, to be a blessing, and not a curse, must be well superintended and well spent. 'They reproach the Catholic religion,' writes Southey, 'with the number of its holy-days, never considering how the want of holy-days breaks down and brutalises the labouring class, and that where they occur seldom, they are uniformly abused;' and Lord John Manners, a vigorous supporter of the recreations of the poorer classes, says—'The abuse springs from the non-use.' On the other hand, we find these holy-days turned to evil purposes when the using of them was frequent. Prior to the Reformation we find the Abbot of Ely and his clergy going forth in regard to these festivals, to exhort the people 'to pray devoutly, and not betake themselves to drinking and debauchery.' Bishop Patrick alludes, in quotation from one of the Fathers, to men getting drunk on the tombstones of the saints. And by an Act of Convocation, passed by Henry VIII., in the year 1536, their numbers were diminished—the feast of every Church being ordered to be kept upon one and the same day everywhere; this Act was repealed in the time of Charles I., and wakes were further encouraged by Charles II. It is certain there is no improvement in them now; neither as yet can an Englishman, generally speaking, keep a holy-day of any kind in a rational manner: the doing so must be the work of time, and brought about by the fruits of education."

We sympathise with the spirit in which holy men of old seized every opportunity of teaching Christianity; and the substitution of religious services for heathen superstitions may have been no ineffectual mode of civilising a rude people, and instructing them in divine truth. But it is a very different thing to seek now to revive these forgotten usages. The armour, and the dress, and the language of the mediæval times might as easily be recalled, and, in our view of the matter, as rationally, as these forgotten festivals. It is really too bad that persons should be found seriously

to ask us to bring back the days of Boy Bishops, and Abbots of Misrule, and of Feasts of Fools, and the rest of it. In our days, what could this be but a profane parody of sacred things; and with all the allowances that must be made for the days before the Reformation, we think that a class of the clergy in England would do well if they read the Homilies in the spirit in which they were written, and did not seek to counteract the teaching of the Protestant Church of England. As a mere question of prudence, it were well that they did so, for it is impossible that the course which they seem desirous of adopting should not provoke strong antagonist feelings in every mind of ordinary fairness of purpose, and thus generate a wide-spread spirit of dissent.

Boswell was unlucky enough on one occasion to irritate Johnson. Johnson's temper must have been now and then tried severely. "I mentioned to him," says Boswell, "how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him strange sayings. 'JOHNSON.—What do they make me say, sir?' BOSWELL.—'Why, sir, as an instance, very strange indeed (laughing heartily as I spoke), David Hume told me you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers.' Little did I apprehend that he had really said this; but I was soon convinced of my error, for, with a determined look, he thundered out—'And would I not, sir? Shall the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?' He was walking up and down the room while I told him the anecdote; but when he uttered this explosion of High Church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the Church with great external respectability."

This is the only passage in which Johnson speaks of the Convocation. Mr. Croker's note on this passage is worth transcribing:—"It must be confessed, that the existing practice relative to the Convocation, is an anomaly that seems at first sight absurd. Convocation is still summoned

to meet when Parliament does ; but its meeting is a mere form, and it neither does, nor dares to do any business. It is now a solemn farce ; but its reality would probably be fatal to the Church itself, and is, indeed, in the present state of our constitution impossible.”\*

Boswell does not appear to have ever again ventured on the subject. There is no reason to doubt that Johnson was expressing his real feelings on the subject in question ; but there is considerable doubt whether he had given it any examination. On the day but one after this conversation, we find him defending the Inquisition, and maintaining that “ false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance ; that the civil power should unite with the Church in punishing those who dare to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition.” In fact, Johnson's opinions, as expressed in conversation, were affected by the accidental circumstances of the persons with whom he was conversing, and the turns of the discourse. Allowance is to be made for the pride of victory, which habit had made essential to his happiness—and for the natural impatience with which he could not but hear presumptuous men and presumptuous women affecting to decide questions which have perplexed the wisest statesmen. In conversation with a Dutchman, about the same time, when the Dutchman, probably wishing to please Johnson, said that English law was favourably contrasted with that of Holland, in the fact that in Holland the accused person was put to torture in order to force a confession —“ Why,” said Johnson, “ sir, you do not, I find, understand the law of your own country. To torture in Holland is considered a favour to an accused person ; for no man is put to the torture there unless there is as much evidence as would amount to a conviction in England. An accused person among you, therefore, has one chance more to escape punishment than those who are tried amongst us.”

Johnson's talk about the Convocation leads our modern Rambler far and wide. He tells us why Bishops should have seats in the Upper House of Parliament, and why they should

not:—“ It must be remembered that the bishops, in mixing with the laity in the Upper House of Parliament, are following the more ancient system, when in the grand council of the nation the Witenagemot met earls and thanes, bishops and mitred abbots ; and that at a much later period divines sat in a separate house, and thus commenced Convocation.”

Were Convocation, however, he adds, now re-established, among other inconveniences it must be remembered that there is an educated laity—that people can and will read—that the newspapers would report everything that was said, or, in our author's language, “ that a nation would be standing on tiptoe to learn every word spoken in the houses, where before but a portion of it could know anything about it.” We are not quite sure that the interest of the debates would long continue, and we think it by no means impossible that the clergy might find they were left without as many reporters as arise before our author's apprehensive eye—that the complaint, after a few weeks' experience, would probably be of the absence of reporters ; and that when the papers ceased to report, the orators would cease to speak ; that the churches, when their walls were hung with pictures, would be visited more often on the week days by lovers of the fine arts, than on Sundays by the present members of the congregations ; and that when the Convocation had obtained its fullest powers of expressing doctrine and enforcing discipline, it would find itself the organ of a Church which had ceased to be that of England, in any true sense of the word. We have a discussion on the burial-service of the Church, from which we quote the last paragraph, for the sake of the passages from Wesley and Southey:—

“ ‘ Oh what a difference,’ said Wesley, ‘ is there between the English and Scotch mode of burial ! The English does honour to human nature, and even to the poor remains that were once a temple of the Holy Ghost : but when I see in Scotland a coffin put into the earth, and covered up without a word spoken, it reminds me of what was spoken concerning Jehoiakim, *He shall be buried with the burial of an ass.*’ Southey, in his kind and masterly way, observes, ‘ It

\* Croker's “ Boswell, last edition, p. 158.

was, indeed, no proof of judgment, or of feeling, to reject the finest and most affecting ritual that ever was composed—a service *that finds its way to the heart, when the heart stands most in need of such consolation, and is open to receive it.*"

Our author, after many wanderings, returns to the question of the Convocation, and of bishops having seats in the House of Lords. As far as we can make out his meaning, he is against the revival of the Convocation, and also against bishops having seats in the Lords. In the following paragraph he seems to regret that Johnson gives him little help:—

"There is a long-standing constitutional question connected with this matter, which should be seriously weighed and considered in all its bearings; but it may be very probable that the religious advantages would be discerned to be advanced by the separation of the political and spiritual privileges of the episcopate; and who then would rejoice more in being set free than the bishops themselves? How valuable would have been Dr. Johnson's deliberate sentiments, drawn out in full logical array, upon many of these important subjects! But, as Boswell remarks,—'Though in his writings, and upon all occasions, a great friend to the constitution, both in Church and State, he has never written expressly in support of either.'

The inadequate provision for the clergy in many parts of the country is discussed. The question of how far these families, enriched by the spoliation of the Church in Henry the Eighth's time, ought to restore the plunder—the questions of endowments and of patronage, and its uses and abuses—are discussed. Johnson's authority is quoted as decisive against any change. "The law must leave power and riches where it finds them, and must often leave riches with the covetous, and power with the cruel. . . . Why should we suppose that the parish will make a wiser choice than the patron?" Yet this is followed by the following:—

"Unfortunately there are parishes in connexion with the Church of England, where popular election prevails. These times usually present a scene of intemperance, confusion, and the display of wrathful temper. 'Williams and the Gospel for ever!' 'No Jones and Church!' 'Down with Smith

and Sacraments!' are loudly shouted by drunken men at their wits' end. And when even the popular man has been elected, he has been subjected to acts of insolence and spoliation (his windows broken—his harness cut to pieces—garden ravaged), by miscreants of the opposite party: and often he himself, innocently and unsuspectingly, is the cause of enmity between more respectable persons, before whom he cannot exhibit the symbols of the body and blood of the Lord of peace, until they be 'in love and charity with their neighbours.' . . . Still we may not be debarred from considering whether a modified system of parochial election may not be resorted to with great advantage. For see how dire the case is with a Unitarian Lord-Chancellor on the woolsack, and with lords and country gentlemen, of infidel or profligate principles: and hence, by what an almost heretic, or by what a reprobate, unknown to the bishop of the diocese, may Church livings be possessed! How painful, even to a dying evangelical pastor, to know that a son or nephew of the patron will succeed him, and such person famed mainly for sporting habits, or carelessness; thus leaving the best of the flock to wander from their lawful shepherd to seek the greenness of other pastures! In many cases, too, a minister may not be a bad man; he may not be a sportsman, he may not be careless, but he may not be such a man as the parishioners have been accustomed to hear, accustomed to welcome into their houses, accustomed to regard as an affectionate counsellor and comforter in sickness and in health—he may not be a Vich Ian Vohr\* to the devoted clan. Ay, he may be a good man, a kind man, a sensible man, but not the man to minister to their spiritual necessities and edification."

Our author rather rashly says that "Johnson's idea of a preacher (and, too often, a true one), was identical with that of an actor—for of Whitefield he said, 'I shall not wonder if next winter he is run after instead of Garrick,' and of Wesley, there is a similar passage." Even from the book before us, we could quote a dozen passages to show how hastily the inference has been made. Indeed it is scarce just, even with reference to the particular instances which are given to prove it. Of Whitefield's honesty of purpose Johnson thought favourably, and Wesley was admired by him for many of his good qualities. Whitefield was his fellow-collegian. "Whitefield," said Johnson (Boswell, October 12, 1779), "never drew as much attention as a

\* In allusion to the pathetic farewell words of Fergus M'Ivor, in *Waverley*.

mountebank does; he did not draw attention by doing better than others, but by doing what was strange. Were Astley to preach a sermon standing upon his head on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that. I never treated Whitefield's ministry with contempt. I believe he did good. He had devoted himself to the lower classes of mankind, and among them he was of use. But when familiarity and noise claim the praise due to knowledge, art, and elegance, we must beat down such pretensions." Of Wesley we have this notice, "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk as I do."

Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Ussher, Tillotson, Swift, Thomas à Kempis, and a dozen more, now figure before us, connected, we know not by what kind of magic, with Dr. Johnson and his churchmanship. Never was there a more heterogeneous assembly brought together at an Irish ball, though we have the record of one, where were grouped together—

"Mac Gillacuddy of the Reeks,  
O'Donogue Glen and the Duke of Glo'ster,  
Brian Maguire and Brian O'Linn,  
Oliver Cromwell and Leslie Foster:  
Papists, Lutherans, Arminians,  
Arians, Calvinists, Socinians"—

are brought together by no intelligible link whatever. Of them and of their opinions, and of our author's opinion, we must decline any discussion.

Of Doctor Dodd and of Doctor Doddridge, and their exemplary deaths, we have more than enough. Johnson, it seems, praised a sort of epigram of Doddridge's, in which he gives a pious turn to his family motto of "*Dum vivimus vivamus*:"—

"Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day;  
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies.  
Lord, in my views let both united be,  
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

This, says our author, was praise given to a very small thing, when we consider the greatness and excellency of his works, especially his "Family Expositor," and the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul:"—

"He died a serene death, and felt no concern for his departure, beyond the grief it

would occasion his wife; but even, in allusion to this, he said—'I can cheerfully leave my dear Mrs Doddridge a widow in a strange land (at Lisbon), if such be the appointment of our heavenly Father.' Thus, this true saint would have pleased an Apostle, for he was not 'without natural affection.'"

Of Johnson's cast of mind and of his opinions, we must find some future opportunity of conversing with our readers. The chapters on the subject of the Roman Catholics and on the Wesleyan Methodists in this book, are not without interest, but we have not left ourselves room for discussing them. Johnson's superstitions are also dwelt on. But this, too, is a subject for an after-day. Of the fear of death which at all times oppressed Johnson's mind, we have here some striking instances; but towards the close of life, those fears were calmed. Our author tells us that, at the close of life, Dr. Johnson, "not to be comforted by the ordinary topics of consolation addressed to him, desired to see a clergyman, and particularly described the views and character of the person whom he wished to consult." A Mr. Winstanley was named and written to. He was in delicate health, and wrote, declining to attend. A second letter was written to him; he still declined going, but again wrote; and our author, his great-grandson, says, that this letter, and "the conversation of the late Mr. La Trobe, appear to have been blessed by God in bringing this great man to a renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour, thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void and dissipate the gloom even of the shadow of death."

No one need be told on what light grounds these family stories are built up and believed. La Trobe's son gives an account of his father finding Johnson "speechless, though sensible. Mr. La Trobe addressed to him some religious exhortation, which Johnson showed, by pressing his hand, and other signs, that he understood and was thankful for. He expired the next morning." Mr. Croker proves to demonstration, that all this is a mistake, to say the least of it. La Trobe's visit was three days before Johnson's death, and he did not see him. On



the day that La Trobe called, "Mr. Hoole read prayers to Johnson, and a male congregation of friends." In fact, every incident connected with the visit, is circumstantially disproved. Of the letters of Mr. Winstanley, unless some better evidence be in the possession of our author of such a correspondence having passed between his ancestor and Dr. Johnson, we cannot but regard it as more than doubtful, considering the minute accounts we have of every minute of Dr. Johnson's time, and every movement of his during those last days. The slight evidence that satisfies families on such occasions, in almost anything that in the slightest degree interests their vanity, must be so familiar to every one, that we are not surprised at our author's credulity, if it ultimately appear that he has no additional evidence to produce on the subject.

A short time before his death, Johnson asked Dr. Brocklesby, his physician, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he would recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor, having first asked him if he could bear the entire truth, declared, that in his opinion, without a miracle, he could not recover. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic—not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." For a while, in pursuance of this resolution, he took only the weakest kind of sustenance. He was told this was likely to have the very effect he dreaded; and he then said, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenance." Mr. Strahan and Mr. Hoole attended him to the last. He asked Hoole to write down Reynolds's compliance with three bequests which he solemnly made of him—"To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him, to read the Bible, and never to use his pencil on a Sunday." Boswell gives us a memorandum of Brocklesby:—"For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good

works whatever, for the salvation of mankind. He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke, and to read his sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian. 'Because,' said he, 'he is fullest on the *propitiatory sacrifice*.'"

We have transcribed these passages from Boswell for the purpose of showing how deeply and how truly impressed with religious hope Johnson was at the close of life. It has become necessary, because any fact, supported by doubtful evidence, is very apt to share the fate of the evidence, and be itself disbelieved. We think it highly likely that some tradition of a letter from Johnson to Winstanley has been preserved in Winstanley's family; and that the tradition has gradually increased till the story has assumed its present dimensions. The letter is not said to have been shown to any one, but is referred to as repeated by Mr. Storey to Hannah More. Does the letter exist? Does any one exist who has it? Has any one ever seen it? A second letter is mentioned from the same Mr. Winstanley to Dr. Johnson—does any one know anything about it? Two letters are said to have been written to Winstanley, by Johnson's desire—one by Sir John Hawkins—are these preserved? If there be any family tradition of these matters, we trust our author will have the opportunity of telling us in some future edition of his "pleasant and profitable" book.

And now we cannot lay down the volume without saying, that it contains great variety of matter that will be to many very entertaining. The author, too, has great admiration for Johnson, out of which feeling his book has grown. We think it probable, from the tone of many of the discussions, that he is a clergyman, but not to be described as belonging to any party in the Church. He is plainly an amiable man, whose leisure is occupied with studies in which he seems to find great enjoyment. We transcribe his graceful conclusion:—

"And now, gentle reader, we must come to a close. Adam Clarke, in speaking of a small town in the Land's End, in Cornwall, tells us that, on the sign of an inn, as you come from the Land's End, are these words—



'The first inn in England;' and on the reverse are the following—'The last inn in England.' Reader! you will soon have come from first to last in this my book, wherein I trust you have not been wearily detained; at all events, let me hope that your duty hath pardoned any want of entertainment in my efforts; for, as has been said, 'Personal gratitude, and personal affection to the good and great who have closed their scene upon earth, are elevated sentiments. They are debts of honour to the departed spirit.' But, reader, you will soon have passed from first to last in your mortal career; and while you derive, throughout your course on earth, much instruction from Dr. Johnson's life and writings, may you have a fair hope of the mercy of God in your entrance upon eternity!

"Let me conclude with Dr. Johnson's own words. 'There are few things,' he writes in the last number of his *Idler*, 'not purely

evil, of which we can say, without some emotion of uneasiness, *this is the last*. Those who never could agree together, shed tears when mutual discontent has determined them to final separation: of a place which has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the *last look* is taken with heaviness of heart . . . . The termination of any period of life reminds us that life itself has likewise its termination: when we have done anything for *the last time*, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is past, and that as more is past there is less remaining.'

"So is it with the author in writing a book—so is it with the reader in reading it! And to all men there is a time when it must be said—*then cometh the end*."

To Johnson and to Boswell we must on some future day return.

## HOPE.

### I.

A fairy sprite, with wing of gold,  
Paused on a headland proud and steep,  
When morning's sun his beams unrolled;  
And far below, wild, dark, and deep,  
The waters heaved their waves in pride,  
And onward to destruction flew,  
With gloom and rage, as in full tide  
The demons stormed heaven's towers anew;  
And while her harp beside she strung,  
'Twas thus the wandering spirit sung.

### II.

I take my rest in fairy bower,  
Where budding trees are waving o'er,  
And wreathed around each loveliest flower  
That ever Nymph or Dryad wore;  
The chaste moon goes upon her way,  
To guard the earth, and light the sky;  
The silvery clouds around her play,  
Bright with the beams of majesty;  
Heaven's countless stars with radiance glow  
And ocean murmurs calm below.

### III.

Ere morning's cherub at dawn awakes,  
Or shakes to the sun her radiant wings,  
When the song of prayer from the forest breaks,  
And earth her tribute of incense flings,  
I gather the pearls that shining sleep  
In violet, rose, and lily pale,  
From fairest flowers, that lowly weep  
In lone recesses of the vale;  
I deck my crown with each bright gem,  
To form my worshipper's diadem.

## IV.

The beam that gilds the snowy peak,  
 And darts within the sparkling billow,  
 That lights the heaven with glowing streak,  
 When earth wakes from her nightly pillow,  
 I treasure up in golden urn,  
 And there the sweets of morning bring,  
 Pure as the flames that ever burn  
 Where holiest to Jehovah sing;  
 I wob from the bright soul of air  
 The light his golden pinions bear.

## V.

The holy look of gladsome earth,  
 Like the sweet smile of infancy,  
 Ere clamours break upon her mirth,  
 And the battle of daily life runs high,  
 Is mine; and from the ocean's breast,  
 Eternal, glorious, and sublime,  
 I catch a beam for my own behest—  
 A ray that withers not with time;  
 From forest's song of prayer and love,  
 A dream of brighter lands above.

## VI.

From all earth has of grand and fair,  
 From all her deeds of deathless fame,  
 From sparkling seas that onward bear  
 To glory's rest the warrior's name,  
 The hero's deed, the poet's song,  
 I catch a light long ages see;  
 While youthful aspirations throng,  
 For such bright immortality,  
 As, gazing on the golden skies,  
 The poet's deathless hopes arise.

## VII.

And from the ancients' sacred dust,  
 Where fame her watch of ages keeps,  
 I bring a holier, brighter trust—  
 A lofty dream that onward sweeps;  
 From spangled regions, where heaven's queen  
 Sleeps dovelike in her silver rays,  
 From sunset's rich and glorious sheen,  
 From morning's bright and dazzling blaze;  
 From flowers below and stars above,  
 I deck my crown of truth and love.

## VIII.

I paused at weeping Beauty's bower,  
 Her eye was dim, her cheek was pale,  
 Despair dragged on the weary hour,  
 Faint rose her sigh upon the gale;  
 Unto her lip my bowl I gave,  
 The soul is sparkling in her eye;  
 She raised her from love's imaged grave,  
 And looked up to the spangled sky—  
 "It is not, no, it cannot be!  
 Fate dares not sever thee and me!"

## IX.

" My soul is like the blushing spring,  
 The world may mock, I scorn its sneer ;  
 Bright is the faith to which I cling,  
 That thou art loving still as dear ;  
 The morn is fair, the rose is blushing,  
 The birds are singing sweet and loud,  
 Then cease, my tears, oh, cease your gushing.  
 Bright is yon orient sunlit cloud ;  
 But brighter far the hopes that shine,  
 That still thy heart is joined with mine."

## X.

I saw the child and mother weep,  
 And raise their melting eyes to heaven,  
 And heard the roaring tempest's sweep,  
 And saw the sky by lightning riven ;  
 Their prayer was for a husband, sire,  
 Far, far upon the raging sea ;  
 I shed within my sacred fire,  
 And whispered, " Hope remains to thee."  
 And still they wept, and still they pray'd,  
 But on their brow a radiance play'd.

## XI.

With morning's dawn the sun arose,  
 Upon his holy bright career ;  
 Now on the well-known pennant flows,  
 And now he clasps all earth has dear—  
 " I feared your heart with woe and dread  
 Last night was wrung." " Oh, no! for we  
 Prayed, hoped in Him who raised the dead,  
 That he would guard and succour thee,  
 And dry the widow's, orphan's tear ;  
 And Hope was true, for thou art here."

## XII.

I paused before the dungeon door,  
 I heard the cry of wild despair ;  
 I entered—on the cold, damp floor  
 Was stretched a man, whose sallow air  
 Spoke of long years of chains and death ;  
 I shed one drop upon his tongue ;  
 Fast came the wretch's failing breath,  
 And light aground his shackles run ;  
 " Long days, long years, my youthful pride,  
 Have vanished on Time's gloomy tide."

## XIII.

" Still must I linger, trampled here,  
 Debarred from life, yet cannot die,  
 While tear is onward chasing tear,  
 As day and night move slowly by ;  
 Yes, I will live, for I behold  
 Bright visions in the future far,  
 Fair as the western clouds of gold,  
 When sparkles eve's declining star :  
 I yet shall drink its holy beam,  
 And sleep beside my native stream !"

## XIV.

I looked in at the lowly pane,  
 And saw a youth with flashing eye,  
 Pale, darkened brow, where visions reign,  
 And cheek that told mortality ;  
 That brow, though wan, was bright with thought,  
 And burning with deep passion's glow—  
 The wreck of all he dreamt or sought—  
 Those ills which wait on man below,  
 Whose soul is wrought from dreams of heaven—  
 Oh, why were such to mortals given!

## XV.

In the deep anguish of his soul,  
 He saw but desolation near :  
 " Oh, heaven!" he cried, " is this the goal?"  
 While poured Remembrance' bitter tear :  
 " Is this the fate of youth's fond dream—  
 Their lot who sail on glory's tide?"  
 I shed around my brightest beam,  
 But whispered, as I paused beside—  
 " Rest not thy soul's loved hope on earth,  
 Oh, turn to regions of her birth!"

## XVI.

He heard me not, but raised his eye,  
 Which sparkled bright with hope and pride—  
 " Unknown, unhonoured shall I die,  
 And weakly here my fate abide?  
 Was it for this a soul was given,  
 Above the earth and earthy clay,  
 To be from out the bosom riven  
 By all the ills which men display :  
 Sorrow, hate, despair, and scorn?—  
 It was for this the mass was born.

## XVII.

" Not I: the spirit still remains,  
 Though all fate could is wrung from me ;  
 The heart to destiny complains,  
 For refuge turns its thought to thee,  
 Oh, happy youth! My soul is strong,  
 I yet shall win one wreath of fame,  
 An echo from the tide of song,  
 Shall sound the poet's deathless name ;  
 And, through the cloud of burning tears,  
 Bright shines the sun of future years!"

## XVIII.

I paused beside the bed of death,  
 Where fading life was ebbing fast ;  
 Short came the struggling mortal's breath,  
 His hours and woes were almost past.  
 A lovely virgin knelt beside,  
 With pale cold brow, dishevelled hair ;  
 Down her fair cheek poured the warm tide,  
 The tide of lonely, deep despair.  
 With every pang came deepest woe,  
 The ruin of fondest hopes below.

## XIX.

She claped the chilling hand of him  
 She loved with childhood's earliest love,  
 And prayed, though now the eye grew dim,  
 The deathless soul would soar above.  
 The sorrow of that pure young heart  
 Wrung tears o'en from the seraph's eye,  
 The fairest flower of all the rest  
 I gave—'twas faith and hope on high ;  
 Then turned me to that wrinkled brow,  
 Where shades and anguish gather now.

## XX.

I shed my brightest, purest ray,  
 Within the trembling sinner's breast ;  
 The clouds of terror passed away—  
 He looked up to the regions blest ;  
 He saw the friend, the loved one there,  
 Who bailed on high his ransomed soul ;  
 Less wild became his dying air,  
 A calmness o'er his spirit stole :  
 Oh, pity, heaven ! this lonely one :  
 Have mercy, God !—the soul is gone !

## XXI.

With all the earth and heaven can yield,  
 I bless the erring child of earth ;  
 The flower that clothes the verdant field,  
 The smiling spring that gives it birth,  
 The vast unchanging changeeful sea,  
 The sky of splendour, glory, light.  
 The visions of eternity  
 That flit in brightness o'er the sight,  
 Like shades in lonely midnight hour,  
 When fancy weaves her fairy bower.

## XXII.

My smile is with the rise of morn,  
 With midnight's black funereal gloom ;  
 Where dread Religion from her urn,  
 Deals forth the lots of life and doom ;  
 Where, on the waste of human soul,  
 Enthroned in clouds, sits wild Despair,  
 Where fairy hands earth's charms unroll,  
 Where thunders flash with sullen glare—  
 To all of earth my smile hath given  
 The hues of light and dreams of heaven.

F. F.



in an authorised publication. It is entitled "The Synodical Address of the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles to their beloved flock, the Catholics of Ireland," and it announces the decision of the Council on the great question of education:—

"It is by the sternest sense of duty—by a painful but irresistible feeling of necessity—that we are compelled, dearly beloved, to announce to you, that a system of Education fraught with grievous and intrinsic dangers, has, within the last twelve months, been brought to your own doors. It is presented to you, we deplore to say, in those Collegiate Institutions which have been established in this country, and associated with the name of our august, most gracious, and beloved Sovereign. Far be it from us to impugn for a moment the motives of its originators. The system may have been devised in a spirit of generous and impartial policy; but the statesmen who framed it were not acquainted with the inflexible nature of our doctrines, and with the jealousy with which we are obliged to avoid everything opposed to the purity and integrity of our faith. Hence, those Institutions, which would have called for our profound and lasting gratitude, had they been framed in accordance with our religious tenets and principles, must now be considered as an evil of a formidable kind, against which it is our imperative duty to warn you with all the energy of our zeal and all the weight of our authority.

"In pointing out the dangers of such a system, we only repeat the instructions that have been given to us by the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He, to whom were given 'the keys of the kingdom' (Matth. c. xvi., v. 19); to whom was committed the charge not only of the lambs, but of the sheep, that is, of the entire flock, pastors as well as people (John, c. xxi., v. 17); he, for whose faith the prayer of Christ was offered (Luke, c. xxiii., v. 31, 32); whom St. Chrysostom so appropriately designates as the Teacher of the whole world (Hom. 88 in Joan);—he, Peter, has spoken to us by Pius as he spoke to the Fathers of Chalcedon by Leo, and pronounced this system of Education to be fraught with 'grievous and intrinsic dangers' to Faith and Morals: has declared that 'Religion can expect nothing but loss from it;' and that your Bishops 'should take no part in carrying it into effect.'

"Following the invariable practice of our own Church, as well as that of every Church connected with the centre of unity, and, in particular, the instructions given in one of those Synods convoked and presided over by St. Patrick—'If any questions arise in this Island (Ireland), they are to be referred to the Apostolic See,' (si quæ quæstiones in hac Insula oriantur, ad Sedem Apostolicam referantur. Can. S. Patricii, apud Wilkin. Concil. t. 1, p. 6)—we laid at the feet of

our present venerable and beloved Pontiff the plan of instruction that had been proposed to us, with a statement of the diversity of opinion that prevailed on the subject; because we knew, to use the language of St. Columbanus, addressing one of the great Pontiffs of antiquity, that it was ours 'to call upon, to put questions, to beseech him: and his not to withhold what had been freely bestowed, but to put out his talent to interest; to give, at Christ's behest, the bread of doctrine to those who sought for it from him.'—(St. Columb. Epist. 1, ad Greg. Pap. apud Galland. Bibl. Vet. Pat. t. 12, p. 346.) After a most searching and protracted examination of the statements and facts that were urged on either side, availing himself of every resource of counsel and information which he could procure, demanding and receiving from every member of the Irish Episcopacy his individual opinion on the subject, making it the object of his long and anxious deliberation, and pouring forth his soul in prayer to Him who promised to abide with his Church even to the consummation of time, the successor of Peter pronounced his final judgment on the subject. All controversy is now at an end—the judge has spoken—THE QUESTION IS DECIDED.

"Recognising, with reverential awe, in that decision the voice of Him who hath said, 'He who hears you, hears me; he who despises you, despises me;' this Synod has received, not only with profound respect but with unanimous acclamation, the decisions and instructions which were asked for in the name of the Irish Church. This Synod now solemnly communicates to you the Rescripts of the Holy See, which we have received on this important matter, that they may serve to guide and regulate your conduct; we do not add anything to the instructions that have been given; neither will we suffer anything to be detracted from their importance."

Apart from what may be termed the substantive portion of this passage, there is an incidental expression contained in it of no ordinary moment and significance:—

"The system may have been devised in a spirit of generous and impartial policy, *but the statesmen who framed it were not acquainted with the inflexible nature of our doctrines.*"

This is an important truth. Ignorance of the spirit and character of the Church of Rome appears to have pervaded the legislation of British statesmen for many years past, and, culpable as it was and is, offers the best exculpation that the case admits, of the unwise concessions by which it was ignorantly hoped to conciliate an aspiring and an inexorable Church. There are cases in

which concession may effect the purpose for which it has been granted, but there are also cases in which it serves only to encourage demand and aggression. Romanism regards every favour which she receives, every increase of emolument or power, as but an instalment of her right; and each new concession stimulates her, by success, to demand a further, reminding her of the large balance for which she asserts a right to draw, and of *the complying disposition* of the parties who have not merely answered, but anticipated her claims on them.

And yet, members of the Church of Rome ought not to despise the ignorance from which they have derived so large advantages. It was the ignorance of a generous credulity, not of dulness or dotage. It was the ignorance of parties who believed the words and oaths of men whom they had, as they imagined, no reason to distrust, and for whom lives of gravity and good repute seemed to be sufficient vouchers. Let any impartial and reflecting man compare the character of the Church of Rome, as it exhibits itself in this our day, with the representations given of it for some years previous to the momentous concession of 1829, and say whether it was possible for "statesmen" who believed the professions of that day to anticipate the avowals of this?

For example—it was solemnly declared, on his examination before the "Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry," in the year 1826, by the Rev. Dr. Slevin, Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, that the decrees of popes\* "are not now considered obligatory, *except when they are sanctioned by the civil authority.*" It had been asserted by an eminent and learned man, Dr. Phelan, on his examination before a Parliamentary Committee, in 1825, that "if the orders of a pope are enforced by excommunication," they must be obeyed; and two Roman Catholic bishops, when examined on the subject, gave testimony to a contrary effect. The Right Rev. Dr. Doyle was asked†

"If an excommunication were issued from Rome, would that have any effect in Ireland?" and he answered—"Not until it was published in Ireland."

The examination proceeded:—

"Would it be mandatory on the Bishop (to publish) if directed to him?—By no means; such a commission would be sent to him, saying—'If you find the premises true, and the facts justly stated, you will be pleased to do so; and thus it is a courteous application.'

"Supposing the Pope to do it not in that mode, would it be obligatory on the Bishop?—I can only speak for myself, *for there is no declaration in the law on the subject*; I should be satisfied that the sentence was a just one before I would make myself the instrument of executing it; for they are guilty of death, says the Apostle, not only those who do evil, but those who consent to the doing it; and if I became the Pope's agent in pronouncing sentence of excommunication against a Christian not guilty of a crime in my opinion deserving it, I should be an accomplice in the Pope's injustice."

To the same effect was the testimony of the most Rev. Dr. Murray:‡—

"If an excommunication is issued against any individual of your Church, either for doing that which is in itself a duty for him to do, or for not doing that which it would be a crime in him to do, is not an individual of your church at liberty to exercise his reason and his judgment in such a case, and see whether the doing, or the abstaining from doing, would be sinful?"

"Most certainly. It is only for grievous crimes that such censures are inflicted; and every man, by looking into his prayer-book, sees what those crimes are.

"If the criminality or the innocence of the act should depend upon the positive precepts of religion, the individual, in order to satisfy himself in that respect, would have recourse to the Word of God, as he finds it in the sacred Scriptures, and in the ordinances of his Church? Certainly.

"If it is something respecting the natural and moral rights, not growing out of the revelation of God, he would consult his moral sense and feelings upon the subject? Most certainly."

Such were the opinions expressed respecting the Pope's supremacy, when Emancipation was to be won. His decrees were liable to be overruled by individual conscience and reason, and were never to take effect, "unless where they were sanctioned by civil authority." In short, obedience to the Pope was to be restrained within the limits assigned by the obligations of

\* "Education Inquiry," Appendix to Eighth Report, 245.

† "Digest of Evidence," &c., vol. i. p. 165.

‡ Ibid, 160.

subjects to their sovereign, and of individuals to their conscience. The Synod acts as if all this were changed. If there be a civil right or duty, respecting which there can be no mistake, it is assuredly that of the sovereign to be satisfied that his subjects are properly educated. It is his office to execute the laws, and it is a duty attendant on such an office, indeed inseparable from it, that the education of the people shall be in harmony with the laws they are to obey. The Sovereign has devised a scheme of education—devised it, as the Synod of Thurles seems disposed to admit, in a generous and an impartial spirit; and yet, as soon as the Papal See has pronounced against this scheme, contrived by the Sovereign and established by the law, the Roman Catholic bishops declare the cause decided, and the system condemned. Is not this to invert the relations which Sovereign and Pope were said to hold towards the people of this country? Five-and-twenty years ago the Sovereign's right was asserted in its plenitude—the Popes were restricted by it. Now, the primary right is said to be the papal—subjects of the British sovereign are to be educated for the Pope. He is to be obeyed as the vicar of Christ—of Christ, who is a *Priest and a King*, and whose vicar, accordingly, holds the two swords, and challenges temporal, no less than spiritual, allegiance.

Let us not be mistaken. We are well aware that the plea, on which the Papal prelates insist for presiding over the education of the children and the youth of their communion, is not, that they should train up subjects for the Pope, but that they may protect the souls of their people. They are alarmed, not for the Papacy but the faith. The Pope, too, shares in their alarm. Unless they watch over all the processes of education, and govern them with an absolute control, the faith will take hurt. The plea is plausible, if not conclusive; but it is tantamount to an avowal that the Church of Rome holds "United Instruction" inadmissible. The State should ponder this. It may be a confession of weakness. An adulterated faith demands a system of education adapted to its peculiar necessities.

In days like these, professors of no ordinary skill and steadfastness are demanded to protect the Roman Catholic student from the influences by which literature, and art, and science, would deliver him from the bondage of superstition. In the presence of those stupendous marvels to which the world, as well as the class-room, every day introduces inquiring minds, it is very natural that Romanism should tremble for the fortunes of those pious frands, which shine with so feeble a lustre in the light of the nineteenth century. In her fabrication of miracles, she certainly has not kept pace with the progress of human inventions; and it is an excusable, as well as an intelligible, fear, which constrains her to take heed that she lose not the aid of education in reconciling superstition with science. A desperate boldness grows out of a fear like this, and the Queen's rights are disputed, and the Queen's ministers crossed and confronted in their enterprises, in order that what is named Faith and Religion may not lose its ascendancy over a people whom education has enlightened.

Other changes similar in character were visible in the proceedings of the Synod. Not the least significant was the fact, that the presiding genius of the Assembly was a prelate who, for the first time, it is said, in the Ecclesiastical history of Ireland, was named and appointed to his office, not recommended by the Roman Catholic Church in this country, but on the "mere motion" of the See of Rome. That the "naked right" to appoint was in the Pope, had been long the doctrine of that Church; but it was a right which, as high authority confidently pronounced, would never be, and had never been exerted—a right to the exercise of which, it was insinuated, the Irish Roman Catholic clergy would give every opposition in their power. The sentiments of ecclesiastics on this subject may be learned from the testimony of one certainly among the most eminent of their body—the late Right Rev. Dr. Doyle\* :—

"Whilst, then, we are, as prelates of the Catholic Church, jealous of the interference of the Crown, I think it may be collected,

\* The Most Rev. Dr. Murray was examined before the same Committee. His testimony was similar in effect to that of Doctor Doyle.

"Do you conceive there would be any objection to securing the domestic nomination of the

from the sentiments I delivered on a former day, and on this, that we are not less jealous of the interference of the Pope. We are zealous for the independence of our Church, and we do not like that either the Pope should interfere with it beyond what is necessary for preserving the Catholic communion, nor do we like that an interference of the Crown should be established in the appointment of our prelates, which would weaken our influence with the people—an interference which, under a bad minister (and there have been bad ministers in every State), might be made use of to put into places of great responsibility men who would be unfit to fill them, either to the advantage of religion, or for the benefit of the State. Entertaining, then, as I do, these notions which I have expressed, I must feel, and I do say, that, in my opinion, the best security we can offer, and the most effectual one that could be required of us is, that our prelates be of a domestic kind—that the election of them be made by men residing in the country, and who are British subjects; and that there be no further interference with them than that interference which would result from all persons concerned in such elections taking the oath of allegiance; and that they would elect only such persons as would be loyal and peaceable, and likely to discharge the trust reposed in them in a manner useful to the State, and honorable to their calling.”—*Com. Com.*, 1825, “Second Report,” p. 210.

Such was once the bifrontal jealousy of the Church of Rome in Ireland. Jealous of the Pope, it demand-

ed securities for loyalty to the Sovereign; jealous of the Sovereign, it asserted the prerogatives of the Pope; jealous for its own rights, and conscious of its weakness, ecclesiastical Romanism in Ireland seemed to have invented or contrived a balance of power between the secular and the spiritual sovereignties, and to have found in each a protection against the other. This was the policy of Irish Romanism—what is it now?

The Most Rev. Paul Cullen, in whose behalf Pius IX. set aside the claims of all the candidates recommended from Ireland, and in whose favour neither chapter, nor diocese, priest or bishop, gave a vote, presided over an assembly, all members of which obeyed him as submissively as if he had been the archbishop of their choice. The Most Rev. Paul Cullen, it is said, has declined to take the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign of these realms, and is reported to have refused an office of charity and trust, because, if he accepted it, that oath could not be evaded. The Most Rev. Paul Cullen, instead of the preparations for his duties, which would be found in a long residence in his own country, appears to have, for a period of thirty years, breathed the atmosphere and the politics of the Papal court. And thus the three assurances for fidelity to the So-

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bishops in the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland?—I do not conceive there would be any objection to it; I think rather it would be an advantage.

“In whom is the nomination now vested?—At present it is vested in the Pope, but he does not exercise it, except at the recommendation of some portion of the Irish clergy.

“Should you think it an objectionable measure to prevent any foreigner from being appointed to a see in the Catholic Church in Ireland?—By no means.

“Would you extend that to all benefices in the Catholic Church?—To all benefices.

“Should you conceive there to be any objection to the Crown having a power of interfering in any way, directly or indirectly, in the change of the lower clergy from one benefice to another?—I would conceive that such interference would be liable to great objections.

“You would not conceive there would be any objection, on the members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy being promoted from one rank to another, that the same certificate of loyalty and domestic nomination should accompany the change which accompanied the first appointment?—I think it would not be liable to any objection.”—*Com. Com.*, 2nd Report, p. 281.

The discretion with which the Church of Rome can comport herself in difficult circumstances, and the concessions which she can make in cases of necessity, will appear from the following. Dr. Murray is the witness under examination:—

“Has the Emperor of Russia any such right? (of a veto)—He has not; but the Emperor of Russia, being the head of a despotic government, recommends a certain individual to the Pope; and the Pope, that the Catholics of that country may not be persecuted, if he finds no canonical objection to the individual, appoints that individual of his own authority, without any reference whatever to the recommendation of the Emperor; he studiously avoids saying that such a person had ever been presented; in the fulness of his own authority he appoints him; but he is pleased to appoint the person so presented, if he feels no objection to him. It was the same in the kingdom of Prussia, before the concordat which I have just mentioned. The King of Prussia named a certain individual, his qualifications were examined into; if the Pope saw no difficulty, he appointed him; but he made the nomination in the fulness of his own power, without any reference to the presentation.”—*Ibid.*, p. 236.



vereign and country, upon which reliance was placed by the right rev. divine whose testimony we cited, have all been denied. Dr. Cullen was not chosen by the Irish clergy. He has been so long absent from the country as to have become virtually a foreigner; and he has declined taking an oath of allegiance to the Sovereign. The direct refusal of the Archbishop of Malta to take that oath, and his correspondence with the See of Rome on the subject, have rendered such abstemiousness alarmingly intelligible.

Dr. Cullen has not been thus remiss in his duty to the Pope. Twice, at least, has this duty been discharged. At his consecration he bound himself by an oath of feudal obedience to his ecclesiastical sovereign; and his first solemn act at the Synod was the uttering a profession of faith, in which he declared that he "promised, vowed, and swore true obedience to the Pope, successor of St. Peter, and Vicar of the Lord Jesus Christ." In this act of fealty, the legate was followed by the assembled ecclesiastics. That their allegiance was ample and sincere, it was scarcely necessary to prove. But there were proofs of it not to be dis-

puted. In obedience to the commands of the Pope, the Queen's Colleges were denounced. In deference to the papal authority, titles granted by the Pope, and prohibited by the law of the land, have been openly assumed by Roman Catholic bishops. The Synodical Address, published by authority, is subscribed—"Paul, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, and Delegate of the Apostolic See, President of the Synod. John, Bishop of Clonfert, Promoter of the Synod." Another member of the Synod took a step in advance of this, addressing a letter to the Under Secretary for Ireland, and, in defiance of the prohibitory provision contained in the Act of 1829, subscribing himself, "John, Archbishop of Tuam."\*

On his examination before the Parliamentary Committee, in 1826, Dr. Doyle was asked, "Would there be any objection, on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy, for the legislature to demand from the legate, before he is allowed to exercise his functions, a solemn written promise not to attempt anything against the laws of the kingdom, or to continue in England or Ireland beyond the pleasure of the

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\* It would appear as if there was some hesitation on the part of certain Roman Catholic priests as to the amount of obligation imposed on them by the Papal rescripts on education. Although the Pope had pronounced sentence of disqualification on the Queen's Colleges in October, 1847, there were ecclesiastics of the priestly order who imagined that they were still free to take office in them. An epistle recently addressed to Dr. Cullen is designed to dissipate this delusion:—

"**MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND MOST REVEREND LORD**—Though the Bishops of Ireland appear to be about to hold a National Council with a view principally to determine, after deliberating in common, upon a uniform discipline to be observed throughout Ireland in reference to the Colleges, the Sacred Congregation has yet wished that this should be especially commended to them by your Grace; and it is also necessary that you should signify to them that the exhortations contained in the Apostolic Letters are particularly directed to that object. But I am confident that they will happily effect this by not departing in the least from the obedience which they owe to the Apostolic See and its Rescripts; and by keeping it mainly in view how they may most effectually consult for the good of religion and the salvation of souls. Meanwhile I have thought it should be signified through your Grace to the Bishops, that it appears astonishing, after the answers already given on the Colleges, that some should not have hesitated to assert that it is lawful for Priests to undertake certain offices in the said Colleges; for if it has been declared that the aforesaid Colleges will prove detrimental to religion by reason of their grave and intrinsic dangers—if the Bishops have been warned to have no share in carrying out their establishment, it is certainly evident that neither is it lawful for other ecclesiastical persons to discharge any function having reference to the said Colleges.

"As to other controversies raised on the subject of the said Colleges, it will be the business of the Bishops, after having diligently weighed the before-mentioned Rescripts, to frame such rules to be everywhere observed for withholding the Faithful from frequenting those Colleges, as will correspond with the said Rescripts, and be conformable to the equity and benignity which the Apostolic See itself ever enforces by its example.

"Given at Rome, from the College of the Sacred Congregation, De Propaganda Fide, the 18th day of April, 1850.

"J. PH. CARDINAL FRASSONI, *Prefect*.

"ALEXANDER BARNABO, *Secretary*.

"To the Most Rev. Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh."



King, or of the Privy Council?" The answer of the right reverend witness was worthy to be held in remembrance. "To the first part," he replied:—

"Of what is stated, so far from having any objection to it, we *should be glad* that such a demand were made of him. As to the second part, it is a matter about which we should not, properly speaking, form any opinion. Whether the King were to have such a right or not, is a matter about which, I think, we need not, in any way, be consulted; it would rest between his Majesty and the Court of Rome; and we would, as I conceive, have nothing to do with it. But as to the requiring a pledge, by oath or otherwise, from the nuncio who might be placed in this country, that he would not in anywise interfere with the temporal or civil concerns either of his Majesty, or of his Majesty's subjects, so far from having an objection to that, *we should rejoice at it*, because we would not wish that he should so interfere in any way."—Com. Com. 2nd Report, p. 174.

The question respecting the expediency of demanding a guarantee from the papal legate was, probably, suggested by a knowledge of the practice of foreign countries. Even where the Roman Catholic is the prevailing religion, there are jealous precautions taken that the rights of Sovereign or people be not infringed by the agents of the Pope.

Very valuable and abundant information on this most important subject will be found in a report from a select committee appointed to inquire "into the laws and ordinances existing in foreign states, respecting the regulation of their foreign subjects in ecclesiastical matters, and their intercourse with the See of Rome, &c., &c., ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, 25th June, 1816"—a report which makes manifest the truth, that in proportion to the knowledge which such governments have had of the character of the Church of Rome, has been the jealous care with which they have endeavoured to guard against its encroachments. This report may probably not be easily accessible to many of our readers, but they can avail themselves of an admirable substitute for it. In the eighth chapter of his "Laws

of the Papacy," the Rev. Robert J. M'Ghee has given an elaborate epitome and digest of the report, elucidating, with his accustomed clearness and accuracy, the intelligence it conveys; and accompanying it with comments and citations of evidence which show plainly its application\* to the circumstances of this country. We refer our readers to this very able work, and add, as pertinent to our present purpose, a single extract from a different work—Du Pin's "*Manuel de Droit*," &c.

#### XI.

#### "OF LEGATES A LATERE, AND OF THEIR POWERS IN FRANCE.

"The Pope does not send legates à latere into France, with faculty to reform, judge, confer, dispense, and such other powers as are usually specified in the Bulls, unless at the demand of the very Christian King, or with his consent; and the legate does not make use of his powers till he has promised the King, by writing under his seal, and has sworn by his holy orders, to use the said powers in the kingdoms, countries, lands, and lordships subject to his authority, only so far and so long as it shall please the King; and that, as soon as the said legate shall be warned of his desire to the contrary, he will desist and cease; also that he will only use the said powers with respect to those for whom he shall have the King's consent; and conformably to this, without attempting or doing anything prejudicial to the holy decrees, general councils, franchises, liberties, and privileges of the Gallican Church, *and of the universities and public studies of this kingdom*. And to this end the powers of such legates are submitted to the court of parliament, where they are seen, examined, verified, published, and registered with such modifications as the Court sees fit to make for the good of the kingdom, according to which modifications, all the processes and disputes which shall ensue, shall be judged, and not otherwise.

("Suivant les quelles modifications se jugent tous les procès et differends qui surviennent pour raison de ce et non autrement.")—*Libertés de L'Eglise Gallicane redigees, par P. Pithon, D. P. Manuel*, p. 13.

The subject of education, especially exempted from the interference of the Pope's commissioner, or legate, by such laws as the above, is the especial subject on which his mission is to be ex-

\* A curious statement is found here respecting a plot discovered during the reign of Christian IV. "Several ecclesiastics, who outwardly professed the Protestant religion, but who had been brought up in the Catholic faith by the Jesuits at the College of Braunschburgh, in Prussia, were actually and secretly employed in spreading Catholicism in their parishes."—*Laws of the Papacy*, p. 286, cited from the Appendix to the Parliamentary Report, p. 433.

exercised here in Ireland, exercised not merely without the sanction of the State, but in direct opposition to a scheme for the success of which the Government and legislation of the country appear to have been, and to be, more than ordinarily solicitous.

We have not entered into any details of the florid and melo-dramatic displays of state and splendour with which the multitude were gratified in the proceedings of the Synod. The appearance of the masses who came to witness these displays, it is rather boastfully announced, called up the remembrance of Mr. O'Connell's monster-meetings; and we may in all sobriety affirm, that if the intellectual food supplied to them during the session of the Synod, can be judged of by the tempered eloquence of the Synodical Address, the state of excitement in which they were likely to be kept by the assembled fathers was little less unwholesome than that boiling heat to which the repeal harangues are said to have raised them. It seems the desire of the Synod, that the Roman Catholic Bishops should have authority over the "various charitable establishments," as well as over those for the education of their people; and the Address gives proof, that, however they may have conducted themselves with regard to the wants of the poor, moral or physical, they are not backward in applying stimuli to their malignant passions. We would not have wondered had there been a distinct reference to the true causes of calamities by which the people have been afflicted, but we cannot disguise from ourselves the wickedness of directing the vindictive feelings of men maddened by sufferings, not to the laws, which, in most cases, produced such sufferings, but to a class of men upon whom the weight of these oppressive laws fell with a most calamitous effect, and who were no more than the enforced instruments of visiting upon their poorer brethren some portion of their own distresses. But upon topics like these we feel it is not within our present province to dilate. They are among the ordinary incidents of all such assemblies as the Synod of Thurles. It was certain of the peculiarities of that ecclesiastical meeting that we have felt ourselves bound to

animadvert upon. What can we learn from them?

"It is a most remarkable fact," observes Professor Ranke,\* "and one which affords an insight into the general course of human affairs, that, at the moment when its schemes for the re-establishment of an universal supremacy fell to the ground, the papacy began also to decay at the core." Has the Papal court learned the moral of this brief history, and is she again aspiring to that ascendancy in which, or in the effort to attain it, is the secret of her existence. There can be no doubt that a new energy seems developed in the materiel of her establishment, and light begins to dawn on the perseverance and the artifice by which, for some time past, she has been promoting her cause. To understand the machinations of Romanism, the history of the world must be learned, and if there be apparent anomalies or irregularities in her administration of affairs—if she tolerate in France what she prohibits in Ireland—if she concede in Russia and coerce in Piedmont—if she promise in one year what she prohibits in another—a just appreciation of the circumstances by which she is influenced will make it clear that her policy is simple, that she aims at retaining or acquiring power, and that, however oblique or tortuous her way may be, she usually makes choice of that which leads with most directness, or through least peril, to the object of her ambition.

Is the Synod of Thurles to be regarded as among the processes by which her great end, aggrandisement, is to be achieved? It is difficult to answer. Even conjectures would be rash. *Unless we knew whether that Synod has had secret countenance from parties by whom the legislature or Government can be controlled, we would feel reluctant to express an opinion on its consequences.* If the Assembly has been held, as many a meeting of the Catholic Association was held, by direction of, or in collusion with, powerful parties who turned seditious language to their own account, and professed to find in it ground of alarm or reason for concession, it may furnish pretext for measures very perilous to the best interests of the country. Again, if the assembled fathers had a clear and a

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\* "History of the Popes," Book viii., section 15.

correct idea of the extent to which they can profit by the enlarged extension of the Irish franchise, they may become patrons and protectors of a ministry, and may enjoin upon the servants they keep in place such labours as it shall please their ambition to assign them. Here, it is manifest, we are too much in the dark to pronounce on the future they may be agents to shape out for the country and the empire. But it would appear to us, that, whatever doubt there may be as to the issues of the synodal experiment, it has disclosed two great characteristics of Romanism, upon which it becomes wise men to meditate and statesmen to act.

The first of these is, its intense and absorbing passion for power—its earnestness of purpose to subject to its influence and authority the understanding, imagination, and conscience; the whole world of man, his thoughts, acts, and feelings. The second is, that in its submission to civil laws, where they are not coincident with its own, it is governed by purely prudential considerations—conscience has no concern in its obedience. Absolute Russia, revolutionary France, Protestant England, in their several degrees, could insure outward respect to laws which it was known would be enforced; but let there be a prospect that resistance to such laws may be successful, and no “compunctious visiting of nature” will discourage the resistance by setting forth the mass of misery and crime that may be attendant on the struggle. What waters of strife may be let loose by the Synod of Thurles, history will have to tell—the encouragement it has afforded to disaffection, we have had laid upon us the responsibility to witness. We have seen the emissary of a foreign potentate exercising almost a sovereign authority in our land; inhibiting masses of people upon whom our constitution bestows the privileges of British subjects, from accepting the instruction which the State regards as a guarantee for the honest and safe exercise of these high privileges; prohibiting this educational system, not because he proves it to be evil, but because the Papal See condemns it. We have seen persons under this authority defy the State, by a daring assumption of titles (in correspondence with Government officials, and in pastoral addresses), which the laws of the country pronounce a crime.

Such things will be judged of as indications of purpose by the people—they should serve as admonitory lessons to the State. The careless wayfarer who is stung or bitten to death, after having heard the notice of danger which provident nature compels the venomous beast to afford, has but himself to blame for the destruction which has come, not unawares, upon him.

If the government, and its leading organ in the Irish press, are moved by the same spirit, we must conjecture that the “rattle” has given warning in vain. *The Dublin Evening Post*, which proclaims that “the Synodical Address will be read with attention and respect,” publishes a “Memorandum” fully entitled, we frankly admit, to the grave consideration claimed for it:

“THE SYNODICAL ADDRESS.

“The following most important memorandum, which may be considered an authoritative statement, is most worthy of all attention at the present moment:—

“*Memorandum.*

“It is known that the acts of the late Synod can have no effect until they shall have obtained the sanction of the Holy See. On this account its decrees are kept secret, until the final decision of his Holiness regarding them shall have been declared. With respect, however, to the Synodical Address—which was to obtain immediate publicity without having been submitted to the Pope—the same reserve is not required; and it is no longer a secret that it contains a passage of which many of the prelates have disapproved. A large number of that body (though not a majority) were adverse to any publication from the Synod regarding the Queen's Colleges, except the Rescripts themselves, until certain points not yet decided by the Holy See should have been submitted to the final judgment of his Holiness; and if, when the Address, which had been already voted by a majority, was read at the last sitting of the Synod, it was not deemed expedient to waste the small remaining time of the Synod in the renewal of what would be then a useless contest, it by no means follows that any one of those several prelates alluded to had changed his previously expressed opinion.

“It is even asserted, by persons who ought to know the fact, that on certain points not yet decided regarding the Colleges, the opinions of the bishops are so nearly balanced as to admit of a majority of one only. All will, however, submit to the final decision of the Holy See.

“The letter which refers to the deans of residence, &c., was not considered by all the prelates as an authoritative Papal document.”—*Evening Post*, 17th Sept., 1850.

It is, we repeat, difficult to over-estimate the importance of a publication like this. Some short time since it was vaunted by the *Times* that, because of the publicity of its proceedings, and the presence of reporters exercising their office during the discussion of its measures, there could be nothing alarming in the Synod of Thurles. It is now intimated, with authority, by an organ of the Government, that the Synod was *a secret society*, that it has published an address, which is to be read "with attention and respect," and that it has passed decrees which "are to be kept secret" until the decision (not of the government but) of a foreign potentate, direct their publication. If the secret decrees are to be judged of by the Address which the Synod was not afraid to publish, there was certainly much to justify suspicion, if not alarm, in the synodical proceedings. When an assembly, in which every individual was bound by an oath of feudal, or more than feudal, obedience to a foreign power, regarded an Address condemnatory of such a scheme as that which the bishops denounced, a document which it was wise to make public, and when they appended to the Address signatures by which they openly and deliberately violated the law of the land, it would not be marvellous if the deliberations which they felt it expedient to conceal, occasioned some feelings of distrust in the government they opposed and insulted.

Further, it is announced in the "memorandum," that of the bishops assembled in synod at Thurles, "there was a majority of one only," but that "all will submit to the decision of the Holy See." The assembly was divided—there was a majority *of one*, we may

collect, adverse to the Government and law of Great Britain; in a few weeks more there will be unanimity in the synodal decision; the large minority will, in all probability, adopt the resolutions of what is now the smallest possible majority, and all the bishops of the Church of Rome in Ireland will be arrayed against the Government and the laws; or, if the less unfavourable alternative be chosen, the British Government will owe the mitigation of contumely to the commands of a foreign potentate. A pitiable estate this for a mighty empire—England abased to a dependance on the probability that Pio Nono may have learned, from the contingencies of his own life, wisdom enough to discourage disaffection in his Irish episcopal vassals—

"Mirandusque cliens sedet ad præterita reges  
Donec Bythino libeat vigilare tyranno."

Her Majesty's ministers are guardians of their own honour. To them the indignity may be of light account—

"To show their miseries in foreign lands,  
Condemned, as needy suppliants, to wait  
The tyrant's sentence and the slaves' debate."

But there are interests and duties not their own, upon which their conduct must have an influence, and which it will be baseness unparalleled if they wantonly abandon. The glory of the British crown is at their mercy—is it to be made a sport for the Vatican? Subjects of their royal mistress, if protected in the righteous exercise of their own judgment, will continue well-affected to the laws and to their Queen; and are the Queen's ministers to deny them protection, and tamely stand by while the Pope, if it so pleases "His Holiness," indoctrinates them in treason?

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**DUBLIN: JAMES McGLASHAN, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET.**  
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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXV.

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VOL. XXXVI.

## RECENT POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.\*

It is now some time since we asked the attention of our readers to any publications professedly on the study of political economy. We felt disinclined to devote any portion of our space to works of this nature for many reasons. Many of the subjects with which political economy has to deal are so closely connected with party politics, that it would be hopeless to attempt to do them justice within the few pages which we could devote to them. To bring forward and establish, by argument and illustration, every sound proposition; to grapple with and expose every delusive sophism; to note well the exceptions to every general principle, and the reasons why it should be so qualified, and to do all this so conclusively as to overbear the strongest prejudices, would be entirely out of our power. To have done less than this—to have attempted the task and failed—would have been most injurious. We rejoice to know that the true principles of political economy have been steadily advancing in the country. They have advanced, as all truth has ever done, and, from the nature of things, must ever continue to do, impeded by much unjust obloquy, by much misapprehension, and by some mistaken support. Yet, notwithstanding the indiscretion of friends, and the rancour and prejudice of opponents, the truths of political economy have daily gained ground, and are now not

merely acknowledged by those who have studied the subject for themselves, but have begun to be generally received and adopted by the great mass of mankind who are content to take their opinions from others.

It would be most unjust thus to notice the rapid diffusion of correct views on the great subjects of national and social interests without acknowledging the source to which it is owing. Ireland owes the diffusion of economical knowledge to the public spirit and liberality of an individual, and he a stranger. The first impetus to the study of political economy in this country was given by Archbishop Whateley. It is now nearly twenty years since he founded, in Trinity College, the professorship of political economy which bears his name. The University, adopting the spirit of the founder of the professorship, shortly afterwards instituted annual prizes to encourage the cultivation of the science. The circumstances connected with this professorship, the periodical lectures, the annual examinations, and the competition for the professorship itself (which being tenable but for five years, continually attracts a number of aspirants for the distinction) have mainly occasioned that improved tone of public opinion on this important subject which every one of us must recognise. We observe that the University has recently introduced portions of Adam

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\* "Political and Social Economy—its Practical Applications." By John Hill Burton. Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. 1849.

"Three Lectures on the Principles of Taxation, delivered at Queen's College, Galway, in Hilary Term, 1850." By Denis Caulfield Heron, Barrister-at-law, Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy, and Dean of the Faculty of Law, Queen's College, Galway. Dublin: James M<sup>c</sup>Glashan. 1850.

Smith's celebrated treatise into the course for ethical moderatorship. We see, too, that each of the newly established Queen's Colleges has its professor of political economy; and we feel confident that, in the course of a very few years, the leading truths of this science will be so generally diffused, that men will forget how first they learned them, and will come to regard them as self-evident.

We feel that we are not over-sanguine in our anticipations, for we know of no subject the leading doctrines of which are so simple, of none in which the application of these principles to the social phenomena with which it is concerned is more easy. Collateral subjects no doubt there are—subjects like banking, currency, and some others that we could enumerate—of which the facts are not as yet sufficiently well established, or understood, to enable us to feel that our conclusions are necessarily true. With regard to such subjects we must be content for some time to acquiesce in results which approach no closer to certainty than a very high degree of probability; we must wait until statistics, the handmaid of political science, shall have given us some surer footing as the basis of our reasoning. But for the greater number of questions with which political economy has to deal, statistics are in no degree requisite. We can determine the bearing of almost every measure, which directly affects the condition of any class of society, whether landlords, capitalists, or labourers, either without the aid of statistics at all, or with such a general knowledge of their results as every one is familiar with. In fact, in so small a compass can the principles of political economy be contained, that if we take up the works of many distinguished political economists, we will find that by much a larger portion of them is devoted to exposing former errors, than to expounding or investigating truth. False notions had sprung up, under the influence of class-legislation; the interests of a section of the community had long been regarded as identical with, or paramount to, that of the whole, and various clumsy devices were adopted by governments to promote the interests of these favourite classes. In a state of society so perverted and unnatural, it was not to be expected that any just views on economical subjects could

present themselves. How, for example, while the ruling classes were all idlers, and the working classes all slaves, is it possible that right notions of the value and dignity of labour could ever have occurred to mankind? When the institutions of society became more in accordance with the principles of human nature, and more favourable to the progress of truth, the influence of a few powerful minds dispelled the mists of former error; and so simple and obvious are the true economical interests of mankind, that we defy any candid mind, on giving any reasonable attention to the subject, to fail in discerning them.

What is now needed is, to disseminate a general knowledge of these interests widely throughout the mass of the population. It is hardly possible to do better service to the country, than is done by the publication of such a work as Mr. Burton's. The subject is within the capacity of every intelligent man in the community—the size and price of the volume make it available to all; and the topics on which it treats are those with which we are most intimately concerned, and upon which we are called upon to speak and to act every day of our lives. It is thus only, by the circulation of such works as these, that not only will the evils which might be apprehended from the wide diffusion of political power be obviated, but this increase of power will be converted into positive blessings to society. Educate the people—such should be the watch-word of every one who wishes well to his country; qualify them to judge rightly, and to act temperately but resolutely in all matters of social interest. They have now acquired power—it is for the educated and influential classes to determine whether this shall become a blessing or a curse to themselves and to the community. By diligent culture it must be converted into the one; neglect it, and it will most certainly degenerate into the other. One thing at least is certain—it never can be recalled. The waters were long pent up, and exhibited all the offensive symptoms of stagnation; but now that they have burst their barriers, "riven their concealing continents," they are gone beyond recall, and it is for us to determine whether they shall course madly over the land, or be guided into peaceful fertilising channels.

The great impression which is left by the perusal of Mr. Burton's book is, a high sense of the value and the dignity of labour. This is a most valuable feature in his work. Labour, whether of body or of mind, is the unavoidable lot of man. If, then, for no higher consideration than because it is a condition from which we cannot escape, it is well to be reconciled to it. But to look on labour as a necessary evil, merely as a state of things which is to be endured, and to which we should try to reconcile ourselves, is, in our judgment, to take a very perverse view of the dispensations of the Almighty. We are inclined to take a very opposite view of the conditions of our being. We look upon the necessity for labour, and the capacity for toil, as being the main ingredients of our temporal happiness. Without labour no faculty of our nature would be developed. It provokes our energy, it kindles our courage, it calls forth every mental and bodily capability, and gives us that invaluable spirit of self-reliance, without which nothing great or good was ever yet accomplished. Place any portion of mankind in circumstances in which they must necessarily work, and the effort will invariably call forth an amount of exertion much greater than is needed for overcoming the difficulties which are presented to it. This is universally true, and hardly needs illustration. The difficulties of his position have placed the Hollander in the foremost rank among the nations of the earth—the teeming fertility which surround him has debased the Hindoo. Are we without a lesson derived from our own country on this very subject?—Can we say that the degraded condition of our peasantry is not in a great measure owing to the facility with which they raised the main article of their food? No one can question but that when a people are far advanced in civilisation, the cheapness of their food must be the greatest blessing. It would be a rebelling against Providence to dispute it. But if a difficulty in procuring the necessaries of life be, as we believe it to be, the main agency for starting a people in their industrial career, if labour be a necessary condition to the advancement of a nation, we cannot but feel that the exclusive cultivation of the potato, the constant

dependence on a food which it requires neither skill, nor capital, nor industry to cultivate, has acted most prejudicially on the character and condition of the Irish people. When we look to this universal necessity for labour, to the blessings which flow from it, to its influence on the character of a people and their capacity for happiness, we conceive that we are entitled to regard it as appointed for higher purposes than any of a mere temporal character. On such a subject it becomes us to speak with diffidence and with reverence; but it is impossible not to feel that the blessings of labour may be extended beyond the present world, and that the high qualities of our nature—zeal, courage, energy, which are developed by its influence in the little theatre of action on which we are now placed, may possibly be designed to form the basis of that nobler character with which we shall hereafter be clothed, and may influence our position in the more expanded sphere to which we trust to attain.

It is, of course, more with the economical than with the moral considerations connected with labour that Mr. Burton's book is concerned, although these latter are by no means overlooked. It is with the former, however, that he has chiefly to deal, and the remarkably just economical views which pervade his entire work, are mainly to be referred to the sound basis on which he starts in determining the circumstances which regulate the wages of the labourer.

The history of opinion on this very subject, forcibly illustrates the necessity of cultivating the study of Political Economy. It was for many centuries a received maxim in English legislation, that the rate of the labourer's wages ought to be regulated by statutory enactment. The notion originated in that system of legislating for the interests of a class only of the community, of which we have already spoken, and which more than anything else retarded the development of sound views on economical subjects. The first and most important of these legal enactments was that known as the "Statute of Labourers." This Act was passed in the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward III., and under these circumstances. The oriental plague had then recently ravaged the land; some accounts tell us that one-

half of the population—Hume says that one-third of the whole—fell victims to its virulence. We are also told, as might be expected, the infliction pressed most heavily on the poorer classes—some authors going so far as to say that none of the wealthier persons whatever fell victims. On principles, then, which we believe would now-a-days be at once admitted by every one, the supply of labour being so greatly diminished, its value became considerably enhanced. The legislature of that period, however, thought proper to control the operation of this natural principle. The statute to which we have referred recites that no one would now work unless he was paid double wages to that which he was content to receive five years before; it therefore enacts that the several labourers, enumerating the different descriptions, should be content with the same rate of wages which they had received in the twentieth year of the King's reign, and for some few years previously; and to guard against any misapprehension in the matter, it sets out a regular scale of remuneration for each denomination of workmen. Labourers were to be sworn twice a year to the observance of this statute, and transgressors were to be punished with the stocks.

From the date of this enactment down to the reign of Elizabeth several other statutes were passed, all of them to the same effect, that of prescribing a stated sum, beyond which the rate of wages should not rise. And so low was the scale at which wages were fixed, that in seasons of dearth it did not suffice to provide the labourer with the bare necessities of life. We have this on the authority of a statute passed in the fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which sets out a declaration to this effect in its preamble, and consequently proceeds to change the whole mode in which the rate of wages should be determined, and enacts that justices of the peace shall fix the rate of wages from time to time with reference to the price of provisions. This Act certainly evidenced a more humane and liberal spirit on the part of the legislature, but, in the attempt to force the rate of wages to keep pace with the price of provisions, it displayed very little progress in economical science. It might indeed be very satisfactory to the labourer and to us all if our income could be made to increase

with the demands upon it; but if a labourer can only produce at the end of the week what will sell for ten shillings, an employer will hardly be got to give him a guinea for his week's wages, because a scarcity may have raised the price of provisions to three shillings a day. Certainly if such an employer tries the process for some time, he will shortly discover, by the rapid absorption of his capital, how faulty is the political economy which compels him to adopt such a course. Yet forty years after this Act of Elizabeth's we have another of exactly the same purport passed in the reign of James the First, enlarging the powers which were given to the justices by the former Act. And under these two Acts the wages of labourers appear to have been regulated for a length of time in England, by the justices of the peace at quarter-sessions. The latest of these ratings which we have seen is dated at Manchester, the 22nd of May, 1725. It is contained in an appendix to Sir Frederick Morton Eden's valuable work on the condition of the poor, and is thus entitled, "An order what wages servants, labourers, and artificers by the year, day, or otherwise, shall have and receive within the county of Lancaster, limited according to the statutes by his Majesty's justices of the peace for the said county, upon conference with discreet and grave men of the said county respecting the plenty of the time." The progress, however, of political science caused the abolition of all these statutes in the reign of King George the Fourth, and although the correct views on this important subject are not even yet as universally disseminated as could be desired, it still seems to be now universally acknowledged, that the attempt to regulate the terms of the contract between the labourer and his employer by any legislative enactment is absurd in theory and impossible in practice.

We apprehend that the true principle which regulates the labourer's wages is the simplest thing possible to comprehend. The natural wages of the labourer is what he produces by his labour. If he were working for himself, without any capitalist or other employer whatsoever set over him, the wages of his labour, the remuneration for his exertion, would be the product realised by his industry, whatever that



might be—the finished work that at the end of a certain period he would have produced. But in every civilised community the labourer works for some capitalist, who advances him his wages; if it were otherwise, the labourer should wait for weeks, or months, or years, before the finished work might be sold, which of course would be impossible. The effect of such a state of things would be, that nothing would be made that would require more than a few hours to produce, and that was not then secure of an immediate sale; the division of employments could not exist, and men would be reduced to the condition of the lowest savages, that of mere hunters and fishers. Now as the natural wages of a labourer is the produce of his industry if he were working for himself, how are his wages affected by the circumstance of working for some capitalist? Why simply thus, that the produce of his labour, instead of being exclusively his own, is divided between him and his master; he gets all that his master does not receive. This latter quantity is in all advanced countries so small a proportion of the whole produce, that it may, for all practical purposes, be disregarded: if profits be ten per cent., and a labourer's yearly wages, say £50, be advanced by his employer at the beginning of the year, the total abolition of all profit would only raise the labourer's income from fifty pounds to fifty-five pounds. Estimating, then, the labourer's wages still in the article which he is engaged in the production of, what vitally concerns him is, that this product, the joint result of his labour and of the capital of his employer, shall be as great in quantity and as superior in quality as is possible.

We cannot here examine into the circumstances which determine what proportion of the finished work shall belong to the capitalist. But the least reflection will show, that the proportion of it which goes to the labourer is much more increased by the use of his employer's capital in the production of the article, than is the proportion of it which becomes the property of the employer himself. Look merely to the use of capital in machinery: how many hundred, how many thousand-fold more can the labourer produce of any article, and how infinitely superior in quality, when he is aided by efficient machinery, to what he could have pro-

duced if he were working merely with his hands; and yet the profits of the capitalist are not more than ten or twenty per cent., not more, at the outside, than one-sixth of this whole produce, which, but for the machinery which his capital supplies, would not have been one-thousandth part of what it is: the whole of this increase, which is thus created by the use of machinery, the labourer gets, less only by the fraction of it which the capitalist receives.

We have been estimating the labourer's wages in the article which he produces, which appears to us to be the simplest view of the matter. It introduces no new principle into the case, to be told that the labourer does not get the many miles of cotton thread which he spins, but the value of it in money, which he exchanges for what he wants. The more he makes, and the better its quality, the more he must receive for it. If we would increase the wages of the labourer, we must increase the productiveness of his labour, and the efficiency of the capital by which he is assisted. Everything that adds to his intelligence, his industry, and perseverance, increases almost instantaneously the wages of his labour. Every improvement in the use of capital, whether employed in machinery or otherwise, must also add to the amount of his wages, although, for reasons which we cannot now enter upon, the effect will not be so instantaneous in this case as in the former. The recognition of this great principle, that the wages of the labourer depend upon his productiveness, is to be found everywhere throughout Mr. Burton's book.

"If a man," he says, "can be found to do any of the purposes of a machine, he is sometimes a cheaper agent. But woe to him whose indolence tempts him to fall into this gulf! It is the general character of the workmen who are neither skilled nor possessed of great physical strength, that they merely perform the simple and uniform functions of a routine occupation, which machinery could be got to execute, were it not that a human being offers to do it for less; in other words, were it not that the unskilled and indolent man offers to undertake the details for a less sum than the skilled and highly industrious machine-maker demands for making a machine adapted to the execution of the task. Our working classes are always in an evil position when men are to be had so cheap. LABOUR SHOULD BE DEAR,

**AND TO BE DEAR IT MUST BE POWERFULLY PRODUCTIVE."**

And again :—

"The truth is, that the skilled labourer, unless he be vicious or idle, never becomes a permanent pauper; he suffers occasionally by the calamities of the times and the convulsions of trade, as the professional man and the capitalist do; but he rights himself again, and in ordinary times he has always the means of possessing a comfortable home, with the necessaries and the main enjoyments of life. Now it will be said that this may be attributed, not to the skill of these labourers, but to their limited number. This is begging the great question before us. The wide principle is this, that there are no limits to available productiveness; that it is a part of the great scheme of Providence, that in the general case, **AS A MAN PRODUCES HE WILL POSSESS; AND THAT THE CAUSE OF THE POVERTY OF THE POOR IS THAT THEY PRODUCE LITTLE.**"

This is the principle which accounts for that apparent anomaly in our social state, that notwithstanding the strides which we have been making in skill, industry, and intelligence, there should yet remain so great an amount of wretchedness and poverty preying on the heart of our labouring population. We leave our own country out of account; for, to say nothing of the successive years of famine with which it has been the will of Providence that she should be afflicted, her social condition has been for centuries so deranged by perverse influences, that she stands forth, in every respect, an anomaly amongst the nations of the earth. But in England, wealthy and prosperous England, such glimpses of misery and debasement are sometimes revealed to us, as must startle the coldest of us to emotion. How, then, is this? One sentence from Mr. Burton explains it all :—"The cause of the poverty of the poor is, that they produce little." The unskilled workman of the present day encounters a fearful opposition; his rivals are brutes, his competitors are machines; uneducated, undisciplined, he is incompetent, either by knowledge or habit, to take his part in the great work of production, and he is driven to sustain a precarious existence by crime, or by the performance of services so abject, that no independent workman could be found to engage in them.

We by no means lend ourselves to the mawkish sentimentality of modern

times, nor to its whine, that while the rich are daily becoming richer, the poor are becoming poorer. The rich are unquestionably more wealthy than they have ever hitherto been; they have a greater command over the enjoyments and comforts of life; they possess more of everything that can possibly minister to their wants or gratify their desires; but the same is, with one exception only, equally true of the working classes.

We say, with one exception, for we are compelled to acknowledge that, comparing the labourer in full employment now with the labourer in full employment some centuries ago, the condition of the latter was, in one most important particular, greatly superior to that of the former. It is impossible to doubt that the labourer's wages in England, in the past centuries, enabled him to procure a much greater quantity of the essential articles of food, bread, meat, and such like, than the labourer of the present day can command. We have examined, with the utmost care, the various tables of prices and rates of wages, derived from the most authentic sources, which are contained in the Appendix to Sir Frederick Morton Eden's "*History of the Poor*," and we find it impossible to question the truth of this proposition. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the labourer's wages in England, without diet, was about 4d. a day; but at that period he could buy a bullock for 7s. 3d.; a ewe for 1s. 1d.; a wether for 1s. 8d.; a cow for 8s.; wheat at an average, one year with another, of 5s. a quarter; barley 3s. 4d., and so on. Now, even admitting that the size of cattle and sheep was not one-half what it now is, there is, nevertheless, a fearful balance of disadvantage in the article of food against the labourers of the present day. An examination of the several tables which are set forth in the valuable work to which we have referred, compels us to acknowledge that the same conclusion is equally true, whether we contrast the labourer of the present time with the labourer of either the sixteenth, seventeenth, or the early part of the eighteenth century. It is a conclusion to which Mr. Hallam has been reluctantly forced to yield :—

"After every allowance," says that eminent historian, "I find it difficult to resist

the conclusion, that however the labourer has derived benefit from the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and from many inventions of common utility, he is much inferior, in ability, to support a family to his ancestors, three or four centuries ago."

In every respect, however, but this one of food, the condition of the English labourer is rapidly improving, and has long continued to improve; and there cannot be a question that although it may take a greater proportion of his wages to buy food now than it did formerly, yet that, viewing the whole of his condition, his position, both physical and moral, now, is incalculably superior to what it ever was. The spirit of independent exertion, which spurns the debasement of relying on voluntary relief, is now general throughout the whole English nation. If we are yet unable to say as much for our own people, we must bear in mind the unavoidable demoralisation of three years of famine, from which, by the goodness of Providence, the English people were exempt.

A hundred and fifty years ago, when the population of England did not amount to six millions, it was computed, by Gregory King and Davenant, that the proportion of the population who were dependant for support on the poor-relief funds amounted to one-fifth of the whole; now that the population is three times the amount, the proportion receiving poor-relief does not amount to one-tenth. Let any one who would be convinced of the superiority of the England of the present day to the England at the period of the Revolution, turn to the admirable chapter which Mr. Macaulay has devoted to this subject in his first volume. We can add nothing to what he has there written, and can say nothing so well.

Yet notwithstanding this advancement in the condition of the working classes generally, there is, unquestionably, deep distress prevailing amongst many of their numbers; but it prevails amongst those who, in the words of Mr. Barton, "can produce little;" those whose industry or skill falls much short of that of their fellows; those who are not fitted to take any part in the great work of production which is going on around them. For such there is but one remedy—industrial education, a reformation of their habits,

and a cultivation of their yet undeveloped powers of production.

There is, however, another problem connected with the economical condition of the working classes which has frequently attracted the attention of those who have investigated their condition, and to the solution of which both our authors have addressed themselves. It is this—that although machinery and all other applications of capital have vastly increased the productiveness of human labour—although the industry and intelligence of the workman have likewise advanced—although his day's earnings will procure more of the comforts of life,—yet that the tax upon his exertion is not one whit abated, nay rather, that he must now toil longer and more intensely than ever he did, or submit to be thrown out of the race altogether. Mr. Burton frequently recurs to this feature in our social condition, but as it occurs to us, he rather impresses his readers with its existence, than accounts for it; but we will let him speak for himself:—

"But to this onward progress of productive energy, there is, as we already said, a condition attached. He who would securely enjoy its advantages, must keep up with it, or he will be left behind in desolation and misery. Where nothing is produced, and men live on what they find upon the earth, the most indolent may secure something; but when the slothful man appears in active industrial life, he finds everything appropriated; all things have been created by the productive powers of man, and all are retained by the producers, or those whom the complex social institutions of society invest with some peculiar claim to their enjoyment. The farther the community has made industrial progress from the original unproductive habits of the savage, the more does it tax the energies of each individual member, and the less will any one, who is afflicted with the original indolence of the barbarian, be able to cope with its demands, or find himself a place within its privileged arena. A Hindoo must practice more productive industry than a New Hollander; a Chinese must practice more than a Hindoo; a Parisian must practice more than a Chinese; and, generally speaking, the inhabitant of London exercises more skill and untiring industry, and requires to exercise it, in gaining his daily bread, than the inhabitant of any other spot throughout the world."

Mr. Heron likewise adverts to the same subject, and undertakes to account for it. We are not quite certain that he has rightly apprehended

the difficulty, but as he quotes the passage which we have just taken from Mr. Burton, we presume he means to advert to the same feature in our social condition :—

“Now it has often excited surprise that with the advance of nations in wealth, liberty, and general prosperity, which compose our modern civilisation, poverty at the same time increases [this we submit is plainly erroneous], and able-bodied men are unable to support themselves by their labour. The principal reasons for this are to be found in the greater amount of labour required, according as the society advances in civilisation. Labour increases in intensity with the progress of society [the cause of this is the difficulty to be accounted for it]; the same amount of labour which in an imperfectly organised and thinly inhabited community, would be sufficient to maintain a person in tolerable comfort, will, in a more advanced community, scarcely keep him from starvation. This principle has been well exemplified by Mr. Burton, in his ‘Political and Social Economy.’”

Mr. Heron then proceeds to give the extract which we have already taken from Mr. Burton's book, and seems to think that he has sufficiently explained the difficulty by simply restating it.

Now without professing to be competent to undertake the solution of this problem ourselves, we would submit the following suggestions to those whose opportunities are more favourable for prosecuting such investigations.

The difficulty to be encountered is, not why so many persons are still unemployed—this Mr. Burton has fully accounted for; he rightly ascribes it to the imperfect education and imperfect industrial habits of those unhappy persons, which unfits them for taking any part in the great work of production which is going on around them. But the difficulty noticed by Mr. Burton, and which we believe it was Mr. Heron's intention also to allude to is, why those who are qualified to get work, and who succeed in procuring it, are obliged to toil harder than the labouring-classes ever did before to earn their daily wages; those wages are higher than ever they were; they afford the labourer a greater command over the comforts of life, but he must work harder than ever he did to secure them, or submit to be thrown out of the race altogether. It is the same difficulty which is noticed by Mr. Mill when he says, “Hitherto it is questionable whe-

ther all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being.”

Now it occurs to us that somewhat of this may be accounted for by the tendency of large capitalists to supplant or to absorb the smaller ones in a nation's progress to wealth; the lines of demarcation become then more distinct and more remote between the wealthy employer and the workman. The large factories of the city have abolished the domestic manufacture of the country. The great engrosser of land, “adding field to field until there be no room,” has exterminated the small farmer and yeoman of England. At the time of the Revolution, according to Mr. Macaulay, the yeomanry of England and their families constituted one-seventh of the population; they derived their subsistence from their own properties, which they cultivated with their own hands; their average income, being made up of rent, profit, and wages, amounted to about £70 a year (the value of money at that period being, however, much higher than now), and they are described by Mr. Macaulay as “an eminently manly and true-hearted race,” who persisted in “regarding popery and arbitrary power with unmitigated hostility.” How fares it now with the small shopkeeper of the town. He had, or perhaps he still retains, a little capital, but what does it avail him? Superintended by himself, and by his wife and daughters, it afforded a happy, peaceful, honest livelihood to a united family. But his shop is now vacant; he is crushed by the competition of the all-engrossing mart. there is no mode of investment in which his petty capital, deprived of his own superintendence, can yield him the means of support. He may, perhaps, get some of his family situated at small salaries in the great establishment which has overwhelmed him, and then transport himself and his capital to some younger country, where wealth is not yet so concentrated. Now the workmen who are engaged by small employers, and who are obliged to put their hands to everything in the course of the day, working along with their masters, who are not very much removed from them in station, constantly shifting from one occupation to another, will fall into a dawdling, easy-going, gossiping habit, that will enable them to get through their day's

work without encountering any great degree of toil. Add to this more especially, that the accumulation of wealth is not the object, does not become the tone of society, until an advanced stage of its progress. Every man is satisfied if he can continue pretty much as he is, and rear his children after the same fashion in which he was himself brought up. But when the work of production falls into the hands of great capitalists—when quickness of return, and not the rate of profit, becomes the great object—when, above all, the accumulation of wealth becomes the great object of desire, then must every occupation be so distributed that not a moment may be lost by a single workman from early dawn to dark night; nothing then but the most strenuous and most continuous exertion will satisfy the requirements of the employer; the workman who will not contribute this must be cast aside altogether. He will, indeed, be remunerated for his labour, amply, abundantly, in money. Every stimulus to exertion will be held out to him, and, while his frame lasts, he will get wages such as workman never got before; he will have more to expend on stimulants to revive his exhausted nature, than his forefathers expended on the necessities of life; but it is on the condition we have stated, a condition which the energy and determination of our Anglo-Saxon race makes them ready enough to fulfil—that of incessant exertion. In this way, as it appears to us, the accumulation of large capitals and the abolition of smaller capitalists, has in some degree occasioned that peculiar phase of society which now presents itself—that a workman can earn nothing unless he works intensely hard, but that by doing so he will earn very much more than ever he did before.

That the change which has thus taken place from the employment of small capitals to large ones, is favourable to the increase of national wealth in all branches of trade, commerce, and manufacture, we believe, cannot admit of question. Whether the change has been equally favourable to agriculture we strongly doubt. There are few improvements which can be adopted on a large farm, that would not be proportionally beneficial on a small one; and if the small farmer be converted into a proprietor or yeoman, or

if he obtain an interest in his land nearly equivalent to such a tenure, we conceive that the agriculture of the country is much more likely to be advanced than under any system of large farming. The devotion to his pursuit which such an interest in the land has always developed among civilised nations does more than compensate for any advantages which the large farmer may enjoy in the cultivation of his land. If any of our readers happen never to have considered this subject in this light, we would refer them to the numerous examples adduced by Mr. Mill in his treatise on Political Economy—examples drawn from Flanders, Norway, Switzerland, Germany, Lombardy, France, Guernsey, and other countries—examples of unequalled prosperity under a system of peasant proprietorship, attested by every traveller who has visited the countries alluded to.

We, however, feel bound to say, that a people may be so backward in civilisation, that it would be perilous to venture on this experiment. We greatly fear that our own countrymen are not yet prepared for the reception of such a measure; we by no means see that the lands are the best cultivated where the farmers have the best interests in them—there must be a certain amount of knowledge and industry first subsisting among the people, before they can be trusted with the lands in fee; but when possessed of these qualities, we know of no way in which they can be more fully called into action, than by the system of peasant-proprietorship, that system which produced “the eminently manly and true-hearted race,” the yeomanry of England.

And while we are on the subject of small proprietorships, it is impossible to avoid noticing a most forcible illustration of its advantages, which was submitted to the Statistical Society of London, in a paper read in the April of last year by Mr. John Barton. The subject of the paper was the influence of the subdivision of the soil on the moral and physical well-being of the people of England and Wales; and its object was to shew that crime diminishes as small proprietorships increase. That crime is least in Westmoreland and North Wales, where more than one-half of the farmers employ no labourers at all, but carry on the business of cultivation merely with



their own hands and that of their children; and that, as this state of things lessens, crime augments. We certainly were quite prepared to believe that the possession of property served to restrain men from the commission of crime; but until we read this paper we could not have supposed that this principle would have found such universal confirmation in the statistics of every county of England. Mr. Barton divides the counties into the agricul-

tural and the manufacturing—we will advert only to the former. These he divides into five classes, according to the proportion borne by the number of labourers to the occupiers; he *then* compares, in each class, the average number of commitments in five years, with the amount of the population; and he finds that, in every case, the number of commitments rises regularly and progressively with the size of the farms. Thus—

| Class. | Number of Labourers to each Occupier. |              |     | Number of Commitments in each 100,000. |      |
|--------|---------------------------------------|--------------|-----|----------------------------------------|------|
| 1.     | ...                                   | 2 or less.   | ... | ...                                    | 87.  |
| 2.     | ...                                   | 2 to 3.      | ... | ...                                    | 104. |
| 3.     | ...                                   | 3 to 5.      | ... | ...                                    | 117. |
| 4.     | ...                                   | 5 to 7.      | ... | ...                                    | 142. |
| 5.     | ...                                   | More than 7. | ... | ...                                    | 184. |

But admitting this great accumulation of capital to be favourable to the increase of national wealth, as it unquestionably is, in every branch of production, with the one exception, as we conceive, of agriculture—it yet may well be asked, to what does this perpetual struggle after wealth tend? Is it favourable to national character, or to national happiness? It would, of course, be absurd to strive against this, which is the engrossing passion of England at the present day, at least of the most numerous classes, the manufacturing and trading interests. But let us glance for one moment at the motives which lead to it, and at its results. The workman, of course, labours for his daily bread. As we have seen, he cannot work less strenuously than he does; if he were to do so, he would not be employed at all. But of the upper classes of producers, the vast majority of them are influenced, in a great measure, by the wretched ambition of becoming richer than their neighbours, coupled with the dread of *ennui*, and of the fearful listlessness which is the necessary consequence of there being but one pursuit of which they are capable. The passion for money-making, like every other high excitement, engrosses the whole mind, to the exclusion of all other pursuits. It will be among the triumphs of education, when it becomes generally diffused, that it will withdraw our race from this eternal pursuit for gain, by supplying them with other and nobler objects on which to exercise their faculties—that we may become poorer, and wiser, and happier men. The following observations of Mr. Burton are

deserving of the utmost consideration. They are most true and most philosophical. Our space will, unfortunately, only allow of our giving a short extract from a portion of his treatise, which we would gladly quote at length, if it were practicable:—

“It would be a far worse world than a good Deity has made it, if felicity increased proportionally with riches, and the occupant of the castle were as much happier than the occupant of the cottage as his rooms are more stately, his drapery and furniture more costly, and his viands more dainty. It is not by multiplying twopence by thirty that we can estimate the happiness of him who drinks claret over him who drinks beer. It is a trite saying, that the poor are as happy as the rich, and happier; but perhaps the reasons for holding this belief have not been often closely examined, and hence the general principle has been attacked as a vain sentiment, invented by the rich to appease the poor. But if we look at the main elements of human felicity, we shall find that they are among the objects of moderate attainment. They consist in health, physical and mental—in food sufficient to satisfy hunger—in clothing sufficient to protect the body from the elements—and in that enjoyment of the domestic attachments which continues the existence of our species. *The wealth of the richest man that ever lived will not add to the list a fifth element of enjoyment so large as any one of these.* The next in greatness will be found in intellectual pursuits; but this class of luxuries is unknown to those in whom a taste for them is not cultivated, and it rarely happens that where the love exists it is not gratified. It possesses, like the luxury of virtue, the rare faculty of ministering to its own demands; and it has the peculiarity of affording a method in which the poor can enjoy the possessions of the rich without humili-

liation, for the passing study of pictures and statues gives them some advantage from their rich neighbour's possessions without their picking the crumbs that drop from his table.

"Where there are equal laws, and the labourer, without exhausting exertion, can house, clothe, and feed himself; can marry and bring up children; he thus satisfies to himself the main conditions of our imperfect human happiness. There are none of these truly rich endowments that have not in their very nature a counteracting quality in every effort to expand them. The appetite has its limits of enjoyment. Its fastidiousness rises fully to a par with the art that indulges it; and he who makes a gradual progress onwards from the coarsest to the most exquisite food, certainly forfeits all relish for the simplicity he has deserted, but gains no new pleasure from the excitements which his appetite demands. The labourer suddenly raised to affluence by some freak of fortune, often leaves irrecoverably behind him the true pleasures of the table."

We need but advert to one instance which has of late years called forth much discussion, and which painfully illustrates how direct is the antagonism between national wealth and national weal—we refer to the employment of women and children in factories, and to the measures which have been brought forward for limiting their hours of work. Now if we assume that these persons, whose hours of labour it is proposed thus to restrict, could work with the same intensity for the longer time as for the shorter, there can be no question but that a curtailment of their hours of labour must diminish their productiveness, and so far impair the national wealth; but if we at the same time know that the prolongation of their labour is to the ruin of their domestic duties, their social enjoyments, and their human nature—that heart, mind, and body alike fail, and sink under the practice—surely it then becomes the duty of the legislature to interpose and to protect those who are incapable of determining for themselves, or of controlling the evil if they could appreciate its extent, and boldly to proclaim that no increase of national wealth shall ever be purchased at so fearful a price.

We cannot refrain from laying before our readers an extract or two more from Mr. Burton's book, which is immediately suggested to us by this subject. They refer to the responsibilities of employers with regard to the moral

condition of their workmen and of society :—

"The capitalists of this country, especially the manufacturing capitalists, cannot be altogether acquitted of contributing to the disorganising elements which have produced the strikes and combinations, as well as the other evils of ignorance and prejudice, from which they and their workmen have severally suffered. Men cannot live to good purpose without the social affections of family and kindred, uniting their household civilisation with the external influence of the clergyman and the schoolmaster. When population grows by natural increase, without being influenced by adventitious circumstances, these regulating influences naturally grow with it, and become sufficient for their purposes. The increase still preserves the family shape and consistency; as the tree still consists of branches, leaves, and flowers, however great it grows. Even the clergy and the schoolmasters naturally increase with the gradual demands on their attention; though there should be no greater specific inducement to this increase than the mere habit of a people who have been accustomed to the services of a certain number of these spiritual and temporal teachers to each hundred of the population.

"When a mass of human beings, almost as great as the population of a city, are suddenly brought together by the temptation of lucrative employment, they do not naturally consist of families bringing to the new place of residence their home-sympathies, their family ties, and the gentle, but strong influence exercised by these regulators over their conduct. They consist of the class of persons who are wanted for the occupation—men alone, or men with a certain proportion of women and of children, as the nature of the labour suggests. If the manufacturer think of nothing but wages and profits, he cannot expect to gather round him a circle of moral, well-disposed, and agreeable neighbours; and if he suffer some inconveniences or graver evils from the state of society which he has himself been so instrumental in creating, he is not an object of deep compassion. But other people also have been sufferers. The peace of the community at large has been often shaken, and large portions of society have been demoralised by these inconsiderate aggregations of people, suddenly cast free from the usual controls of the domestic and social connections; while they rear children, who, in a great measure, continue on to future generations the peculiarities of character thus created, and indeed are themselves subject to but few organising influences likely to counteract them.

"The man who has brought together such a multitude without any other object of consideration than the profit he is to derive from his own enterprise and capital, and their

labours, and who abandons them to all the temptations which human beings, destitute of their natural controlling influences, and brought together in great masses, are liable to, must be held to incur a very serious responsibility to the whole of his species. That it is a responsibility capable of being legally exacted, would be a dangerous proposition. Laws cannot safely be made for such cases until after the mischief is done; for prospective legislation, proceeding without a full experimental knowledge of the circumstances to which it is to be applied, is a very precarious operation. . . .

"It must be admitted, however, that a late formidable example has shown how difficult it is to influence the cupidity of men in their haste to become rich, so far as to make them reflect on the consequences of their acquisitive operations to society at large. We have already spoken of the social evils of the railway speculation of 1847 in connection with the pecuniary fluctuations occasioned by it. It was another evil of that mania, that it brought into existence an army of men—powerful in bodily strength, but totally uneducated, and little restrained by religious and social influences, who had necessarily, from their aggregation in large numbers, almost all the peculiarities of a military body, except its discipline. The number of labourers employed in the spring of 1847, in the construction of the various lines of railway, amounted, as we have elsewhere had occasion to say, to 240,807. Of these a large number were, by the late depression of trade, dispersed through society as suddenly as they had been originally brought together; and the various destitution funds throughout the empire, along with the riots which disturbed the peace of the community, were the indications of this partial disbanding of an army. Yet when we observe the utterly disorganised and chaotic nature of their amalgamation, their excesses and their mendicancy have been far less than might naturally have been expected. . . .

"Believing that the time when working-people will be effectively protected from the selfishness and recklessness of their employers will come when the employers, along with the rest of the community, are protected from the barbarism of the workmen—that that civilisation, or education, or whatever we may term the regenerating element, will leaven the whole mass—it should not be forgotten in the meantime, that for whatever disorganising influences in the arrangements between employers and their workpeople are removable, the former—being the better educated of the two classes, having the chief opportunities for reflection and observation, and being able to make the most considerable sacrifices—ought to be responsible."

It is time that we should now turn

to the other volume which lies before us.

Mr. Heron's "*Lectures on Taxation*," although not free from error, which a little more consideration we are satisfied would have obviated, are creditable to himself and to the institution with which he is connected. The fair and practical spirit which pervades the whole is most commendable. Instead of claiming for his subject a paramount importance, as might naturally have been expected from a young professor, he thus fairly states the place which it is entitled to hold:—

"Of course you will not understand me in this course of lectures as absolutely recommending anything to be done or any reform to be made in our system of taxation. It is merely the business of the political economist to state principles and draw conclusions; but his conclusions, however true they may be, do not authorise him to add a single word of advice. That privilege belongs to the statesman, who has to consider, besides the absolute justice of the measures which he proposes, the expediency also of these measures in relation to the existing interests and complicated rights of society. The business of a political economist is neither to recommend nor to dissuade, but to state principles which it is fatal absolutely to neglect, but neither advisable nor practicable to use as the sole guide in the conduct of human affairs. The legislator must consider not only economic principles, but also the political, the social, the moral principles, and those which are expedient at the present time."

It would be very unfair to test this little work by the strict rules which would apply to a professed treatise on the subject. The publication consists of three lectures, which were delivered to public voluntary classes in the Queen's College, Galway. In lectures of this nature it would have been quite impossible for Mr. Heron to have discussed his subject strictly scientifically. He was necessarily obliged to attract and to fasten the attention of his audience. This no lecturer could succeed in doing, if he were to commence with the enunciation of abstract principles, and to proceed with rigid scientific accuracy to trace their application through every minute ramification of the subject. All that a lecturer, under such circumstances, can hope to accomplish is, to impress some strong leading views of his subject on his hearers. In almost all these views, so far as they are of

an economical character, we fully concur with him. There are a few less essential points, chiefly introduced by way of illustration, which it occurs to us Mr. Heron might reconsider with advantage. We would more particularly refer him to the forty-fifth page, in which he speaks of the effect of the abolition of the duty on tea :—

“Supposing then,” says Mr. Heron, “that the price of tea being lowered, consequent upon the abolition of the duty, the population of these islands continued to expend the same amount upon tea which they do now paying the tax, and that the price of tea did not vary materially in China, it is plain that nearly £5,000,000 additional (such being the amount of the duty), less the cost of transit, would be expended upon tea there. In order to pay for this, it would be necessary to send to China £5,000,000 in whatever manufactured goods they would take in exchange. Now we must bear in mind, that these goods would be manufactured in addition to the quantity already required; so that if this tax were abolished, not only would the price of a wholesome article of food be lowered, and the comforts of the labouring poor, and the productive powers of the country be thereby increased, but there would be also a new demand for the £5,000,000 of manufactured articles; and this increase in the demand for manufactures would not only benefit the manufacturing population, but would also benefit ship-builders, labourers, carriers, and others engaged in the transit of goods to the port of shipment, and the brokers and commercial agents employed there. Again, the greater part of this £5,000,000 being distributed in wages amongst the people, they would to that extent be enabled to purchase, and would purchase better food; so that the agricultural population would be ultimately benefitted, the value of agricultural labour increased, and the landlords receive higher rents, for the interests of manufacture and of agriculture are inseparable—united.”

Now here is an interminable series of advantages ascribed to the abolition of the duty on tea, by a process of reasoning which, as we conceive, involves much misapprehension. We only wonder that our author stopped so soon; for plainly, on the principle on which he set out, he might continue to expand the circle of advantages throughout all the foreign countries with which England directly or indirectly has any commercial intercourse. We apprehend that the effect of the abolition of the duty (supposing, as our author does, that we would expend the

same amount on tea that we now do paying the tax, and that the price did not vary in China) would be simply this: that we would have more tea and fewer soldiers, or colleges, or ministers of justice, or whatever else it is that the tax is now expended on. Test the matter by an individual instance: a shoemaker produces a certain number of pairs of shoes annually—this is his income; with this he purchases his tea, pays his taxes, and so forth; if his taxes be remitted, he can buy so much more tea, no doubt, but he does not make more shoes than ever he did; of course the fact of his exchanging his shoes for money before he buys his tea, or pays the tax collector, makes no change in the matter. Now, how can the process vary when applied to a nation, which is but a collection of individuals. The income of a country is the annual produce of its land, its labour, and its capital; a certain portion of this, to the value of £5,000,000, is now expended in providing for some purposes of public defence, or education, or such like; it is transferred from these purposes to providing an article of food for the people. Surely this transfer of £5,000,000 from one mode of expenditure to another, can only affect the application of the income of the country—it can have nothing whatever to say to the amount; there may be changes created from one branch of trade to another, but the whole will result in this simple statement, that there is more tea by the value of £5,000,000 annually brought into the country, and distributed amongst its inhabitants.

In one way, indeed, which Mr. Heron was not called upon by his subject to advert to, the change might have the effect of increasing the manufactures of the country. The soldiers, and schoolmasters, and such like persons, to whom the five millions' worth of the annual produce of the country had hitherto been given, would be obliged to embark in some other occupations, and many of them, no doubt, would find their way into the manufacturing employments of the country. This would, of course, increase the manufactures of the country; and probably a portion, even of this increased manufacture, would find its way to China to purchase an additional quantity of tea; a certain number of persons would be transferred from one kind of occu-



pation to another; so much of the annual labour of the country would be converted from the production of services to the production of commodities, and which were best for the country would depend very much upon which were most needed at the time. But with this consideration, as we have said, our author was not concerned; we have merely adverted to it to guard against any misapprehension of our own meaning.

Indeed, the error, which lies at the basis of Mr. Heron's reasoning in the passage which we have quoted, breaks out more expressly in the sixty-seventh page, when he is treating of the economic evils of indirect taxation. He there says, that "the duties levied upon articles of consumption produced abroad, discourage the importation upon such goods, and prevent the production of home manufactures to be sent abroad in exchange." Now the discouragement on the importation of foreign articles which we wish to use is undoubtedly an evil; but surely it is no *additional* evil that we are prevented from making goods to be sent abroad in exchange for them. What good does the manufacture of what we send abroad do us? None in the world, but as it procures us something in exchange which we wish to use. *Prima facie*, it is a loss; if we could get the foreign articles that we want gratuitously, as the nations of antiquity used to get their corn, without being obliged to give any product of our own for them, it would save us a vast deal of trouble. The nett income of a country, what it actually has to consume, has been well expressed by Dr. Longfield, as being its produce, minus its exports, plus its imports. If a shoemaker is unable to drink French brandy, it is no aggravation of his misfortune, that he does not produce the number of shoes which he would be obliged to give for it. It was this same error, that of ascribing this two-fold benefit to foreign commerce, which we think led Mr. Heron astray in his reasoning on the repeal of the tea duty.

The general scope, however, of Mr. Heron's economical views, are unquestionably accurate and just. His advocacy of the system of direct taxation, in preference to that complicated and wasteful system which now prevails, is well worthy of examination. He enters into the several objections which

have been urged against an income-tax, and displaces the greater number of them most efficiently. The objection arising from the alleged disposition to evade such a tax, he meets by reminding us that, in point of fact, there were no serious complaints on that head, during the many years in which it has been in force in England, and that it is not to be expected that truth and honesty would desert men in the payment of their tax: without which qualities they never could have realised the income on which such tax was imposed. We do not so fully feel the force of his answer to the second objection which he notices, that of the inquisitorial character of such a mode of taxation. We believe that this is the chief objection to the tax, and the one which will operate the longest in making it distasteful to the people of these countries. We entirely dissent from Mr. Heron when he tells us, that "if any one wishes to conceal the amount of his income, it is generally in order that he may live beyond it for some time, and in the end defraud his creditors." We believe that the most honorable and most upright men in the community are influenced by this feeling; we believe that it is one that is common to the whole English people: it is a part of that habit of reserve, that desire for privacy, and dislike to be intruded on or brought before the public, which lies at the basis of the Englishman's character. Mr. Heron's answer, however, to the objection, that tax-payers would be unwilling to pay so much money directly, is well worthy of attention. "The reluctance to pay directly," he says, "appears to me one of the arguments in favour of the income-tax. The public would see with their eyes open the sums which they pay in taxation, and would insist on a proper application of the public monies." We are convinced that there is much force in this argument. He then adverts to the cheaper rate at which the same amount of taxation would be levied, by the abolition of the coast-guard, excise officers, and so forth, the emancipation of the manufacture of exciseable articles, and several other circumstances, which strongly recommend the adoption of the direct system of taxation.

But Mr. Heron tells us in his preface that he purposes in these lectures to



give a digest of the principles of taxation, as developed by modern jurists and economists. Now, although with the exceptions which we have mentioned, we can safely recommend Mr. Heron's economical views to our readers, we confess that when he drops the economist, and becomes the jurist, we are not so fully prepared to go along with him. Here, however, we dissent from him with diffidence; we feel that we have no established principles to which we can appeal to test the accuracy of our respective opinions. The study of jurisprudence, or rather of "the science of legislation"—for so it should be styled—is yet so imperfectly cultivated, that we cannot but think that our rising institutions, the Queen's Colleges, were ill-advised in introducing the study into the regular course of academical instruction. Indeed, we strongly doubt whether the philosophy of law and of legislation admits of being reduced to a science at all—whether it ever can be extended beyond those first principles of morals which are universally acknowledged in civilised countries.

"Taxation," for example, Mr. Heron tells us, "is the price paid for security." Now we are by no means prepared to follow him in all the consequences which he derives from this assumed axiom; and if he means, as we understand him, that there should be no other purpose of taxation but security, we would be inclined to hesitate in admitting the soundness of his maxim. He thus applies it to the case of a tax on absentees:—

"At the same time, I do not propose that any tax should be laid upon absentees, for the purpose of compelling them to reside upon the spot whence they drew their income. Such a principle is merely a Russian one; and the only effect it could have, if enforced, would be to diminish the value of certain remote districts. Absentees, besides, are sufficiently punished by the necessary deterioration which ensues when agricultural property is not under the eye of the owner. However, there is a certain tax which absentees ought to pay, and for the following reasons:—

"As I here before stated, taxes are paid by the subjects of a government, as wages to the public servants, for the protection afforded by their services to their properties and liberties, and taxes should be paid in proportion to the individual's ability. Therefore, one who derives an income from a country should, no matter where he resides,

contribute a just proportion to the taxation which pays for the public protection and security, without which that income could not be collected. At present, one who derives an income from England or Ireland, and resides in France, has his property still protected for him; but he escapes the taxation, which he should have paid had he resided at home. This is manifestly unjust. It would be considered monstrous if one deriving a large income from a country, and resident in it, were exempt from its taxation. Is it not more unjust that one being out of the country, and not benefiting it by his expenditure, should not contribute to its public burthens? At present, under the indirect system of taxation, an absentee enriches a foreign country by his expenditure, while he wholly escapes the taxation of his own; but if a direct system of taxation were substituted for the present system, by being abroad he would be at least under a double set of taxes; and in any event it is at least just that a person deriving an income from a country should pay proportionably for the protection by which he is enabled to enjoy it."

Now it occurs to us that it is both expedient and just to impose a much larger tax upon absentees than Mr. Heron suggests, and upon very different principles from those here laid down. Mr. Heron would only subject the Irish absentee landlord to the same amount of tax which he would have incurred by being a resident, and this solely on the principle that as his property was secured to him by the State, he ought to pay for such security, whether he lived in the country or lived out of it. Now look to the nature of the injury which is done to the country by the Irish absentee. He transports the food of our people to a foreign country to pay him his rents. That land, which is limited in extent, and from which all must derive their support, may teem with abundance; but his own countrymen—those for whose support it was provided by the Almighty—are not to participate in it. Some, indeed, may earn their bread by cultivating it—others may make a livelihood by carting it to the nearest seaport, and then bid adieu to it; it is off, to be squandered by the devotee of pleasure in the frivolities or dissipations of a foreign land. Now, without knowing anything of jurisprudence, on every principle of humanity, justice, religion, and policy, we would tax this man—tax him most heavily—tax him avowedly on the principle of securing for the coun-

try a great proportion of that food which, in our conscience, we believe belongs to the people of the land, and not to him. The people are bound to work for their share of it, but they are entitled to get it on such condition. Landed property is a trust; a trust, not merely in the religious sense in which health, and wealth, and all temporal endowments may be so regarded, but a trust which is cognizable by the State, and should be controlled by it. And why? Because, as has been well said by Mr. Pim, in his work on the "Condition of Ireland," "while limited in

extent, all must derive their support from it." The State has a right to control, and it does control, the dominion of the owners of property as regards its dispositions—why should it not equally control them in its use? For these reasons, then, we dissent from Mr. Heron as to the principle of an Irish absentee tax. We conceive that this instance shows that there are other objects of taxation besides security. But we are unable to follow out the subject any farther; the length to which this article has run prohibits our prolonging it by a single line.

PROMETHEUS.—A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

BY GOETHE.

[This fine fragment is written by Goëthe in the irregular, unrhymed metre, which the genius of the German language enabled him to adopt with remarkable success in this and other poems, but to echo which, in our less plastic language, is nearly, if not altogether, impossible. In the following version every effort has been made to follow Goëthe's rhythm, where it was possible, and to present the best equivalent where it was not, preserving, at the same time, the simplicity and concise energy of the original, which has all the effect of exquisitely chiselled sculpture standing against a crisp, clear sky. The state of mind in which the poem took its rise is thus described by Goëthe himself in his Autobiography (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, B. 15):—"The common burden of humanity, which we have all to bear, more or less, must be heaviest on those whose mental powers are the earliest and most widely unfolded. We may grow up under the sheltering care of parents and of kindred; we may lean on brethren and friends; we may be amused by acquaintances; we may be made happy by those we love; yet to this conclusion do we come at last—that man is turned back upon himself." And it appears as if even the Divinity had chosen to place himself in such a relation to man, that he cannot always respond to man's reverence, confidence, and love—at least, not in the moments of the greatest urgency. [Often enough in my youth I have experienced that, in the moments of my uttermost need, a voice cried aloud to us, 'Physician, cure thyself!' And how often was I not forced in bitterness of heart to sigh, 'I must tread the wine-press alone!'] [When I looked around for some support to my self-dependence, I found that the securest foundation for it was my productive talent. For some years this never deserted me for an instant.] What met my waking senses frequently recurred to me by night in regular, connected dreams; and as soon as I opened my eyes, either a new wondrous whole, or a part of what had already appeared, presented itself to them. I wanted nothing but an occasion that had some character in it, and I was ready. [And now, when I thought over this gift of nature, and found that it belonged to me as a quite peculiar profession, and could neither be helped nor hindered by any foreign influence, I willingly sought to make it the ground or basis of my whole existence. This notion transformed itself into an image; and I bethought me of the old mythological figure of Prometheus, who, severed from the gods, peopled a world from his workshop. I felt most distinctly that nothing considerable could be produced without self-isolation.] Those things of mine, which had gained such applause, were children of loveliness. . . . The fable of Prometheus had a living existence in me. I cut down the old Titanic garment to my own stature, and, without farther reflection,

began to write a poem, in which is depicted the incongruous relation in which Prometheus stood to the new gods, inasmuch as he had formed men with his own hand, had animated them, with the aid of Minerva, and had founded a third dynasty. . . . In this strange composition appears, as Monologue, that poem which is become important in German poetry, as having furnished the occasion which led Lessing to declare his opposition to Jacobi on some weighty points of thought and feeling. But though, as it thus appeared, this poem may be made the subject of moral and religious discussion, yet does it properly belong to the province of poetry alone. . . . . Milton's 'Satan' has always the advantage of a subaltern position, inasmuch as his whole efforts are directed towards the destruction of the magnificent creature of a higher being. Prometheus, on the contrary, stands on a vantage-ground, from having the power to create and to model, in defiance of higher beings. It is a beautiful thought, too, and most consonant with poetry, to trace the creation of man, not to the highest rulers of the world, but to an intermediate being, who, however, as descendant of the elder dynasty, is majestic and important enough for such a work. And, indeed, the Greek mythology affords exhaustless riches of divine and human symbols. The Titanic, gigantic, heaven-storming character, however, afforded no material for my vein of poetry. Rather did it suit me to depict that peaceful, plastic, and ever-patient resistance, which owns a superior power, but seeks to equal it."—T. M.]

## FIRST ACT.

PROMETHEUS—MERCURY.

PROMETHEUS.

Tell them, I will not !  
Once and for all, I will not ! Their will 'gainst mine !  
One against one, methinks, is equal match.

MERCURY.

This message to thy father Jove ? thy mother ?

PROMETHEUS.

What father—mother ?  
Canst tell me whence thou comest ?  
I stood, when first I noted consciously  
My feet did stand—those hands of mine held out,  
When first I knew that I had hands to feel,  
And found my footsteps tended, watch'd by those  
Whom thou call'st father, mother.

MERCURY.

Found, too, all  
The needful aids of infancy to thee  
Were minister'd by them.

PROMETHEUS.

And therefore had they  
My infancy's obedience—free to turn  
And twist the puny twig, now here, now there,  
With every shifting gust of their caprice.

MERCURY.

They shielded thee.

PROMETHEUS.

From what ?  
From perils which they feared.  
But did they guard the heart  
From serpent fangs that gnaw'd it inwardly ?  
Steel'd they this breast, to bid  
Defiance to the Titans ?  
Hath not almighty Time, my lord and yours,  
Welded and forged me to the man I am ?

MERCURY.

Oh, miserable man! This to thy gods,  
The Infinite?

PROMETHEUS.

My gods? No god am I,  
Yet can my spirit soar as high as theirs.  
You infinite? almighty?  
What can you do? Can you into my hand  
Toss me the huge expanse of earth and sky?  
Have you the power to part me from myself?  
Have you the power to dilate my being,  
And stretch its compass out into a world?

MERCURY.

Remember Fate!

PROMETHEUS.

Dost thou its power acknowledge? So do I.  
Away, I serve not vassals!

[Exit MERCURY.

(*Turning to his statues, which are distributed up and down throughout the grove.*)

A moment squander'd, ne'er to be retrieved!  
Torn, and by fools, from your society,  
My children!

Whate'er it be that stirs within your breast, [*Turning to the figure of a girl.*]  
That breast should bound and leap to meet with mine!

The eye speaks even now!

Oh, speak, dear lips—be voluble to me!

Oh, to inspire you with the conscious sense  
Of what ye are!

[Enter EPIMETHEUS.

EPIMETHEUS.

Hermes has been complaining bitterly.

PROMETHEUS.

If thou hadst had no ear for his complaint,  
Without complaint had he gone trooping back.

EPIMETHEUS.

My brother, just is just!  
This time the gods did proffer fair, methinks.  
They are content to leave Olympus' heights,  
For thee to fix thy habitation there,  
And thence to rule the world!

PROMETHEUS.

To be their sentinel, and ward their heaven?  
More fairly, much more fairly, proffer I.  
They wish to share with me, and I opine,  
That I have nothing I can share with them.  
That which I have, they cannot wrest from me,  
And what they have, that let themselves uphold.  
Here mine, here thine; and so we stand apart.

EPIMETHEUS.

How much is thine, then?

PROMETHEUS.

The sphere my energies have power to fill—  
Nought less, and nothing more!  
What right of sway have yonder stars o'er me,  
That they do gape at me?

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou stand'st alone!  
Thy wayward spirit will not let thee know  
The bliss must needs ensue, if thou, thy gods,  
Thy kindred, earth, and universal heaven,  
Were link'd in one close-knit and conscious whole.

## PROMETHEUS.

All that I know !  
 I prithee, brother dear, pursue thy bent,  
 And leave me to myself.  
 Here is my world, my all !  
 Here do I feel myself ! My every wish  
 Clothes itself here in a corporeal form,  
 My soul imparted to a thousand shapes,  
 And centered wholly in my children dear.  
 Thou ventur'est, dear goddess ? Ventur'est  
 To visit thus thy father's enemy ?

[*Exit EPIMETHEUS.*][*Enter MINERVA.*]

## MINERVA.

My father I revere ;  
 Prometheus, I love thee !

## PROMETHEUS.

And to my soul thou art  
 What he is to himself. Yea, from the first,  
 Thy words have been celestial light to me !  
 Still while thou fed'st mine ear with thy discourse,  
 'Twas as my soul held commune with herself,  
 As though she found a tongue, and harmonies,  
 Awakening to the magic of thy voice,  
 Rang forth response in golden cadences ;  
 Yea, 'twas as though a deity discoursed,  
 The while I dream'd 'twas only I that spake—  
 And, dreamed I 'twas a deity that spake,  
 Lo, 'twas myself discoursed ! And thus with thee  
 And me, so one, so blended soul with soul,  
 My love for thee burns everlastingly !

## MINERVA.

And I am everlastingly with thee.

## PROMETHEUS.

As doth the mellow roseate shine  
 Of the departed sun  
 Stream up behind yon dusky Caucasus,  
 Steeping my spirit in delightful calm,  
 Absent, yet with me everlastingly ;  
 So have my powers gain'd strength with ev'ry breath  
 That I inhaled of thy celestial air.  
 And they presume,  
 These haughty dwellers on Olympus, they,  
 To school and lord it o'er my powers at will ?  
 No ; they are mine, and mine shall be their use.  
 Not one step will I move, this way or that,  
 No, though the chief of all the gods command !

## MINERVA.

These are the fantasies of power.

## PROMETHEUS.

I, goddess, too, have phantasies,  
 And power, as well as they !  
 Besides, hast thou not seen me oft and oft  
 In self-elected bondage, bear the load  
 They laid in solemn earnest on my back ?  
 Day after day did I not moil and drudge,  
 Doing the letter of their stern command ?  
 And why ? Because I thought  
 They saw the Past, the Future, in the Present ;  
 Because I deem'd their guidance, their behest,  
 Was pure, primeval, and unselfish wisdom.



MINERVA.

Thou wert content to serve, in order thus  
To make thee worthy of thy liberty.

PROMETHEUS.

Nor would I barter that  
To be the bird of thunder,  
And haughtily in servile talons clutch  
My master's levin bolts.

MINERVA.

Thy hate's unjust!  
Unto the gods, as lot, Duration fell,  
And Might, and Love, and Wisdom.

PROMETHEUS.

All these they have,  
Yes, but not they alone. I, too, endure  
As well as they. We are immortal all!  
Of my beginning memory have I none,  
No impulse or desire have I to end,  
Nor do I see the end.  
Therefore am I immortal, for I am!  
And Wisdom— *[Leading MINERVA round among the statues.]*

Look on these brows!  
Hath not my finger stamp'd and moulded them?  
And the strong heart within this bosom swells,  
To grapple with the dangers that besiege  
The children of my hand on every side. *[Stops before the statue of a woman.]*  
And thou, Pandora,  
Sacred receptacle of every gift  
That is to be desired  
Beneath the spacious heaven,  
Upon the boundless earth,  
All that of throbbing joy e'er gladden'd me,  
Or in cool umbrage e'er  
With freshness laved my soul.  
Type of all soft and delicate desires,  
Which love for the bright sun, spring's rapturous flush,  
The low, soft music of the murmuring sea,  
Have fed, and fann'd, and foster'd in my breast,  
Reflex of all that ever I have known  
Of pure celestial radiance, and the calm  
Delighted trances of a soul at peace—  
The all—all—my Pandora!

MINERVA.

Jove hath engaged to clothe them all with life,  
So thou accept the tenders that he makes.

PROMETHEUS.

'Twas this alone that made me hesitate.  
But—I should be a vassal—and, like all,  
Avow the sway of yonder Thunderer!  
No! By their lifelessness though fettered now,  
Yet are they free, and I—I feel their freedom!

MINERVA.

And they shall live!  
To Fate, not to the gods, doth it belong  
To give the gift of life, or take away.  
Come, I will lead thee to the source of life,  
From which not Jove himself can bar us back.  
They shall live, and through thee!

PROMETHEUS.

Through thee, my goddess!  
To live, to feel that they are free, to live!  
Thy thanks shall be their boundless happiness!

—  
SECOND ACT.

UPON OLYMPUS.

JUPITER—MERCURY.

MERCURY.

Oh, monstrous, Father Jupiter! High treason!  
Minerva, Sire, thy daughter,  
Aids and abets the rebel!  
The fount of life hath she  
Unseal'd and shown to him,  
And round him hath his court of loam,  
His world of potter's clay,  
With animation fired.  
Like us they move, ay, every one;  
And round about him sport, and cry,  
As round about thee we.  
Thy thunderbolts, oh Jove!

JUPITER.

They are! And they shall be!  
And it is meet they should.  
O'er everything that is  
Beneath the spacious heaven,  
Upon the boundless earth,  
My sovereignty extends.  
This race of worms augments  
The number of my servants. Well for them,  
So they be led by my paternal hand;  
Woe to them, should they thwart my royal arm!

MERCURY.

Father of all! Thou fountain of all goodness,  
That dost forgive to sinners their misdeeds,  
Be love to thee, and praise  
From all the earth and sky!  
Oh, send me to proclaim  
To this poor earth-born race,  
Thee, father, thee, thy goodness and thy power!

JUPITER.

Not yet!  
In the first glow and new-felt flush of youth,  
Their souls conceit themselves as peers for gods.  
They will not hearken unto thee, till they  
Have need of thee. So leave them to their life!

MERCURY.

As wise as gracious!

*(Scene changes to a valley at the foot of Olympus.)*

PROMETHEUS.

Look downwards, Jove,  
Upon my world! It lives!  
In mine own image have I moulded it—  
A race that may be like unto myself.

To suffer, weep, enjoy, and to rejoice ;  
And, like myself, unheeding all of thee !

*[The human race are seen scattered up and down the valley. Some are climbing trees and plucking fruit, some bathing in the river, some running races in the meadows ; girls gather flowers and twine chaplets.]*

*[Enter to PROMETHEUS a man bearing a young tree, which he has pulled up by the roots.]*

MAN.

Here is the tree, as you desired.

PROMETHEUS.

How got'st it from the ground ?

MAN.

With this sharp stone I sever'd it  
Close by the roots.

PROMETHEUS.

Off with the branches first !  
Now thrust it down aslant into the ground,  
Then place this portion here across it—so !  
Now bind them at the top ! Now other two  
Behind these, and then one across the top.  
Next bring the branches downwards from above,  
Until they reach the ground ; entwine them close,  
Then turf all round, and branches over these,  
And pile them thick, until that neither sun,  
Nor rain, nor wind, can penetrate within.  
Thou hast, my son, a shelter and a hut.

MAN.

Thanks, father, thanks—a thousand thanks ! But say,  
Are all my brethren to have right to live  
Within my hut ?

PROMETHEUS.

No ! Thou hast built it, and it is thine own.  
Share it thou may'st with whomsoe'er thou wilt.  
Who would have huts must build them for themselves.

*[Exit.]*

*[Enter two men.]*

FIRST MAN.

Thou shalt not have a morsel of my goats,  
They are all mine !

SECOND MAN.

How so ?

FIRST MAN.

All yester day  
And night I scrambled o'er the mountain side,  
Caught them alive by dint of toil and sweat,  
Watch'd them till dawn, and here have penn'd them up  
With stones and branches.

SECOND MAN.

Give me only one !  
I caught one yesterday, and made it ready  
Upon the fire, and ate it with my brethren.  
To-day thou need'st but one ;  
We shall catch more to-morrow.

FIRST MAN.

Back from my goats, I say !

SECOND MAN.

Not I !

*[FIRST MAN tries to thrust him back. THE SECOND MAN knocks him down, seizes one of the goats, and exit.]*

FIRST MAN.

Outrage! Ah me, ah me!

PROMETHEUS (*entering*).

What is the matter?

MAN.

He's stolen my goat! Blood trickles from my head.  
He dash'd me down against this stone.

PROMETHEUS.

Take some of yonder lichen from the tree,  
And lay it on the wound!

MAN.

So, father dear!  
The pain is gone already.

PROMETHEUS.

Go, wash thee!

MAN.

And my goat?

PROMETHEUS.

Leave him alone!  
If his hand be, my son, 'gainst every man,  
The hand of every man will be 'gainst him!

[*Exit man, and enter PANDORA.*]

PROMETHEUS.

What aileth thee, my daughter? Why thus moved?

PANDORA.

My father! Ah, what I beheld, my father!  
What I have felt!

PROMETHEUS.

Say on!

PANDORA.

Oh, my poor Mira!

PROMETHEUS.

What has befallen her?

PANDORA.

Oh, feelings without name!  
I saw her go into the forest brake,  
Where we are wont to pluck our garland flowers;  
I followed her, and, oh!  
As from the hill I came,  
I saw her in the vale beneath  
Lie stretch'd along the ground.  
It chanced, Arbar was in the wood.  
He clasp'd her close within his arms,  
He raised her from the dewy grass,  
And with her sank adown.  
Her lovely head fell back,  
He kiss'd it o'er and o'er,  
And hung upon her lips, as though  
He'd breathe his soul through hers.  
Grief fill'd my heart, and I  
Sprang forward with a scream.  
My scream brought life into her limbs;  
Arbar withdrew; she started to her feet,  
And ah! with eyes that seem'd to melt,  
She fell upon my neck.  
Her bosom beat as it would burst—  
Her cheeks were all on fire,  
Her lips were parch'd and dry,  
Her tears in torrents flow'd.

I felt her knees give way again—  
 She would have fallen ; I held  
 Her up, oh ! father dear !  
 She clasp'd me, and her kisses' glow  
 Along my veins diffused  
 A thrill so strange, unknown till then,  
 That all confused, in trouble and in tears,  
 At last I left her, left the wood and field,  
 To come to thee, my father !  
 Tell me, I pray,  
 What is all this that shook her so, and me ?

PROMETHEUS.

Death !

PANDORA.

What is that ?

PROMETHEUS.

My daughter, thou hast tasted many joys.

PANDORA.

Yea, thousands ! And to thee I owe them all !

PROMETHEUS.

Pandora, child, thy breast  
 Hath throbb'd to hail the onward-pacing sun,  
 And silver footing of the wandering moon ;  
 And in the kisses of thy playmates thou  
 Hast felt the purest joy.

PANDORA.

A joy unspeakable.

PROMETHEUS.

What lifted in the dance  
 Thy body lightly from the ground ?

PANDORA.

'Twas joy !  
 As every limb, thrill'd through by song and lute,  
 In undulation moved, I seem'd to float  
 Dissolved upon the tide of melody.

PROMETHEUS.

And all at last dissolves itself in sleep,—  
 All—joy as well sorrow.  
 Thou hast felt the scorching sun,  
 The parching pang of thirst,  
 The wearied knee's distress,  
 Hast wept a lamb that from thy flock hath stray'd,  
 And how didst moan and tremble, when  
 A thorn in yonder forest pierced thy heel,  
 Before I cured thee !

PANDORA.

Life's joy and grief, my father, well I know,  
 Have many shapes !

PROMETHEUS.

And in thy heart thou feelest,  
 That there be many joys,  
 And sorrows many thou hast never known.

PANDORA.

Oh yes ! This heart  
 Yearneth full oft, alas ! with vague desires,  
 As though it long'd to enclasp the universe.

PROMETHEUS.

There is a moment that makes perfect all,  
 All we have dream'd, hoped, panted for, and fear'd.  
 Pandora, that is death.



PANDORA.

Death?

PROMETHEUS.

When shaken to thy spirit's inmost depths,  
 Thou feelest in one paroxysm all  
 That joy or sorrow ever brought thy soul,  
 When thy heart heaves, an ocean tempest-toss'd,  
 And seeks to find a wild relief in tears,  
 Whenever hotlier burns its glow, and all  
 Reverberates against it, quakes and reels,  
 And to thyself thou seem'st to swoon away,  
 And sinkest down, and everything around  
 Fades and evanishes in night, and thou,  
 In one keen throe of wilder'd ecstasy,  
 Dost hold an universe within thine arms,  
 Then dies the merely human.

PANDORA (*clasping him round the neck*).

Oh, father, let us die!

PROMETHEUS.

Not yet, not yet!

PANDORA.

And after death?

PROMETHEUS.

When all—desire, and joy, and pain—hath been  
 Dissolved in stormy rapture, and awhile  
 Sleeps, to awake refresh'd, a joyful sleep,  
 Then in immortal youth thou livest again,  
 Anew to fear, to hope, and to desire?

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### THIRD ACT.

PROMETHEUS (*in his workshop*).

Curtain thy heavens, thou Jove, with clouds and mist,  
 And, like a boy that moweth thistles down,  
 Unloose thy spleen on oaks and mountain-tops;  
 Yet canst thou not deprive me of my earth,  
 Nor of my hut, the which thou didst not build,  
 Nor of my hearth, whose little cheerful flame  
 Thou enviest me!

I know not aught within the universe  
 More slight, more pitiful than you, ye gods!  
 Who nurse your majesty with scant supplies  
 Of offerings wrung from fear, and mutter'd pray'rs,  
 And needs must starve, wer't not that babes and beggars  
 Are hope-besotted fools!

When I was yet a child, and knew not whence  
 My being came, nor where to turn its powers,  
 Up to the sun I bent my wilder'd eye,  
 As though above, within its glorious orb,  
 There dwelt an ear to listen to my plaint,  
 A heart, like mine, to pity the oppress'd.

Who gave me succour  
 Against the Titans, insolent and fierce?  
 Who rescued me from death—from slavery?  
 Thou, thou, my soul, burning with hallow'd fire,  
 Thou hast thyself alone achieved it all!

Yet didst thou, in thy young simplicity,  
Glow with misguided thankfulness to him,  
That slumbers on in idlesse there above!

I reverence thee?  
Wherefore? Hast thou ever  
Lighten'd the sorrows of the heavy laden?  
*Thou* ever stretch'd thy hand to still the tears  
Of the perplex'd in spirit?  
Was it not  
Almighty Time, and ever-during Fate,  
My lords and thine, that shap'd and fashion'd me  
Into the MAN I am?

Belike it was thy dream,  
That I should hate life—fly to woods and wilds,  
For that the blossoms of my brooding thought  
Did not all ripen into goodly flowers!

Here do I sit, and mould  
Men after mine own image,—  
A race that may be like unto myself,  
To suffer, weep, to enjoy, and to rejoice,  
And, like myself, unheeding all of thee!

#### MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### "THE BAY OF RATHFRAN."

Our voyage was very uneventful, but not without anxiety, since, to avoid the English cruisers and the Channel-fleet, we were obliged to hold a southerly course for several days, making a great circuit before we could venture to bear up for the place of our destination. The weather alternated between light winds and a dead calm, which usually came on every day at noon, and lasted till about sunset. As to me, there was an unceasing novelty in everything about a ship; her mechanism, her discipline, her progress, furnished abundant occupation for all my thoughts, and I never wearied of acquiring knowledge of a theme so deeply interesting. My intercourse with the naval officers, too, impressed me strongly in their favour, in comparison with their comrades of the land service. In the former case, all was zeal, activity, and watchfulness. The look-out never slumbered at his post; and an unceasing anxiety to promote the success of the expedition, manifest-

ed itself in all their words and actions. This, of course, was all to be expected in the discharge of the duties peculiarly their own; but I also looked for something which should denote preparation and forethought in the others: yet nothing of the kind was to be seen. The expedition was never discussed even as table-talk; and for anything that fell from the party in conversation, it would have been impossible to say if our destination were China or Ireland. Not a book nor a map, nor a pamphlet nor a paper that bore upon the country whose destinies were about to be committed to us, ever appeared on the tables. A vague and listless doubt how long the voyage might last, was the extent of interest any one condescended to exhibit; but as to what was to follow after—what new chapter of events should open when this first had closed, none vouchsafed to require.

Even to this hour I am puzzled whether to attribute this strange and

duct to the careless levity of national character, or to a studied and well “got up” affectation. In all probability both influences were at work; while a third, not less powerful, assisted them—this was the gross ignorance and shameless falsehood of many of the Irish leaders of the expedition, whose boastful and absurd histories ended by disgusting every one. To listen to them, Ireland was not only unanimous in her desire for separation, but England was perfectly powerless to prevent it, and the only difficulty was, to determine the future fortune of the liberated land, when once her freedom had been proclaimed. Among the projects discussed at the time, I well remember one which was often gravely talked over, and the utter absurdity of which certainly struck none amongst us. This was no less than the intention of demanding the West India Islands from England, as an indemnity for the past woes and bygone misgovernment of Ireland. If this seem barely credible now, I can only repeat my faithful assurance of the fact, and I believe that some of the memoirs of the time will confirm my assertion.

The French officers listened to these and similar speculations with utter indifference; probably to many of them the geographical question was a difficulty that stopped any further inquiry, while others felt no further interest than what a campaign promised. All the enthusiastic narratives, then, of high rewards and splendid trophies that awaited us, fell upon inattentive ears, and at last the word Ireland ceased to be heard amongst us. Play of various kinds occupied us when not engaged on duty. There was little discipline maintained on board, and none of that strictness which is the habitual rule of a ship-of-war. The lights were suffered to burn during the greater part of the night in the cabins; gambling went on usually till daybreak; and the quarter-deck, that most reverential of spots to every sailor-mind, was often covered by lounging groups, who smoked, chatted, or played at chess, in all the cool apathy of men indifferent to its claim for respect.

Now and then, the appearance of a strange sail afar off, or some dim object in the horizon, would create a momentary degree of excitement and anxiety; but when the “look-out” from the mast-head had proclaimed her

a “schooner from Brest,” or a “Spanish fruit-vessel,” the sense of danger passed away at once, and none ever reverted to the subject of a peril then suggested.

With General Humbert I usually passed the greater part of each forenoon, a distinction, I must confess, I owed to my skill as a chess-player, a game of which he was particularly fond, and in which I had attained no small proficiency. I was too young and too unpractised in the world to make my skill subordinate to my chief’s, and beat him at every game with as little compunction as though he were only my equal, till, at last, vexed at his want of success, and tired of a contest that offered no vicissitude of fortune, he would frequently cease playing, to chat over the events of the time, and the chances of the expedition.

It was with no slight mixture of surprise and dismay, that I now detected his utter despair of all success, and that he regarded the whole as a complete forlorn-hope. He had merely taken the command to involve the French Government in the cause, and so to compromise the national character that all retreat would be impossible. “We shall be all cut to pieces, or taken prisoners the day after we land,” was his constant exclamation, “and then, but not till then, will they think seriously in France of a suitable expedition.” There was no heroism, still less was there any affectation of recklessness, in this avowal. By nature, he was a rough, easy, good-tempered fellow, who liked his profession less for its rewards, than for its changeful scenes and moving incidents—his one predominating feeling being that France should give rule to the whole world, and the principles of her Revolution be everywhere pre-eminent. To promote this consummation, the loss of an army was of little moment. Let the cause but triumph in the end, and the cost was not worth fretting about.

Next to this sentiment was his hatred of England, and all that was English. Treachery, falsehood, pride, avarice, grasping covetousness, and unscrupulous aggression, were the characteristics by which he described the nation; and he made the little knowledge he had gleaned from newspapers and intercourse, so subservient

to this theory, that I was an easy convert to his opinion; so that, ere long, my compassion for the wrongs of Ireland was associated with the most profound hatred of her oppressors.

To be sure, I should have liked the notion, that we ourselves were to have some more active share in the liberation of Irishmen than the mere act of heralding another and more successful expedition; but even in this thought there was romantic self-devotion, not unpleasing to the mind of a boy; but, after all, I was the only one who felt it.

The first sight of land to one on sea is always an event of uncommon interest; but how greatly increased is the feeling, when that land is to be the scene of a perilous exploit—the cradle of his ambition, or perhaps his grave! All my speculations about the expedition—all my day-dreams of success, or my anxious hours of dark forebodings—never brought the matter so palpably before me, as the dim outline of a distant headland, which, I was told, was part of the Irish coast.

This was on the 8th of August, but on the following day we stood farther out to sea again, and saw no more of it. The three succeeding ones we continued to beat up slowly to the northward, against a head wind and a heavy sea; but on the evening of the 21st the sun went down in mellow splendour, and a light air from the south springing up, the sailors pronounced a most favourable change of weather, a prophecy that a starry night and a calm sea soon confirmed.

The morning of the 22nd broke splendidly—a gentle breeze from the south-west slightly curled the blue waves, and filled the canvass of the three frigates, as in close order they sailed along under the tall cliffs of Ireland. We were about three miles from the shore, on which now every telescope and glass was eagerly directed. As the light and fleeting clouds of early morning passed away, we could descry the outlines of the bold coast, indented with many a bay and creek, while rocky promontories and grassy slopes succeeded each other in endless variety of contrast. Towns, or even villages, we could see none—a few small wretched-looking hovels were dotted over the hills, and here and there a thin wreath of blue smoke bespoke habitation, but, save these signs, there was an air of

loneliness and solitude which increased the solemn feelings of the scene.

All these objects of interest, however, soon gave way before another, to the contemplation of which every eye was turned. This was a small fishing-boat, which, with a low mast and ragged piece of canvass was seen standing boldly out for us; a red handkerchief was fastened to a stick in the stern, as if for a signal, and on our shortening sail, to admit of her overtaking us, the ensign was lowered, as though in acknowledgment of our meaning.

The boat was soon alongside, and we now perceived that her crew consisted of a man and a boy, the former of whom, a powerfully-built, loose fellow, of about five-and-forty, dressed in a light-blue frieze jacket and trousers, adroitly caught at the cast of rope thrown out to him, and having made fast his skiff, clambered up the ship's side at once, gaily, as though he were an old friend coming to welcome us.

"Is he a pilot?" asked the officer of the watch, addressing one of the Irish officers.

"No; he's only a fisherman, but he knows the coast perfectly, and says there is deep water within twenty fathoms of the shore."

An animated conversation in Irish now ensued between the peasant and Captain Madgett, during which a wondering and somewhat impatient group stood around, speedily increased by the presence of General Humbert himself and his staff.

"He tells me, General," said Madgett, "that we are in the Bay of Kil-lala, a good and safe anchorage, and, during the southerly winds, the best on all the coast."

"What news has he from the shore?" asked Humbert, sharply, as if the care of the ship was a very secondary consideration.

"They have been expecting us with the greatest impatience, General; he says the most intense anxiety for our coming is abroad."

"What of the people themselves? Where are the national forces? Have they any head quarters near this? Eh, what says he? What is that? Why does he laugh?" asked Humbert, in impatient rapidity, as he watched the changes in the peasant's face.

"He was laughing at the strange sound of a foreign language, so odd

and singular to his ears,” said Madgett; but for all his readiness, a slight flushing of the cheek showed that he was ill at ease.

“Well, but what of the Irish forces? Where are they?”

For some minutes the dialogue continued in an animated strain between the two; the vehement tone and gestures of each bespeaking what sounded at least like altercation; and Madgett at last turned half angrily away, saying, “The fellow is too ignorant; he actually knows nothing of what is passing before his eyes.”

“Is there no one else on board can speak this ‘baragouinage,’” cried Humbert, in anger.

“Yes, General, I can interrogate him,” cried a young lad named Conolly, who had only joined us on the day before we sailed.

And now as the youth addressed the fisherman in a few rapid sentences, the other answered as quickly, making a gesture with his hands that implied grief, or even despair.

“We can interpret that for ourselves,” broke in Humbert; “he is telling you that the game is up.”

“Exactly so, General; he says that the insurrection has been completely put down, that the Irish forces are scattered or disbanded, and all the leaders taken.”

“The fellow is just as likely to be an English spy,” said Madgett, in a whisper; but Humbert’s gesture of impatience showed how little trust he reposed in the allegation.

“Ask him what English troops are quartered in this part of the country,” said the General.

“A few militia, and two squadrons of dragoons,” was the prompt reply.

“No artillery?”

“None.”

“Is there any rumour of our coming abroad, or have the frigates been seen?” asked Humbert.

“They were seen last night from the church steeple of Killala, General,” said Conolly, translating, “but believed to be English.”

“Come; that is the best news he has brought us yet,” said Humbert, laughing; “we shall at least surprise them a little. Ask him what men of rank or consequence live in the neighbourhood, and how are they affected towards the expedition?”

A few words, and a low dry laugh, made all the peasant’s reply.

“Eh, what says he?” asked Humbert.

“He says, sir, that, except a Protestant bishop, there’s nothing of the rank of gentry here.”

“I suppose we need scarcely expect his blessing on our efforts,” said Humbert, with a hearty laugh. “What is he saying now?—what is he looking at?”

“He says that we are now in the very best anchorage of the bay,” said Conolly, “and that on the whole coast there’s not a safer spot.”

A brief consultation now took place between the General and the naval officers, and in a few seconds the word was given to take in all sail and anchor.

“I wish I could speak to that honest fellow myself,” said Humbert, as he stood watching the fisherman, who with a peasant curiosity had now approached the mast, and was passing his fingers across the blades of the cutlasses, as they stood in the sword rack.

“Sharp enough for the English, eh?” cried Humbert in French, but with a gesture that seemed at once intelligible. A dry nod of the head gave assent to the remark.

“If I understand him aright,” said Humbert, in a half whisper to Conolly, “we are as little expected by our friends as by our enemies; and that there is little or no force in arms among the Irish.”

“There are plenty ready to fight, he says, sir, but none accustomed to discipline.”

A gesture, half contemptuous, was all Humbert’s reply, and he now turned away and walked the deck alone and in silence. Meanwhile the bustle and movements of the crew continued, and soon the great ships, stripped of their white sails, lay tranquilly at anchor in a sea without a ripple.

“A boat is coming out from the shore, General,” whispered the lieutenant on duty.

“Ask the fisherman if he knows it.”

Conolly drew the peasant’s attention to the object, and the man, after looking steadily for a few seconds, became terribly agitated.

“What is it, man—can’t you tell who it is?” asked Conolly.

But although so composed before, so ready with all his replies, he seemed



now totally unmanned—his frank and easy features being struck with the signs of palpable terror. At last, and with an effort that bespoke all his fears, he muttered—“’Tis the King’s boat is coming, and ’tis the Collector’s on board of her!”

“Is that all?” cried Conolly, laughing, as he translated the reply to the General.

“Won’t you say that I’m a prisoner, sir; won’t you tell them that you took me?” said the fisherman, in an accent of fervent entreaty, for already his mind anticipated the casualty of a failure, and what might betide him afterwards; but no one now had any care for him or his fortunes—all was in preparation to conceal the national character of the ships. The marines were ordered below, and all others whose uniforms might betray their country, while the English colours floated from every mast-head.

General Humbert, with Serazin and two others, remained on the poop-deck, where they continued to walk, apparently devoid of any peculiar interest or anxiety in the scene. Madgett alone betrayed agitation at this moment: his pale face was paler than ever, and there seemed to me a kind of studious care in the way he covered himself up with his cloak, so that not a vestige of his uniform could be seen.

The boat now came close under our lee, and Conolly being ordered to challenge her in English, the Collector, standing up in the stern, touched his hat, and announced his rank. The gangway-ladder was immediately lowered, and three gentlemen ascended the ship’s side and walked aft to the poop. I was standing near the bulwark at the time, watching the scene with intense interest. As General Humbert stood a little in advance of the rest, the Collector, probably taking him for the captain, addressed him with some courteous expressions of welcome, and was proceeding to speak of the weather, when the General gently stopped him by asking if he spoke French.

I shall never forget the terror of face that question evoked. At first, looking at his two companions, the Collector turned his eyes to the gaff, where the English flag was flying; but still unable to utter a word, he stood like one entranced.

“You have been asked if you can

speak French, sir?” said Conolly, at a sign from the General.

“No—very little—very badly—not at all; but isn’t this—am I not on board of —”

“Can none of them speak French?” said Humbert, shortly.

“Yes, sir,” said a young man on the Collector’s right; “I can make myself intelligible in that language, although no great proficient.”

“Who are you, monsieur?—are you a civilian?” asked Humbert.

“Yes, sir. I am the son of the Bishop of Killala, and this young gentleman is my brother.”

“What is the amount of the force in this neighbourhood?”

“You will pardon me, sir,” said the youth, “if I ask, first, who it is puts this question, and under what circumstances I am expected to answer it?”

“All frank and open, sir,” said Humbert, good-humouredly. “I’m the General Humbert, commanding the advanced guard for the liberation of Ireland—so much for your first question. As to your second one, I believe that if you have any concern for yourself, or those belonging to you, you will find that nothing will serve your interest so much as truth and plain dealing.”

“Fortunately, then, for me,” said the youth, laughing, “I cannot betray my King’s cause, for I know nothing, nothing whatever, about the movement of troops. I seldom go ten miles from home, and have not been even at Ballina since last winter.”

“Why so cautious about your information, then, sir,” broke in Serazin, roughly, “since you have none to give?”

“Because I had some to receive, sir; and was curious to know where I was standing,” said the young man, boldly.

While these few sentences were being interchanged, Madgett had learned from the Collector, that, except a few companies of militia and fencibles, the country was totally unprovided with troops, but he also picked up, that the people were so crest-fallen and subdued in courage from the late failure of the rebellion, that it was very doubtful whether our coming would arouse them to another effort. This information, particularly the latter part of it, Madgett imparted to Humbert at once, and I thought that by his

manner, and the eagerness with which he spoke, that he seemed to use all his powers to dissuade the General from a landing; at least I overheard him more than once say—“Had we been further north, sir —”

Humbert quickly stopped him by the words—

“And what prevents us, when we have landed, sir, in extending our line north'ard?—the winds cannot surely master us, when we have our feet on the sward. Enough of all this; let these gentlemen be placed in security, and none have access to them without my orders. Make signal for the commanding-officers to come on board here. We've had too much of speculation; a little action now will be more profitable.”

“So, we are prisoners, it seems!” said the young man who spoke French, as he moved away with the others, who, far more depressed in spirit, hung their heads in silence, as they descended between decks.

Scarcely was the signal for a council of war seen from the mast-head, when the different boats might be descried stretching across the bay with speed. And now all were assembled in General Humbert's cabin, whose rank and station in the service entitled them to the honour of being consulted.

To such of us as held inferior grade, the time passed tediously enough as we paced the deck, now turning from the aspect of the silent and seemingly uninhabited cliffs along shore, to listen if no sign betokened the breaking up of the council; nor were we without serious fears that the expedition would be abandoned altogether. This suspicion originated with the Irish themselves, who, however confident of success, and boastful of their country's resources before we sailed, now made no scruple of averring that everything was the exact reverse of what they had stated, for that the people were dispirited, the national forces disbanded, neither arms, money, nor organisation anywhere—in fact, that a more hopeless scheme could not be thought of than the attempt, and that its result could not fail to be defeat and ruin to all concerned.

Shall I own that the bleak and lonely aspect of the hills along shore, the dreary character of the landscape, the almost death-like stillness of the scene, aided these gloomy impressions, and made it seem as if we were about to

try our fortune on some desolate spot, without one look of encouragement, or one word of welcome to greet us. The sight of even an enemy's force would have been a relief to this solitude—the stir and movement of a rival army would have given spirit to our daring, and nerved our courage, but there was something inexpressibly sad in this unbroken monotony.

A few tried to jest upon the idea of liberating a land that had no inhabitants—the emancipation of a country without people; but even French flippancy failed to be witty on a theme so linked with all our hopes and fears, and at last a dreary silence fell upon all, and we walked the deck without speaking, waiting and watching for the result of that deliberation, which already had lasted above four mortal hours.

Twice was the young man who spoke French summoned to the cabin, but, from the briefness of his stay, apparently with little profit; and now the day began to wane, and the tall cliffs threw their lengthened shadows over the still waters of the bay, and yet nothing was resolved on. To the quiet and respectful silence of expectation, now succeeded a low and half subdued muttering of discontent; groups of five or six together were seen along the deck, talking with eagerness and animation, and it was easy to see that whatever prudential or cautious reasons dictated to the leaders, their arguments found little sympathy with the soldiers of the expedition. I almost began to fear that if a determination to abandon the exploit were come to, a mutiny might break out, when my attention was drawn off by an order to accompany Colonel Charost on shore to “reconnoitre.” This at least looked like business, and I jumped into the small boat with alacrity.

With the speed of four oars stoutly plied, we skimmed along the calm surface, and soon saw ourselves close in to the shore. Some little time was spent in looking for a good place to land; for although not the slightest air of wind was blowing, the long swell of the Atlantic broke upon the rocks with a noise like thunder. At last we shot into a little creek with a shelving gravelly beach, and completely concealed by the tall rocks on every side; and now we sprang out, and stood upon Irish ground!

## CHAPTER XIX.

## A "RECONNAISSANCE."

From the little creek where we landed, a small zig-zag path led up the sides of the cliff, the track by which the peasants carried the sea-weed which they gathered for manure, and up this we now slowly wended our way. Stopping for some time to gaze at the ample bay beneath us, the tall-masted frigates floating so majestically on its glassy surface—it was a scene of tranquil and picturesque beauty with which it would have been almost impossible to associate the idea of war and invasion. In the lazy bunting that hung listlessly from peak and mast-head—in the cheerful voices of the sailors, heard afar off in the stillness—in the measured plash of the sea itself, and the fearless daring of the sea-gulls, as they soared slowly above our heads—there seemed something so suggestive of peace and tranquillity, it struck us as profanation to disturb it.

As we gained the top and looked around us, our astonishment became even greater. A long succession of low hills, covered with tall ferns or heath, stretched away on every side; not a house, nor a hovel, nor a living thing to be seen. Had the country been one uninhabited since the Creation, it could not have presented an aspect of more thorough desolation! No road-track, nor even a foot-path, led through the dreary waste before us, on which, to all seeming, the foot of man had never fallen. And as we stood for some moments, uncertain which way to turn, a sense of the ridiculous suddenly burst upon the party, and we all broke into a hearty roar of laughter.

"I little thought," cried Charost, "that I should ever emulate 'La Pérouse,' but it strikes me that I am destined to become a great discoverer."

"How so, Colonel?" asked his Aid-de-camp.

"Why, it is quite clear, that this same island is uninhabited; and if it be all like this, I own I'm scarcely surprised at it."

"Still, there must be a town not far off, and the residence of that bishop we heard of this morning."

A half incredulous shrug of the shoulders was all his reply, as he saun-

tered along with his hands behind his back, apparently lost in thought; while we, as if instinctively partaking of his gloom, followed him in total silence.

"Do you know, gentlemen, what I'm thinking of?" said he, stopping suddenly and facing about. "My notion is, that the best thing to do here would be to plant our tricolor, proclaim the land a colony of France, and take to our boats again."

This speech, delivered with an air of great gravity, imposed upon us for an instant; but the moment after, the speaker breaking into a hearty laugh, we all joined him, as much amused by the strangeness of our situation, as by anything in his remark.

"We never could bring our guns through a soil like this, Colonel," said the Aid-de-camp, as he struck his heel into the soft and clayey surface.

"If we could ever land them at all!" muttered he, half aloud; then added, "But for what object should we? Believe me, gentlemen, if we are to have a campaign here, bows and arrows are the true weapons."

"Ah! what do I see yonder?" cried the Aid-de-camp; "are not those sheep feeding in that little glen?"

"Yes," cried I, "and a man herding them too. See, the fellow has caught sight of us, and he's off as fast as his legs can carry him." And so was it, the man had no sooner seen us than he sprung to his feet and hurried down the mountain at full speed.

Our first impulse was to follow and give him chase, and even without a word we all started off in pursuit; but we soon saw how fruitless would be the attempt, for, even independent of the start he had got of us, the peasant's speed was more than the double of our own.

"No matter," said the Colonel, "if we have lost the shepherd we have at least gained the sheep, and so I recommend you to secure mutton for dinner to-morrow."

With this piece of advice, down the hill he darted as hard as he could. Briolle, the Aid-de-camp, and myself following at our best pace. We were reckoning without our host, however, for the animals, after one stupid stare

at us, set off in a scamper that soon showed their mountain breeding, keeping all together like a pack of hounds, and really not very inferior in the speed they displayed.

A little gorge led between the hills, and through this they rushed madly, and with a clatter like a charge of cavalry. Excited by the chase, and emulous each to outrun the other, the Colonel threw off his chako, and Briolle his sword, in the ardour of pursuit. We now gained on them rapidly, and though, from a winding in the glen, they had momentarily got out of sight, we knew that we were close upon them. I was about thirty paces in advance of my comrades, when, on turning an angle of the gorge, I found myself directly in front of a group of mud hovels, in front of which were standing about a dozen ragged, miserable looking men, armed with pitchforks and scythes, while in the rear stood the sheep, blown and panting from the chase.

I came to a dead stop; and although I would have given worlds to have had my comrades at my side, I never once looked back to see if they were coming; but, putting a bold face on the matter, called out the only few words I knew of Irish, "Go de ma ha tu."

The peasants looked at each other; and whether it was my accent, my impudence, or my strange dress and appearance, or all together, I cannot say, but after a few seconds' pause they burst out into a roar of laughter, in the midst of which my two comrades came up.

"We saw the sheep feeding on the hills, yonder," said I, recovering self-possession, "and guessed that by giving them chase, they'd lead us to some inhabited spot. What is this place called?"

"Shindrennin," said a man who seemed to be the chief of the party; "and, if I might make so bould, who are you, yourselves?"

"French officers; this is my Colonel," said I, pointing to Charost, who was wiping his forehead and face after his late exertion.

The information, far from producing the electric effect of pleasure I had anticipated, was received with a coldness, almost amounting to fear, and they spoke eagerly together for some minutes in Irish.

"Our allies evidently don't like the

look of us," said Charost, laughing; "and if the truth must be told, I own the disappointment is mutual."

"'Tis too late you come, sir," said the peasant, addressing the Colonel, while he removed his hat, and assumed an air of respectful deference. "'Tis all over with poor Ireland, this time."

"Tell him," said Charost, to whom I translated the speech, "that it's never too late to assert a good cause: that we have got arms for twenty thousand, if they have but hands and hearts to use them. Tell him that a French army is now lying in that bay yonder, ready and able to accomplish the independence of Ireland."

I delivered my speech as pompously as it was briefed to me; and, although I was listened to in silence, and respectfully, it was plain my words carried little or no conviction with them. Not caring to waste more of our time in such discourse, I now inquired about the country—in what directions lay the high roads, and the relative situations of the towns of Killybegs, Castlebar, and Ballina, the only places of comparative importance in the neighbourhood. I next asked about the landing-places, and learned that a small fishing-harbour existed, not more than half a mile from the spot where we had landed, from which a little country road lay to the village of Palmerstown. As to the means of transporting baggage, guns, and ammunition, there were few horses to be had, but with money we might get all we wanted; indeed, the peasants constantly referred to this means of success, even to asking "what the French would give a man that was to join them?" If I did not translate the demand with fidelity to my colonel, it was really that a sense of shame prevented me. My whole heart was in the cause; and I could not endure the thought of its being degraded in this way. It was growing duskish, and the Colonel proposed that the peasant should show us the way to the fishing-harbour he spoke of, while some other of the party might go round to our boat, and direct them to follow us thither. The arrangement was soon made, and we all sauntered down towards the shore, chatting over the state of the country, and the chances of a successful rising. From the specimen before me, I was not disposed to be over sanguine about the

peasantry. The man was evidently disaffected towards England. He bore her neither good-will nor love; but his fears were greater than all else. He had never heard of anything but failure in all attempts against her; and he could not believe in any other result. Even the aid and alliance of France inspired no other feeling than distrust; for he said more than once, "Sure what can harm *yez*? Haven't ye yer ships, beyant, to take yez away, if things goes bad?"

I was heartily glad that Colonel Charost knew so little English, that the greater part of the peasant's conversation was unintelligible to him, since, from the first, he had always spoken of the expedition in terms of disparagement; and certainly what we were now to hear was not of a nature to controvert the prediction.

In our ignorance as to the habits and modes of thought of the people, we were much surprised at the greater interest the peasant betrayed when asking us about France and her prospects, than when the conversation concerned his own country. It appeared as though, in the one case, distance gave grandeur and dimensions to all his conceptions, while familiarity with home scenes and native politics had robbed them of all their illusions. He knew well that there were plenty of hardships, abundance of evils, to deplore in Ireland; rents were high, taxes and tithes oppressive, agents were severe, bailiffs were cruel; social wrongs he could discuss for hours, but of political woes, the only ones we could be expected to relieve or care for, he really knew nothing. "'Tis true," he repeated, "that what my honor said was all right, Ireland was badly treated," and so on; "liberty was an elegant thing if a body had it," and such like; but there ended his patriotism.

Accustomed for many a day to the habits of a people where all were politicians, where the rights of man, and the grand principles of equality and self-government were everlastingly under discussion, I was, I confess it, sorely disappointed at this worse than apathy.

"Will they fight?—ask him that," said Charost, to whom I had been conveying a rather rose-coloured version of my friend's talk.

"Oh, be gorra! we'll fight sure enough!" said he, with a half-dogged scowl beneath his brows.

"What number of them may we reckon on in the neighbourhood?" repeated the Colonel.

"'Tis mighty hard to say; many of the boys was gone over to England for the harvest; some were away to the counties inland, others were working on the roads; but if they knew, sure they'd be soon back again."

"Might they calculate on a thousand stout, effective men?" asked Charost.

"Ay, twenty, if they were at home," said the peasant, less a liar by intention than from the vague and careless disregard of truth so common in all their own intercourse with each other.

I must own that the degree of credit we reposed in the worthy man's information was considerably influenced by the state of facts before us, inasmuch as that the "elegant, fine harbour" he had so gloriously described—"the beautiful road"—"the neat little quay" to land upon, and the other advantages of the spot, all turned out to be most grievous disappointments. That the people were not of our own mind on these matters, was plain enough from the looks of astonishment our discontent provoked; and now a lively discussion ensued on the relative merits of various bays, creeks, and inlets along the coast, each of which, with some unpronounceable name or other, was seen to have a special advocate in its favour, till at last the Colonel lost all patience, and jumping into the boat, ordered the men to push off for the frigate.

Evidently out of temper at the non-success of his "reconnaissance," and as little pleased with the country as the people, Charost did not speak a word as we rowed back to the ship. Our failure, as it happened, was of little moment, for another party, under the guidance of Madgett, had already discovered a good landing-place at the bottom of the Bay of Rathfran, and arrangements were already in progress to disembark the troops at day-break. We also found that, during our absence, some of the "chiefs" had come off from shore, one of whom, named Neal Kerrigan, was destined to attain considerable celebrity in the rebel army. He was a talkative, vulgar, presumptuous fellow, who, without any knowledge or experience whatever, took upon him to discuss military measures and strategy with



all the assurance of an old commander.

Singularly enough, Humbert suffered this man to influence him in a great degree, and yielded opinion to him on points even where his own judgment was directly opposed to the advice he gave.

If Kerrigan's language and bearing were directly the reverse of soldierlike, his tawdry uniform of green and gold, with massive epaulettes and a profusion of lace, were no less absurd in our eyes, accustomed as we were to the almost puritan plainness of military costume. His rank, too, seemed as undefined as his information; for while he called himself "General," his companions as often addressed him by the title of "Captain." Upon some points his counsels, indeed, alarmed and astonished us.

"It was of no use whatever," he said, "to attempt to discipline the peasantry, or reduce them to anything like habits of military obedience. Were the effort to be made, it would prove a total failure; for they would either grow disgusted with the restraint, and desert altogether, or so infect the other troops with their own habits of disorder, that the whole force would become a mere rabble. Arm them well, let them have plenty of ammunition, and free liberty to use it in their own way and their own time, and we should soon see that they would prove a greater terror to the English than

double the number of trained and disciplined troops."

In some respects this view was a correct one; but whether it was a wise counsel to have followed, subsequent events gave us ample cause to doubt.

Kerrigan, however, had a specious, reckless, go-a-head way with him that suited well the tone and temper of Humbert's mind. He never looked too far into consequences, but trusted that the eventualities of the morrow would always suggest the best course for the day after; and this alone was so akin to our own General's mode of proceeding, that he speedily won his confidence.

The last evening on board was spent merrily on all sides. In the general cabin, where the staff and all the "Chefs de brigade" were assembled, gay songs, and toasts, and speeches succeeded each other till nigh morning. The printed proclamations, meant for circulation among the people, were read out, with droll commentaries; and all imaginable quizzing and jesting went on about the new government to be established in Ireland, and the various offices to be bestowed upon each. Had the whole expedition been a joke, the tone of levity could not have been greater. Not a thought was bestowed, not a word wasted upon any of the graver incidents that might ensue. All were, if not hopeful and sanguine, utterly reckless, and thoroughly indifferent to the future.

## CHAPTER XX.

### KILLALA.

I WILL not weary my reader with an account of our debarkation, less remarkable as it was for the "pomp and circumstance of war" than for incidents and accidents the most absurd and ridiculous—the miserable boats of the peasantry, the still more wretched cattle employed to drag our artillery and train-wagons, involving us in innumerable misfortunes and mischances. Never were the heroic illusions of war more thoroughly dissipated than by the scenes which accompanied our landing! Boats and baggage-wagons upset; here, a wild, half savage-looking fellow swimming after a cocked-hat—there, a group of ragged wretches scraping sea-weed from a dripping offi-

cer of the staff; noise, uproar, and confusion everywhere; smart aid-de-camps mounted on donkeys; trim field-pieces "horsed" by a promiscuous assemblage of men, women, cows, ponies, and asses. Crowds of idle country-people thronging the little quay and obstructing the passages, gazed upon the whole with eyes of wonderment and surprise, but evidently enjoying all the drollery of the scene with higher relish than they felt interested in its object or success. This trait in them soon attracted all our notice, for they laughed at every thing: not a caisson tumbled into the sea, not a donkey brought his rider to the ground, but one general shout shook the entire assemblage.

If want and privation had impressed themselves by every external sign on this singular people, they seemed to possess inexhaustible resources of good humour and good spirits within. No impatience or rudeness on our part could irritate them; and even to the wildest and least civilised looking fellow around, there was a kind of native courtesy and kindness that could not fail to strike us.

A vague notion prevailed that we were their "friends;" and although many of them did not clearly comprehend why we had come, or what was the origin of the warm attachment between us, they were too lazy and too indifferent to trouble their heads about the matter. They were satisfied that there would be a "shindy" somewhere, and somebody's bones would get broken, and even that much was a pleasant and reassuring consideration; while others of keener mould revelled in plans of private vengeance against this landlord or that agent—small debts of hatred to be paid off in the day of general reckoning!

From the first moment nothing could exceed the tone of fraternal feeling between our soldiers and the people. Without any means of communicating their thoughts by speech, they seemed to acquire an instinctive knowledge of each other in an instant. If the peasant was poor, there was no limit to his liberality in the little he had. He dug up his half-ripe potatoes, he unroofed his cabin to furnish straw for litter, he gave up his only beast, and was ready to kill his cow, if asked, to welcome us. Much of this was from the native, warm, and impulsive generosity of their nature, and much, doubtless, had its origin in the bright hopes of future recompense inspired by the eloquent appeals of Neal Kerrigan, who, mounted on an old white mare, rode about on every side, addressing the people in Irish, and calling upon them to give all aid and assistance to "the expedition."

The difficulty of the landing was much increased by the small space of level ground which intervened between the cliffs and the sea, and of which now the thickening crowd filled every spot. This and the miserable means of conveyance for our baggage delayed us greatly, so that, with a comparatively small force, it was late in the afternoon before we had all reached the shore.

We had none of us eaten since morning, and were not sorry, as we crowned the heights, to hear the drums beat for "cooking." In an inconceivably short time fires blazed along the hills, around which, in motley groups, stood soldiers and peasantry mingled together, while the work of cooking and eating went briskly on, amid hearty laughter and all the merriment that mutual mistakes and misconceptions occasioned. It was a new thing for French soldiers to bivouac in a friendly country, and find themselves the welcome guests of a foreign people; and certainly the honours of hospitality, however limited the means, could not have been performed with more of courtesy or good will. Paddy gave his "all," with a generosity that might have shamed many a richer donor.

While the events I have mentioned were going forward, and a considerable crowd of fishermen and peasants had gathered about us, still it was remarkable that, except immediately on the coast itself, no suspicion of our arrival had gained currency, and even the country people who lived a mile from the shore were ignorant of who we were. The few who, from distant heights and headlands, had seen the ships, mistook them for English, and as all those who were out with fish or vegetables to sell were detained by the frigates, any direct information about us was impossible. So far, therefore, all might be said to have gone most favourably with us. We had safely escaped the often-menaced dangers of the channel fleet; we had gained a secure and well-sheltered harbour; and we had landed our force not only without opposition, but in perfect secrecy. There were, I will not deny, certain little counterbalancing circumstances on the other side of the account, not exactly so satisfactory. The patriot forces upon which we had calculated had no existence. There were neither money, nor stores, nor means of conveyance to be had; even accurate information as to the strength and position of the English was unattainable; and as to generals and leaders, the effective staff had but a most sorry representative in the person of Neal Kerrigan. This man's influence over our general increased with every hour, and one of the first orders issued after our landing contained his appointment as

an extra aide-de-camp on General Humbert's staff.

In one capacity Neal was most useful. All the available sources of pillage for a wide circuit of country he knew by heart, and it was plain, from the accurate character of his information, varying, as it did, from the chattels of the rich landed proprietor to the cocks and hens of the cottier, that he had taken great pains to master his subject. At his suggestion it was decided that we should march that evening on Killala, where little, or, more likely, no resistance would be met with, and General Humbert should take up his quarters in the "Castle," as the Palace of the Bishop was styled. There, he said, we should not only find ample accommodation for the staff, but good stabling, well filled, and plenty of forage, while the Bishop himself might be a most useful hostage to have in our keeping. From thence, too, as a place of some note, general orders and proclamations would issue, with a kind of notoriety and importance necessary at the outset of an undertaking like ours; and truly never was an expedition more loaded with this species of missive than ours—whole cart-loads of printed papers, decrees, placards, and such like, followed us. If our object had been to drive out the English by big type and a flaming letter-press, we could not have gone more vigorously to work. Fifty thousand broad-sheet announcements of Irish independence were backed by as many proud declarations of victory, some dated from Limerick, Cashel, or Dublin itself.

Here, a great placard gave the details of the new Provincial Government of Western Ireland, with the name of the "Prefect" a blank. There was another, containing the police regulations for the "arrondissements" of Connaught, "et ses dependances." Every imaginable step of conquest and occupation was anticipated and provided for in these wise and considerate protocols, from the "enthusiastic welcome of the French on the western coast to the hour of "General Humbert's triumphal entry into Dublin!" Nor was it prose alone, but even poetry, did service in our cause. Songs, not, I own, conspicuous for any great metrical beauty, commemorated our battles and our bravery; so that we entered upon the campaign as

deeply pledged to victory as any force I ever heard or read of in history.

Neal, who was, I believe, originally a schoolmaster, had great confidence in this arsenal of "black and white;" and soon persuaded General Humbert that a bold face and a loud tongue would do more in Ireland than in any country under heaven; and indeed, if his own career might be called a success, the theory deserved some consideration. A great part of our afternoon was then spent in distributing these documents to the people, not one in a hundred of whom could read, but who treasured the placards with a reverence nothing diminished by their ignorance. Emissaries, too, were appointed to post them up in conspicuous places through the country, on the doors of the chapels, at the smiths' forges, at cross-roads, everywhere, in short, where they might attract notice. The most important and business-like of all these, however, was one headed "ARMS!"—"ARMS!" and which went on to say that no man who wished to lift his hand for old Ireland need do so without a weapon; and that a general distribution of guns, swords, and bayonets would take place at noon the following day at the Palace of Killala.

Serazin, and, I believe, Madgett, were strongly opposed to this indiscriminate arming of the people; but Neal's counsels were now in the ascendant, and Humbert gave an implicit confidence to all he suggested.

It was four o'clock in the evening when the word to march was given, and our gallant little force began its advance movement. Still attached to Colonel Charost's staff, and being, as chasseurs, in the advance, I had a good opportunity of seeing the line of march from an eminence about half a mile in front. Grandeur and more imposing displays I have indeed often witnessed. As a great military "spectacle" it could not, of course, be compared with those mighty armies I had seen deploying through the defiles of the Black Forest, or spreading like a sea over the wide plain of Germany, but in purely picturesque effect, this scene surpassed all I had ever beheld at the time, nor do I think, that, in after life, I can recall one more striking.

The winding road, which led over hill and valley, now disappearing, now emerging, with the undulations of the

soil, was covered by troops marching in a firm compact order; the grenadiers in front, after which came the artillery, and then the regiments of the line. Watching the dark column, occasionally saluting it as it went with a cheer, stood thousands of country people on every hill-top and eminence, while far away, in the distance, the frigates lay at anchor in the bay, the guns at intervals thundering out a solemn "boom" of welcome and encouragement to their comrades.

There was something so heroic in the notion of that little band of warriors throwing themselves fearlessly into a strange land, to contest its claim for liberty with one of the most powerful nations of the world; there was a character of daring intrepidity in this bold advance, they knew not whither, nor against what force, that gave the whole an air of glorious chivalry.

I must own that distance lent its wonted illusion to the scene, and proximity, like its twin-brother, familiarity, destroyed much of the "prestige" my fancy had conjured up. The line of march, so imposing when seen from afar, was neither regular nor well kept. The peasantry were permitted to mingle with the troops, ponies, mules, and asses, loaded with camp-kettles and cooking vessels, were to be met with everywhere. The baggage-wagons were crowded with officers, and "sous-officiers," who, disappointed in obtaining horses, were too indolent to walk. Even the gun-carriages, and the guns themselves, were similarly loaded, while, at the head of the infantry column, in an old rickety gig, the ancient mail conveyance between Ballina and the coast, came General Humbert, Neal Kerrigan capering at his side on the old grey, whose flanks were now tastefully covered by the tri-color ensign of one of the boats as a saddle-cloth.

This nearer and less enchanting prospect of my gallant comrades I was enabled to obtain, on being despatched to the rear by Colonel Charost, to say that we were now within less than a mile of the town of Killala, its venerable steeple, and the tall chimneys of the palace, being easily seen above the low hills in front. Neal Kerrigan passed me, as I rode back with my message, galloping to the front with all the speed he could muster; but while I was talking to the

General he came back to say that the beating of drums could be heard from the town, and that by the rapid movements here and there of people, it was evident the defence was being prepared. There was a look-out, too, from the steeple, that showed our approach was already known. The General was not slow in adopting his measures, and the word was given for quick march, the artillery to deploy right and left of the road, two companies of grenadiers forming on the flanks. "As for you, sir," said Humbert to me, "take that horse," pointing to a mountain pony, fastened behind the gig, "ride forward to the town and make a reconnaissance. You are to report to me," cried he, as I rode away, and was soon out of hearing.

Quitting the road, I took a foot-track across the fields, and which the pony seemed to know well, and after a sharp canter reached a small, poor suburb of the town, if a few straggling wretched cabins can deserve the name; a group of countrymen stood in the middle of the road, about fifty yards in front of me; and while I was deliberating whether to advance or retire, a joyous cry of "Hurra for the French!" decided me, and I touched my cap in salute and rode forward.

Other groups saluted me with a similar cheer, as I went on; and now windows were flung open, and glad cries and shouts of welcome rang out from every side. These signs were too encouraging to turn my back upon, so I dashed forward through a narrow street in front, and soon found myself in a kind of square or "Place," the doors and windows of which were all closed, and not a human being to be seen anywhere. As I hesitated what next to do, I saw a soldier in a red coat rapidly turn the corner—"What do you want here, you spy," he cried out in a loud voice, and at the same instant his bullet rang past my ear with a whistle. I drove in the spurs at once, and just as he had gained a doorway I clove his head open with my sabre—he fell dead on the spot before me. Wheeling my horse round, I now rode back as I had come, at full speed, the same welcome cries accompanying me as before.

Short as had been my absence, it was sufficient to have brought the advanced guard close up with the town, and just as I emerged from the little



suburb, a quick, sharp firing drew my attention towards the left of the wall, and there I saw our fellows advancing at a trot, while about twenty red-coats were in full flight before them, the wild cries of the country people following them as they went.

I had but time to see thus much, and to remark that two or three English prisoners were taken, when the General came up. He had now abandoned the gig, and was mounted on a large, powerful, black horse, which I afterwards learned was one of the bishop's. My tidings were soon told, and, indeed, but indifferently attended to, for it was evident enough that the place was our own.

"This way, General—follow me," cried Kerrigan. "If the light-companies will take the road down to the 'Acres,' they'll catch the yeomen as they retreat by that way, and we have the town our own."

The counsel was speedily adopted; and although a dropping fire, here and there, showed that some slight resistance was still being made, it was plain enough that all real opposition was impossible.

"Forward!" was now the word; and the "chasseurs," with their muskets "in sling," advanced at a trot up the main street. At a little distance the grenadiers followed, and debouching into the square, were received by an ill-directed volley from a few of the militia, who took to their heels after they fired. Three or four red-coats were killed, but the remainder made their escape through the churchyard, and gaining the open country, scattered and fled as best they could.

Humbert, who had seen war on a very different scale, could not help laughing at the absurdity of the skirmish, and was greatly amused with the want of all discipline and "accord" exhibited by the English troops.

"I foresee, gentlemen," said he, jocularly, that we may have abundance of success, but gain very little glory, in the same campaign. Now for a blessing upon our labours—where shall we find our friend, the bishop?"

"This way, General," cried Neal, leading down a narrow street, at the end of which stood a high wall, with an iron gate. This was locked, and some efforts at barricading it showed the intention of a defence; but a few strokes of a pioneer's hammer smashed the lock, and we entered a kind of

pleasure-ground, neatly and trimly kept. We had not advanced many paces when the bishop, followed by a great number of his clergy—for it happened to be the period of his annual visitation—came forward to meet us.

Humbert dismounted, and removing his chapeau, saluted the dignitary with a most finished courtesy. I could see, too, by his gesture, that he presented General Serazin, the second in command; and, in fact, all his motions were those of a well-bred guest at the moment of being received by his host. Nor was the bishop, on his side, wanting either in ease or dignity; his manner, not without the appearance of deep sorrow, was yet that of a polished gentleman doing the honors of his house to a number of strangers.

As I drew nearer I could hear that the bishop spoke French fluently, but with a strong foreign accent. This facility, however, enabled him to converse with ease on every subject, and to hold intercourse directly with our General, a matter of no small moment to either party. It is probable that the other clergy did not possess this gift, for assuredly their manner towards us, inferiors of the staff, was neither gracious nor conciliating; and as for myself, the few efforts I made to express, in English, my admiration for the coast scenery, or the picturesque beauty of the neighbourhood, were met in any rather than a spirit of politeness.

The generals accompanied the bishop into the castle leaving myself and three or four others on the outside. Colonel Charost soon made his appearance, and a guard was stationed at the entrance gate, with a strong picquet in the garden. Two sentries were placed at the hall-door, and the words "Quartier Général" written up over the portico. A small garden pavilion was appropriated to the colonel's use, and made the office of the adjutant-general, and in less than half-an-hour after our arrival eight sous-officiers were hard at work, under the trees, writing away at billets, contribution orders, and forage rations; while I, from my supposed fluency in English, was engaged in carrying messages to and from the staff to the various shopkeepers and tradesmen of the town, numbers of whom now flocked around us with expressions of welcome and rejoicing.



## MODERN ART—ITS PROSPECTS AND PIONEERS.

FROM our tenderest years we have been accustomed to hear the decline of all modern art deplored, and the impossibility of its resurrection predicated. Surface connoisseurs and superficial artists have been wont to trace the superiority of colouring in the ancient masters to some mystic superiority of pigments—to attribute half the beauty of the Parthenon to the *beau ciel* under which it rose, and to trace the glories of sculptural art to the hippodrome or the olympic course—to the facilities for, or the perfections of the sculptor's models, rather than to the aim and compass of his genius.

As if these things were not the accidents, rather than the properties of art; as if a Raphael or Michael Angelo would not do more with a piece of burnt stick than the Dutch imitator of pots and pans with the most brilliant palette of perfect colours; or that the same Dutch imitator, able and philosophic in his way, did not work out his perfections by skilful combination and scientific use of his pigments, rather than hit upon accidental results of their excellence; a thing nevertheless, excellence of material, of great importance, but which it is ridiculous to suppose that the advanced chemical science of modern times cannot insure in a degree even superior to earlier periods.

Deeper, far deeper, than inferiority of pigments, dullness of sky, difficulties or deterioration of models, lies the present unprogressiveness of the arts. The investigation of its cause or causes is well worthy of the philanthropist, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, and the man of science, as well as of the artist himself; for the arts, properly cultivated, are ministers of beauty and enjoyment to man, agents forcible and eloquent of instruction and refinement, the types and evidences of civilisation. In proportion as they minister to the highest intellectuality are they valuable; and in proportion as this high and true aim of art has been appreciated and successfully followed out, has greatness in art been achieved.

When we talk of the unprogressive-

ness of modern art, we do not mean to hark into that cant of criticism which recognises no merit in modern performance, and which, with a strange antiquarian perversity, values the musty mummy of an ancient beyond any newborn babe of art promise. We believe art is ever progressing in one direction or another in some part of the world; for example, landscape-painting is more truthfully and suggestively carried out by the moderns than by the ancients; but tested as a whole by the standard of aim, there is little if any perceptible progress; and compared with the vast strides of science in invention, and achievement, art stands still. Whilst the question naturally arises—Why is this? others equally important spring up. Can it be otherwise? Is a new art era impossible? Can art—fine art—progress *pari passu* with science?

It is impossible not to perceive how much necessity of art as a teacher has been diminished by the introduction of printing; how much even its paramount claim as a mean of pleasurable enjoyment has been superseded by the more direct communion of thought with thought through book-study; nor how much its demand as an agent in religious impression—the field where its highest achievements have ever been attained, is diminished by the anti-symbolism of intellectual spirit-worship, and the gradual diffusion of a profound sense of the incomprehensibility of the Godhead—that first element of humble, fervent worship, which rejects all material types of the Invisible. Nevertheless, there is no language so universal as art—there is no more impressive teacher than art—and though it must ever fail to realise to sense that “which eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive,” it can impress by idealisations, and there can be no more stimulative heart-worship than by the imitation of beauty with which God has adorned and surrounded man, and which he alone seems created to enjoy, appreciate, and imitate. Nor, however the practice of the arts may vary in different ages, not although they may for centuries

retrograde through the servility of schools, can the spirit of art die out amongst men, or fail to be linked in its developments with the great epochs of humanity. The more fully modern investigations disinter the facts of by-gone periods, the more fully is the humanising power of art, and its necessity as an agent in universalising thought, through comprehensible expression, established. The painted cave temples of Hindostan affirm the proposition as fully as the glories of the Vatican; the huge Pyramid, or the Hypostyle Hall of Karnac, as effectively as the Parthenon of Greece, the Basilica of Rome, or the Mediæval Gothic Church, inexplicably eloquent.

But whilst the vitality of art is inextinguishable, its progress may not be constantly observable, nor can it be tested by the same laws as science. In the latter, each new discovery is a basis for further experiment and discovery, and every explorer through the illimitable fields of discovery has the whole mass of discovered knowledge to start with. Not so the artist, whose every onward step must be not in the traces, or by the aid of others, but in a great degree by the force of original genius; by persevering study, and unfailing industry, he must master the discoveries of other men by a process as tedious, perchance, as that which they went through, a process through which the achievements of others can but little facilitate him. The very mechanical excellence of imitation, or construction, which gives power and beauty to art, limits in some degree its range; it limits its spiritual range by its material necessities—necessities involving so large an amount of peculiar mechanical aptitude and individual acquirement. Again, in science, any new discovery is not only a facility, but a stimulus to progress, whilst the material excellence already achieved in the arts becomes too often the object for imitation, rather than competition—the goal rather than the distance-post—the end and aim, rather than the mean of advancement. In science, the goal is ever out of sight—it is as invisible as The Incomprehensible towards whom it tends; our greatest advances in it seem but to shew us new regions to explore. Art has impulses as high, though it may not have regions as unlimited; its stumbling-block, was the stumbling-block of the Jews—has been

that of humanity—idolatry—blind worship of the realisation, rather than search after the Spirit.

In no branch of art has the golden calf of servility been more abasingly set up for worship, or on less rational grounds, than in Architecture. One can easily conceive how the idealised perfections of the human figure achieved by the Grecian sculptors should have been ever after received, by the Caucasian race of men at least, as the type of human beauty; but though the same meed of excellence may be accorded to the Parthenon or any other temple, an excellence *sui generis*, it is not easy to conceive how for centuries afterwards, in every clime, men should have had no other aim than to imitate, pilfer, combine, overlay, and deface these types of particular excellence, wholly unsuited to the purposes to which they have been sought to be forced. This we say is hard to conceive, seeing that the demand for new architecture, for a development of art, suited to new purposes and phases of social life, is a perpetuity with man. Until a new spirit springs up—not a spirit for fantastic eccentricity, but for earnest originality, the arts—and their highest influences, must be in abeyance. To discover a new ornament—a new variety in proportions—a new order—has been the unphilosophic ambition of men who have groaned under the continued servile imitativeness of art.

As if any order, Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian, was ever so invented—as if they were not the graduated results of some necessity—some want in architecture, to supply which generation after generation toiled and studied until the want was supplied—the order perfected! It is by a far more expanded philosophy of aim that architecture, or any other branch of the fine arts, can be advanced.

We rejoice to find the minds of men directed now more than ever to the establishment and diffusion of this philosophy, and that the possibility of a new art era, commensurate with the science of modern times, is a problem occupying and anxiously discussed by refined and profound thinkers. And this not in the narrow spirit of inquiry whether we can equal or rival the material beauty of the ancient sculptors, the mythical profundity and earnestness of the early Christian painters—whether we can realise the lost perfection of

Apelles' art, or surpass the mythological indecencies and witching colouring of the classicist painters; not whether we can invent a new order, or substantiate the acanthus and flower-pot fable, but whether we can satisfy the mysterious craving of men's minds for the development of fine art, in harmony with the spirit of the age, and suited to its necessities.

In the first rank of teachers of this philosophy of art progress, we find a very original, bold, out-spoken theorist—a theorist, inasmuch as he propounds a great proposition in the affirmative of possibility, which time alone can solve; but a man practically acquainted with the principles and achievements of architecture, by ocular study of its monuments through all portions of the earth. There is something refreshing in the way Mr. Fergusson\* attacks time-hallowed prejudices, and girds his loins for the contest which such daring is sure to involve; and there is much that is instructive and suggestive in the broad principles which he promulgates, and the points of view from which he regards objects which familiarity or habit may have rendered to most men, if not contemptible, yet of little note.

In the introduction to the present volume, Mr. Fergusson has attempted a somewhat abstruse, but novel and curious classification of sciences and arts; “meaning by the former, *a knowledge of all that nature does without man's intervention*; by the latter, *a knowledge of all those modifications that man works on nature's productions* ;” he reviews the present evils and impediments to progress and refinement; he admits, as remedial suggestions, the priest's call for more churches and ecclesiastical establishments, the jurist's legislative reform, the physician's demand for sanitary improvements, and the political economist's science of accumulation, and distributing wealth, and facilitation of intercourse between nations.

“All these are excellent measures in themselves, and so are ten thousand others, any one of which it would be wrong to neglect: but before all this I would answer—

Cultivate the sciences and the arts; no purer faith,—no real and permanent good can be effected except from an improvement of knowledge; no higher or more elevated tone can be given on the all-important subjects of morals or religion, except by imparting a higher degree of refinement, and a better appreciation of the purely beautiful, to the public mind. This last is—or at least should be—the true mission of art; and were art so cultivated and based on knowledge, we should have higher aims and nobler purposes than we now have, and we might be struggling forward towards the Divinity instead of grovelling in error and uncertainty, as we are now doing.

“Were the minds of the upper classes in this country thoroughly imbued with the truths of science, and earnest in their pursuit, they would not require to waste in dissipation and frivolity that energy which might be so far better employed on higher objects; and were they to cultivate intellectual beauty, they would find in it a far higher and more lasting gratification than in those forms of sensual beauty in which alone they now indulge. Their wealth and luxury, instead of being the unmitigated evil Rousseau so eloquently denounced, would enable them to approach as nearly to a state of Utopian perfection as it is possible for men to conceive; their power so employed would be a blessing to themselves and all around them, as it would give them the means of elevating themselves above their fellow-men, and thus of setting an example which the humbler classes would not be long in following.”

In thus assuming for the science of *Æsthetics* a place, only second to *Ethics*, our author will no doubt startle the prejudices of most of his readers. But when we reflect how intimately the operations of mind are connected with, if not, to a great degree, dependant upon, sensual impressions, and how far it is on the side of sense that man gravitates towards the beast of the field, we shall soon see how essential is the cultivation of pure taste; how the study of the beautiful in all nature is calculated to refine the human mind, and to fit man for a more ardent and just appreciation of its Divine source. The uneducated peasant, who ekes out a scanty subsistence from the sterile but grand mountain side, although more simple, perchance, and guileless

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\* “An Historical Inquiry into the True Principles of Beauty in Art, more especially with Reference to Architecture.” By James Fergusson, Esq., Architect, Author of “An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem,” “Picturesque Illustrations of Ancient Architecture in Hindostan,” &c. &c. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, Paternoster-row. 1849.

than the denizen of the town, sees nothing in the deep glen or cloud-capped hill but so much earth; his sensations are chiefly of cold or hunger—of awe or superstitious dread, when the storm rages, or night covers all with gloom. When the sun shines and streamlets sparkle in his light, the poor man's heart is glad within him, from some physical sensation which he comprehends not, nor knows how to investigate. The educated eye recognises a thousand beauties of form and colour; the ear is gladdened with the rush of waters and the harmonious hum of nature; sense is refreshed with odours of wild flowers, and the soul of man, through means of these refined perceptions, is elevated to a grateful sense of the bounty of God in all creation, and from a scientific appreciation of the principles evolved as secondary causes to reject the grovelling fallacies of superstition.

Strange it seems, indeed, that faculties which, properly cultivated, tend so directly to the enjoyment and improvement of man, should be so entirely overlooked in all systems of general education; and, in these countries, at least, that the knowledge of the beautiful in nature or in art should have found no appointed place in the course of study proposed, even for the most highly educated. Mr. Fergusson dwells strongly upon the want of this education; he admits the extension of schools of design, and galleries of art; but yet, he urges, "what is most wanted is a better style of education of the upper classes;" and he is right. Not a mere dilettante smattering of pictures, statues, or buildings, but a thoroughly science-based knowledge of the principles of beauty, whether as revealed throughout creation, or imitated in the works of man.

In his classification of knowledge, Mr. Fergusson has curiously linked the highest object of universal science, Theology, with the humblest of Anthropropic arts; and in the subdivision of the latter, which he terms *Æsthetic Arts*, as being immediately connected with the senses, he somewhat quaintly enumerates Gastronomy and Perfumery, as the fine arts resulting from Taste and Smell, as directly as Eumorphics and Euchromatics—beauty of form and colour—result from the combined senses of Touch and Sight, or music from Hearing.

We are far from undervaluing either the art of Ude, or the distillation of *mille fleurs*; but whatever degree of knowledge or skill the cook or perfumer may require, the arts themselves possess so little of the *divinior aliquod*, which is the essence of the fine arts, so usually called, as in our opinion scarcely to elevate them out of the merely technic or useful arts; and whilst we admit, with our author, "that a man who gives good dinners is one whose acquaintance is more sought after than one who has only a gallery of fine paintings, or who is remarkable himself for his knowledge or appreciation of a higher class of beauty," we recognise in this fact no appreciation of a fine art, but a natural craving for the indulgence of appetite. The best cookery possesses no essential intellectuality to distinguish it from plain cooking, and is, therefore, a very simple and general anthropic art brought to a high state of improvement; but as an art, receiving no new element to rank it amongst the spiritualising ministers to man, it is a refined, not a fine art. Not so in painting, which, as a technic art, covers any given material with a mass of colour for protection or ornament, but as a fine art pleases, suggests and teaches; and it appears that by this test of intellectual power, or, as Mr. Fergusson designates it, phonetic power, communication of thought, can the true line of demarcation be drawn between useful and fine art.

There is much, however, instructive in this connexion of arts and sciences; and Mr. Fergusson derives from it a mode of testing the rank which any work of art should hold, by the relative proportions of its technic, æsthetic, or phonetic elements; and he applies this art with happy effect to the works of architecture, as his own words will best convey to the reader:—

"If we apply the same numerical mode of criticism to buildings, we shall find that such as the Pyramids of Egypt—though technically magnificent beyond all the buildings of the world—have very little æsthetic, and scarcely 1 of phonetic value. The great temple of Baalbec—and, indeed, the greater number of the Roman temples—I should feel inclined to class as 6 for the mechanical excellencies of size and construction, 4 for beauty of form and detail, and certainly not more than 2 for any expression of religion or intellect they may possess, making up 20



for their artistic value. Cologne Cathedral may be expressed as 5, 4, 3, or 22; Rheims, or indeed the *beau idéal* of a Gothic Cathedral, as 5, 3, 4, or 23. The Parthenon at Athens is perhaps the most perfect building we possess; and its technical merits I assume in consequence as 4; its beauty of form and colour, assuming the latter to be restored, as 4 also, and its phonetic expression, not only through its technic and æsthetic perfection, but also by means of its purely phonetic sculpture and painting, to be of about the same extent. I can, at the same time, easily fancy a building so completely devoted to the exhibition of painting and sculpture, such as a mausoleum or monument, or fountain, for instance, where the phonetic mode of expression would so completely predominate as to give it a higher value in the classification than 24; but then I should be inclined to class it with sculpture, or painting, not as an object of architecture, which must here have become a subordinate art."

The great plan of the introductory portion of this book is, to place statistically before the reader the theory of art—to shew the place which the fine arts should hold in human knowledge—in what their excellence consists; to shew that the arts "are not dead but sleeping;" to stimulate to their renewed vitality by the expression of a strong faith in their ultimate success. Mr. Fergusson cannot indeed foretell what precise form of utterance the arts of painting and sculpture may assume; but he regards the field for architecture as ample and well defined, if man will but give up copying, and dare to create. But this greatness of aim in any individual he regards as nugatory, if the mind of the age be not enlightened to appreciate, nay, to demand, such a direction of artistic genius. He points out the necessity of a highly educated class of society devoting themselves to the practice of the arts; he traces the excellence of the several art eras to the steadily-pursued purpose of generation after generation aiming to produce some desired excellence. Without admitting that the parallelism of progress between science and the arts holds to the full extent which Mr. Fergusson claims, and for the reason we have already given, the technic difficulties and excellences of the arts, we think there is something striking and philosophic in the following illustration of his theory of art progress:—

"If, indeed, we study the history of any one of our cathedrals, from the time of the Con-

quest to that of the Reformation, or during the period when art was a living, earnest utterance, we should find that it was only want of means that prevented our forefathers from pulling down and obliterating every trace of what had been done by their immediate ancestors. Wherever a building fell to decay, or a prelate lived sufficiently wealthy and public-spirited to undertake the work, naves, choirs, aisles, towers, all were swept most ruthlessly away, and replaced by the newest designs,—the latest fashions of the day. They despised the works executed a few years before their time, just as our present engineers despise the works of their fathers, because they have improved upon and advanced beyond them; they exulted in their progress and were full of hope, and the result was such success as humbles us, and makes us despair of rivalling them.

"But it may be asked, How is this system to be applied to the arts of the present day? One instance will, perhaps, suffice to explain what is meant by this, as the elucidation belongs to the conclusion of this work. Supposing some church-building society were to determine to erect a modern English church, which should not be either Grecian or Gothic, or indeed any other style, but simply the best possible edifice for the performance of the Anglican-Protestant form of worship: it would be no easy matter to procure in England a design for such an edifice, but a good premium would produce several attempts. Suppose the best chosen and carried into effect. No sooner is it built than it is easy to perceive its defects; it is too high or too low, not sufficiently lighted, or there is a glare in one part and obscurity in another; it is not adapted for hearing the voice of the ministrant, or for seeing the service; the cornices are too heavy, the ornaments inappropriate, and so on. But let the society, after having carefully noted and judged of all these imperfections, employ the same architect, or another, to build a second church, in which they will be remedied as far as the case admits of, few can doubt but that the second church will be an improvement on the first: a third might remedy many defects that still could be detected in the second, but if this mode of elimination of defects were steadily pursued through a series of—say ten—successive churches, without swerving to the right or to the left, but steadily striving to produce the best possible church, the tenth would certainly be a very perfect building; and if the same system were pursued for a century by a hundred architects, with the chance of one or two men of more than ordinary talents and taste arising among them, with our means of construction, and the information we may acquire from all preceding styles, I do not think it is difficult to see how we might easily do better than ever was done before; and by the time we have built the genius and experience not of one or two men, but of a



hundred or a thousand, into the walls of our church, we shall have something that no one man has done or can do. This is, at all events, the identical system that was pursued in the middle ages, only on a scale I have not even ventured to suggest; it led to noble results, and with us might lead to far nobler ones."

Having, in his introduction, mapped out the leading countries in the world of human knowledge, and assumed its true position for fine art, our author proceeds to sustain his theory by the history of art from its monuments, and the correlative evidence of history. The great body of the present volume is occupied, therefore, with the history of Egyptian, Asiatic, Grecian, Etrurian, and Roman architecture, and correlative arts; for it is to be observed, that from the earliest social developments, architecture was in all nations the principal art, and sculpture and painting the eloquent aids of architectural utterance, rather than distinct or independent arts. The object which Mr. Fergusson proposes by his history of art, is not a mere detail of monuments, an anatomical museum of the mouldering fossils of art, chronologically arranged, but rather he has sought to link these *disjecta membra* into a history of human thought and action; to shew how far the art achievements of each distinct age, or people, were the embodiments of motives—the results of distinct aim; how they influenced, and now represent the progressive civilisation of man. There is much learned research, and patient practical investigation, and originality of thought, evinced throughout the whole work, which, although a large volume, is but the first part of an extensive work. Sometimes, perhaps, the originality borders on eccentricity, and it may appear that the anticipations of art regeneration are rather fervid, hopeful imaginings, than categorical deductions from the premises of argument laid down; yet we think no one can rise from the perusal of the work without being invigorated by the truthfulness of its purpose, or without a freshened confidence in the prospects of art development, whenever public enlightenment shall make such development a necessity.

Here, indeed, lies the great secret: the fine arts must become a national intellectual necessity—they can never

be, as they were anterior to the invention of alphabets, almost a physical necessity, nor the indispensable moral agents which they were previous to the discovery of printing; but as purely intellectual enjoyments, their refining influences can be made available to social advancement; indeed, were the public mind educated to the demand, to the highest social advancement. Throughout continental Europe, the value of such education is highly appreciated, and the greatest facilities afforded by public galleries and art schools; and even by combining some knowledge of the arts, their history, and principles, with all liberal education. In these island countries we are only beginning to appreciate the value of such education—education without which the progress of art is impossible—with which, almost illimitable. We have been so slow to perceive the value of art in a commercial point of view, that we have neglected it utterly, or fostered it with niggard care; at length the light has dawned upon us, that art can give an increased mercantile value to material—nay, that in some articles of commerce the material is as nought to the fine art value; and so we have commenced, certainly not with the highest aim, nor on the largest scale, to facilitate public instruction in the fine arts. However, it is the point of the wedge in, and we may trust to see the whole mechanical force yet rendered available. One certain result of extending, on a liberal scale, education to the masses, is the search after it by the upper classes, were it only to keep themselves upper; we may, therefore, ere long, expect to find the upper classes of society cultivating, as the Greeks did, a knowledge of the arts as a necessary branch of polite education.

We may, perhaps, expect to find our collegiate institutions yielding to the oft-urged advice of the lovers of art, acknowledging the utility of beauty, by the cultivation of those faculties with which man is endowed for its enjoyment, and establishing professorships of an æsthetic faculty. If man were a mere machine—a steam-impelled spinning-jenny—a locomotive engine—a self-acting arithmetic, or chess-playing automaton—placed in this world as he is, under the agency of external impressions—an æsthetic faculty, a capacity of sensation, would be an invaluable adjunct to his organ-

isation; but he is none of these. Let him strive ever so hard to reduce himself to this utilitarian condition, he cannot divest himself of the impulses of nature; he cannot altogether conquer the promptings of sense, whether they lead him to revel in the beautiful, to appreciate the order, harmony, and perfection of the material world, or to sink himself to the brute level of animal condition by sensual excess; nor can he endue any mechanical invention of his own with this faculty. Locke distinguishes animal from vegetable life by its sentient faculty; and man stands aloof in the animal scale by his power of reason, or by ratiocinated speech. There may be some assumption in man's dogmatic distinction between reason and instinct, or at least in his exclusive appropriation of the former as his privilege; a faculty of induction from facts, of comparison, is evident in many of the lower animals, that might fairly compete, in its degree, with man's prescriptive right; but man alone, of all created beings, possesses reasoning faculties to the degree of controlling, cultivating, or educating his own sensations, or moulding to his powerful will the capacities of other animals.

Education, as a system, must be imperfect, which neglects the development of any faculty or series of faculties. To oppose their development, because we cannot see their immediate use, would be to challenge the wisdom of man's omniscient Creator. To reject silver or gold, because iron is more plentiful or more malleable to every-day demands, would be folly; to despise the diamond, the ruby, or the agate, because granite and limestone are in more general demand, and of more permanent utility, would be to invert the established experiences and doctrines of all commerce. In fact, the reverse is the practice: silver and gold, diamonds and precious stones, are precious by reason of their rarity, rather than of their intrinsic excellence. So it may, or ought to be, predicated of man's more elevated faculties; those qualities of sentient delicacy which are truly the elements of refinement and civilisation—qualities more capable of polish than of enduring use—delicate

tendrils, easily trained and gradually brought to bloom, but as easily, and more frequently, in this age of utilitarian ascendancy, crushed in the bud.

We live in a very beautiful world. The art-loving Greeks identified beauty with it; they called it *kosmos*. Whether we regard the loveliness of the physical world in its impression of unconscious pleasure on our senses, or moral reaction on our souls, its influences are links that bind us to the Incomprehensible—the Incomprehensible whose "shadow is the sun," whose essence is goodness, whose type is beauty.

To cultivate the principles of beauty, and the philosophy of art, is surely worthy of an enlightened age—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

The search after beauty, the analysis of its principles, are the search after and analysis of truth; as such they have, from remote ages, occupied the minds of gifted and cultivated men. Perhaps, of all subjects of investigation, concerning none other have less satisfactory results been arrived at. Notwithstanding all that Da Vinci, Winkelmann, Burke, Hogarth, Price, Payne Knight, Alison, *et multi alii*, have written of beauty, it is as incapable as ever of reduction to a simple definition. But all these men have opened new fields of contemplation, have cultivated taste, and educated men's minds to the perception and appreciation of the graceful, the sublime, the picturesque, and the perfect; and, surely, the science which has so occupied gifted men, is worthy of a profounder study than it receives in our days. *Æsthetics* should take a place along with *Ethics* and *Physics* in all education.

With these convictions we welcome such pioneers of art progress in the field as Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. Twining, whose latest work, "*The Philosophy of Painting*," is now before us—a work very well calculated to interest and instruct the general reader; one likewise to which the professional artist may have recourse with advantage.\* The theory of beauty, or rather, the various theories, as developed in the works of distinguished writers,

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\* "*On the Philosophy of Painting: a Theoretical and Practical Treatise*," &c. By Henry Twining, Esq.

are sifted, analysed, or condensed in the introductory portion of this work, as being preparative for the practice of art; the second part of the work is devoted to the rules deducible for practical purpose from these theories of Taste, Grace, and Beauty, and from observations of nature and study of the various schools; whilst the third portion of the volume contains some general, and, for the most part, judicious observations on the principles of perspective, both as regards the true point of view from which to behold nature with advantage, and from which to receive the intended impression of artists' productions. The author has, perhaps, fallen somewhat into the diffuseness which the amateur writers on any art or science are liable to, occasionally amplifying the importance of minor details, rather than enforcing essential principles in condensed expression; but, throughout, his leading principles are good, and the aim of his work is excellent in seeking to direct men's minds to the philosophy of art, and exhibiting the scientific exercise of mind, which should direct the practical operations from the highest to the humblest walk of imitative art. The space we have to spare will not permit us to extract from Mr. Twining's work, which, indeed, we could scarcely do well without doing largely; but we recommend it for careful perusal to all who really wish to have their eyes opened to the world of beauty around them, or to bring the true test of philosophic criticism to the painter's works.

Whilst treating of the theory of art, or the science of the perceptive faculties, the treatise on "Form and Sound,"\* by Thomas Purdie, claims some notice from us: it is a critical inquiry, dedicated to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, as to whether the beauty of Form and Sound is dependent on the same physical laws; it comprises, in fact, a series of papers read before the Society, intended to disprove a theory propounded by Mr. Hay in his "First Principles of Symmetrical Beauty," and his essay on "Ornamental Design," that "the first principles of beauty are the harmonic ratios;" and that the perception of these fixed ratios, whether by hearing or sight, "results

from a homogeneous principle existing in external nature, to the operations of which the internal sense responds. This response is called perception, and the science of æsthetics is devoted to the investigation of the modes in which external objects, natural and artificial, affect this power of the mind. Although the organs of sense are various, yet the mode in which they act appears to be uniform, and of a mathematical nature; so that the effects of the object on the subject" (i. e. the effect of the objects of external nature on the mind) "are either harmonious or discordant, according to the degree in which this principle is exhibited and responded to."

On the assumption of this mathematical principle of form addressing the mind through the eye, as harmonised sounds do through ear, Mr. Hay, according to Mr. Purdie's account, has sought to establish *teachable laws of Beauty*, and Mr. Purdie seeks to show the impossibility of fixing any such laws, and the insufficiency, if not total error, of "mathematical principle" of perception as a basis for the superstructure.

That all creation has an aim and a fixed principle, none but the wildest disciples of the philosophy of chance will deny; that all physical phenomena result from immutable causes, and are ruled by inevitable laws of order and harmony, has been fully demonstrated, even by man's finite science and observation. The fixed planet is not more true to its ordained course than is the comet to its eccentricity; the floating nebulae in the remotest realms of space are as progressively condensed into new worlds as geological science has shown the rocky crust of earth to have been formed; Light and Dark, Good and Evil, Beauty and Deformity are generated and exist under the influence of some inscrutable but fixed *Volition*; to call this Volition of the CREATOR a mathematical principle is, in some degree, to degrade HIM to the order of the created, by the supposition that HE works by similar finite means. Mathematics are the instruments which man has wrought by observation for further research; they are the science of facts, by the aid of which man

\* "Form and Sound," &c. By Thomas Purdie. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, North-bridge. 1849.

deduces or arrives at the knowledge of other facts, with a certainty as unerring as the original facts are true; by the aid of this science man is carried through a vast field of knowledge, and learns to estimate the relations and comparative proportions of physical objects; but of the real purpose or the principles of construction—the true principles of Beauty, it can teach him nothing.

And here it is that this mathematical principle of perception is at fault, when it seeks to propose similar physical laws for Form and Sound—the latter being in fact an effect, that which owes its existence to the organ of perception—whilst Form exists independently of the organ, and as regards perception is a cause of emotion, not an effect. Sound is just that physical phenomenon which is measurable by mathematical process—its intensity, its duration, its angles of percussion and refraction, if we may so term echo, are all subject to human observation, and consequently disposable into harmonic ratios, whereby certain laws of harmony or discord are established; however, these mathematical principles are but the least part of music—its charm to our senses, its influence on our passions, its soul-stirring excitement, or soothing melancholy, are dependent on far other laws, and involve principles that elude the grasp of human intellect. On this point Mr. Purdie is eloquent:—

“If we were to adopt the opinion of Dr. Reid (*Essays*, vol. ii. p. 428), that the beauty of harmony is entirely derived from the relation it has to agreeable affections of the mind, we might consider this part of the question as definitely settled. Certain it is, that to the source indicated, by far the greatest amount of the pleasure which we derive from musical harmony is due. That spell of musical enchantment which causes the heart to swell with joy or grief—which brings the smile to the cheek, or the tear-drop to the eye—can be subjected to no laws for its production. The plaintive wail of the fife at a soldier's funeral, with the roll of the muffled drum, will often awaken in the soul emotions which the most complete and skillful orchestra, and the most scientific compositions, might fail to excite.

“Such phenomena are, unquestionably, connected with that instinct of our nature which makes sound the vehicle of feeling. Each animal has its own peculiar cry, expressive of its passions or desires—every passion, however violent, has its own voice or sound—every emotion, however gentle—

every mood even, however shifting and variable, whether of joy or sorrow, mirth or melancholy—all have their peculiar notes and accents. And the skill of a musical composer, therefore, lies chiefly in his knowledge of human nature, and his power of giving expression to these fitful and ever-changing emotions by which that nature can be affected. But it is impossible to believe that Dr. Reid is altogether right in the statement quoted. I do not doubt that there is a beauty in musical sounds, independent of mental emotion, as distinguished from sense, and which may not inappropriately be styled their primary beauty. It is a result of sensation alone, and depends on the nature of the pulsations communicated to the organ of hearing. The ear always vibrates with the vibrating body. When the vibrations of two bodies are synchronous or isochronous, *i. e.*, when they occur together or at regular intervals, the sensation is pleasant—jarring or unpleasant when they are not so.

“The primary beauty of musical sounds is undoubtedly, therefore, based on fixed and unchangeable rules; but they are not rules which have been learned merely by theorising on the subject; they are founded in nature, and insensibly verify themselves in the experience of every one possessed of a musical ear. It may be that some rules of an arbitrary character have been engrafted on those which are taught by nature, so that it is now extremely difficult to say how far the pleasure resulting from the beauty of music arises from compliance with these primary laws, and how far it is modified by habits and associations. Certain it is that no mere knowledge of theories can ever enable any one to produce a great musical work; and, indeed, one of the best living theorists advises students to avoid theories altogether, as tending only to confusion, and to confine themselves to the works of the great masters.

“But, granting that the beauty of music is regulated by fixed and unalterable rules, it does not follow that the beauty of form should be so also; far less does it follow that the identical rules which govern the one should also govern the other.

“The mechanism of the organs of sight and hearing is altogether different, and what affects the one with pleasure is, judging from that very difference, not at all likely to influence the other. There is, therefore, a vast hiatus to supply before even a plausible analogy be made out. What may be true in regard to a science which is subject to the laws of acoustics, may be, and indeed is, likely to be utterly false when applied to one, subject only to the laws of perspective.

“A sound, or combination of sounds, always reaches the ear precisely of the same pitch as when it left the sounding body. It may be stronger or fainter, according to the distance it has to travel; but if it reach the ear at all, it is neither graver nor more acute



than when it was produced. The sensation thus carried to the sensorium is, without exception, always that which the same note, or combination of notes, is in all cases calculated to excite. But the pictures formed on the retina of the eye by the same object are not always the same; they change their form and relative proportions with every change of position. It can be demonstrated, with mathematical certainty, that it is only in one position that the pictures formed on the retina bear any resemblance to the objects represented. Under a well known law of perspective, a circle is depicted on the retina as an oval, and an oval as a circle—a square as an oblong, and an oblong as a square—an obtuse angle becomes acute, and an acute one obtuse. Any one of them all, if a plane surface, may be represented as a straight line, and a straight line may be gradually foreshortened to a point. I have already shewn that musical effects are produced by vibrations of the air. The number of vibrations belonging to each note has been ascertained with mathematical accuracy. What, then, can be the vibrations of a circle depicted on the eye as an oval, or of a straight line foreshortened to a point?"

We are almost disposed to think that it hardly needed Mr. Purdie's elaborate course of argument to dispel such a "baseless vision" as Mr. Hay's theory of "Harmonic Ratios" of form and mathematical principle of perception, a theory which could only be based on an equal sensuousness of the organ of sight to that of the other modes of perception. But the eye differs from all the other organs; it is the window of the soul, whereby impressions pass to and fro with the rapidity of light, whereas the ear may be compared to a long, dark passage, through which knowledge gropes its way; we apprehend by the ear, we know by the eye; the latter is more directly the organ of the mind, the activity of the eye to the true ends of perception being very much dependent on the co-activity of the mind; in short, it is the highest and most efficient minister of the intellect, having the widest twofold range of utility in perception and expression, and that it may be the better servant it is the least clogged with mere sensuous enjoyment.

In the operation of colour on the eye does the analogy to harmonic ratios of sound alone hold good; colours are perceivable and appreciable by the sense; the first operation is as purely physical as sound to the ear, and, how-

ever the mind may construct its own enjoyment of colours, by the exercise of imagination or judgment in combinations, it is dependent upon these physical vibrations which convey colour to the eye, and which establish their effect upon the eye independently of the mind. On this subject, Mr. Garbett, in his admirable treatise on the Principles of Design in Architecture, writes thus forcibly and to the point:—

"The discovery indeed of a physical reason for these preferences, in the case of two of the senses, sight and hearing,—the discovery *why* red is more pleasing than brown, or blue than grey, or the sound of a string than that of a stick,—that is, the discovery of some describable quality common to the red and blue and other colours of the same class, and to the string and other musical sounds, which quality is not possessed by the dull colours and the unmusical noises,—must be considered one of the greatest triumphs of inductive science. It is now perfectly known in what this difference consists, and, moreover, that it is *the same* in both senses. For, as both light and sound affect their respective organs by an inconceivably rapid repetition of vibrations or pulsations, so, in both cases, it is found that the pleasurable of the sensation, whether of sound or colour, increases just in proportion as these vibrations are more regular, isochronous, or equal-timed—that, in the colours of the spectrum, or the sounds of a glass bell, they are perfectly so,—and that the duller or more dead the colour or sound becomes, the more irregular are these vibrations, till, when they are totally irregular, we perceive only a sensation, not a pleasurable one, a wooden sound of no definite note, or a neutral tint of no definite colour."

Having shown how and why harmony, in colour and sound, depends on the same physical principle, Mr. Garbett proceeds, in a few short sentences, likewise to demolish this theory of Mr. Hay, as regards form; who, however, finds himself in company with very respectable authorities, such as Plato and Vitruvius, in the *Greater Hippias* of the first, or his discourse upon "Beauty," in which he supposes that beauty might be a mere pleasure of sense; and in the "Natural Principle and Analogy of the Harmony of Form," by the latter. We give a few extracts from this pungent modern writer, whose work is a happy and useful condensation of thought; he says:—

"A proper understanding of the nature of physical harmony, whether in sound or co-



lours, will guard the reader against the immense abuse which mystics make of this plain common-sense principle, in the theories of what is called *proportion* in architecture;—a sort of beauty made easy, an artistic philosopher's stone, by which baser productions are to be transmuted into works of art,—expressions of thought,—without the trouble of thinking, only by applying arithmetical rules. It will be seen that, while the analogy between sounds and colours is a real one as far as it goes, there is no sort of foundation for the extension of these ratios to the *dimensions* of visible objects, except the active imaginations of ancient ill-informed philosophers, who in these speculations did their best, while their modern followers do their worst. Why should the height and breadth of a window have a certain simple ratio to each other?—Because, says Vitruvius, two strings of the same thickness and tension, having their lengths in this same ratio, will yield concordant notes. The logic is truly admirable; but it was a very fair deduction for the science of that day, and only unfit for the present because we happen to know *why* the notes harmonise, and that it is for a reason which has nothing at all analogous to it in the case of the window. If there be any architectural analogy, it is in the case of equally spaced rows of objects, placed one tier over another, as the ornamented mouldings of a cornice, which in many ancient buildings are *not* (as is now the universal practice) regulated so as to harmonise, i. e. so as to have an exact whole number of leaves on one moulding, comprised in the same breadth as an exact whole number of dentils in another moulding, or of eggs and anchors in another."

Again he says:—

"But a more conclusive argument still is that drawn from the fact, that the apparent (visual) proportions, or those of the image formed on the eye, vary with every movement of the spectator, and bear no constant relation to the real proportions."

The argument here is coincident with Mr. Purdie's, as to the effect of perspective, and perhaps it might be answered, that as far, at least, as human construction, on scientific bases, goes, this alteration of apparent form, from the perspective conditions of view, has been appreciated and sought to be atoned for in the construction of real proportions; but even this apprehension of a difficulty, and ingenious effort to overcome or counteract it, would in no degree affect the intellectuality of form, as contradistinguished to the sensuality of colour or of sound.

However little the mathematical principle of perception may regulate

the mere organ of sight, or satisfactorily solve the problem of form; however Mr. Hay may have failed to establish the laws of beauty on teachable principles of sensation, it cannot be denied that, as regards the purely intellectual appreciation or investigation of form, a mathematical principle prevails: nor should we altogether reject, as Mr. Purdie does, the theory, *as far as it goes*, because it fails in applicability to universal nature; and we must remember that the Greek architects, painters, and sculptors, whose embodiments of the generalized principles of construction and beauty were no happy hits, and are nearly as enigmatical to us moderns, as to the mystery of their charms, as are some of Nature's original constructions, were thoroughly versed in mathematical science. This science is the base too of perspective and optics, whereby we not only learn how impressions of objects are projected on the retina of the eye, and thus impressed upon the mind, and how these impressions shall be truly represented, but how we shall compensate in construction for the mode in which objects are seen, and consequently not only how we shall approach mere structural strength or fitness, but beauty or pleasing effect to the eye; we say to the eye, for it is all that the science recognizes; and even Garbett admits that the eye is offended or hurt by certain forms, or at least seems to exhibit a predilection for curved forms, which he supposes may be accounted for by the muscular, revolving structure of the eye.

We may appear to have devoted unnecessary space to these abstract considerations, but for the present interests, as well as for the future, of art, they are of vast importance. It is by the perseverant energy of thinkers, such as we have introduced to our readers, by discussion and fearless research, that truth will be elicited. Truth alike the great object of all scientific investigation and of all Fine Art. Sir Joshua Reynolds has well said, "The natural appetite or taste of the human mind is for truth; whether that truth results from the real agreement or equality of original ideas among themselves, from the agreement of the representation of any object with the thing represented, or from the correspondence of the several parts of any arrangement with each other. It is the

very same taste which relishes a demonstration in geometry, that is pleased with the resemblance of a picture to an original, and touched with the harmony of music." The first object with all these writers is to establish this beacon-light of truth; a beacon-light the more needed because there is much danger of modern taste continuing to drift into deceptive channels and against hidden shoals, from the purposeless sensuality and misdirected energies of modern art; a beacon-light the more needed now because the value of art begins to be appreciated, and the diffusion of true taste is becoming of national importance.

The regeneration or advancement of modern art is impeded in a twofold way—by the absence of a healthy public taste, and the misdirection of artists' abilities in their enforced efforts to satisfy such taste as exists; the first evil can only be cured by a diffusion of sound principles, and the education of the eye by pure examples of art; and undoubtedly, for both these ends, artists must labour with some present self-sacrifice for a future good. Of all the Fine Arts we should say that Sculpture is the least and Architecture the most degenerated, whilst Painting, curtailed of its phonetic importance from many causes, fluctuates between the meretriciousness of colour, the exaggeration of power, and mere execution exhibited in the meanness of minute details.

For all the road to regeneration is in the same direction; the production upon first principles of art development, suited to the requirements of the age, and coincident with its variety of knowledge and science. Though one of the first objects of all art is to please, it is by no means its only or its highest object; to instruct whilst it pleases is its mission, truly understood; yet to instruct it must please, and, therefore, to fulfil its mission, the art of any age must be in the current and direction of the mind of that age, or if it seek to lead, it must still be by a prophetic advancement in the same direction. We have numerous instances in our modern literature of the effort to please and to teach the age by its own tendencies; the grandiloquent style of the Grandisons, and even the high historical aim of a later school of novelists, is lost in the more real purpose of men who count with "bated breath"

the throbbing life-pulses of the social heart, and fill their pages with the busy realities of every-day life. Their works, if not all of the highest moral, are yet rife with vitality.

The same eternal sources, humanity in all its phases, and nature in all its wondrous sublimity and beauty, are open to the artist; forasmuch as artists have truly based themselves on these studies, generalising only so far as to reject mere individualities for types of species, genera, or expressive embodiments of character, idealising only within the compass of nature's teachings, they have been successful and glorious. They may still be so if they adopt the same aim and similar means of refined scientific investigation. It is a vulgar error to suppose heroic art is the painting or sculpturing of defunct heroes, of warriors, gods, goddesses, *et hoc genus omne*; rather it consists in embodying a noble thought—a true sentiment—a glorious action; and these are sources of inspiration with which the modern artist is as much surrounded as was the ancient. And it is the worst of errors to suppose that art has seen its highest culmination, or that its range of new invention in any of its branches is exhausted; its means may be straitened and its prospects clouded; but we have yet to try the diffusion of sound principles of taste, which is the province of æsthetic science; for we do not limit this word to its mere sensuous meaning, but rather understand its comprehension of the whole range of intellectual enjoyment through the perceptive faculties; and, above all, we have to evoke and foster truth of aim and fearless but wise originality.

In our conviction of a possible bright future, of a new art era, we are coincident with Fergusson, but we are surprised to find that Garbett, whose writings are true pioneers in the progress of taste, expresses his conviction that such anticipations are but dreams, and says "there will never again be a period of pure taste." His principal reasons for this faith, or *no* faith, seem to be, that art is now and must ever be art for the many, and that the invention of printing has so totally altered the conditions of society as to render any regular progress to culmination of fine art impossible; whilst he admits that great artists may and will spring forth, whose individual career will ex-

hibit the progress, culmination, and decline hitherto evident in styles, and whose biography will thus become the history of art.

We confess these conclusions seem contradictory in themselves, and to the whole tenor of Mr. Garbett's own book; it is precisely because art must be for the many that we are hopeful of progress; "the many (in every nation)," he says, "are vulgar, gross-minded, and thought-sparing;" but why? Because they are uncultivated; in these countries particularly the enjoyments of taste have hitherto been the monopoly of the wealthy—the few. But educate, diffuse just principles of taste, throw open exhibitions and museums of art, tax not the very enjoyments of air and light, infuse into your schools of design and your art competitions, the true and high spirit of art study and appreciation for art's own sake, and say will the many always be "vulgar and gross-minded?" Again, should we want another hopeful sign, it is in the very existence of printing as a mean of education; no more secrecy, like the free-

masons in the days of Gothic culmination which Mr. Garbett describes; no more monopoly of knowledge, invention, or taste; on the wings of the press thoughts fly to the uttermost bounds of the earth. We have admitted how far printing may seem to militate against phonetic painting; but we are utterly at a loss to understand how it can mar the progress of architecture; and did we wish utterly to confound Mr. Garbett, we would ask him the meaning, the *cui bono* of his own admirable work, essentially calculated to aid in the cultivation of pure taste.

His theory of *individual greatness*, or great individuals, is an utter solecism in philosophy and history; he says we shall never again have a Periclean age, though we may have a Pericles; we can only answer him, whether as regards a Pericles, a Phidias, or a Raffaele, in the words of a distinguished French writer: — "*Il faut des siècles heureux pour former des grands hommes; la nature les ébauche, l'émulation, les récompenses les achevent.*"

#### GRACE KENNEDY.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE widower came home, but the young bride of his youthful choice slept in a foreign land. And his two little motherless daughters, Mary and Lizzie, returned to the home of their infancy; and they ran about from place to place, and visited again each well-remembered spot—the old tree round which they had played with their nurse, and under which their dear mamma used to tell them little stories. They wept to think that she was no longer with them; that the aviary in the garden—the birds were all gone, and the wires out of their place and broken. And the little summer-house in the corner at the end of the old walk, with its pretty painted-glass windows, but now locked up—the mistress of it had gone to rest.

"How glad I am that the little Fortescues are come," said Jane to her mother one day.

"It is not likely, my dear, that you

will see so much of them as you used to do," answered her mother; "they have their governess now, and their aunt, whom I do not know as well as their poor mother."

The truth was that Mrs. Saunders saw at a glance that she would not get on well with Miss Fortescue, who joined her brother in England, and partly volunteered, and partly was asked, to look after his little girls. Aunt Bidz—for such was the name she rejoiced in, Bridget being a family name of the Fortescues, and elegantly contracted into Biddy—Aunt Bidz was much older than her brother, and had always been accustomed to advise and dictate to him; and in this case the reins of government were given up without a struggle. So poor Mrs. Saunders, after all her trouble, had nothing right at the Abbey. This would not do, and that was dirty, and this room was badly settled, and those

chairs were covered, and this sofa ought to be uncovered; and these curtains must be taken down, and that ottoman placed in the corner. So Mrs. Saunders retreated as soon as possible. She had been caught by the family on their arrival actually in the house, settling it for them, and Miss Fortescue found fault before her as if she had been a paid housekeeper.

"I am only the agent's wife," said Mrs. Saunders to herself, and took her leave as soon as she could, determined only to pay the usual visit of ceremony, and leave Miss Fortescue where she was.

But the children, Mary and Lizzie, they were glad to see her, and kissed her, and hung on her, and asked her when she would come again, and how was Jane and Charles, and Robert, who was at school in England.

"Come here, my dears," said Miss Fortescue, in a stately way; "do not annoy Mrs. Saunders."

"You are not going?" said Mr. Fortescue, rousing from a sort of lethargy, as she wished him good-bye. "How's Saunders? Come over and dine with us some day. Poor Fanny's gone, though."

And the husband wept for his departed wife.

He got up early in the morning—there was no danger now of disturbing her as he left her side—and wandered over the place—her own place. The little birds sang, happy, around him, and seemed to mock his grief with their joy. And there was the shady walk, hung over with old trees, where they used to walk

up and down; and there the rustic seat, where, twelve years before, they had sat together; and the silent language of the eyes at last came into being in sweet words; and the long-cherished thoughts came forth, and his youthful dream of hope became a blessed reality. There he told his love, and there she, blushing, consented to be his. He was alone now, and sat there to cry.

Fanny Burton had been the belle of that country, and Henry Fortescue was a dashing light-infantry officer, quartered in M——, a dozen years before, with a couple of hundreds a-year besides his pay. He met Miss Burton, danced, rode with her, loved her with all the wild enthusiasm of love at twenty-five, and proposed. Mr. Burton objected—Fanny had five thousand pounds; but an old uncle of Fortescue's made a settlement on him, and the match went on; but after they had been a couple of years married, Mr. Burton's only son got sick, went abroad, and died at Madeira of consumption; so Fanny became the heiress, for her youngest brother, her own favourite, had been lost at sea about two years before her marriage. The property, failing male issue, went in the female line. Old Burton did not long survive the loss of his eldest son; and by his death four thousand a-year was added to Mr. Fortescue's income, and when his old uncle died soon after, he left him fifteen hundred a-year more. So he had riches; but his treasure, his heart's darling, was gone. What was it all to him?

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE assizes came on, and Grace learned that she should give evidence against her mother, and the thought affected her very much. To have her punished—maybe hung. Horrible! And she was not fit to die. And Grace made known all her fears to her young mistress, Jane.

"But she will not be put to death," said Jane. "I don't know what the punishment will be, but I am sure she will not be hung."

This was some comfort to Grace—but still she would have to tell. And she talked still to Jane, until the latter at last consented to ask her papa to forgive Mrs. Kennedy.

"No, my love, I am sorry I cannot oblige you. There are some peculiar circumstances about the robbery which would prevent me, if I were otherwise inclined."

For Mrs. Saunders had told her husband about Grace being an orphan, left in Mrs. Kennedy's charge. What fond wife keeps a secret from her husband, or he from her; and yet, still it was a secret—the minds, the ideas being one and the same.

"Jane," continued her father, "how severely ought that mother to be punished who, instead of teaching the child God gives her, to live honestly, will encourage it in vice; but in this case,

the mother sought to criminate and blast the character of the child actually inclined to virtue. Oh, no, Jane, the trial must go on—I certainly will prosecute."

"Poor Grace will be so sorry."

"Was it Grace asked you to intercede with me?"

"Yes, papa."

"Grace is a good-hearted girl; but it cannot be done."

The down-coach stops in M—— to change horses—the guard opens the door, and a traveller gets out.

"The attorneys all here, sir," said the waiter, peering into his face.

The stranger did not answer.

"A bag and hat-box," he said to the guard.

"Yes, sir—all right, sir. Porter has 'em."

The stranger fee'd the coachman and guard. That didn't look like an attorney, thought the waiter.

"Counsellors, sir, all at the other hotel."

"Indeed!—can I have a bed here to-night?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly. Walk in, sir. I'll ax the master."

"Is this the coffee-room?" asked the stranger, putting his hand on the handle of a door.

"Stop, sir, stop, the attorneys is in there."

"Up stairs, I suppose?"

"Them's two of the grand jury, in the room up stairs. But here's the master, sir."

"Can I have a bed here to-night, my friend?"

"Why, sir, I'm really very sorry—but we're as full as we can hold. An' all the lodgings full, too. I don't know a bed anywhere."

"Porter, carry those things to the other hotel."

"I'll shew you, sir, the way, sir," said the landlord.

"Thank you, I know it—Mrs. O'Hara's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is he, Pat?" asked the landlord, as the stranger turned off; "I don't know his face comin' here to the assizes."

"Faith, nor I nayther," said the waiter.

"He knows the town well, at all events," replied his master.

Mrs. O'Hara's was full, too.

"I am sorry, sir," said her daughter,

who came to speak to the stranger, "that we cannot accomodate you; but if you will step this way for a moment, I shall send out to inquire if we can get a bed in the town for you."

"Thank you, thank you," answered the stranger, "that will do very well," as he followed her into a little room off the kitchen, where her mother was sitting at tea. He stepped in, as if he knew the place quite well. Mrs. O'Hara rose as he entered.

"Sit down, sir, won't you? You must be cold off the coach;" at the same time placing a chair for him.

"I did not find it very cold, I was inside," he said, as he took off his hat, and sat down.

"Perhaps you will take a cup of tea, sir, while you are waiting."

"Why, I will order tea, if you will allow me, Mrs. O'Hara, provided you stay here and make it for me; for I'll not have you turned out of your room. I may live here, I suppose," he continued, smiling, "even though I sleep out."

"Oh, certainly, sir—I am much obliged to you." And Mrs. O'Hara looked over at the stranger, as he smiled.

"Kate, order fresh tea."

"And in a hurry, Kate, do you hear? I only took a snack in Dublin, and am hungry enough."

Mrs. O'Hara stared again. He called her daughter "Kate," and not in an impertinent way, at all, but just nice and friendly, as if he knew her all his life. Who is he, at all?

The stranger took off his outside coat, and drew his chair close to the fire, and leaned back, looking round the room, as if he and it were old friends. He was a tall, military-looking man, about thirty-five, with brown hair, just turning to grey, and a fine handsome forehead, large nose, and clear blue eyes, which lighted up with a sweet expression when he parted his lips to smile; and he put his feet on the fender, and made himself quite at home. The tea-things came in, and the stranger's eye was turned on Mrs. O'Hara, as he caught her staring at him intently. She poured out his tea, and Kate said that Mary had found a bed for the gentleman, in a very small room down the street, if he does not mind that.

"Oh, no," said the stranger, "six feet square will do me."



Kate went about her household occupations.

"Well, Mrs. O'Hara, how is the world using you?" asked the stranger, helping himself to bread and butter.

"Why, then, tolerably well, sir, considering. The assizes, twice a-year, help us."

"Is there a heavy calendar this time?"

"I really don't know, sir—I don't trouble my head much about these things."

"Are there any news in the neighbourhood?"

"Why, nothing very particular, sir. I don't take the papers since my husband died, and I don't hear much. You know this part of the country, sir?" she asked.

"A little—I was here when a boy."

"You're coming to the assizes, sir?" she again asked.

"Yes, coming to the assizes." And he smiled.

"Well, barristers make a great deal of money at the law."

"They do," he observed, apparently amused.

"And the attorneys, sir—they're a money-making set. But my goodness, sir, she hasn't left you a sugar-tongs." So the old woman stood up to get him one.

"Don't stir, don't stir, Mrs. O'Hara—stay, here's one;" and he turned round, and opened a little cupboard in the wall behind him and found a pair.

Mrs. O'Hara looked at him.

"You know the place well, sir," she observed, at length—"who are ye, at all?"

"Sit down, sit down, Mrs. O'Hara." And he smiled at her again. "Come, tell me, does Mr. Denham live in this neighbourhood?"

"His son does, sir, but his daughters are all married."

"And the Roystons, what has become of them?"

"All here still—sir, the three young gentlemen married, and one of the daughters; the other, poor thing, is single, still. She was going to be married, I believe, but the poor young gentleman was shot. Poor Livy!"

"Poor Henderson!" sighed the stranger, "I thought it would be so."

"You knew Mr. Henderson?" said the old woman; "many's the time he was in this room with my poor husband."

"In deed I did, poor fellow, I saw him shot."

"Who on earth are you, sir?"

The stranger smiled a melancholy smile at her again.

"And the Hamiltons and Dillons?" he questioned on.

"Mr. Hamilton's there still; but Mr. Dillon gave up his place, and sold off everything. Some said he was broke; and Mr. Saunders, Mr. Fortescue's agent, lives there now."

"And who is Mr. Fortescue?"

"Oh, sir, he married Mr. Burton's daughter, and then he got the property at the old man's death."

"Sure there was another son," said the stranger, quickly.

"There was, sir—Master Henry; but the poor young man got decline, and went to the Continent, and died; and the old gentleman didn't live long after him."

"Poor Henry!" sighed the stranger to himself.

"You knew him, too, sir?"

After a pause the stranger asked,

"And Mr. Fortescue—is he at home, now?"

"Yes, sir, he is; but the poor man is in great grief—he lost his wife; she died last month, in Italy, of decline."

"His wife!" cried the stranger—"she dead, too—all gone."

The tears filled his blue eyes, and trickled down on his cheeks.

"I know you, now," screamed his companion, starting up, "I know you, now; you're Charles Burton, if he's in this world."

The tall man stood up, and clasped her in his arms, and kissed her, and cried on, in silence; and she hugged him, and said, "I know you, now."

Kate looked into the room, and the tall stranger was still kissing her mother; but they did not mind her. She wisely left them there.

"Why didn't ye tell me?" said Mrs. O'Hara, as they resumed their seats.

"I wanted to find out all about the family, first."

"And sure they all thought you were drowned."

"Oh, that's a long story, which I'll tell you, some time or other—you see I'm alive still."

"You are come down here to the assizes, then, to look for the property."

"Oh! no! no! I had no idea my brother was dead. I have earned my

own fortune. I came, after a long absence, to find a loved, darling sister and brother, and pass the rest of my life with them—they are both dead; and I am alone in the world." And his tears flowed afresh.

At length he said, "Your intelligence has quite overcome me, dear Mrs. O'Hara. Will you send some one to show me my lodgings? Tomorrow, I will speak with you, again."

He was up again early in the morning; indeed he scarcely slept. And he took a stick, and went along the well-known road towards home. It was very early—the birds had hardly commenced their morning song—no one was stirring. On he went—each turn in the road so familiar—each tree so well remembered. The very ditches, as he walked along, seemed friends to him—each little object was recognised, pleasant companions to his thoughts along the old road. There is the little village, now, once his home; and the old church with its well-known spire, like an index forefinger pointing up to warn and check evil-doers—that church, where he so often prayed with the dear ones gone—that church to which he had so often gone, a thoughtless lad, with other thoughts than prayer. And the good clergyman, too, Mr. Head—was he there still, who used to remind the young people that it was God's house they were in, and would they not respect him there? Had God forgiven him all the sins of negligence, and wilful ignorance, and headlong crime that he had indulged in, when there before? and the tears trickled down the humbled sinner's cheek. The Christian felt that God was merciful, and had forgiven; but was he not tried sorely now?

He came to the old gate, and the lodge inside, and the avenue, disappearing through the trees. The gate-people were not up, he thought. At all events, he would not trust himself that way. Old Biddy Crawford, if she was there, would be sure to know him. So he went on under the high park wall, and came to the stile so often passed before, and climbed over. Once again in the dear old place—and his heart was full, up in his mouth. He hurried on—through the wood—and the old trees looked down, and smiled on him, looking young again with the

coming spring. And he looked up on the old friends to welcome the stranger home. Old friends that changed not, though all else changed, old friends, old trees—the dear ones that played with him amongst them were gone—the sunny faces had ceased to smile—but the old trees, the warrior nurses, the grim playmates of childhood's happy hour, they were there—still there—they only to welcome the stranger home. As he reached the end of the wood, there was the large lawn before him, and the clumps of trees, and the house, the dear house, in the distance. He folded his arms, and looked at the view before him. Still he looked—

"And as he gazed on each loved scene,  
He felt—he felt he was a boy again."

He stood there, lost in thought, while the tears rolled fast from his eyes—his whole past life came up at one view before him. His childhood's happy days, when his angel mother kissed and petted her golden-haired, darling youngest son—the spoiled pet—and taught him to lisp at her knee his infant prayers. She went first; then his boyhood, like a dark cloud after a brief hour of sunshine. His stern father, and the hasty blow, his boiling blood, and the bitter secret tears of early manhood's shame at being beaten like a dog. Then the reckless daring, and headlong rush to sin. Then farther on—a lad—still worse, more steeped in vice. And then a vein of gold in the dark chaos of dross. Dear Mary, that loved him so well!—his first love, his last—his darling wife, who died so soon! And a passionate burst of grief checked the thought. He skirted along the wood. Should he approach the house?—there was no one up yet. It was still very early—he would just visit the shrubbery at the end, and then go. So he entered 'mid the trees again, and reached the shrubbery—and the old walk—the dear old walk; and here the arbour that he and Mary helped old John, the gardener, to make. The old trees here, too, like dear relations, the others only friends—he sauntered on, so slowly, to take in all. Oh! of the smallest shrub he would not miss the sight—the very weeds had pleasure for him. "The seat there, still, round old Jack's tree;" Fanny's seat,

that he and Jack had made. He threw himself on it, covered his face, and wept on—it did him good. He was at home at last.

A step on the gravel walk behind him. Mr. Fortescue was up early too; he had grief in his heart, and could not sleep long; and he came to walk up and down the old walk before breakfast, where no one could see him or his sorrow. Who can that be on the seat? The stranger stood up and turned round. He raised his hat with such a true air of breeding, that Mr. Fortescue involuntarily did the same; the two perfect gentlemen recognised each other in that simple action.

"You will pardon my intrusion, sir," said Barton, "when you learn I am an old friend of the family, who lived here formerly. I came thus early in the morning to visit the old place, thinking that none of the family would be up. As it is, I fear I have ventured too near the house."

"Any friend of Mr. Burton's is always most welcome to the abbey," replied Mr. Fortescue, with a slight tremor in his voice—he perceived the tears still in Burton's eyes. "I dare say I have seen you here before?"

"I hardly think so. Mr. Fortescue, I presume?" That gentleman bowed. "I have not been here for nearly fifteen years. My name is Clayton—Captain Clayton."

"Oh, the army?" asked Mr. Fortescue, with interest.

"The East India Company's Service. I have been abroad for a long time, and just passing through this neighbourhood, came to visit a spot where I have passed so many happy days."

"I hope, sir, you will allow me to ask you to stay and breakfast here; and in the meantime we will take a turn up and down this old walk we both know so well."

The stranger acquiesced, and the two men walked on together.

They talked of old times, and of his father and sister; and Burton felt his heart warming to that sister's sorrowing husband; but not by a word did he betray who he was.

"You knew Henry Burton?" asked Mr. Fortescue, as they approached the house.

"Very well, indeed. He was a fine fellow—generous to a fault—always of a quiet, retiring disposition."

"He was his father's favourite; the

old man did not long survive him; the loss of his heir broke his heart."

They entered the hall; the old hall with its pictures round the walls, all there still. Once again there—not now to be insulted and beaten, and turned out to beg, a wanderer on the face of the earth, by that parent who ought to have won the wayward, high-spirited boy by the hand of love, rather than sought to crush the high soul with the rod of iron.

Now he was the owner there—the rightful possessor; and his eye kindled as he looked round him with pride. He followed his host into the breakfast-room. The family had not yet come down stairs.

There was a picture covered with crape over the chimney-piece. Mr. Fortescue went over to it and pulled back the curtain. "Do you know that face?" he asked, mournfully.

His poor sister there, as large as life, the dear eyes again smiling upon him, and the lips parted just as if she was going to speak; the same happy, joyous look, the same sweet smile as she had fifteen years ago, when she used, in that same parlour, to greet him with a loving sister's kiss in the morning, and preside at the happy breakfast-table; the bright sun of the sister on one side more than counter-acting the cloud of the dark father on the other; and the brother, now the only one left, the outcast, yet the pet of the brother and sister gone.

He went closer and closer to the almost speaking portrait. "Fanny!" he murmured, and leaned his head on the chimney-piece and gave way—he sobbed aloud.

The husband looked on. "An old lover," he thought to himself. And he gently came behind him, and drew again the dark crape.

The children, Mary and Lizzie, came in, and their governess, and Miss Fortescue; and the stranger recovered himself, and was introduced. "Captain Clayton—Miss Fortescue." "Miss Manners, an old friend of poor Fanny's," he continued, and the children came to kiss their father.

"Your little ones?" Burton asked.

He shook hands with them, and they became great friends, and got on his knee, and amused him with their childish prattle. And little Lizzie, so like the mother. "Who was she called Lizzie after?" she ought to have

been "Fanny." They sat at breakfast—reserve wore off by degrees—and the children laughed and made their little funny remarks, and asked their curious questions. The stranger sat between them; and the seniors laughed, too, and chatted more freely. They all felt happy—and Burton talked so well of all he had seen—

"The battles, sieges, fortunes he had passed,"

as the rest listened with interest.

"I wish you would come and spend a few days with us," asked Mr. Fortescue. "You are in M——, now, I suppose."

"Yes, I walked from that this morning."

"Do come," said Lizzie, "I want to show you my garden."

"And the rabbits," said Mary.

"And the pigeons;" "and the cave;" "ah, do promise," said they both.

He looked down at the little darlings.

"I am much obliged," he said; "I will avail myself of your kind invitation. I must go back, however, to M—— to-day."

"Oh, we are all going in after breakfast."

"There is some trial going on there, and the children were anxious to hear it; so we are all going to the court-house, and can give you a seat in, and bring you out."

Thus it was arranged.

The ladies went up stairs to dress for the drive, and Barton strolled into the garden by himself.

"Shall I deprive those angels of this place?" he said aloud. "I, who have no tie to bind me to the world but them. But they must know me and love me as their uncle. Yes, I'll tell this evening."

The carriage came to the door, and they all drove into M——.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE first day of the assizes, and the court quite full; the groups of barristers talking in the lobby—the briefless ones endeavouring to look as if they were fagged to death with all they had to do. A pale look some of them had, certainly, but caused more by the last night's carouse than by hard study. The clients and witnesses waiting round the door and in the street, till their several cases came on.

Grace and her father were in early; and they waited in the square in front of the court-house. There were the police going up to the gaol for the prisoners; back they came, and the curious crowd after them; Grace and her father were on a step to see them pass—"just to see mother," she said.

There she was, walking boldly on: the other females covered their heads in their cloaks, or looked down, avoiding the busy gaze of the idle. But Mrs. Kennedy looked round with an air of defiance, while her eye lit on her husband and Grace.

"There ye are—are ye?" she shouted. "Bad luck to yez both."

The police hurried her on. Two and two the prisoners passed.

"Look, look, father, dear!" and Grace pointed to them.

There was Mick, his eldest son, amongst the last, with downcast look, handcuffed to another lad like himself. And they were all thrust into the cell under the court-house.

The judges came down, the trumpet played, and they went into court. Mrs. Saunders was there in the grand jury-box, with Jane and Charles. The Fortescue party arrived soon after. The little girls prayed their papa to let them go and sit beside Jane, who was in front, which he did, notwithstanding his sister frowned. And the children brought their new friend with them.

"He's such a nice little man," whispered Lizzie to Jane.

"Little" was a term of affection they had; and Jane looked rather astonished as she saw the tall soldier, and heard him called "little." The "little" man was so nice, and talked with the children; and so funny, and made them laugh so much.

But the crier ordered "silence!" and a case came on. The Kennedys were not the first on the list, so the party waited.

At last, Catherine Kennedy's name was called, and she was placed at the bar. Mr. Saunders, as prosecutor, got on the table, and was sworn.

He deposed to the money being in the work-box ; that it was missed, and part of it found on the prisoner's person ; and detailed the facts, with which the reader is acquainted.

"I think," said the counsel for the prosecution, "we must have your daughter on the table, sir, if you please."

"She is very young, but, if required, will take an oath."

Jane was sent for, and though a little timid at first, yet very nicely proved her leaving the money in her work-box, and missing it on her return from driving ; also recognised the silver found on the prisoner.

But now Grace Kennedy was called, and at length, after her name was repeated a second time, she was helped into the witness-box by her father. She had been crying, and looked very melancholy.

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?" asked the crown counsel.

"Yes, sir," said Grace, in a voice scarcely audible.

"You must speak a little louder, my girl."

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?—then look at her."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you recollect the 8th of March, last?"

Grace paused.

"Not the day of the month, sir."

"Do you recollect money being taken out of Miss Jane Saunders's work-box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the room that day?"

"I was, sir."

"Will you relate to the gentlemen of the jury what took place in the room while you were there?"

Grace commenced, in a faltering voice, to tell her story. Her bonnet was off, and her beautiful hair and face were seen to great advantage. She spoke very low, but every word was distinctly heard. All listened with breathless attention to the lovely child, as evidence to prove a bad mother's guilt.

The little party up stairs—how much absorbed they were—and held their breath lest they should lose a word. And Charles Burton—how he does listen! How he stares at the prisoner, and then at the little witness, his eyes starting from his head, his

interest in the proceedings was so intense.

Grace went on, and told her own little temptation ; she told about her having the money in her hand—and stopped.

"Well, go on, my girl," said the judge.

"Come, my good girl, proceed with your story," said the counsel.

Grace paused still ; her little bosom heaved.

"Well, the Court is waiting for you."

"Oh! sir, for God's sake don't ask me to tell any more. Oh! sir," she continued, addressing the judge, "don't ask me;" and the long pent-up tears she had striven with burst out.

The good old judge looked down at his notes, to get his voice steady.

The crown counsel said, quietly, "You must go on, my girl. You had the money in your hand? Did you put it back in the purse?"

"No, sir," sobbed she.

"Was the prisoner at the bar in the room while you had the money in your hand? Come, now, tell me."

"I can't—I can't, indeed, sir!" screamed Grace, a fresh torrent breaking forth.

The judge blew his nose.

"My good girl," he said, "you are old enough to know what an oath is. You have sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth ; go on, and tell this gentleman what happened after you had the money in your hand."

"I can't, indeed—I can't, indeed!" said Grace.

A stifled sob was heard from the gallery ; the tears rolled down all the little girls' cheeks.

"She gave it to me!—she gave it to me, my lord!" shouted the prisoner.

It was a sudden reaction. All looked at the speaker—could it be possible?

The woman perceived the effect her exclamation produced, and repeated—"She gave it to me not to tell that I seen her take it out of the box."

"Oh, mother, mother!" said Grace, looking round, "you know I didn't."

"Don't call me mother, ye lyin' divil—you're no child of mine. Ye gev me the money, as sure as I'm standin' here. Was it for this I took ye from the stranger that wouldn't



keep ye, ye brat? Was it for this I reared ye up dacent, ye good for nothin' bastard?"

"You're a liar!" shouted a stentorian voice from the gallery—"You're a liar!" it repeated louder again; "she is no bastard, but as honestly born as any in this court; and this is the way," he shouted on, "that you have kept your word and fulfilled your trust?"

All looked up at this extraordinary proceeding. There was Charles Burton leaning over the gallery, with flashing eye and dilated nostril, shaking his clenched hand at the prisoner. She looked at him, screamed, fell back fainting, and was removed. Grace looked up, and the eyes of both met. The instinct of nature spoke; and Grace, scarce knowing what she did, stretched out her arms towards him, and he, holding out his hands to her, cried—"My child! my child! my child!" and fell back himself insensible.

A little longer, kind reader.

He was helped out into another room, and all crowded round him—the Roysteds, and Hamiltons, and all his early friends. "Who is he?" was whispered from mouth to mouth. A young lady came forward and touched one of the Mr. Roysted's arm.

"Let me see him again, George," she asked; she looked at him through the crowd intently for a moment. "It's Charles Burton," she said, sobbing, "poor Tom Henderson's old friend."

And "Charles Burton" was quickly buzzed about; Mr. Fortescue heard it, and he walked up to Burton, by this time recovered.

"Do I hear rightly," he asked, "that you are Charles Burton, my wife's brother?"

"You do, indeed," said Burton, standing up, and grasping his hand: "forgive me for not telling you this morning, but I waited to know you better."

"You came to take possession of the property, I presume, and viewed it this morning, to see how it looked. I hope you found everything to your satisfaction?" said Mr. Fortescue, coldly, withdrawing his hand.

"No, no, Fortescue; indeed, indeed you wrong me. I only arrived here last night, after fifteen years of toil in a distant land, believing that my brother Henry lived, and came to spend the rest of my life with him and my

darling sister, amongst my early friends and in the scenes of my boyhood. I had searched in vain for the woman to whom I entrusted my child, and came here for comfort. Brother and sister are gone, but the child is found. Ah! Fortescue, you wrong me—indeed you do."

The tears coursed each other down his rough cheek.

"I believe you, I believe you," said the other, now giving his hand in turn. Peter was sent for, and Grace. The father clasped his darling, long-lost, long-left child; Kennedy assured him that she was indeed his; and described the ring he had given to his wife, long since pledged.

So they all went home to the Abbey—Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, and Jane, and Charles, and Peter; but the news had gone home before them. There was a crowd of tenantry at the gate, and Biddy Crawford ran over to the carriage as it stopped, and peered into Burton's face, and cried, tossing up her hands—

"It's him, boys, it's him, sure enough, the ould man's son, Masther Charley himself."

There was a shout, and another—oh, a real hearty cheer—the long-lost but not forgotten favourite come back. They took the horses out and dragged the carriage up to the house. He stood up and took off his hat, and thanked them, and stretched down to shake hands with the old men as they walked by the side. Cheer on! cheer on! they would not be controlled. Another cheer!—he steps into the house, his old home—his own, indeed, now.

After dinner Peter was called for, and thanked again by Captain Burton, and got a glass of wine to drink his and Grace's health, and was made to sit down to hear the captain's story.

"I never lived on good terms with my father," he began; "we always were quarrelling; he was too harsh and I too hasty; and one day, at last, when I was about twenty, he struck me for some slight offence. I told him angrily to desist, and he repeated the blow. My blood was up, I struck him in return, and he fell. Oh, how I regret, bitterly regret, that I ever was tempted to raise my hand against a father, however wrong. I never saw him after.

"I rushed into the room where my sister and her governess were sitting, and kissing them both, hastily left the house. That governess, my darling Mary, was the mother of Grace. We had become attached to each other, and rash, impatient boy that I was, I had persuaded her to unite her fate with mine some two months before. Long she opposed my wishes—often she pleaded the sin of a clandestine marriage, so treacherous as it would be in her case. My energy prevailed: she at last yielded to my solicitations, and during a short absence of my father from home, we were married in a neighbouring parish. Poor Fanny was spending the day with some friends, and Henry was out shooting; and then, with like boyish rashness, I left my young wife.

"I arrived in Dublin to look for a situation, but failed from want of interest; and again, in a fit of rashness and desperation, enlisted in the 2nd Foot.

"I wrote to Mary, begging of her to be comforted, and pictured glorious visions of future eminence and glory.

"The depôt was at Chatham, whither I was sent.

"After a few months I got a sweet, tender letter from my darling wife, telling me that she was likely to become a mother; and soon after, while I was still in doubt what step to take, the agonising intelligence also arrived, in another hurried note from her, that her situation had been discovered, and that my father had instantly expelled her from the house. By the connivance of my sister she had been admitted to the gate-lodge, and was concealed there when she wrote.

"I went to the major commanding and asked furlough for a week. He would not consent. I begged, entreated—even knelt to him—he was inexorable. I wrote to the Horse Guards, to a colonel whom I had often met at my father's. I told him the whole case, and my real name—for I had assumed one on enlisting. I appealed to his feelings as a father and a husband to get me leave. It came down by return of post, for a fortnight. How angry the major was. Well, I borrowed £2 from my sergeant, pawned my watch, started for Ireland, and hurried home. There was my poor darling lying on the straw bed in Biddy Crawford's. She had an

old aunt living at P——, about twenty miles off, and we considered it best, under the circumstances, to go there. I did not even wait to see my sister, but got a common country car—which was the only sort of conveyance my finances would allow—and set off. On the road she became very weak, and we had to stop at a decent-looking cottage by the road-side, where this man, Peter, lived then, and during the night my sweet wife was taken in premature labour, and dear Grace was born; but it was too much for the poor mother—she breathed her last in a few hours after. Oh, the agony of that night—the little naked infant and dead mother!

"I waited but to consign the loved body to the tomb, and then prepared to rejoin my regiment. The woman of the house swore that she would take care of the child as her own if I would only leave it with her. I hardly cared for it, now that the mother was gone. I gave her a ring and all the money I had, and begged my way back to Chatham. A detachment of ours was ordered for the service companies in India, and I went out. There I saved, accidentally, the life of our colonel's only son, and he bought me out, and persuaded me to tell him my history and name—that assumed was Clayton; he, too, had known the Burtons, and was an Irishman.

"I became a volunteer in the East India Company's Service—by his interest, and some bravery on my own part, obtained a cadetship, and soon rose to my present rank of captain, and worked my way on to wealth and honour. I was wounded some time ago in battle, and the doctors recommended my native air to recruit me; and first I searched for the child, but could learn no tidings of Kennedy or his wife."

"No, sir," said the latter, abruptly, "she ruined me by dhrink, an' I had to give up the place."

"I then came on to M——, and you all know the rest."

He clasped his little daughter's hand, who had now on a nice white frock of Jane's, and a blue sash, and looked so pretty and so genteel.

"I have got two fathers now," she said, "but no mother." She looked at Mrs. Saunders, and ran to her. "May I ma'am—will you be?"

The lady took her in her arms and

kissed her—the poor little child that she had rescued from ignorance, vice, and poverty, and in their stead had planted education, virtue, and religion, who now stood there, a great and rich heiress, to thank and bless her for those jewels which the wealth of nations cannot buy.

Katty Kennedy was transported for seven years; and Mick, convicted also of theft from the Worrells, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Mr. Fortescue would not hear of any division, as Captain Barton proposed.

"No," said he, "I have £2,000 a year without this property; but as you wish to do something, I will not, my dear fellow, cast away your kindness; forgive me the back rents for the last ten years, since your father died, and I am content."

So Peter got a nice house; and little Katty and Peter were taken up to the Abbey. Grace went to call at Fairport in her own carriage—the poor little girl off the bog. William blubbered out when he saw her; and she put her arms round his neck, and kissed him; and ran down to see Margaret and Catherine.

"I always said so," sobbed the child, as she hugged her. "Sure, I knew she couldn't take it."

Poor and Mary Lizzie; were they to leave the dear home where they were born, and the rabbits, and pigeons, and little gardens? Grace saw them sorrowful, and found out the cause.

"No," she said, "you shall stay and live with me—I'll not take anything of yours, and then you'll tell me my lessons instead of Jane." And the papas consented, and the two families lived on together. And Mr. Fortescue said "Good bye;" and everybody, I believe it was, said, "Joy to her, she's no great loss."

So the three cousins grew up together, all like sisters—three Graces instead of one. And Mary and Lizzie learned from Grace that the sure way of being loved was first to love, and were taught by Grace, thinking of her early days in misery, to do unto others even as they would wish others to do to them. The story commenced in the cold, dreary bog, continued at happy Fairport, is finished at the Abbey.

## A RUMMAGE REVIEW.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY—W. G. T. BARTER—CHARLES MACKAY—MRS. H. R. SANDBACH—JOHN STRUTHERS—NICHOLAS MICHILL—FRANCIS DU BOURDIEU—WILLIAM CHARLES KENT—JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD—W. HARRIS—H. LATHAM—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM—EDWARD KENEALY.

LET us take them, good, bad, excellent, and indifferent, in the order in which they come to our hand. And first we take up "The Angel World, and other Poems, by Philip James Bailey, author of Festus."\*

If we consider Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dickens, Lord Francis Egerton, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Douglas Jerrold, Ebenezer Elliot, James Montgomery, J. W. Marston, George Gilfillan, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mrs. Mary Howitt, or any of them, competent to pronounce on what is good poetry, we must accept Mr. Bailey's "Festus" as the great poem of the age; for there is not one of these eminent persons who has not testified to its merits in terms of praise such as, applied to Homer, to Dante, or to Milton, might seem extravagant. We shall, therefore, avoid an inconvenient conflict of opinion by saying nothing more of "Festus" on this occasion, than that, if it be the poem these amiable critics declare, it can hardly have proceeded from the same faculties which have created the "Angel World." The "Angel World" is, in truth, as ambitious, weak, and unintelligible a performance as any that the mystical school has produced in our time. Milton wrote of the angelical state with helps from revelation and the science of divinity. Whatever he feigned of Michael, Ithuriel, or the other actors in his celestial drama, he had grave sanction for, either in the declarations of Holy Writ, or in the formulas or traditions of the Church. He has, besides, the charm of classical allusion and of historic learning in almost every line. His work is all linked with humanity, and is a cyclopædia of learning in man's past progress on the earth which he inhabits. But for these helps, even Milton would have found it impossible to support himself in the rare medium of preter-

natural speculation. As it is, his wing occasionally flags on the inane, till uplifted again by the strong rebuff of some encountering matter of dogmatic faith, or human sentiment or passion, or historic, or geographic, or scientific fact, or learned allusive adaptation. So also of Dante; so of Homer; so of every great uninspired poet dealing with God or with the gods. But Mr. Bailey seemingly aims at imagining a state of being utterly detached from humanity, and independent equally of revealed and human helps. Of course he fails in realising that impossible project. His "Festus" had exhausted the storehouse of pretentious inanities, and imposing no-meanings. He has been left to construct his "Angel World" of inanities which make no pretence to substance, and of no-meanings destitute of any cloak of imposingness. It is not until he has recourse to the sufficiently objective device of a Perseus and Andromeda, that he is able to place any tangible idea before the mind of his readers. Before this incident the "Angel World" consists of a congregation of good angels employed in "meditative converse"—about what we are not told—and of bad ones occupied in dancing and making illuminations. The result of their "choir-mazes astroceidal," and "esoteric rites," is the advent of a "hugeous monster" of the hydra species—

" Dragon like,  
In lengthened volumes stretched his further  
part,  
Incalculably coiled; but in the front,  
On one wide neck, a hundred heads he reared,  
Which spake with every mouth a hundred  
tongues,  
Through teeth of serried daggers black with  
blood.  
The breath he drew in day, he breathed out  
night."

This polyglott, black-mouthed dra-

\* London: Pickering, 1850.

gon of Wantley, having received the obeisances of the Terpsichorean corps of angels, demands their queen, whether as bride or *bonne-bouche*, Mr. Bailey does not inform us. The narrator, who afterwards turns out to be too exalted a being to be named in connexion with this absurd adventure, resolves to rescue her :—

"Sudden seized and bound, and carried off  
To a lone sea-crag, circled by the sea,  
And for the monster's evening victim left.

"Then vowed I to deliver her from her  
foes,  
And for the rescue armed. The lightning  
steed,  
Which pastures on the air, and is the sign  
Of the Divine destruction of all works—  
The sparkles of whose hoofs in falling  
stars,  
Struck from the adamantine course of  
space,  
Stream o'er the skies, in swift and solemn  
joy  
Came trembling at my call. A lance of  
light,  
A sunbeam tempered in eternal fire,  
I in mine hand assumed, and forth we  
faced."

That is to say, our hero mounts upon a flash of lightning, and goes out to kill the dragon with a solidified, red-hot sun-beam. Of course the dragon has no chance against a Moore of Moorehall, so mounted and so armed :—

"The lance of light I couched ; and straight  
my steed,  
Who knew instinctive all his dread devoir,  
Drove on like an inevitable storm ;  
The weight behind propelled the point  
before  
Through the whole monstrous mass, till  
in the heart  
Quivering it stood triumphant. Down  
then dropped  
The soulless corse.

The beauteous captive's bonds  
I instant burst, and wrapt her sacred  
limbs

In the same robe I wore—of golden web  
And azure wove ; for forth I sped at first,  
Of conquest confident, mine armour dight  
With trophies rich, besecming such event."

These puerilities expunged, the remainder of the "Angel World" is an unintelligible tissue of "ardourest emprises," "arcanest heavens"—into the arcana of which we are not ad-

mitted—"wisest parley"—but about what, *non constat*—of

"Lamb, lion, eagle, ox, dove, serpent, goat,  
And snow-white hart, each sacred animal  
Cleansed from all evil quality, sin-in-  
stilled,  
Speaking one common tongue—"

"premortal music," which "faith hears in the still of time ;" "breast-laws of starry orbs" naming blest days, "wherein Eternity entwines with Time its golden strands," and other such inconceivable and incommensurable emptinesses. Deluded into the belief that these excursions above reason are his *forte*, Mr. Bailey has lost the care or the capacity to express comprehensible ideas in distinct language. When he descends from ante-mundane periods in time, and ultra-mundane limits in space, to express a simple image or state a simple fact, all these fine verbal phantasmagorias, which to the eye of ignorant wonder seemed pregnant with meanings so mighty and mysterious, eventuate in prosaic feebleness and confusion. Let us take, for example, his lines

"TO THE TRENT.

"Of all the rivers in the land,  
Thee most I love, fair Trent ;  
For in thy stream and on thy banks  
My happiest hours I've spent.  
'Twas there, hard-by, I first drew breath,  
There hope to end my days,  
And everywhere I'll tell till death  
My native river's praise."

"There!" where? Was Mr. Bailey born in the river Trent?

"Oh! Shannon hath a wilder shore,  
And Thames a richer freight,  
And silver-linked Forth is banked  
By more baronial state ;  
But neither hath a purer wave,  
Nor deeper, stiller stream ;  
'Tis quiet as a grassy grave,  
Or a saint's dying dream."

"Neither," in the ordinary use of the English tongue, is applicable to one of two, not to one of three objects. What idea does the "wilder" shore of the Shannon convey? Is it the idea of solitariness, or sternness, or desolateness? and, in any of those meanings, is wildness of shore an excellence in river scenery? Truth to tell, Mr. Bailey neither knows nor cares, beyond this, that "wilder" is an eligible dissyllable



of settled quantity and indefinite signification which the reader may help to a meaning as his fancy moves him, the writer not having anything distinct in his mind about the Shannon with which to fill up the rythm, and meet the exigencies of the comparison. "Thames a richer freight." Freight is, by an allowable figure of speech, accounted the burthen of the vessel, the vessel the burthen of the river. "Thames a richer cargo"—"Thames a richer ballast," would be equally proper: but "richer freight" has the merit of expressing, for once, a definite and tangible idea—more traffic, more bills of lading, larger customs duties. Very good. "Silver-linked Forth is banked by more baronial state"—by more of baronial state, or by state of a more baronial character? We suppose the former. The Trent has some baronial state on its banks; the Forth has more; nevertheless the Forth has not a deeper or stiller stream than the Trent—so be it. Mr. Bailey is quite at liberty to prefer the Trent to the Forth on that account. "'Tis quiet as a grassy grave"—a weedy river probably; "or a saint's dying dream"—the dream dying or the saint? We apprehend the latter; but these ambiguities are not conducive to edification:—

"Let me, in sunshine or in storm,  
Still linger by her side;  
I'll always look on her with love  
And speak of her with pride.  
By rock and mead, and grove and isle,  
She goes from deep to deep;  
I love her in her dawning smile,  
And in her sunset sleep."

Having declared early in the stanza that he will always look on the Trent with love, Mr. Bailey narrows instead of expanding the sentiment when he repeats at the close, where the strength of the stanza ought to lie, that he loves the Trent in its dawning smile, that is, in its smile at dawn, and in its sunset sleep. *Expressio unius alterius est exclusio*. The legitimate inference is, that Mr. Bailey is indifferent, perhaps ill-disposed, towards our river in its mid-day and midnight conditions. But then the Trent has another phase, when our poet loves it more than ever. Here at last he does speak a little like a poet, yet more obstetrically than poetically:—

"And when she riseth with the rain,  
And bringeth forth her flood,  
And sweeps up to the high town's foot  
Her spoil of field and wood—  
I love her more than ever then,  
For then she hath her will;  
And over mounds, and herds, and men,  
She bears the victory still."

Not "still"—only on such particular occasions when impregnated by the rain. Then the parturient Trent, with her litter of torrents, is a grand termagant. It is a little far-fetched, but well enough. But the momentary gleam of poetry and reason disappears with the subsiding flood, and the last stanza leaves us in a helpless mire of confused images and inconsequential thoughts:—

"May such a calm, triumphant course  
To sacred souls be given,  
That, river-like, though born on earth,  
They image only heaven:  
And tending ever towards the light,  
In this their earthly race,  
Meet, mixing with Eternity,  
In joy, their Maker's face."

"Sacred souls" do not need the aspiration; they are already set apart for bliss. Rivers also image the clouds of the sky, as well as the blue depths, which poets are privileged to call heaven; besides, rivers do not tend "ever towards the light." Trees and plants which grow upward might be said "to tend towards the light;" but the waters go prone downward into the darkest pits that their channels contain, and flow onward and downward, by night as well as by day, and northward or southward, according to the inclination of the ground, quite regardless of the position of the sun. Neither do rivers run a race. A mill-race, even, runs only a course. They are horse-men, footmen, charioteers, who run races. Neither do rivers mix with Eternity, although the stream of Time, from time immemorial, has been made, in literary and oratorical exercises, to mix with the ocean of that name. "Meet their Maker's face," if not a flying in the face of the Maker, is not a happy mode of expressing the soul's coming into the presence of the Deity. We suppose the ocean is here considered to be the Maker of the river. But which was first—thirst or drinking, ocean or river? However, this becomes hypercritical. We can assure Mr.

Bailey we would never have thought of criticising him so closely, if he had had the modesty to retain in his desk, instead of parading in an appendix to his little foolish volume, such ill-advised and absurd *testimonia* as these:—

“ ‘If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shelley had not existed, we should esteem such writing as *this* a miracle.’—*J. A. Heraud.*”

“ ‘It contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets.’—*Ebenezer Elliot.*”

“ ‘A truly wonderful poem.’—*Douglas Jerrold.*”

“ ‘I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance.’—*Alfred Tennyson.*”

“ ‘There is matter enough in it to float a hundred volumes of the usual prosy poetry. It contains some of the most wonderful things I ever read [*omne ignotum pro magnifico*].’—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*”

“ ‘There is a universe in its entirety. It abounds in thoughts so beautiful, and sentiments so exquisite in their simple truth, that we should not only excuse the occasional extravagancies, but they might almost be felt [but we might almost feel them?] as a relief from what would otherwise be overpowering in its beauty.’—*J. W. Marston.*”

“ ‘Apart from its theological pretensions, the Poem of the Age’s Hope. We want words to express the wonder which grew upon us as each page opened like a new star, and we felt that the riches of thought, and imagery, and language scattered through the poem were absolutely “fineless,” and that the poet’s mind was as vast as his theme.’ [The fervour of laudation increasing in the inverse ratio of the critic’s authority.]—*George Gilfillan.*”

Praises so exorbitant—we omit the milder commendations of Lord Francis Egerton, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, James Montgomery, and Mary Howitt—excited by a performance so unsatisfactory as “*Festus*,” speak badly for the state of literary taste in England at the present day.

But the error has corrected itself. Drawn into the preposterous belief that obscurity is grandeur—that poetic daring is evinced in studied improprieties of thought and diction—that the Deity and his attributes are materials of sublimity, ready to the hand of any one daring enough to snatch at such topics—and that to rise above the rules of the poetic art, it needs only that the

poet should get beyond reason—Mr. Bailey has employed his faculties in the production of a volume which pulls “*Festus*” down to its own level of ambitious mediocrity. The cause of good criticism has, however, been benefited. All the tricks of transcendentalism lie exposed in the most artless manner. Vagueness of conception, obscurity of expression, and argumentative paradox, are the staples of the useless product. Mr. Tennyson and his friends ought to blush for having given a conventional value to matter so worthless.

“*Poems, Original and Translated, including the First Iliad of Homer, by W. G. T. Barter, Esq.*” We were not aware of the existence of a second Iliad. One work of that kind may suffice even for Homer.

“The wrath, O goddess, sing, of Peleus’ son,  
Destructive, whence to Greeks woes countless grew,

Which many mighty souls of heroes down  
To Hades hurl’d untimely; *themselves* threw  
To dogs a prey, and all the winged crew.

So was the will of Jove accomplished,  
From *the* time that asunder first they *drew*  
Those chiefs, in angry strife contending then,  
Achilles, godlike, and Atrides, king of men.  
Who, then, of *the* gods, set them con-ten-  
ding

In angry strife? Jove’s and Latona’s son;  
For he all sorely angered with the king,  
Roused through the host a grievous plague  
anon,

Whose weight fell *the per-ish-ing* folk  
upon—”

Oh! Barter, Barter, in the circle of the currency the coin exists not minute enough to represent your value in exchange.

Another venture. Ay—here, indeed, is something worth stretching out the hand for, and that not empty—“*Egeria; or, the Spirit of Nature, and other Poems, by Charles Mackay, Author of ‘Voices from the Crowd,’ &c.*”† An admirable lesson does “*Egeria*” read to the whole tribe of mystics whom we have just dealt with in the person of Mr. Bailey:—

“Why this longing, clay-clad spirit?  
Why this fluttering of thy wings?  
Why this striving to discover  
Hidden and transcendent things?”

\* London: Pickering. 1850.

† London: David Bogue. 1850.

Be contented in thy prison,  
Thy captivity shall cease—  
Taste the good that smiles before thee;  
Restless spirit, be at peace!

"With the roar of wintry forests,  
With the thunder's crash and roll,  
With the rush of stormy waters,  
Thou wouldst sympathise, O soul!  
Thou wouldst ask them mighty questions  
In a language of their own,  
Untranslateable to mortals,  
Yet not utterly unknown.

'Thou wouldst fathom Life and Being,  
Thou wouldst see through Birth and Death,  
Thou wouldst solve the eternal riddle—  
Thou, a speck, a ray, a breath  
Thou wouldst look at stars and systems,  
As if *thou* couldst understand  
All the harmonies of Nature,  
Struck by an Almighty hand.

"With thy feeble logic, tracing  
Upwards from effect to cause,  
Thou art foiled by Nature's barriers,  
And the limits of her laws.  
Be at peace, thou struggling spirit!  
Great Eternity denies  
The unfolding of its secrets  
In the circle of thine eyes.

"Be contented with thy freedom—  
Dawning is not perfect day;  
There are truths thou canst not fathom,  
Swaddled in thy robes of clay.  
Rest in hope that if thy circle  
Grow not wider here in Time,  
God's Eternity shall give thee  
Power of vision more sublime.

"Clogged and bedded in the darkness,  
Little germ, abide thine hour,  
Thou'lt expand, in proper season,  
Into blossom, into flower.  
Humble faith alone becomes thee  
In the glooms where thou art lain:  
Bright is the appointed future;  
Wait—thou shalt not wait in vain.

"Cease thy struggling, feeble spirit!  
Fret not at thy prison bars;  
Never shall thy mortal pinions  
Make the circuit of the stars.  
Here on Earth are duties for thee,  
Suited to thine earthly scope;  
Seek them, thou Immortal Spirit—  
God is with thee—work in hope."

Charles Mackay is not so delicate a poet as Longfellow, nor perhaps so profound; but what he says is said off-hand, and comes fresh from a good heart. Where the other loiters gracefully over the expression of a sentiment, Mackay has it expressed, and is

gone on to the expression of a new one, without giving you time to consider whether the emotions you experience have been excited by graceful or ungraceful diction. The emotions are sprightly, animating, and humane; and, like good wine drunk in the twilight, give you enough of enjoyment without having regard to the fashion of the vehicle. Every now and then, indeed, you are charmed with a simplicity, a grace, and kindness not unworthy of Beranger. Like Beranger, he is most happy in his least ambitious moments. Uttering the genial sentiments of the honest fellow of every-day life, he is as good as can be; communicating the emotions excited in a poetic temperament by the lovely and beautiful, he is very good; straining at the grand aspirations of the philosophical poet, he is good only *sub modo*, and fails to get into the upper region, where great spirits alone can expatiate with dignity and freedom. It is a shallow but a clear stream of song; a beneficent visitant of the meadows and pastures; delightful company for the wayfarer; making merry with the mill-wheel, and prattling sweetly to the loiterers on the rustic bridge; but it is not calculated to float navies, or even to bear any very heavily-laden barge of philosophy. Let us, however, in his own spirit of enjoyment, make the most of it. Here he has given us a new volume of poems heartily welcome. See how he turns even the forbidding topic of "Procrastination" to good and pleasurable account: Beranger, indeed, could hardly have done it better:—

#### "PROCRASTINATION.

##### I.

"If Fortune with a smiling face  
Strew roses on our way,  
When shall we stoop to pick them up?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But should she frown with face of care,  
And talk of coming sorrow,  
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

##### II.

"If those who've wrong'd us own their fault,  
And kindly pity pray,  
When shall we listen, and forgive?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,  
And warmth from Memory borrow,  
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

## III.

"If those to whom we owe a debt  
Are harmed unless we pay,  
When shall we struggle to be just?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But if our debtor fail our hope,  
And plead his ruin thorough,  
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

## IV.

"If Love estranged should once again  
Her genial smile display,  
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But if she would indulge regret,  
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,  
When shall we weep, if weep we must?  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow.*

## V.

"For virtuous acts and harmless joys  
The minutes will not stay;  
We've always time to welcome them,  
*To-day, my love, to-day.*  
But care, resentment, angry words,  
And unavailing sorrow,  
Come far too soon, if they appear  
*To-morrow, love, to-morrow."*

The same genial spirit appears in the "Plea for our Physical Life." Delays are not always dangerous; and there are sensuous, if not sensual, enjoyments which the wisely-spiritual man will not disparage:—

## "A PLEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE.

"We do our nature wrong  
Neglecting over long  
The bodily joys that help to make us wise;  
The ramble up the slope  
Of the high mountain cope—  
The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise,  
The fresh, luxurious bath,  
Far from the trodden path,  
Or 'mid the ocean waves dashing with harm-  
less roar,  
Lifting us off our feet upon the sandy shore.

"Kind heaven! there is no end  
Of pleasures as we wend  
Our pilgrimage in life's undeviating way,  
If we but know the laws  
Of the Eternal Cause,  
And for His glory and our good obey.  
But intellectual pride  
Sets half these joys aside,  
And our perennial care absorbs the soul so  
much,  
That life burns cold and dim beneath its  
deadening touch.

"Welcome, ye plump green meads,  
Ye streams and sighing reeds!  
Welcome, ye corn-fields, waving like a sea!

Welcome, the leafy bowers,  
And children gathering flowers!  
And farewell, for a while, sage drudgery!  
What! though we're growing old,  
Our blood is not yet cold:  
Come with me to the fields, thou man of  
many ills,  
And give thy limbs a chance among the daf-  
fodils!

"Come with me to the woods,  
And let their solitudes  
Re-echo to our voices as we go.  
Upon thy weary brain  
Let childhood come again,  
Spite of thy wealth, thy learning, or thy  
woe!  
Stretch forth thy limbs, and leap—  
Thy life has been asleep;  
And though the wrinkles deep may furrow  
thy pale brow,  
Show me, if thou art wise, how like a child  
art thou!"

Another extract, and we must bid good-bye and God-speed to this fine-hearted, honest fellow. "A man's a man for a' that." Honest poverty is no disgrace. There is something better worth having than money. These are homilies of humanity that Charles Mackay loves to preach, and he preaches them with equal sweetness and boldness:—

## "YOU AND I.

## I.

"Who would scorn his humble fellow  
For the coat he wears?  
For the poverty he suffers?  
For his daily cares?  
Who would pass him in the footway  
With averted eye?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

## II.

"Who, when vice or crime repentant,  
With a grief sincere  
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—  
More than heaven severe?  
Who to erring woman's sorrow  
Would with taunts reply?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

## III.

"Who would say that all who differ  
From his sect must be  
Wicked sinners, heaven-rejected,  
Sunk in Error's sea,  
And consign them to perdition  
With a holy sigh?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I.

## IV.

"Who would say that six days' cheating,  
In the shop or mart,  
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying  
From the tainted heart,  
If the Sunday face were solemn,  
And the credit high?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I."

## V.

"Who would say that Vice is Virtue  
In a hall of state?  
Or that rogues are not dishonest  
If they dine off plate?  
Who would say Success and Merit  
Ne'er part company?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I."

## VI.

"Who would give a cause his efforts  
When the cause was strong,  
But desert it on its failure,  
Whether right or wrong?  
Ever siding with the upmost,  
Letting downmost lie?  
Would you, brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I."

## VII.

"Who would lend his arm to strengthen  
Warfare with the right?  
Who would give his pen to blacken  
Freedom's page of light?  
Who would lend his tongue to utter  
Praise of tyranny?  
Would you brother? No—you would not.  
If you would—not I."

Lyrics such as these leave good effects on the age in which they are written. The masses of England stood much in need of some such cheerful monitor. It is not surprising that these poems, fulfilling so well the conditions of cheerfulness, generosity, and independence, should have become very eminent popular favourites; may they long continue so. A people among whom Charles Mackay is a popular writer, must possess largely the elements of greatness and the reality of goodness. Their visions of democratic perfection may be somewhat exalted and cloudy, but their practice in the daily walks of life can hardly be other than kind, honest, and independent.

What next? "Whose Poems?"\* A quaint title; but on looking beyond

the title-page we think it no matter who's.

"Aurora and other Poems,"† by Mrs. H. R. Sandbach. Mrs. Sandbach has attempted the poetic treatment of the locomotive. Coke is a difficult subject to all but stokers and pokerers. We cannot say that Mrs. Sandbach kindles any poetical impulse with the ashes of Shelley:—

"There issued forth  
A shape with flaming wings,  
And glowing eyes, and streaming hair,  
And voice that *sharply rings*.  
I am the daughter  
Of fire and water," &c., &c.

A beautiful statue of Aurora by Gibson furnishes a happier vein of inspiration. The artist has realised in marble a sentiment happily, if not very originally, cast into words by the writer:—

"Calm, holy, steadfast, clear, and yet more  
clear,  
The pearly light around her sweetly lies;  
And the grave heavens their virgin child revere,  
And silent welcome smiles along the skies."

This sweet figure excites a strain of humane and amiable versification. If it had somewhat more of purpose and concentration, we would venture to designate it poetry. But "Aurora" looks on so many objects, and with an eye so little respectful of persons, that the answer cannot well be expected to be otherwise than multifarious and disjointed, to such a question as Mrs. Sandbach, with the echo of Shelley's "Cloud" still haunting her ear, proposes:—

"What hast thou seen, oh, Maiden,  
Upon this dim world, laden  
With care, and joy, and pain?  
From out its troubled surges,  
Its songs, and chants, and dirges,  
What, Maiden, dost thou gain?"

"Song, and chants, and dirges" are not for the twilight preceding the break of day, but are here, we suppose, mainly because the world's "surges" are there before them. But there are some spectacles proper to the hour,

\* London: Pickering. Oxford: Francis MacPherson. 1850.

† London: Pickering. 1850.



which Mrs. Sandbach brings before the mind's eye with gracefulness, and, bating some passages of questionable meaning, with a certain degree of power :—

"Down on the panting City,  
With weariness of pity,  
My early glance I cast;  
I meet the hymn unending,  
Of grief and toil ascending,—  
Never the first, nor last (?)

"The feet to labour going,  
The weary fingers sewing,  
The haggard eye and frame;  
Despair its last draught drinking,  
The homeless wanderer sinking,  
And the bowed head of shame.

"To these my soft light stealing,  
The hopeless day revealing,  
Is but a boon unbidden;  
Brings tears down wasted faces,  
Fresh woe in woeful places,  
And the bowed head is hidden."

A religious tenderness characterises the piece, which, although without argument or definite object, leaves a fresh and appropriate impression on the mind. Other works of Gibson's furnish subjects for several similar poems. Mrs. Sandbach has a fine eye for form. Gibson's "Hunter and Dog" are set before us with spirit and elegance :—

"THE HUNTER AND DOG.

"A GROUP IN MARBLE BY GIBSON.

"Youth, like the Sun, when high in his meridian,  
He has fulfilled the morn, and touches noon;  
Beauty, the just proportion of each part  
Borne to the whole, the Ideal formed of Truth;  
Strength, not gigantic, but so finely balanced,  
Each nervous limb developing its power;  
Grace, such as from consistent action comes,  
The will and circumstance harmonious meeting;  
Energy, that of manhood, when the mind  
Presses its power upon its full-seen purpose,  
And the firm body with a quick obedience  
Follows it bravely, and achieves its will.

"So stands the youthful Hunter, marble life  
In classic beauty true, and true to Nature;  
He like the conqueror of the Python, looks  
Beyond himself, on to his victory,  
Not won, like the bright god's, but yet to come,

And to his eye approaching. At his feet,  
See, eager for the chase, with muscle strained  
Against the arm that curbs him, the hound  
In sight of prey, arrested as he springs.

"The man superior, stooping to control him,  
And with raised brow, and eye perceiving—  
pauses  
An instant on the issue. Thus he stands  
Repose and action centered in one point  
Of time, eventful. And the Sculptor's genius,  
Proved in the appreciation of the moment,  
As in its true embodiment, confessed,  
Unchallenged, in his great work lives for ever."

But ever so many such graceful trifles don't make a good volume of poems; and we must see whether the muse do not reserve something better for us.

Apollo's lyre, done in blue and gold, and a grim Daguerreotype of the hard-featured old poet himself, introduce us to "The Poetical Works of John Struthers, with Autobiography." "My mouth shall speak of wisdom, and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding," is Mr. Struthers' motto. To speak of wisdom is easy enough, but to speak wisdom itself is another matter, in which Mr. Struthers is but very partially successful. Mr. Struthers is the author of the original poem of the "Poor Man's Sabbath;" that is, his "Poor Man's Sabbath" was published shortly before Graham's "Sabbath," to which it has a natural though unintentional resemblance. In fact it would be very difficult for a Scottish Presbyterian poet to write in that strain, in any way much differing from the model "Cotter's Saturday Night" of Burns. The same routine of topics, and the same system of belief, necessarily induce the same sort of descriptions, reflections, and applications. The poor man returning from worship, relates the heads of the sermon to his family—perhaps a discourse on this text—perhaps on that. He himself reads to them the Scriptures—perhaps this passage, perhaps that—*et cetera*. We always thought that portion of the "Cotter's Saturday Night" overdone, where Burns enumerates the various parts of the Scripture which the cotter may be supposed to read to the family group. Mr. Struthers

stretches the line considerably further,  
and goes on so long from—

" Perhaps when this green earth in morning  
prime,  
To run its destined course had scarce begun,  
How righteous Abel fell before his time"—

Or,

" Perhaps in Sinai's thirsty desert drear,  
(Or Amon's brook, the doing of the Lord:—

Or,

" Perhaps the song is of creative might,  
How this huge mass in shapeless darkness  
rose:—

To

" Perhaps they read, while rapture-speaking  
tears,  
Like dew-drops o'er their sun-burnt faces  
stray,  
How, freed from all his woes and all his  
fears,  
Death's bonds He burst upon the hallowed  
day"—

that we almost begin to fear he designs his poem as an epitome of the Old and New Testaments. This is a tedious, and, to our mind, an irreverent impertinence of the Sabbath poets. These events are much better told in Scripture. We strongly suspect that Burns's motive in the enumeration was mere affected sanctimony. He who wrote with such manifest scorn,

" How wicked Ham leugh at his dad,  
Which made Canaan a nigger.  
How Phineas drove his murdering blade," &c.

can hardly obtain credit for the unction he affects in detailing the various psalm-tunes, heads, and subjects of Scripture, enumerated in the "Saturday Night." Not that Struthers' "Sabbath" is to be compared with that renowned poem. Poor Struthers is wholly steeled against and incapable of a sentiment. Jenny and her bashful lover, without whom the "Saturday Night" would be a cold and ungenial piece of pretence, are quite inappreciable by him. His "Sabbath" has neither girls nor boys, nor human sympathy. It is all uninspired Struthers' own version of what inspired men have already excellently told us in words of immortal power. Even in the version of the

Psalm, where poetry may, without the same impropriety, be admitted to come in aid of religion, he appears quite unconscious of the excellence of the great hands who have already dealt with that subject; and with the most noble and perfect of all versions of the first Psalm of David habitually in his ears

" That man hath perfect righteousness,  
Who walketh not astray,  
In council of ungodly men,  
Nor stands in sinners' way;  
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair,  
But placeth his delight  
Upon God's law, and meditates,  
Therein both day and night;

" He shall be like a goodly tree,  
Fast planted by a river,  
Which in its season yields its fruit,  
And its leaf fadeth never;  
And all he doth shall prosper well,  
The wicked are not so,  
But like are they unto the chaff,  
The wind drives to and fro"—

He complacently lilts up his own—

" Perfectly that man is blessed,  
Who, bewildered, never strays;  
With ungodly workers classed,  
Learning dark their guilty ways."

Being bewildered, the man in question must needs stray somewhere or other. Whether we read "blasted" and "classed," or "blessed" and "cleased," the introduction of a system of classification of workers savours more of the factory than of the first Psalm. Mr. Struthers' other improvements on the text in the subsequent stanzas are equally out of place. "Him," speaking of the bewildered unclassified man—

" Him prosperity shall nourish  
Under Heaven's refreshing dew;  
Thus delightful shall he flourish,  
Ever waxing on the view.  
While the wicked shall as stubble,  
In affliction's dry wind waste,  
Chaff-like chased on hills of trouble,  
By destruction's burning blast."

Mr. Struthers, however, considers that his character as a poet calls for some particular account of his career as a man, and gives us a very minute and entertaining autobiography. To our mind, there is more poetry in the prose narration than in the poems. Take our author's first start in life as

servant-boy with a strong farmer of the parish of Cathcart, in Lanarkshire. We shall be answerable for the rythm:

"The day was wild and boisterous: frequent fell  
The hail-showers; and the short, dim afternoon  
Was soon exhausted; for, with friendly calls,  
We lengthened out the road. Down came the night—  
Stormy and dark; nor did myself and master  
Attain our destination till the hour  
Of supper. At the table jocund sat  
The farmer's family. A corn-riddle  
Of boiled potatoes, and a wooden bowl  
Of milk were set before them; and they  
fared  
Cheerfully — heartily. Then one exclaimed,  
Needlessly, as I thought, to the new comer,  
'Cans't eat potatoes?' I, in answer, ate."

Here his first occupation in the early winter mornings was at the "bouncing flail." "By the time the six o'clock bell began to ring, the first thrieve was well nigh threshed out, and the bundles of straw were rising in a formidable heap before the barn-door, where they were always flung when the mornings were fair. In about half an hour the gude man made his appearance, took the flail from the wee man, and sent him into the stables to look after the horses. At eight o'clock we went to breakfast, which was always served up in a large wooden dish—sometimes pease-brose, sometimes oatmeal-brose, and sometimes plain parritch. Till far in the spring, every man had a salt herring and bread after the brose or parritch; the herd and the women had to be doing with the brose," &c.

The particulars of the early life and occupations of such men as Burns, Hogg, Bloomfield, or other peasant or mechanic poets, would be acceptable enough; but Mr. Struthers, although a most worthy, industrious, and pious man, resembles Burns and Hogg mainly in the particular of having sprung from the same rank in society. If he were gifted with a fervid fancy and profuse feeling, and could stir the souls and passions, warm the hearts, and delight the imaginations of man-

kind, his autobiography would be an interesting and instructive study; but the probability is, that, in that case, the modesty which accompanies great genius would have left the detail of these particulars to another hand. The "Poor Man's Sabbath," however, "The House of Mourning, or the Peasant's Death," and "The Plough," may lay claim to a considerable amount of local popularity. They are well adapted to the grave tastes of the lowland Scottish population, and, although dull, are safe reading; but "Dychmont," a bald imitation of the style of Scott, and most of the minor pieces which form the bulk of the second volume, had been better, we think, for Mr. Struthers' poetical reputation, omitted—though, in truth, it matters not much whether they contribute to increase or to diminish the circumscribed renown of this worthy, pious, but conceited body.

"Ruins of Many Lands; a descriptive poem. By Nicholas Michell, author of 'The Traduced,' 'The Eventful Epoch,' &c. Second Edition, enlarged." A very meritorious performance; not brilliant; somewhat plodding and pedagoguish; but very likely to be a popular book among a large class of readers. The scope of the work is an antiquarian tour of the world; the vehicle, the smooth Popean couplet; the dates and circumstantial historic particulars in notes. Mr. Michell is neither an acute antiquary, nor a critical historian, nor a poet of much power; but in a broad, general, unambitious way he communicates instruction and pleasure to the reader of moderate information, in harmonious verses. The succession of ruins is monotonous; the reflections suggested by the series of cognate topics are monotonous; the measure and cadence of the verse are monotonous; yet the effect on the whole is good. It is a poem; it has its unity and individual character. Of course, in such a multitude of topics—embracing every famous monument from the Tower of Babel to the Pyramids of Yucatan—there are occasional mistakes; for example, Mr. Michell makes his reflections on the pyramid-tomb of Cestius, under the erroneous impression that it is a pillar; but slips like this

are easily rectified, and we venture to predict an early opportunity of setting them right in a third edition. The poem is a long one; the mass of matter in the text and notes very great indeed. A moderately educated person will rise from its perusal with an enlarged view of time, of history, and humanity. It is for such readers Mr.

Michell's book possesses its chief attraction. Refined and accomplished minds will experience an uneasy want of the aroma that breathes round the perfect works of Campbell or Goldsmith; but for the unfastidious masses we can conceive that passages like the following would convey unmixed satisfaction. The theme is Pompeii:—

"The Street of Tombs!—Oh! pace with reverent tread  
O'er hushed Pompeii's long-forgotten dead!\*  
We view the spot ere, stealing Taste's fair name,  
To seize his prey the modern spoiler came;  
Gloom o'er the graves no dark-winged angel throws,  
But calm as lovely seems their deep repose.  
What though no more the sacred cypress weeps,  
Love that ne'er dies each frail memorial keeps.  
Still in its niche the urn of ashes stands;  
The vase for flowers once twined by friendship's hands,  
The pictured glass that held affection's tear,†  
The lyre, the death-god's statue‡—all are here!  
It seems as mourners just had passed away,  
And o'er the lost ones wept but yesterday.

"See! near the city-gate, his cuirass on,  
And cap of steel, yon glist'ning skeleton!  
'Tis he, the sentry, who disdained to fly,  
And there with Roman firmness stood to die.§  
Move down the streets where traffic hummed of yore,  
And 'salve!'|| read o'er many a lowly door:  
The causeway bears the track of chariots still,  
The empty wine-flask stands upon the sill.  
So true the scene, ye scarce would start to greet  
Jove's own adorers winding through the street,  
The sage within his porch, the man of war  
Guiding in haste his trophied iron car.  
Pass the fair fount which never more shall shower  
Its living diamonds round at noontide's hour;  
Enter gay Sallust's house—its beauties trace—  
Model, in those far times, of Roman grace.  
On arch and wall its seal hath ruin set,  
But luxury breathes from many a chamber yet.

"Such was the home of Sallust; well may sigh  
The gazer now to muse on days gone by,  
To see unroofed those gorgeous classic halls,  
Rain stain the pavements, ivy clasp the walls;  
While he, the lord, long past the Stygian shore,  
Can feast, admire—can gaze, return no more.  
Unlike his lettered namesake,¶ nought shall save  
His shadowy memory from Oblivion's grave:  
He who would hope to live beyond his kind—  
Not through vain wealth or pride—must live by *mind*.

\* "The avenue called the Street of Tombs extends nearly to the entrance of the city at the Herculaneum gate. Some of the monumental edifices present mere masses of ruin, but others are in a state of good preservation. Many interesting relics were found in the sepulchral chambers, giving evidence that the friends of the deceased, in accordance with the Roman custom, paid frequent visits there.

† "The lachrymatory.

‡ "Hermes.

§ "Within a stone recess, just beyond the gate, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found; his arms were in his hands, and he had evidently died at his post!

|| "Welcome.

¶ "We need scarcely observe, perhaps, that the historian Sallust flourished more than a century before the destruction of Pompeii."

" Pile! frowning near the Forum, sternly fair,  
 Where hearts now dust have broken in despair—  
 House of the spirit's pangs, the body's pain!  
 In yon deep vault what means that rusty chain?  
 Two ghastly forms lie stretched upon the ground,  
 Their hands still manacled, their ankles bound:  
 Thus have those prisoners lain a thousand years,  
 Unknown their crimes, their struggles, and their tears,  
 If slaves, or freedmen, friends or bitter foes;  
 Fancy alone can paint them and their woes.\*  
 Methinks two patriot brothers they might be,  
 Who, hating tyrants, scorned to bend the knee:  
 Long had they chafed and pined in dungeon gloom,  
 But cheered with friendship's light their living tomb;  
 And when the fiery showers and earthquake came,  
 They trembled not, erect each stalwart frame,  
 But only shook their chains, and raised their eyes,  
 Deeming the gods spoke thunder from the skies,  
 Called on great Jove to lay all tyrants low,  
 And chase the fiends of slavery, wrong, and woe.  
 Then yielding to mild thoughts, they slowly crept  
 Each to the other's breast, and sighed and wept,  
 Recalled past hours, when in their native vale  
 Fond twins they roved, and heard the stock-dove's tale.  
 Thus gasping, falling, in that last embrace,  
 This cell became the patriots' burial-place;  
 And now we find them, as they sank and died,  
 Linked in their iron fetters, side by side!"

We take leave of Mr. Michell with much respect.

" Wild Flowers from Germany, by Francis du Bourdieu, Captain, Royal Hanoverian Engineers."† The first flower in the captain's German garden is "The Rose of Hildesheim":—

" Solemnly sounds the vesper chime  
 From the proud dome of Hildesheim,  
 As on the breath of love it floats  
 In pleasing, melancholy notes.  
 It ceases—and from those grey walls,  
 Sweet on the ravished ear now falls  
 Such sound as angels' voices raise,  
 Chanting in heaven the Almighty's praise,  
 From gentle maidens there confined  
 By priestly power o'er female mind."

The captain is no friend to monastic institutions any more than ourselves: but eschewing polemics, let us turn in search of some less dangerous posy. Here is a choice bouquet of similes:—

" As travellers o'er the endless waste  
 Of Araby's sandy plains,  
 Longing the crystal well to taste,  
 And cool their swelling veins,

The oasis find, that bright green spot,  
 That shady, watered resting-place,  
 All sorrows past are then forgot,  
 And the way-worn pilgrim finds so-lace.

Or as the halcyon boldly braves  
 The terrors of the ocean waves;

Bright shines the sun in azure skies,  
 On love's first blissful day;  
 But soon the happy vision flies,  
 And leaves not one bright ray!  
 The tranquil days are quickly fled,  
 Life's tempest wildly screams;  
 Each troubled wave lifts up its head,  
 And past are man's fond dreams!"

Alas, poor Captain!

"The Wrongs of Poland, a Poem in three Cantos; comprising the Siege of Vienna, with historical Notes, by the Author of 'Parental Wisdom.'"‡ The author of "Parental Wisdom" has unintentionally added to the wrongs of Poland the additional one of a very prosaic advocacy of her rights.

Here is matter of another complex-

\* "In one of the cells of the Basilica, or Court of Justice, which was used also as a public prison, two skeletons were found; the irons were still upon their limbs—they had perished in their chains."

† Belfast: John Henderson, Bookseller to the Queen! Dublin: James M'Glashan. London: E. Farrington. (Paris, Vienna, &c., agents not named). 1850.

‡ London: Saunders and Ottley. 1849.



ion — "*Aletheia*; or, the Doom of Mythology. With other Poems. By William Charles Kent."

Mr. Kent has chosen a heavy and exhausting theme, entailing the enumeration of an endless catalogue of mythological beings. It is "*Lempriere's Dictionary*" in verse; yet the subject is warmed and enriched, by a vigorous genius, into a series of beautiful and apposite pictures. The succession of similar forms is far too long, and the panoramic pageant soon palls on the eye; but if we examine the parts separately, we must own that the pictures are individually full of colour, full of body, full—to go to another class of illustration—of succulence: there is not an insipid passage in all that we have, so far, read; yet the general effect of the poem is insipidity. It is impossible to make such a poem popular, or acceptable, even to the more discerning class of readers. To have passed in review the twelve *Dii Indigites* alone would have been preface enough to the appearance of *Christian verity* in whose light the *Pantheon* disappears. But Mr. Kent has written as if he thought the moment for introducing *Aletheia* could not be thought to have properly arrived until every one of the *Gentile divinities*—Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Syrian, Indian, German, Sarmatian, and Celtic, and all the smaller impersonations of polytheism, fays and nymphs, water-spirits, and a multitude of names that, in good truth, we never heard of before—had been severally presented to the reader's notice. Even *Cloacina* is not omitted. The parade is overpowering. In spite of the excellence of the individual pictures, the whole gallery cannot be passed through without excessive tedium. But Kent himself has not fancied more delicious images than meet us in many of the stanzas. How rich is the introduction; though the first line recalls, perhaps, too palpably to the ear the commencement of the *Hyperion* :—

" Deep in the mellow shadows of a copse,  
Where the ripe filbert sheds its ample nut,  
Where from the burgeon'd bough the fir-cone  
drops,  
And red leaves moulder in the wheel-worn  
rut,

Couched on the verdant sod, alone I lay,  
While fraught with glory died the glimmer-  
ing day.

And through the grass, with coil of snakish  
gloom,  
Curl'd the dun roots of autumn, fiedg'd with  
moss.

" Among the fern, in brightest green array'd,  
Chequer'd with saffron and vermilion  
stains,  
The furtive lizard in the sunlight stray'd,  
Emitting lustre from its dappled veins;  
In 'mid-air droned the evening gnat its horn,  
An insect requiem o'er the hour forlorn."

Again, in the polytheism of the woods and glades, how rich and full of succulence :—

" Light waves the linden where, beneath the  
rind,  
Philyra's passion pulsates with the sap;  
Dark lowers the yew that yet with aspect kind  
Doth cherish *Smilax* in its leafy lap;  
While *Leucothoe*, with delight intense,  
Is rock'd on branches yielding frankincense.

" Broad spreads the umbrageous oak, whose  
knotted bole  
The fern in feather'd verdure nestles round,  
Whose glutinous apples on the greensward roll,  
Where podded acorns strew the dipping  
ground.

" Where *Thiabe* bleeds upon the gnarled root,  
Under the umbrage of the trysting tree,  
The lavish mulberry drops its melting fruit,  
Redder and richer than the wine-vat's lee:  
There suicidal *Pyramus* complains,  
Flush'd with the ruddy ebbing of his veins."

Again, rebuilding in imagination the symbolic temple of the *Gentile gods*, how splendid are his architectural solecisms :—

" And ever thus, to those who but believe  
The gorgeous host as visible becomes  
As stars that blink through sheen of summer  
eve,  
As cactus petals bleeding rosy gums,  
As, tumbling to the smooth, moss-cushion'd  
plot,  
From crumbling core, the yellow apricot.

" They rise around me in the silent dell,  
Where contemplation hath allur'd my feet,  
Till bursts the bindweed like an asphodel,  
Till with nectarous streams the rills com-  
pete;  
While Fancy waving her vivific wand,—  
Wide, and more wide, the vision'd joys ex-  
pand.

"Palace on palace, dome on dome, upsprings,  
Like vapours curling to the zephyr's breath,  
And, higher than the vulture's daring wings  
Wheel from the soaring reach of arrowy  
death,  
The fretted pinnacles, like tongues of fire,  
All silver-red, through garland clouds aspire.

"Pillars in fluted forests sprout aloft;  
In limber arc the flying buttress spans  
From wall to wall, where foliations soft  
Spread forth their ornate stalks like ivory  
fans;  
Vast cupolas in swelling pomp arise,  
Like agate bubbles, to the azure skies.

"Above huge bastions, like Titanic towers,  
The stalwart corbels lift their sullen heads;  
From all whose clefts bloom forth celestial  
flowers,  
From all whose leaves the breeze their  
incense sheds;  
While sculptur'd fruit with mimic blossoms  
join  
Nature and Art on every chisell'd quoin.

"Each order in its different mould displays  
The geometric harmony of all,  
And each with various capitals arrays  
The pillar'd porch and the pilaster'd hall;  
Here scant in blandishments like greybeards,  
there  
Wreath'd as with childhood's silken rings of  
hair.

"The Doric fillet, the Ionic curl,  
The Tuscan circle, bald of usual blooms,  
Th' Egyptian band where doth the Coptic girl  
Peruse of love and life the graven dooms,  
The rich Corinthian's ample coronet,  
Where buds expanding through their tendrils  
fret;

"All coalesce to decorate the fane  
That memory out of ruins builds anew;  
Where in collected majesty again  
Earth's temples blend in one symbolic view;  
Where rise from ages, 'neath the garish sun,  
The shrines of all idealis'd in one."

But all is unavailing to relieve "*Aletheia*," as a whole, from intolerable monotony. We are sorry for it: for Mr. Kent's minor poems do not warrant us in any of the gratulations which detached portions of the "*Aletheia*" would make us happy to offer. We can only hope that our surmise, that Mr. Kent is a young writer, may be well-founded; and that in more mature compositions we may hereafter be able to re-

cognise the combination of excellencies in detail with general effectiveness. As it is, our praises, if they be of any value to him, must be reluctantly but half-given and half-withheld.

"Thoughts from the Inner Circle." The preface states that, "in the summer of 1848, a few friends agreed to meet for the purpose of obtaining close and intimate intercourse upon the great questions affecting the interests of humanity." Our readers may remember that passage in the "*Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish*," in which he informs us—

"It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define upon high and great matters."

The "*Inner Circle*" appears to have been much such another convention. Among their themes were the Age, the Railway, Society, Friendship, Truth, the Future, the Progress of Knowledge. They treated those subjects in verse; the rhythm is, for the most part, Tennysonian of Locksby Hall; the sentiments philanthropic, the principles democratic, the performance feeble. Tennyson and Mr. and Mrs. Browning appear to have been the models chiefly followed. The authors excuse the publication of their crudities on the plea of being "desirous that others should adopt a plan which has been of so much importance to their own individual culture." The cultivation of any other crop would have been, in our judgment, a more profitable, as well as more suitable occupation, for Messrs. Langford, Harris, Lathem, and the rest of our cyclical poets.

"Poems;" by William Allingham.† Mr. Allingham's name has hitherto only been known in connexion with two or three dreamy trifles, not quite free from the affected obscurity which, among the exquisites of the London school, passes for depth, but elegantly polished, and evidently proceeding from an accomplished mind. We are most truly and sincerely delighted to find that these foibles only characterise a few of Mr. Alling-

\* London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Birmingham: E. C. Osborne. Manchester: J. T. Parkes.

† London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

ham's minor compositions, and that, in the poem of "The Music Master," the principal piece in this his first published volume, he has detached himself most happily from affectation of every kind, and told, in a strain of almost blameless simplicity and sweetness, one of the most pathetic love-tales in the language. The versification is not unworthy of the ear of a Goldsmith; the diction and method such as Leigh Hunt, to whom the poem is dedicated, might have been well satisfied with in his happiest hours. We cannot pass the name of Leigh Hunt without pausing to waft him an affectionate remembrance. The school of literature which has sprung up from the germs he planted has its weaknesses, its fopperies, perhaps its dangers; but the Dickenses, Tennysons, Brownings, and the rest of the fine flock whom he may call his children, are good and genial souls, from whose fame the old man may derive a just and honourable addition to his own. Now to proceed with this poem of Mr. Allingham, the last of the distinguished band who have owed their first appreciation to the kindly and discerning instincts of Leigh Hunt. The Music-Master, Claude, son of an Italian mother, loves Milly, the daughter of a widower in humble life, in an Irish village. Milly returns his passion, but neither has ventured to disclose the secret:—

"How shy a strength is Love's, that so much fears  
Its darling secret to itself to own!  
Their rapt, illimitable mood appears  
To each of them to be enjoyed alone:  
Exalted high above all range of hope  
By the pure soul's eternity of scope.

"Yet in each heart a prophecy there breathes,  
Of how in future hours this evening's phantom,  
Arrayed in fairer hues than sunlight weaves  
For Nature's richest robe, may rise to haunt them.  
The landscape wavers from the sight of each;  
And full their bosoms swell, too full for speech.

"Is it a dream? The countless happy stars  
Stand silently into the deepening blue;  
In slow procession all the molten bars  
Of cloud move down; the air is dim with dew;  
Eve scatters roses on the shroud of Day,  
And the old world seems far withdrawn away.

"With good-night kins the zephyr, warm with sleep,  
Gains its soft cradle in a bed of trees,  
Where river-chimes aye tolling sweet and deep  
Make lullaby; and all field-scents that please  
The Summer float into its veil of gloom,  
Dream-interwoven in a viewless loom.

"Clothed with an earnest paleness, not a blush,  
And with the angel gravity of love,  
Each lover's face amid the twilight bush  
Is like a saint's whose thoughts are all above  
In voiceless gratitude for heavenly boon;  
And o'er them for a halo comes the moon."

We are reminded, but by no imitation, of one of the sweetest strains of Keats. An accident reveals Claude's passion, but unhappily he is not aware that Milly is conscious of what has occurred. Milly, her heart assured and exalted, weeps herself asleep with pleasure:—

"Oh, dream, poor child, beneath the midnight stars!  
Lie slumbering far into the yellow dawn  
The shadow creeps apace; the storm that mars  
The lily even now is stealing on.  
All has been long fulfilled: yet could I weep  
At thought of thee so quietly asleep!  
"Most cruel Nature, so untouched, so hard,  
The while thy children shake with joy or pain,  
Thou wilt not forward Love, nor Death retard  
One finger-push for mortals' dearest gain!  
Claude, through the summer night, serenely spread,  
Strays calmly home, and finds his father—dead."

Claude is now left to the guidance of an uncle: the uncle urges him to emigrate. Claude—unhappy timidity, and fatal reserve!—carries his unavowed passion to America, and Milly breaks her heart. Claude returns, and receives from Milly's nurse her bequest of her picture and a letter:—

"The note ran thus, 'Dear Claude, so near my death,  
I feel that like a Spirit's words are these,  
In which I say, that I have perfect faith  
In your true love for me,—as God, who sees  
The secrets of all hearts, can see in mine  
That fondest truth which sends this feeble sign.

"I do not think that He will take away,  
Even in Heaven, this precious earthly  
love;  
Surely he sends its pure and happy ray  
Down as a message from the world  
above.  
Perhaps it is the full light drawing near  
Which makes the doubting Past at length  
so clear.

"We might have been so happy!—But  
His will  
Said no, who orders all things for the  
best.  
Oh, may His power into your soul instil  
A peace like this of which I am pos-  
sessed!  
And may He bless you, love, for evermore,  
And guide you safely to His heavenly  
shore!"

Claude returns to America and so-  
laces his grief with labour. Some re-  
turned emigrants relate an interview  
with him:—

"We gave him all our news, and in return  
He told us how he lived,—a lonely life!  
Miles from a neighbour sowed and reaped  
his corn,  
And hardy grew. One spoke about a  
wife  
To cheer him in that solitary wild;  
At which he only shook his head and  
smiled.

"Next dawn, when each one of our little  
band  
Had on a mighty Walnut carved his  
name,  
Henceforth a sacred tree, he said, to stand  
'Mid his enlarging bounds,—the moment  
came  
For farewell words. But long, behind  
our backs,  
We heard the echoes of his winging axe."

So ends the poem. A calm, exalted  
delight lingers on the mind. The scene,  
it will be observed, is laid in Ireland,  
and the actors move in humble Irish  
life; but Mr. Allingham has avoided  
all the vulgar peculiarities of diction  
which, in Irish song and story, have  
so long been erroneously supposed to  
give the stamp of nationality. So far  
as the verbal indications of Irishism are  
concerned, there is nothing beyond  
the address, "Ballyshannon," at the  
end of Mr. Allingham's preface, to  
tell that he is a writer of this part of  
the United Kingdom. Indeed the  
only political allusions in the volume  
savour more of contempt for, than any  
sympathy in, Irish matters—an ill-

advised avowal in one so well entitled  
to aspire to the name of poet; a name  
never yet worthily borne by any one  
indifferent to the patriotic sentiment.  
Nevertheless Mr. Allingham's ideal of  
"Justice for Ireland" expresses very  
appropriately the doctrine on literary  
Irishisms which we ourselves have so  
long sought to inculcate:—

"Justice for Ireland! if ye can,  
O host of writers broguish;  
Nor paint each fellow-countryman  
As blundering or roguish.  
Think less of oddities and rags,  
And more of human nature;  
And, 'stead of party words and flags,  
March under something greater."

The conclusion of the stanza is  
weak; but the whole expresses very  
well the just rule by which Mr. Alling-  
ham has regulated the admission of  
those verbal characteristics in his larger  
poem. For example, in the nurse's  
narrative of Milly's confession to her  
of her love for Claude:—

"'Twas on a cold March evening—well I  
mind,  
The nurse went on, 'we sat and watched  
together  
The long grey sky; and then the sun  
behind  
The clouds shone down, though not like  
summer weather,  
On the hills far away. I can't tell why,  
But, on a sudden, I began to cry.

"I dried my tears before I turned to her;  
And then I saw that her eyes, too, were  
wet,  
And pale her face, and calm without a  
stir;  
Whilst on the lighted hills her looks  
were set,  
Where, strange beyond the cold, dark  
fields, they lay,  
As if her thoughts, too, journeyed far  
away.'"

"The long grey sky," has somewhat  
too much of the Tennysonian obscurity.  
Long—which way? Along or across?  
And then, which is the longitudinal  
section of the sky? The long sky,  
the long sphere, the long circle—"it  
is affectations." But there are few  
minds in which the words will not real-  
ise a very characteristic picture, and  
few breasts in which the association  
between the burst of cold light on the  
distant mountains, and of sad and  
tender emotion in the bosoms of Milly

and her companion, will not be felt with a keen perception of the truth and tenderness of the passage.

A string of pretty conceits on "Poets and Flowers" exhibits Mr. Allingham's artistic skill and delicacy of taste very gracefully.

"Eve's shadow fell: so, quickly as we may,  
We touch for HERRICK, never sad nor cold,  
The Meadow-sweet, that borders fields of hay;  
For CHAPMAN, Marigold.

"The flaming Peony with MARLOW mate,  
The Rhododendron give to DRYDEN large;  
To BEN the Dahlia, finely elaborate;  
Iris to holy GEORGE.

"Lavender, QUARLES; Sweet-William's honest face  
Claims MARVELL; FLETCHER must Convolvulus get;  
POPE the Camellia, nursed for lamp-light grace;  
GOLDSMITH the Mignonette.

"The dark sward's spirits of early Crocus-flame,  
Purpure, and Or, and Argent, do thou take  
Boy CHATTERTON; and 'crowned with a golden dream,'  
This Angel-lily, BLAKE," &c. &c.

Eminently graceful and apposite. We will not mar the favourable impression by carping at the fopperies of some of the other minor pieces. We bid Mr. Allingham welcome to the company of poets pure and good. Alas that we could say the same for him whose dark, wicked, product of heavenly faculties perverted, still remains on the table. We will not now take up "Goëthe, a New Pantomime, by Edward Kenealy."\* We have preferred to deal with men, of perhaps, less ability—for this is a man of the greatest ability—whom we can respect for their intentions, while we blame their faults of execution. We would not mix up sorrow and indignation with the temper of mind in which "The Music Master" of Allingham has left us; nor would we diminish the value of such qualified commendations as we have been able to bestow, by casting them into the shade by the expression of unqualified astonishment which we could not restrain at the frequent bursts of power, splendour, and wit, which illumine this brilliant but detestable performance. Another time, and in another frame of mind, we may return to—"Goëthe, a New Pantomime."

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\* London: Reeves. 1850.



## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. LXI.

## CATHERINE HAYES.

It is a singular fact that Ireland, so essentially the land of song, whose bardic remains have obtained a world-wide reputation, whose national melodies alternate from the touchingly simple to the thrillingly superb, being alike "beautiful exceedingly," whether they breathe the soul of pathos, or glow with the fervour of martial enthusiasm; whose "keens" express the very passion and abandonment of grief; whose war-songs stir up the heart like the sound of a trumpet—it is a remarkable fact, we repeat, that our musical Island has given to the lyric stage but a single female vocalist, within our memory, capable of interpreting, with success, the highest order of dramatic music. Although in every other branch or art our country has given proof of that genius and talent which are the inalienable birthright of her children, as a vocalist, Irish by birth, and Irish in heart, who has already achieved triumphs which place in the shade many of the proudest lyric victories of the Italian and German prima-donnas, Catherine Hayes stands alone.

A few years have only passed since Miss Hayes may be remembered in this city, a fair and gentle girl, receiving musical instruction from Signor Sapio, singing with him at the Anacreontic and other societies, and exhibiting on every re-appearance increased purity of style, refinement of taste, correctness of ear, and volume of voice. The committee of this society expressed their approbation of this remarkable improvement by a proportionably rapid increase in the amount of her salary—the inexperienced vocalist herself, then unconscious of her powers, receiving with blended bewilderment and delight this proof of her onward progress in the art she loved. Yet, then, though rising so rapidly and so steadily in the estimation of these, the best judges among our musical amateurs—though greeted with public applause, and private eulogium, increasing every day in flattering warmth—though not a little bewildered at the unexpected enthusiasm of the "bravas" and "encores" with which her early public performances were greeted—not one of her admirers could have foreseen the brilliant destiny that awaited her—not one of them could have anticipated her return to her native country, in 1849, after having won in the land of song, both from fame and fortune, a golden and glorious triumph.

Catherine Hayes is a native of Limerick, having been born at No. 4, Patrick-street, in that city, where she resided with her mother and sister up to the period of her departure for Dublin, to be placed under the tuition of Signor Antonio Sapio. The development of her musical talent was early almost without precedent. From her childhood she exhibited a precocity of vocal power that excited astonishment and admiration, and won for her the generous patronage of the late Bishop of Limerick, to whose warm and liberal encouragement she owes the eminence she has gained, and whose congratulations, when she had triumphed over every difficulty attending her arduous upward struggle, and returned from Italy matured in genius and beauty, she ever acknowledges with tearful eyes to have been her best reward.

An incident, somewhat romantic in its character, formed the first introduction of Catherine Hayes to the late Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox. Near to the See House, then situated in Henry-street, is the town mansion of the Earl of Limerick, in whose family an aged female relative of Miss Hayes resided. The gardens attached to these houses stretch in parallel lines to the banks of the Shannon, and were remarkable for their picturesque beauty. A woodbine-covered arbour near the river's brink was a favourite resort of Catherine Hayes, then a young and delicate child—timid, gentle, and reserved, shrinking from the sportive companionship of her playmates; her chief apparent source of pleasure being to sit alone, half-hidden among the leaves, and warble Irish ballad after ballad, the airs and words of which she appeared to have caught up and retained with a species of intuitive facility. One evening, while thus



*Catherine Hayes*



delightfully occupied, "herself forgetting," and never dreaming but that she was "by the world forgot," some pleasure-parties on the river were attracted by the clear silvery tones of her voice, and the correct taste she even then displayed. Boat after boat silently dropt down the stream, pausing in the shadow of the trees, whence, as from the cage of a singing-bird, came the warblings that attracted them. Not a whisper announced to the unconscious child the audience she was delighting, till, at the conclusion of the last air, "The Lass of Gowrie," the unseen vocalist finished the ballad, dwelling on the passage "And now she's Lady Gowrie" with that prolonged and thrilling shake which owes nothing to all the after-cultivation her voice received, and which, in years to come, was to cause the critical and fastidious pit occupants of the Grand Opera to "rise at her," and to forget, in the passionate fervour of their enthusiasm, the cold formalities of etiquette. Then from her unseen auditory arose a rapturous shout of applause, the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened vocalist received that her "native wood-notes wild" had attracted a numerous and admiring audience. The Right Rev. Edmund Knox was one of those unseen listeners, and his correct taste and refined discrimination at once discerned the germ of that talent, the matured growth of which has so happily proved the soundness of his judgment. That evening the open air practice terminated, and the timid girl, who knew not the glorious natural gift she possessed, found herself suddenly a musical wonder, and heard, with a kind of incredulous delight, confident anticipations of her future celebrity pronounced. She was immediately invited to the See House, where the kindest encouragement overcame her timidity, and she soon became the "star" of a series of musical reunions, given chiefly for her instruction by her kind patron. These concerts were under the direction of the Messrs. Rogers, musicians of great promise, one of whom is now organist to the Cathedral, Limerick. Singing to their accompaniment, amid a circle predisposed to receive her with favour, Catherine Hayes "came out," her rapid onward progress being soon manifest to all.

Mention has been made of the beautiful shake, clear, thrilling, and brilliant, with which Miss Hayes is gifted, as having produced the irrepressible burst of applause that indicated the presence of her first audience—applause, the memory of which, we dare aver, like that of a first victory, has been more dearly cherished than any, the proudest of her after triumphs. A brief history of the first discovery of this rare natural gift, which arduous and persevering study and constant practice may succeed in imitating, if not partially acquiring, but which, to be *perfect*, must be *natural*, may not be uninteresting. Shortly before the period of Miss Hayes's introduction to Bishop Knox, and when quite a child, a lady in Limerick—a highly-accomplished amateur—took great interest in the gentle and thoughtful girl, and invited Catherine frequently to visit her. With this lady as her first instructress, she essayed to improve her style of singing some simple ballads, and displaying in them considerable flexibility of voice and facility of execution, her patroness proposed that she should essay a shake. Surprised, yet flattered, and never dreaming that she really possessed such a gift, she refused with blushes and smiles; but on her return to the solitude of her garden-practice bower by the river's brink, she at once endeavoured to imitate the shake her patroness had played for her instruction. She then ascertained, to her extreme delight, the existence of that beautiful and perfect ornament, which is one of the greatest charms of her singing. Timid by nature, retiring by habit, and scarcely believing in the possession of the precious gift, so newly discovered, she kept the secret to herself. At length, one day, having taken her wonted position at the pianoforte, and being lost, as it were, in the pleasure of singing, she for a moment forgot alike her timidity and caution, and at the termination of the concluding verse of the ballad, finished with a shake so brilliant, so thrilling, so perfect, that it extracted a literal scream of delight from her astonished and gratified patroness, who, though pleased with, and proud of her young pupil, knew not till then the musical treasure she had discovered.

It was from this lady Miss Hayes acquired all the first elementary knowledge of music, which gave her, while still a child, those facilities of brilliant execution, fully developed by after-instruction, and amid all the triumphs of her splendid professional career she has never ceased to cherish the remembrance of the sur-

prise, "affectionate and glad," with which her shake on this occasion was greeted.

Bishop Knox, gratified beyond measure by the astonishing progress of his *protégé*, consulted a number of his and her friends in Limerick as to the best means of fully developing the qualities of her voice, and of making the great natural gifts she possessed subsidiary to her future maintenance. It was then determined that she should be placed under the care of some musical professor of eminence; and to obtain the funds necessary for this purpose, a subscription list was opened among her friends, a large sum being very speedily collected. After much consultation, and a careful consideration of the merits of the various professors then in this metropolis, Signor Sapio was unanimously selected, a just compliment to the well-known abilities of this professor, and the pains-taking care he devoted to his pupils. These arrangements having all been completed, and Signor Sapio having notified his willingness to undertake the charge, received the following communication:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have succeeded in obtaining the requisite sum for Miss Hayes's board and tuition for one year, and shall be very much obliged if you will have the kindness to write to me to say when you and Mrs. Sapio can receive her. All her friends here, and she has many, are delighted to think she will be placed under your protection. She is a very amiable girl, and I have no doubt will do you great credit.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, most truly yours,

"EDMOND LIMERICK.

"Palace, Limerick, 8th March, 1839."

Signor Sapio immediately replied, expressing his intention of at once making the necessary preparations for Miss Hayes's reception, and requesting to be informed when her arrival in the metropolis might be expected. His residence was then in Percy-place, where commenced what may fairly be termed her first professional studies, and where that young ambition to excel was awakened, which never, through all the toils of arduous practice, lost faith in the encouraging belief, that success should ultimately crown perseverance. The rejoinder of Bishop Knox was as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Miss Hayes will be prepared to leave this in a week or ten days, at farthest, and I shall feel greatly obliged if you will let me know, by return of post, if you and Mrs. Sapio can receive her at that time. Mrs. Edmond Knox is quite enchanted at the success she has had in raising subscriptions, and, indeed, so are all her friends, and they are anxious to have her with you as soon as possible. She is a most modest, gentle, unassuming girl; and so anxious is she for improvement (knowing, indeed, that her livelihood depends upon it), that I am convinced she will give her very soul to it.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, most sincerely, your obliged

"EDMOND LIMERICK.

"I have sent Mr. Pigott the amount of her account for the overtures. I hope to be in Dublin in about three weeks, and shall be happy to see you on my way to London. I can, if you wish it, let you have £80 in hand.

"Palace, Limerick, 12th March, 1839."

Catherine Hayes arrived in Dublin on the 1st of April, 1839, and took up her residence with Signor Sapio in Percy-place, it being a great additional recommendation to her mother, and her anxious relatives and friends, that the home thus provided for her was eligible in every respect, combining the greatest comfort with the utmost respectability. Her voice then possessed the beautiful clearness and silvery mellowness which are its characteristics; her natural taste was pure and refined; but, in what may be called the mechanical portion of her art, in which it requires carefully and judiciously directed study to acquire a mastery, she was still extremely deficient. In a few weeks, however, her improvement was astonishing, and her eagerness to learn, the assiduity of her study, and the persevering, pains-taking constancy of her practice, amply fulfilled the Bishop's anticipation, that when once placed in a position where her abilities might have room for development and display, she would "give her very soul" to her art.

Her first appearance in public took place on the 3rd of May, 1839, just one month after her arrival in the metropolis. The scene of this then great event



in her life was the annual concert of Signor Sapio, in the great room of the Rotundo, an entertainment uniformly commanding a large, fashionable, and discriminating auditory. Although it may be supposed her timidity was very great, so great, indeed, that the cordial welcome she received scarcely sufficed to restore her self-possession, her *first* public performance gave her friends assurance that their confidence in her natural powers was not misplaced. Even then, after only a few weeks' tuition, her improvement was so marked as to astonish the professional friends of her able master who had only heard her sing previously, immediately after her arrival from Limerick, when the cultivation her voice had received amounted merely to the amateur instruction of her early friend in Limerick. The following notice of the *debüt* of Miss Hayes appeared in the *Evening Packet*, the other metropolitan critics also speaking favourably of her singing:—

"On this occasion a fair *debutante* (a pupil of Signor Sapio) made her first appearance as a vocalist, and promises, ere long, to stand high in the profession she has chosen. She sung most effectively, with Signor Sapio, the duet 'O'er Shepherd Pipe,' and was loudly encored, being also favourably received in an Italian air which followed. Her voice is a soprano of considerable volume and compass, and has evidently, so far, been carefully cultivated."

The second appearance, in public, of Miss Hayes was thus heralded in one of the public journals, and we may parenthetically remark that, from the beginning, these organs of opinion were almost unanimous in their encomiums:—

"It is, we understand, the intention of the conductors of the Anacreontic Society to introduce to their friends, at the forthcoming concert, a young lady of great promise, who has had the advantage of some instruction from Signor Sapio. The musical world is on tiptoe of expectation of the treat provided for them by this ancient and distinguished Society."

It was on the 8th of December, 1839, that this concert was given; and the *Packet* thus noticed her performance:—

"Miss Hayes is a highly promising vocalist, and, despite of the timidity under which she was labouring, she sung sweetly and expressively. Her style, which is naturally pure, has been cultivated with the greatest care; and we have no hesitation in affirming, that all she requires is a little more experience and public practice to render her a decided acquisition to the concert-room. We were pleased to find that she, in a great degree, conquered her nervousness in the air 'Qui la Voce,' from *Puritani*, which she executed in a manner that showed the excellence of her tuition. Miss Hayes was also very effective in the air *Come per Sereno*, which was loudly encored."

The following month Miss Hayes, accompanied by her pains-taking instructor, paid a visit to her birth-place, and greatly pleased her early patrons, whose astonishment at her rapid progress know no bounds. The Bishop of Limerick gave a private concert expressly in her honour, and her performance gratified him exceedingly, and greatly delighted his guests. Ere leaving Limerick on this occasion, she also sang in public at a musical entertainment, announced for her joint benefit and that of Signor Sapio; and the audience was both surprised and gratified to find her improvement so decided.

Having returned to Dublin, still under the care of Sapio, with whose family, as before, she resided, Miss Hayes pursued her musical studies with unremitting diligence, and an ardour, indeed, that required to be checked by the kind hand of her instructor, lest health might be sacrificed to over-practice and too close application. Still she occasionally sang in public, as, on the 12th of January, 1841, her appearance formed one of the attractions of a concert given by Mr. J. P. Knight. At this entertainment Miss Hayes was introduced to Liszt, the celebrated pianist, who was so greatly pleased with her voice and style that he addressed a congratulatory letter, from which the following is an extract, to Mrs. Knox, daughter-in-law of the Bishop of Limerick:—

"I do not know of any voice more expressive than that of Miss Hayes. I doubt if, among the singers of the day, there is one equal in extent and volume to what her's will be. As to her singing, it is easy and natural, and devoid of all false method; and whatever her

career in future may be, she will owe a good debt of gratitude to Sapia. Whether in London, Paris, Italy, or wherever I may be, I shall always be happy to forward her in her profession.

"F. LIAET."

During the remainder of the year 1841, Miss Hayes continued to be one of the leading vocalists at the Anacreontic, Philharmonic, and other metropolitan concerts, her terms gradually increasing from five, till they reached ten guineas each performance. This may be an extremely commercial method of indicating steady improvement, but it is more expressive than pages of eulogium. She visited Belfast (singing at the opening of the Anacreontic Hall there), Limerick again, Parsonstown, and other places, during the summer and autumn of 1841; and on the 12th of September, a great event in her life, as she then considered it, took place—an introduction to no less a personage than the great Lablache. Benedict was also present at this interview, during which, with much difficulty, as she often even now declares, that she vividly remembers being really frightened, she was prevailed on to sing "Qui la Voce," in order that the veteran might pass his awful and dreaded judgment on her pretensions to take some rank as a solo concert singer, the position at that time her proudest desires only sought to achieve. Lablache heard her with attention till the air was finished, when, instead of pronouncing the opinion which she tremblingly awaited, he asked her to try another and more difficult solo, and then a duet, in which he joined, and then another duet, so that, in fact, the trial terminated in a day's practice not soon to be forgotten by the gratified *debutante*. Lablache's opinion of her pretensions was at once flatteringly pronounced, and that opinion was afterwards communicated to Sapia in a letter, of which the annexed is a translation:—

"DEAR SAPIA,—I have heard with infinite pleasure your pupil, Miss Hayes; and I find she possesses all the qualities to make a good singer. With your instruction she can but gain every day, and I am certain she will end by becoming a *perfect* vocalist in every sense of the word.

"Believe me, your sincere friend,

"LOUIS LABLACHE."

It has been stated that the highest desire of Catherine Hayes at this period was to succeed in obtaining a position of some eminence as a concert singer; and it was only after her interview with Lablache, during which he invited her to go to the theatre the following evening, and see Grisi and Mario perform together in the grand opera of *Norma*, that she felt the current of her destiny was changed. She had never witnessed great acting united with great singing before; and as she sat, with lips apart, eye dilated, and heart tumultuously beating, while the most splendid personation of the Druid priestess that the stage can boast passed like an exciting dream before her; as she heard the peals of applause reverberating through the house; as she beheld the literal shower of floral wreaths and bouquets with which, finally, the Queen of Italian Song was crowned, the first seeds were sown of ambition to excel in the lyric drama. How tame, how cold, how incomplete then appeared the greatest triumph or most flattering reception of the concert-room; how treasured was the after presentation to *the* Norma; how little was the illusion affected by that dingy locality, "behind the scenes;" how fixed, settled, and all-absorbing became the idea, that no glory could surpass that of being called again and again before the curtain, and, half blinded by the glare, half suffocated by the heat of vainly endeavouring to hold the armful of bouquets, presented, after his most fascinating fashion, by Signor Mario.

Miss Hayes remained under the tuition of Sapia until August, 1842, when she returned to Limerick, one of her last performances in Dublin being at a private concert given by the Countess De Grey. Once amongst her friends, she painted, with all the enthusiasm of her nature, and in the brilliant hues that youth extracts from hope, the prosperity that the stage held out, and implored their sanction in undertaking the study necessary to ensure even a moderate amount of success. Her then most earnest desire was to proceed forthwith to Paris, in order to be placed under Signor Emmanuel Garcia, the master

who educated Malibran for the operatic stage, and from whom Jenny Lind received some of her earliest lessons. This proposal would not at first be at all entertained by her relatives and friends; but there was no combating the anxious and incessant pleadings of the enthusiastic girl, and it was ultimately arranged that she should be at once placed under Garcia. A question then arose as to how the journey could be performed by one so very young and inexperienced, and it was proposed that she should remain in her native city until a family, about to leave for Paris in two months, would be ready to depart, when she could accompany them. This the ardent girl declared not to be thought of, as two months' delay would be two months lost; and so feverishly anxious did she at last become, that her friends finally consented to her starting *alone*! The requisite preparations were then promptly made, and on the 12th of October, 1842, Catherine Hayes arrived in Paris, bearing a letter of introduction to George Osborne, the celebrated pianist,\* to the care of whose amiable and accomplished wife she was warmly recommended. Her reception was friendly and encouraging; and she ever speaks with affectionate warmth of their undeviating kindness, which rendered her stay in the French capital so full of happiness. Miss Hayes diligently pursued her studies under Garcia, who proved, to use her own enthusiastic words, "the dearest, the kindest, and the most generous of masters," during a year and six months, when her tutor declared he could not add a single grace or charm to the then fully developed and beautiful organ she possessed, so richly pure in tone, so extensive in compass, and so perfect, both in the upper and lower register. He advised her at once to proceed to Italy, as the best theatre for obtaining the dramatic requirements indispensable for success on the lyric stage. Miss Hayes accordingly proceeded to Milan, where she placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, brother to the celebrated baritone, and then professor of singing to the *Conservatoire Royale*. While studying under his tuition, and laying the foundation of that fame which was shortly to bewilder the astonished girl herself, her clear, fresh voice and cultivated style added not a little to the attraction of several musical parties to which she was invited. At one of these reunions she was introduced to the once celebrated Grassani, aunt to Madame Grisi, who warmly congratulated her on the possession of an organ so beautiful, and on the good fortune that attended its first education and after cultivation. Indeed, the impression made upon Madame Grassani by Miss Hayes's singing was so great, that she wrote to Signor Provini, then manager of the Italian Opera at Marseilles, telling him of the star that was about to dazzle the theatrical world, and advising him to lose no time in offering her an engagement. He immediately came to Milan, obtained an introduction to Miss Hayes, and after having heard her sing, offered her terms, that seemed to her an absolute fortune, as an inducement to sign an engagement with him for three months. Her *debüt*, that terrible ordeal for one so young and inexperienced, accordingly took place at Marseilles, on the 10th of May, 1845, the opera chosen being Bellini's *I Puritani*; and a house crowded to overflowing, tending not to reassure, but unnerve her, as she well knew how severely critical was her audience. The kindness of her reception also added to her embarrassment, the

" Quiet and attention still as night,  
Or summer noontide air,"

with which the first tremulous notes of her voice were listened to, rendering the ordeal still more trying. At first she felt a sensation of faintness and prostration; she thought her failure almost a certainty, and has often declared that the agony of that thought was nearly insupportable. The faintest cheer, the smallest demonstration of approval, would have been somewhat reassuring. But no—the long-trying scene between Elvira and Sir George passed off in solemn silence. Not a "hand" did the *debutante* obtain after her first welcome, until at last the eighth scene opened, and, in her rich nuptial attire, the agitated Elvira

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\* This eminent performer, among other testimonials, has been honoured by receiving "*La Couronne de la Chêne*" from the King of the Netherlands, being the only English artiste ever before so highly distinguished.

entered, her lips as white with fear as the pale rose garland encircling her brow. Faint and frightened as she felt, the beautiful opening polacca "Son Vergin" awakened in her musical soul the enthusiasm she so largely inherits, and never, perhaps, did she interpret this delightful air with more sweetness, more tenderness, more expression.

The ice was at once thawed. A generous burst of approbation startled her from almost despair into perfect rapture. A flattering *encore* then further bewildered her with a new and exquisite joy, and at its termination, as the shouts of approval followed her from the stage, she wept with pleasure to know that the dream of her life's ambition had begun to be realised—*she felt* she had succeeded. The curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic plaudits, renewed again and again, till the agitated but delighted girl reappeared, when numbers of the passionately music-loving audience, who had rushed *en masse* from the theatre, and returned loaded with artificial flowers, literally filled the stage with their graceful offerings, making a perfect garden around the embarrassed *debutante*. The second appearance of Miss Hayes in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and her third opera, *Mose in Egitto*, confirmed the favourable impression her *débüt* created; and during the three months of her stay at Marseilles her popularity increased so rapidly and vastly, that Signor Provini used every argument, *golden* ones included, to induce her to accept an engagement for the Opera in Paris. However, as she felt that she had much to learn, she declined all these offers and returned to Milan, where she gave her undivided attention to study, under the direction of Signor Ronconi.

It was while still diligently pursuing her studies and practising under her able master, with a painstaking assiduity that surprised him, that Signor Regondi requested her assistance at one of his annual musical reunions. At this concert she met Signor Morelli, manager of the La Scala Theatre at Milan, who immediately offered her an engagement, an offer she proudly and gratefully accepted; the post of *prima donna* at the first theatre in Europe being then, perhaps, for the first time occupied by so youthful an *artiste*, and only three months after her *débüt*! The *Linda di Chamouni* of Donizetti was the opera chosen for her first appearance, and it may convey some idea of the unprecedented enthusiasm of her reception to state, that, on the falling of the curtain, she was called before it no less than TWELVE times! Her second appearance was in *Otello*, and it was also a perfect triumph: the character of the gentle Desdemona being one which her delicate and graceful beauty of face and form peculiarly adapted her to represent. Her touching portraiture of Desdemona won for her the flattering designation, "The Pearl of the Theatre" (*La Parla del Teatro*), a happily-descriptive title, by which she was known during the remainder of her stay at Milan, where she continued to win "golden opinions" through the autumn of 1845 and the Carnival of 1846. She proceeded thence to Vienna, where her reception was also extremely flattering, so flattering, indeed, that, in her letter home, she declared she was quite "spoiled," and expressed some apprehension that her "head" might "turn" with the happy intoxication of such unexpected success.

On the first night of the Carnival of 1847, Miss Hayes made her appearance at Venice in a new opera, composed expressly for her by a young Italian nobleman, entitled *Albergo de Romano*. The overture with which it was introduced was spiritless and unpleasing, and the music of the opening scenes contained little promise, and was intrusted to inferior artistes. It fell with ominous coldness on the ears of the audience, and that heavy silence which sometimes precedes a theatrical, as well as an atmospheric storm, gradually settled down, as it were, over the house. When Miss Hayes entered in the middle of the first act, she had, in fact, not only to contend against the ill-humour of a disappointed and displeased auditory, but to sustain the chief part in an opera that already had all but failed. Her fame, however, fortunately for the author, had preceded her, and when she entered, so young, so animated, so graceful—when the first tones of her sweet soprano, so silvery in their freshness and purity, were heard—the displeasure of the audience gradually subsided, and, ere the curtain fell, she not only saved the opera from summary condemnation, but rendered its first performance a triumphant success. Her next appearance was in *Lucia*, in noticing which the *Bazar di Novita*, the *Figaro*,

and the other Venetian journals, exhausted the vocabulary of praise. The rapturous critic of the first-named journal said—

“Ella venne accolta da una interminabile salva d'applausi: destò entusiasmo, fanatismo e furore nella sua cavatina, nel duetto col tenore ed in quello col basso, e non saprebbesi come caratterizzare il trionfo che conseguì al suo rondò finale, mentre gli applausi e le grida di brava indicavano un vero universale delirio.”

We annex a translation for the benefit of “the country gentlemen”:—

“Catherine Hayes comes to Venice to gather an interminable salvo of applause. In her cavatina the furore created amounted to an enthusiasm almost fanatic, as also the duet with the tenore and basso. But we cannot find words to describe the triumph of her *rondo finale*, the acclamations and the hurricane of ‘bravas’ indicating a *universal delirium*!”

The critic in the *Figaro* was even more rapturous in his praise. He said:—

“Però il pezzo dell' Opera, e quello in cui apparve più straordinaria la bravura della Hayes, fu il suo rondò nel terz'atto, di cui non può dirsi a parole tutto il bene che si dovrebbe. L'attenzione, così viva e generale che si sarebbe inteso il ronzio d' una mosca, veniva di tratto id tratto interrotta da grida d' entusiasmo rapite dalla sublimità di quel canto, alla fine del quale furono tanti gli applausi e le chiamate, che riapparsa l' artista al proscenio le tre volte permessa, dovette ricomparirvi un' altra volta ancora col beneplacido della direzione, dopo forse un dieci minuti di plausi e di grida continuati. La Hayes non poteva desiderare un più splendido trionfo.”

“But the great feature of the opera—that which produced the most extraordinary effect—was the rondo in the third act, of which it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient praise. So lively and general was the attention of the audience, that *the buzzing of a fly* might have been heard! the dead silence bursting at intervals into the most enthusiastic shouts of applause. At the end of the performance the Hayes was called three times before the curtain, the applause continuing full ten minutes. Truly the Hayes could not desire a more splendid triumph.”

In the *Linda*, too, our fair countrywoman delighted the Venetians, an unprecedented theatrical *emeute* attesting the effect of her performance. At Venice the law regulating theatricals prohibits any *artiste*, at any theatre, from appearing before the curtain more than thrice, in compliance with a call of the audience. At the termination of Donizetti's charming opera, however, the excited crowd would insist on Miss Hayes coming forward a fourth time, and as she did not dare to disobey the police regulations, the excitement became alarming, her admirers declaring that if not permitted to pay her this compliment as many times as they pleased, they would tear down the theatre. Permission was finally granted, and when Miss Hayes at last came forth, she was literally covered with floral offerings. After a short stay at Vienna, to which capital she was commanded to return by order of the Emperor, she again proceeded to Italy, her first stop being at Bergamo, where she received unusual favours. Here she had the gratification of meeting, for the first time, the celebrated tenor Rubini, who was one of the guests at a splendid banquet given by the Podesta in her honour. She had always ardently desired to hear this great master, and having hinted this wish, he, with the most flattering promptitude, sang for her his most celebrated air from the *Pirata*, asking her afterwards to accompany him in the duet *Su la Tomba*, from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Singing with this great master, Miss Hayes put forth all her powers, and completely astonished the world-renowned tenor, who could with difficulty believe that a style so perfect could have been acquired after a comparatively short period of practice. He repeatedly assured her that he looked with the most lively anticipations for her success in England. During the remainder of her sojourn in Italy, Miss Hayes received unceasing complimentary marks of attention. At Florence, Catalani's villa was always open to receive her; and on one occasion, when she sang there with unusual success, the ex-Queen of Italian Song kissed her affectionately before the assembled guests, and said—“What would I not give to be in London when you make your *debût*! Your fortune is certain. And remember, whenever you come, my doors shall be always open.”

At Genoa, on the occasion of her farewell benefit, when the curtain fell, the



ladies, who are among the proudest of Italian patricians, all left the boxes, and coming behind the scenes, presented her with enormous bouquets, uttering the warmest wishes for her success in England; for at this time Miss Hayes, after considerable persuasion, had been induced to accept an engagement in London, the managers of the Royal Italian Opera (which then boasted among its company Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Brambilla, Signor Mario, Signor Salvi, and the two Lablaches) offering her such flattering terms that she could not prudently decline them.

Her first appearance in the British metropolis took place at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent-garden, on Tuesday the 10th April, 1849. The piece chosen for her debüt was Donizetti's semi-serious opera, *Linda di Chamouni*, and the *Times* thus noticed her performance:—

“Miss Hayes's style of singing is artistic and graceful; she never forces her voice, but has abundance of energy at command, which she uses legitimately, and without any tendency to exaggeration. In the first scene the uproarious welcome she received from the attendance appeared to overcome her altogether, and it was not till near the end of the well-known *cavatina*, ‘O luce di quest' anima,’ that she entirely recovered her presence of mind; here, however, an elegant *cadenza*, introducing a clever and well-executed shake, gained her great applause and an *encore*, which restored her to confidence, and enabled her to repeat the *cabaletta* with double effect. Her next hit was in the duet with Carlo, ‘Salvi,’ in which first occurs the pretty melody so frequently employed in the opera, ‘A consolarmi affrettisti;’ this was given so effectively by both singers, that it was unanimously redemanded. In the grand scene with Antonio (Linda's father), Miss Hayes was excellent, and the mad scene that follows was sung with admirable effect, especially the well-known *bravura* passage, ‘Non e ver,’ where her execution of the chromatic passages was perfect, and the ascending trait with the violins, at the end, was accomplished with remarkable decision and brilliancy. In this, as well as in the last scene, Miss Hayes gave evidence of a great deal of dramatic feeling, and a thorough familiarity with stage effect. Nothing could be warmer or more unanimous than her reception by the audience, who applauded her enthusiastically, and recalled her before the foot-lights after every act.”

The other London journals were equally eulogistic in their criticisms, and, in the fullest sense of the words, her London debüt was a “triumphant success.” Yet those who closely observed her that night might have perceived in her every look, tone, and movement, the existence of a deep emotion, for which even the ordeal of a first appearance was not sufficient to account. When, however, the curtain fell, and when, in a private box, kneeling before her first and best patron, she sobbed out all she felt, and ascribed to him every honour and reward she had gained, that unusual emotion was more than explained. From the stage she had recognised Bishop Knox among her auditory, and their first meeting took place as described.

Her second appearance, in the part of *Lucia*, confirmed the highly favourable impression made by her debüt, and during the remainder of the season Miss Hayes continued to win golden opinions from, perhaps, the most critical audience in Europe; the evenings of her performance being almost uniformly distinguished by an unusually crowded attendance. At a private concert at Buckingham Palace, ere the close of her engagement, she was honoured by a command from her Majesty to attend, and her interpretation of Nini's air, “Oh! Vane Pompa,” from *La Maresciella*, created a marked sensation. During the evening her Majesty, in the most gracious and condescending manner, advanced to Miss Hayes and entered into conversation, complimenting her on what the Queen was pleased to term her “deserved success,” and anticipating for her further honours and rewards. Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge also paid her the most flattering attention; the unwonted tribute being as much a recognition of her virtue and amiability, as of her grace, beauty, and genius.

The period now approached when one dream of the fair vocalist's ambition was to be realised—when one passionate desire of her childhood's fancy was to be more than fulfilled—when her return to her native land, to her native city, “a bright particular star” in the lyric world, was to repay her early patrons for the care with which they tended her dawning genius. On the 5th of November last, after just seven years' absence, the announcement of the engagement of Miss Hayes by the Dublin Philharmonic Society drew an unusually full

attendance to their concert, their Excellencies, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, and suite, forming, for the first time, a portion of the audience. The welcome home of the "Irish Lind," as she was termed, has been thus truly described by the *Freeman's Journal*:—

"The reception of Mademoiselle Hayes was, beyond conception, enthusiastic. We need not remark, that at concerts matters partake too much of the drawing-room or *soiree* character, to admit of such an exhibition of applause as to amount to a *furor*. Our fashionables at all times, no matter how delighted they may feel, make but indifferent *claqueurs*; but on last evening the peals of applause that greeted each glorious effort of our Irish *soprano* were worthy of the theatre during the Lind epidemic."

Her singing created an immense sensation. The critics, recollecting what her voice had been, and what it then was, speculated on the possibility of "climate" and "refined education" absolutely "creating" a new organ, and their only embarrassment seemed the impossibility of commanding language sufficiently eulogistic to express their admiration.

Miss Hayes made her second appearance in the Theatre Royal, when, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary scenes that ever occurred in that building took place—a scene sufficient to have shaken the nerves of a Grisi or an Alboni, much less those of a fair and delicate girl treading, for the first time, her native boards, after seven years' absence. The opera announced was *Lucia di Lammermoor*; the "Edgardo" of the piece being a Signor Pagliere, unknown before here, and not heard of since. His ludicrous inefficiency elicited shouts of laughter, with a variety of ingenious mimicries from the "wags" among the audience—these manifestations of disapproval for him being blended with loud applause for the frightened *debutante*. In the midst of this uproar and noise, a more glaring break-down than before on Edgardo's part was followed by a hurricane of "catcalls." Miss Hayes, with wonderful self-possession, courtesied to that unfortunate gentleman, and left the stage. The curtain was then rung down; and an indescribable scene of tumultuous excitement followed, cheers, groans, laughter, and hisses, forming a very Babel of discord. Mr. Sims Reeves, who, with Mr. Whitworth, Miss Lucombe, and an English operatic company, had terminated an engagement the day of Miss Hayes's arrival, occupied a private box, and sat, during all this turmoil, full in view of the audience. He was quickly recognized, and shouts of "Reeves, Reeves," arose from nearly every part of the house. The lessee, Mr. Calcraft, on this, came forward, and intimated that "he had then no control over Mr. Reeves, whose engagement had terminated, and who, on being asked to sing, in this unhappy emergency, had positively declined. Mr. Reeves instantly sprang to his feet, leaned out of the box, and on obtaining a partial silence said, in no very temperate tone, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I will sing to oblige you, but not to oblige Mr. Calcraft;" on which the lessee, in the blindest tones, concluded the first act of unpleasantness in these words—

"I am not angry, I assure you, that Mr. Reeves has declined to sing to *oblige me*, but I am gratified to find that he has consented to do so to please the audience, and doubly gratified because, under the untoward circumstances, he will support your gifted and distinguished young countrywoman."

After the necessary delay of dressing, &c., the curtain again rose and the opera proceeded, Mr. Reeves performing Edgardo better than on any former occasion in this city; and Miss Hayes nerving herself so fully for her task that no trace of tremulousness, no shadow of the agitating scene through which she had passed, marred the magnificence of her singing and acting. At the termination of each act they were both called before the curtain; and when the opera concluded, their presence was again and again demanded, amid the almost furious waving of hats, canes, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas. The curtain having finally descended, the lessee came forth, when the appearance of Mr. Reeves at the side wing, and his advance to the centre of the stage in a swaggering gait, he being still in the costume of Edgardo, occasioned a renewal of the uproar. However, having mutually "explained," and the petulance of the petted favourite having given way before the frank cordiality of the manager, they shook hands upon the stage, thus terminating the "row" which had nearly proved fatal to the first

appearance of Catherine Hayes in the metropolitan theatre of her birth-place. And that appearance, so ardently yet so tremblingly longed for—that success which was felt to be the great and crowning reward of all the toil of incessant practice, all the years of diligent study—that success, so suddenly imperilled, so nearly marred—it is not any wonder that Miss Hayes ever refers to this incident as the most painful throughout her entire career. The following evening she appeared in *Norma*, and concluded her brief engagement in *La Sonnambula*, her first gratifying professional visit to Ireland terminating with two concerts given in her native city. Her second appearance in Dublin took place in February last; and she proceeded hence to Limerick and Cork, on that occasion, as the *prima-donna* of an Italian company. Her reception was deeply gratifying. Numbers of the most respectable inhabitants of the former city assembled at the railway terminus to meet her, and their welcome was indeed a demonstration of respect and attachment not to be forgotten. The theatre, each night of her performance, was crowded to overflowing. On the occasion of her benefit, her performance presented a scene of intense excitement, and her leave-taking has thus been described by an eye-witness:—

“The hotel was surrounded from an early hour, and it was with difficulty she was able to proceed to the carriage in waiting to convey her to the railway terminus. Hundreds of the poor, to whom she gave liberal charity, blessed her as she departed; and amid the farewell salutations of large groups of ladies and gentlemen, the latter uncovered in her honour, she at length drove away, affected to tears by the favours enthusiastically heaped upon her.”

In Cork, also, the “Irish *prima donna*” received a truly Irish welcome. Hundreds could not obtain admission to the theatre on the nights of her appearance; and, on more than one occasion, costly presents were handed to her by the ladies in the boxes.

On the 2nd of April, Miss Hayes, having accepted an offer from Mr. Lumley, made her first appearance in her Majesty's Theatre; the adroit manager thus securing himself, in the absence of Jenny Lind, from a rivalry he especially dreaded. Her *debüt* in *Lucia* was triumphantly successful, the London critics, without a single exception, speaking in laudatory terms of her vocal and dramatic powers.

It is not for us to profess to comprehend the mysteries of theatrical management, or to account for the singular fact that, during the season now just terminated, Miss Hayes, whose past career was so brilliant, whose *debüt* was so successful, whose reputation, in a word, was *established*, should have been afforded so few opportunities of appearing. Although a large payment was secured to her, and although every overture of the most flattering description was made by the management, in order to attach her to the company for the season, after the engagement was signed, Miss Hayes was rarely called on to gratify the patrons of the opera. A *prima donna* of former years—whose performances, however wonderfully pure, fresh, and brilliant still, were associated with the recollections of the past, was brought prominently forward every night, while Miss Hayes was “shelved,” as far as the management could effect this obscuration. Certainly the diminution in the attraction at her Majesty's Theatre, which has now turned that noble building into a species of promenade concert-room, has not afforded proof of the wisdom of this arrangement, nor has the unworthy treatment of our fair countrywoman diminished in any, the least degree, the popularity she enjoys both in England and this country.

We have now briefly traced the vocal career of Catherine Hayes, from that early period when her first audience cheered the child-songstress on the Shannon's brink, till pronounced second only to Jenny Lind by the coldest and severest critics in the world—till described by one of their cautious organs as “certainly *the* sweetest, the most graceful, and the most interesting representative” of *Lucia* on the stage. Her professional triumphs have been as brilliant as her private life has been pure and amiable. If to Grisi and Adelaide Kemble it has been given to astonish by the sublime grandeur of their tragic acting, the passion and the thrilling beauty of their vocalism; if to Alboni, mighty in all the meaning of the word, be granted amazing attributes of power, and a voice organ-like in blended depth and sweetness; if to Sontag be con-

fided the charm of pure and delicate expression, wedded to delicious floridness of flute-like execution; if to Jenny Lind, greater than all, *the* queen of song, be given that purely beautiful perfection of vocal melody—that true “sunshine spoken,” blending light, and loveliness, and feeling, which never till her advent came from human throat—to Catherine Hayes have descended the deep sensibility, the mournful pathos, the heart-speaking expression which characterise her native music. Her voice is a clear and beautiful *soprano*, of the sweetest quality in all its ranges; ascending with perfect ease to D in alt., and in its freshness, mellowness, and purity giving no token of having at all suffered by the excessive severity of her Italian discipline. It has been well said of Jenny Lind and Catherine Hayes:—

“The one, like a gem, flashes upon the sense, and emits a thousand rays, each glorious in itself; the other, like a flower, is redolent of our soil, and gradually diffuses sweetness around. Or we might compare the foreign artists to one of her native landscapes, basking in splendour, and clear in its outline and objects beneath a starry sky; Miss Hayes’s beauties are those of our own clime, with its features of tenderness melting into light, or darkening into shade.”

As an actress, too, Miss Hayes, during her career, has displayed dramatic genius of the highest order, repudiating the idea, to a great extent still existing, that in opera the interpretation of the music alone was the essential of success. What, for instance, can be more true to nature than her Amina, so full of innocent and joyous animation in the earlier scenes, so painfully real in the after-abandonment to grief, so tender in love, so touching in sorrow, so purely simple throughout? Then her Linda, is not the madness of that love-lorn girl painfully real? Was ever sorrow expressed in more plaintive utterance, more moving action? Her Lucia too, is it not an exquisitely original conception, truthfully carried out? And even her Norma, a part for which the soft and gentle attributes of her nature render her almost unfit, is it not still a grand and moving performance, a fine portraiture of the woman, not, as is that of Grisi, of the fiend?

Having accepted an engagement at Rome as *prima donna* during the grand carnival, Miss Hayes will leave for that city on the termination of her present engagement in Ireland, proceeding thence to Naples, and returning to London in March next. When again to Ireland?

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## THE MYSTIC VIAL; OR, THE LAST DEMOISELLE DE CHARREBOURG.

## VI.—THE MINIATURE.

LUCILLE had not, therefore, gained by her marriage the position to which her ambition aspired. She had made several ineffectual efforts to dissolve the spell of isolation which seemed to seclude the intercourse of the Chateau des Anges from all human ken and visitation as absolutely as the palace of a merman. With the exception, however, of a few visits from the great ladies who resided in the neighbourhood, no casual beams from the brilliant world of rank and fashion without penetrated the dismal shadows of her gorgeous abode.

She was dissatisfied, angry, and resolved upon the earliest fitting occasion to rebel against the selfish tyranny which consigned her to solitude and monotony.

She had hitherto gained nothing by those little expedients, hints, and even entreaties, which are sometimes found so effectual in like cases. The old Fermier-General was just as smiling and as promising as the Chateau des Anges itself, but, alas, as absolutely impenetrable. An iron will encountered and repressed all her shifts and struggles. She chafed and coaxed alike in vain. Whether the bird sang or fluttered, the bars of her cage were immovable.

Under these circumstances, no very cordial feelings began to animate the fiery girl respecting her resolute and reserved old helpmate.

Meanwhile the humble cottage in the park of Charrebourg was deserted, and permitted to fall to decay, for the old Visconte, and even Marguerite, had been removed to the establishment at Des Anges, and so, in process of time, the little walks were overgrown with grass, the fences spread and straggled, dark green plants clambered to the roof, and weeds showed themselves over the tiled vestibule, and even ventured into the inner chambers. Thus time and nature, in mournful alliance, began their obliterating work. But there were some plants and flowers which grew outside what had been for so long Mademoiselle Lucille de Charrebourg's

window. They had been the objects of her care, and Gabriel—sweet but sorrowful remembrance!—had been, in those happy times, privileged to tend them for her. Poor Gabriel was now desolate indeed, but he pleased himself with dressing those flowers, and watering, and weeding them day by day, just as if she were there; and he would then sit on the bank that bounded the bowling-green, and watch the desolate casement where he used so often to see that face that too probably was never more to beam on him. And thus hours would glide away, and, young as he was, he came to live chiefly in the past.

And generally when he rose, and with an effort, and many a backward look lingeringly departed, he would strengthen his sinking heart with some such reflection as this:—

"She did not love the Fermier-General—it was the Visconte who made her marry him. This Monsieur Le Prun—what was he at first but a roturier—no better than myself—and made his own money—fortune may yet befriend me also. I have energies, and resolution, and courage, for her sake, to dare ten thousand deaths. I'll not despair. And then the old fellow can't live *very* long—a few years—and so who knows yet what may befall."

There was one beautiful rose which grew close to the window, and which Lucille herself had planted, and this tree Gabriel came gradually to regard as connected by some sweet and silent sympathy with the features and feelings of its mistress. When it drooped she, he thought, was sick or in sorrow; when, on the contrary, it was covered with blossoms and fresh leaves, she was full of smiles and health; when a rough gust tore its slender sprays, some vexation and disappointment had fretted her; and when again it put forth new buds and sprouts, these were forgotten, and time had gathered round her new hopes and delights. Thus this tree became to him an object of strangely tender interest, and he cherished the fancy that in tending



and guarding it, he was protecting the fortunes and the happiness of poor Lucille.

Meanwhile, as a sort of beginning of that great fortune that awaited him, he obtained employment as an under-gardener at the Chateau de Charrebourg, which had just been let to a wealthy noble, whose millions had elevated him (like Monsieur le Prun) from the bourgeoisie to his present rank.

But we must return to the Chateau des Anges. Lucille's apartments were situated at a side of the Chateau overlooking a small court communicating with the greater one at the front of the building; and this narrow area was bounded by a lofty wall, which separated the other pleasure-grounds from the park.

It was night, Lucille and her gentle companion, Julie, had been chatting together, as young-lady friends will do, most confidentially. The little maiden had detailed all her sadness and alarms. Her married companion had been fluent and indignant upon her wrongs and disappointments. Each felt a sort of relief, and drawn as it were into a securer intimacy by the absence of Monsieur le Prun, who was that night necessarily absent upon business.

The conversation had now shifted to Julie's engagement.

"And so, I suppose, I must marry him. Is it not a cruel tyranny to compel one who desires nothing but to live and die among good Christians, in the quiet of a convent, to marry a person whom she does not or cannot love?"

"Yes, Julie, so it seems; but you may yet be happier so married, than leading the life you long for. Remember, Julie, he is not a man who has outlived the warmth, and tenderness, and trust of youth. He is still capable of a generous passion, and capable of inspiring one. There is no grief like the tyranny of one whom law and not love has made your master."

As they conversed, some cases of Lucille's lay open on the table before her companion, who had been amusing herself in girlish fashion by the varied splendour and exquisite taste of the jewellery they contained.

"This brooch," she said, taking up a miniature in enamel, representing some youthful tradition of Monsieur Le Prun's person, set round with

diamonds, "is set very like mine, but I hate to look at it."

"It represents, then ——"

"The Marquis. Yes."

"The world calls him handsome, I am told."

"Yes, but somehow, if he be so, I can't perceive it; he does not please me."

"Well, then, bring me the miniature, and I will pronounce between you and the world."

With a melancholy smile Julie ran to her own apartment, hard by, and in a few moments returned. With curiosity all alive, Lucille took the brooch and looked at it.

"Well, what say you?" asked Julie, who stood behind her chair, gazing at the trinket over her shoulder. Lucille was silent, although nearly a minute had elapsed.

"He certainly has the noble air," she continued; but still Lucille offered no criticism.

On a sudden she put down the miniature sharply on the table, and said, abruptly, "It is time to go to rest; let us go to bed."

She rose and turned full round on Julie as she spoke. Her face was pale as death, and her eyes looked large and gleaming. Her gaze was almost wild.

"Are you ill?" said Julie, frightened, and taking her hand, which was quite cold.

"Oh, no, no," said Lucille quickly, with a smile that made her pallor and her dilated stare more shocking. "No, no, no—tired, vexed, heart-sick of the world and of my fate."

Julie, though shocked and horrified, thought she had never seen Lucille look so handsome before. She was an apparition terrible, yet beautiful as a lost angel.

"You are, after all, right," she said suddenly. "I—I believe I *am* ill."

The windows of the apartment descended to the floor, and opened upon a balcony. She pushed the casement apart, and stood in the open air. Julie had hurried to her assistance, fearing she knew not what, and stood close by her. Never was scene so fitted to soothe the sick brain, and charm the senses with its sad and sweet repose. The pure moon, high in the deep blue of the heavens, shed over long rows of shimmering steps, and urns, and marble

images—over undulating woodlands, and sheets of embowered and sleeping water, and distant hills, a mournful and airy splendour.

It seemed as though nature were doing homage to so much beauty. The old forest wafted from his broad bosom a long hushed sigh as she came forth; the moon looked down on her with a serene, sad smile; and the spirits of the night-breeze sported with her tresses, and kissed her pale lips and forehead.

At least five minutes passed in silence. Lucille, on a sudden, said—

“So at the end of a year you will be married?”

It seemed to Julie that the countenance that was turned upon her gleamed with an expression of hatred which froze her. But the moonlight is uncertain, and may play wild freaks with the character of an excited face.

“Yes, dear Julie; alas! yes,” she answered, in a tone that was almost deprecatory.

“Well, well, I am better now,” she said, after a second interval. “My head, Julie—my poor head!”

“Have you a pain there, dear Lucille?”

“Yes, yes, it's all there,” she said, abstractedly; and returning, she kissed her gentle companion, bade her good night, and was alone.

Julie was strangely perplexed by the scene which had just occurred. She could account for it upon no theory but the supposition that some flickering vein of insanity was shooting athwart her reason, and as suddenly disappeared. As soon as she was partially composed, she knelt down at the bed-side, and prayed long and fervently; and for far the greater part of the time poor Lucille was the sole theme of her supplications. At last she lay down, and composed herself to sleep. Spite of the unpleasant images with which her mind was filled, slumber ere long overpowered her. But these painful impressions made teasing and fantastic shapes to themselves. Her pillow was haunted, and strange dreams troubled her slumbering senses. From one of these visions she awoke with a start, and found herself sitting upright in her bed, with her heart beating fast with terror. A burst of passionate wailing from Lucille's apartments thrilled her with a sort of terror at the same moment. In hushed

uncertainty she listened for a repetition of the sound; but in vain. She was prompted to go and try whether she needed any help or comfort; but something again withheld her; and after another interval of somewhat excited reflection, she once more gradually fell asleep. Again, however, hateful visions tormented her. She dreamed that a phantom, said to have haunted the chateau for ages, and known by the familiar title of “La Belle Colombe,” was pursuing her from chamber to chamber, dressed in her accustomed shroud of white; and had at last succeeded in chasing her into a chamber from which there was no second door of escape—when she awoke with a start; and, behold! there was a light in the room, and a female form, dressed in white, standing between the bed-side and the door. For some moments she fancied that she saw but the continuation of her dream, and awaited the further movements of the figure with the fascination of terror. But gradually her senses reported more truly, and she perceived that the figure in white was indeed Lucille—pale, haggard; while with one hand she held the candlestick, with the other she motioned slowly towards the bed, which she was approaching with breathless caution upon tiptoe. With an effort Julie succeeded in calling her by name, almost expecting as she did so to see the whole apparition vanish into air.

“Awake, awake; how softly you breathe, Julie!” said Lucille, drawing close to the bed-side, and drawing the curtains.

“Yes, dear Lucille; can I do anything for you?”

“No, no—nothing; but ——”

“How do you feel now?—are you better?”

“Yes, better than I desire to be.”

“But why are you here, dear Lucille?—has anything —— *frightened* you?”

“Ha! then you heard it, did you?”

“Heard it? What?”

“Why, how long have you been awake—did you—did you hear music—singing?”

“No, no; but, but in truth, dear Lucille, I thought I heard you weeping.”

“Oh! nonsense—who minds a girl's weeping—but you heard nothing else?”

“No, indeed.”

Lucille appeared greatly relieved by this assurance. She stooped over her and kissed her; and it was not until her face was thus brought near that Julie could perceive how worn and wan with weeping it was.

"I have been dreaming, then; yes, yes, I suspected as much—*dreaming*,"

#### VII.—THE DEVIL'S COACH.

It seemed to Julie that Lucille was moody and abstracted next morning. Sometimes for a few moments she talked and smiled as before, but this was fitfully, and with an effort. She appeared like one brooding over some wrong that had taken possession of her thoughts, or some dark and angry scheme which engrossed her imagination. She soon left Julie and retired to her own apartments.

When Monsieur Le Prun returned, sometime after noon, not finding his young wife in her usual chamber, he went up stairs to wish her good day in her own suite of rooms.

He was surprised at the sullen and stormy countenance with which she greeted him. She had not yet ventured to rebel against his authority, although she had frequently hinted her remonstrances and wrongs. But there was now a darkness charged with thunder on her brow, and the Fermier-General began seriously (in nautical phrase) to look out for squalls.

"Good-day, my pretty wife."

"Good-day, sir."

"Are you well to-day?"

"No."

"Hey? that's a pity; what ails you, my charming little wife?"

"Solitude."

"Solitude! pooh, pooh! why there is Julie."

"Julie has her *young* lover to think of."

"And when you weary of her," he continued, resolved not to perceive the slight but malicious emphasis, "you have got your own sweet thoughts to retire upon."

"My thoughts are ill company, sir."

"Well, as it seems to me, the pretty child is out of temper to-day," he said, with evident chagrin.

"Perhaps I am—it is natural—I should be a fool were I otherwise."

"Par bleu! what new calamity is this?" he asked, with a smile and a shrug.

she said, and as she reached her own room she muttered—

"Well, God be thanked she did *not* hear it—but what can it mean? What madness and crime can have conjured up these sounds? What can it mean but guilt, danger, and despair?"

"Nothing new, sir,"

"Well, what *old* calamity?"

The past night had wrought a change in Lucille; and little as she had ever liked M. Le Prun, she now felt a positive hatred of him, and she answered with a gloomy sort of recklessness—

"Sir, I am a prisoner."

"Tut, tut! pretty rogue."

"Yes, a prisoner; *your* prisoner."

"A prisoner on parole, perhaps; but provided, pretty captive, you don't desert me, you may wander where you will."

"Psha! that is nonsense," she said, sharply.

"Nonsense!" he repeated, testily; "it is no such thing, madam; you have the handsomest equipages in France. Pray when did I refuse you carriages, or horses, or free egress from this place? par bleu! or lock the gates, madame? Treated as you are, how *can* you call yourself a prisoner?"

"What advantage in carriages, and horses, and open gates, when we are surrounded by a desert?"

"A desert! what do you mean?"

"There is not a soul to speak to."

"Not a soul—why you are jesting; pray is the Marquise de Pompignaud nobody? is the Conte de la Perriere nobody?"

"Worse than nobody, monsieur; I should prefer a desert to a wilderness haunted by such creatures."

"*Sacre!* what does the child want?"

"What every wife in France commands—society, sir."

"Well, I say you have got it: independently of your immediate domestic circle, you have a neighbourhood such as ought to satisfy any reasonable person. There are persons fully as well descended as yourself, and others nearly as rich as I am, all within easy visiting distance."

"The rich are all plebeians, and the nobles are all poor; there is and can be in a group so incongruous no

cordiality, no gaiety, no splendour; in a word, no such society as the last descendant of the Charrebourgs may reasonably aspire to."

"It is fully as numerous and respectable, notwithstanding, as the society which the last descendant of the Charrebourgs enjoyed in the ancestral park where first I had the honour of making her acquaintance."

"Yes; but not such as with my birth and beauty I might and *must* have commanded, sir."

"Well, what do you expect? These people won't give fêtes?"

"Bring me to Paris, sir; I wish to take my place among the noble society, where I may meet my equals; and at court, where I may, like all my ancestry, see my sovereign. Here, sir, my days fly by in melancholy isolation; I am kept but to amuse your leisure; this, sir, is not indulgence, it is selfish and tyrannical."

Monsieur Le Prun looked angrier and uglier than ever she had seen him before. His eyes looked more black and prominent, and his face a great deal paler. But he did not trust himself with an immediate answer; and his features, as if in the effort to restrain the retort his anger prompted, underwent several grotesque and somewhat ghastly contortions.

His handsome wife, meanwhile, sate sullen and defiant, daring, rather than deprecating, the menaced explosion of his wrath.

Their matrimonial bickerings, however, were not so soon to reach their climax. Monsieur Le Prun contrived to maintain a silent self-command—thrust his hands into his pockets, walked to the window humming an air, and, after a few moments' pause, turned abruptly and left the room.

Near the stair-head he met old Marguerite on her way to Lucille's apartments. He signed to her to follow him, and entered a chamber there. She perceived the unmistakeable traces of angry excitement in his face—always sinister in an old man, but in one so powerful, and about whom she had heard so many dark rumours, full of vague terrors. As soon as he had closed the door, he said to her—

"I hope they make you comfortable here, Marguerite?"

"Yes, sir, very comfortable," she replied, with a low courtesy, and trembling a good deal.

"Well, Marguerite, I suppose you would wish to make a suitable return. Now, some vile miscreant meddler, who has got the ear of your young mistress, has been endeavouring to make her unhappy in her present secluded situation—I think I could place my hand upon the culprit; but, at all events, do you lose no opportunity henceforward of cheering her, and reconciling your young mistress to this most suitable residence."

It was perfectly plain, from his looks, that Monsieur Le Prun suspected *her* of being the "meddler" in question; but before she could muster presence of mind to attempt her exculpation, he was gone. The interview was like an ugly flitting dream. His angry face and menacing croak had scared her senses but for a moment; the apparition had vanished, and with a heart still beating fast, she went stealthily on her way.

Now Julie perceived that a change had taken place in Lucille—she was anxious and excited, and appeared morbidly and passionately eager to share in those amusements which before she had desired with comparative moderation.

"Julie, I *will* mix in the world; I *will* meet people and associate with my equals—I am resolved upon it. If Monsieur Le Prun persists in refusing my reasonable wishes, it will perchance be the worse for himself."

Such sentences she used to utter amidst blushes and pallor, and with a fire and agitation that painfully perplexed her gentle, but now somewhat estranged, little companion.

Her conduct, too, became eccentric and capricious; sometimes she appeared sullen and reserved—sometimes, at moments, as if animated with a positive hatred of her unoffending companion. Then again she would relent, and, in an agony of compunction, entreat her to be reconciled.

It happened, not unfrequently, that business compelled Monsieur Le Prun to pass the night from home. Upon one of these occasions Lucille had gone early to her bed, and old Marguerite, at her special desire, sate beside her.

"Well, Marguerite," said her young mistress, "I am going to exact the fulfilment of a promise you made me long ago, when first you came home, and before you became afraid of Monsieur Le Prun. You told me, then, that

you knew some stories of him—come, what are they?"

"Hey, dear bless the pretty child!—did I though?"

"Yes, yes, Marguerite; and you must tell them now—I say you *must*—I *will* have them. Nay, don't be afraid; I'll not tell them again, and nobody can overhear us here."

"But, my pretty pet, these stories —"

"Then there *are* stories—see, you can't deny it any longer; tell them, tell them to me all."

"Why they are nothing but a pack of nonsense. You would laugh at me. It is only about monsieur's father, and the wonderful coach they say he left to his son."

"Well, be it what it may, let me have it."

"Well, then, my pretty bird, you shall have it as they told it to myself."

She looked into the next apartment, and having satisfied herself that it was vacant, and shut the door of communication, she prepared for her narrative.

We have clipped the redundancies, and mended the inaccuracies of honest Marguerite's phraseology; but the substance and arrangement of the story is recorded precisely as she gave it herself.

"Monsieur's father, they say, began with a very little money, madam, and he made it more by—by—in short, by *usury*; I beg pardon, but they say so, madam; and so finding as he grew old that he had a great deal of gold, and wishing to have some one of his own flesh and blood to leave it to, when he should be dead and buried, he bethought him of getting a wife. He must have been a shrewd man, I need not tell you, to have made so much money, so he was determined not to make his choice without due consideration. Now there was a farmer near them, who had a pretty and innocent daughter, and after much cautious inquiry and patient study of her character, old moneybags resolved that she was excellently suited for his purpose."

"She was young and pretty, and he old and ugly, but rich; well, what followed?"

"Why, she poor thing did not want to marry him at all; for though he was rich, he had a very ill name in the country, and she was afraid of him; but her father urged her, and the old

man himself spoke her fair, and between them they overpowered her fears and scruples, and so she was married."

"Poor thing!" said Lucille unconsciously.

"Well, madam, he married, and brought her home to his desolate old house, and there, they say, he treated her harshly; and indeed he might there safely use her as he pleased, for there was not another house for a great way round to be seen; and nobody but his own creatures and dependants, who, they said, were just as bad as himself, could hear her cries or witness his barbarities."

Lucille sate up in the bed and listened with increased interest.

"Poor thing! it was there, in the midst of sufferings and cruelties, that she gave birth to a child, who is now Monsieur Le Prun, the great Fermier-General; but her health, and indeed her heart, was broken; and some rumour having reached her relations that she was sick and unhappy, a cousin of her's, who they said was in love with her in their early days, brought the village physician with him to see her, though it was full three leagues and a half away."

"The cousin loved her; poor fellow, he was true," said Lucille, with a blush of interest.

"Ay, so they say; but Monsieur Le Prun, who was a jealous curmudgeon, would not admit him; but he did allow the physician to see her (himself standing by), because he was always glad to have the use of anybody's skill for nothing—which, more than any love he bore his poor wife, was the reason of his letting him prescribe for her. Well, of course, she could not send any message to her friends, nor tell how she was treated, for old Le Prun was at her bedside; but the physician saw that she was ill, and he said to the old miser—'Your wife can't walk, and she must have air; let her drive every day in your coach.' 'I have no such thing,' said old Le Prun. 'But you are rich,' said the physician, 'you can afford to buy one; and it is your duty to do so for your wife, who will die else.' 'Let her die, then, for me—the devil may send her a coach to ride in, as they say he sent me my money; but I'll not waste my gold on any such follies.' So the physician went away disappointed and disgusted, and her poor



cousin was not able to effect any good on her behalf; but it seems the words of Monsieur Le Prun did not fall quite to the ground—they were heard in the quarter to where they were directed. That evening closed in clouds, and before twelve o'clock at night, they say, there came on such another thunder-storm as never was heard in the neighbourhood before or since. Nothing but thunder roaring and crashing, peal upon peal, till the old house shook and trembled to its very base; and the blue lightning glared at every window, and split along the pavement in streams of vivid fire; and all this time the rain was beating straight down in an incessant and furious deluge."

"And so, I suppose, the devil came in the midst of the tempest and took him away bodily in a flash of lightning?"

"No, no, my pretty bird, not so fast. There was an old negro servant of his, a fellow just as wicked as himself, who was sitting in the kitchen, cursing the rain that was battering in huge drops down the chimney, and putting out the wood at which he was warming his shins, when, in the midst of the dreadful hubbub of the tempest, what should he hear but the rush of a great equipage, and wheels and horses clattering over the pavement, amidst the shouts of men and the sound of horns. Up jumped the black, and listening, he heard a loud voice shouting through the storm, as if to summon some one to the door. Though they say he was a courageous old sinner, his heart failed him, for such sounds had not visited the old house within the memory of man in the day-time, much less in the dead of night; and, instead of going to the door, he hurried away to the chamber where old Le Prun was cowering, screwed up in the middle of a great old fauteuil, and more frightened at the tempest than he would have cared to confess. So he told him of the sounds he had just heard, and he and his master mounted together to a small room in a gable over the hall-door, and from the casement of this they commanded a view of the paved court in front. It was so dark, however, that they could see nothing; and the thunder still echoing in prolonged explosions, and the rain battering at the windows, prevented their distinctly hearing the words which the

voice was shouting outside. 'Shall we open the casement and ask him what they want?' said the old negro. 'Let it alone,' said his old master, shoving his arm back again, with a curse. At the same moment a vivid flash of lightning, or rather several in almost continuous succession, shed for some seconds a blue, pulsating illumination over the scene, and then they saw before their eyes a coach, with a team of horses and outriders, in the style of a royal equipage, drawn up before the hall-door; and all the postillions and outriders were sitting motionless, with their whips pointing to the house, as if they were signing to the inhabitants to come out; and some one was looking from the window, and cried, in a tone like the shriek of the wind—'The coach that Monsieur Le Prun ordered this morning.' In the quivering blue light the whole thing looked like a smoky shadow, and was swallowed in darkness in a moment. Then came the bellowing thunder-burst, and a wild scream of winds rushed whooping, and sighing, and hissing through the tree-tops, and died away in the unknown distance. The two old sinners, master and man, crept away from the window, and stumbled their way back again to the chamber which Monsieur Le Prun had occupied before, and which, being in the rere of the house, and most remote from the sight that had scared them, was preferred by them to any other. In the morning a coach, of first-rate workmanship in all respects, was standing in front of the hall-door, just where they had seen it on the night before, but no sign of horse, rider, or owner. For several days it remained in the same position, no one caring to touch it; but at the end of that time, having grown accustomed to its presence, and gradually less and less in awe of it, they lodged it in the coach-house; and so, after a considerable time, the old usurer's instincts prevailed, and he resolved to make trial of the vehicle, with a view to sell it in Paris. At first the horses snorted, and reared, and shyed when they were attempted to be harnessed to it, but in a little while they too became reconciled to it, and Monsieur Le Prun made an experimental trip in it himself. Whatever passed upon that occasion it certainly determined him against parting with it. And, it was said, whenever

he was thenceforward in doubt about any purchase, or meditating any important financial coup, he invariably took a solitary drive in this preternaturally-acquired vehicle; and in the course of that drive his doubts, whatever they may have been, were invariably resolved, and some lucky purchase or successful operation upon 'Change were sure to follow. It was said that upon these occasions Monsieur Le Prun was always heard to converse with some companion in the coach; and the driver once avowed that, having been delayed by an accident on the road, as the darkness came on, he distinctly saw two shadowy outriders spurring duly in their van, and never lost sight of them until, with hair standing on end and bathed in a cold sweat, he drew up in the court before his master's house."

"And what happened to old Le Prun?"

"When they returned from one of their drives, taken, heaven bless us! for the purpose of consulting the Evil One, so to speak, face to face, they found old Le Prun quite dead, sitting back in his wonted attitude, and with his arm slung in the embroidered strap."

"And what has become of the wonderful coach?"

"That I have never heard; but they say that Monsieur Le Prun, the Fermier-General, has it in one of his houses, either in the country or in Paris, and that, whenever he wants to consult the familiar demon of the family, he takes a drive in it alone; and this, they say, has been the cause of his great successes and his enormous fortune."

"I should like to ride in that coach myself," said Lucille.

"Heaven and all the saints forbid!"

"I want to know my destiny, Marguerite. Were I sure that all my days were to pass as at present, I would rather die than live."

"Oh, but sure my pretty bird would not ask her fortune of—of—"

"Yes, of any one—of any spirit, good or evil, that could tell it. I am weary of my life, Marguerite. I would rather beg or work with my liberty, and the friends I like, than see my days glide by in this dull, wealthy house, without interest, or hope, or—*or love.*"

"But never desire, while you live, my child, the visits of the Evil One.

Once asked for, it is said he never refuses them."

"Say you so? then I invite him, with all my heart," she said, with a bitter pleasantry; "he can't be a great deal worse than the society I have sometimes had to share; and if he discloses the futurity that awaits me, he will have been the most instructive companion that fortune ever lent me."

"Chut! madam, listen."

"What is the matter, Marguerite?"

"Did not you hear?"

"What?—whom?"

"There—there again; blessed Virgin shield us!"

"Psha! Marguerite; it is nothing but the moths flying against the window-panes; I have heard that little tapping a hundred times."

"Well, well, maybe so; but say your prayers, my dear, and ask forgiveness for your foolish words."

"No, Marguerite; for in truth I do wish my fortune were read to me, and care not by whom."

"Hey, what's that? Chut! in heaven's name hold thy mad tongue," she cried, in the irritation of panic; "surely *that* is no moth. May the saints guard your bed, my child. You heard it, did you not?"

"Hum—yes—there was a sound."

"I should think so, *par bleu!* something a size or two larger than a moth, too."

"It was a spray of one of the plants swung by the breeze against the window."

"Ma foi! it was no such thing, my sweet pet; no, no, something with a pair of wings fluttered up against it."

Had the old woman, in her trepidation, had leisure to study the countenance of her young mistress, she would have perceived that her cheeks were flushed with crimson. But she was too busy with her medley of prayers and protestations, and too fully preoccupied with the idea of an unearthly visitation.

"Well, well, Marguerite, be it as you say, I'll not dispute the point; but leave me now; I'm tired, and would sleep. Good night."

After the old woman had withdrawn some minutes, Lucille rose from her bed. She had only been partially undressed; and throwing on her dressing-gown, and putting her little ivory feet into her slippers, she glided to her

chamber-door, which she secured, and then cautiously, and almost fearfully, stepped to the window, which she pushed open, and stood upon the balcony.

With a beating heart, and a cheek that momentarily changed colour, she looked all along the edges of the court, and over the tall plants, and under the shadow of the lofty jessamine-covered wall. She listened with breathless and

excited suspense—she waited for some minutes; but having watched and listened in vain, she pressed her hand on her heart, and, with a deep, trembling sigh, turned back again. It was at this moment she saw something white, no bigger than a playing-card, lie at her feet. She picked it up, entered her room, and trembling violently, closed the window again, and was alone.

#### VIII.—THE ORDEAL.

[The next morning came with sunshine, and the merry carols of all the sylvan choirs. It would have meetly ushered in a day of rejoicing; but joy seemed to have bid an eternal adieu to the luxurious solitudes of the Chateau des Anges.

Julie that morning remarked that Lucille remained unusually late in her own rooms. Fearing that she might be ill, she ventured to visit her in her apartments. It was past twelve o'clock when she knocked at her door. There was no answer; and she knocked repeatedly, but without success. At last she opened the door, but Lucille was not as usual in that room. She walked through it, and the apartment beyond it, without seeing her; but in her dressing-room, which lay beyond that again, she found her.

She was sitting in a loose morning-robe; her head was supported by her hand, and the open sleeve of heavy silk had fallen back from her white round arm. An open letter lay upon the table under her gaze. She had evidently been weeping, and was so absorbed either in her own reflections or the contents of the letter, that she did not perceive the entrance of Julie.

The visiter paused; but feeling that every moment of her undiscovered presence added to the awkwardness of her situation, she called Lucille by name.

At the sound of her name she started from her seat, and stood, pale as death, with all her dark hair shaken wildly about her shoulders, and her eyes gleaming with a malign terror upon the intruder. At the same moment she had clutched the letter, and continued to crumple it in her hand with a spasmodic eagerness.

Julie was almost as much confounded as Lucille. Both were silent for a time.

"I beg your pardon, dear Lucille; I fear my unperceived intrusion startled you."

"Yes, yes; I suppose I am nervous. I am not well. Oh, God! you did startle me very much."

To do her justice, she looked terrified; every vestige of colour had fled from her face, even from her lips, and her eyes continued gleaming wildly and fixedly on her.

"Why did you come, then—what do you want of me?" she said, at last, excitedly, and even angrily.

"I came to ask how you are, Lucille—I feared you were ill."

"I—I ill? You knew I was not ill," she said, hurriedly and impatiently, and either forgetting or despising her own excuse of but a moment before. "You came—you came for a purpose, Julie—yes, yes—do not deny it—there is perfidy enough already."

"You wrong me, Lucille; I told you the simple truth—why should I deceive you?"

"Why—why? Because the world is full of deceit, full of falsehood and treason—they are everywhere, everywhere."

She turned away, and Julie perceived that she was weeping.

She was pained and puzzled—nay, she was crossed every moment by the horrid fear that Lucille's mind was unsettled. Her strange agitation seemed otherwise unaccountable.

"Lucille—dear Lucille—surely you will not be angry with your poor little friend—surely you believe Julie."

She looked at her for a moment, and said—

"Yes, Julie, I do believe you;" and so saying, she kissed her. "But—but I am utterly, and I fear irremediably miserable."

"But what is the cause of your wretchedness, my dear Lucille?"

"This place—this solitude oppresses me; I cannot endure the isolation to which I am unnaturally and tyrannically condemned. Oh, Julie! there are circumstances, secrets, miseries I dare not tell you; fate is weaving round me a net, to all eyes but my own invisible. But why do you look at me with those strange glances? Do not believe that I am *guilty*, because I am miserable—do not dare to touch me with such a thought."

She stamped her little foot furiously on the floor at these words, while her cheek and eye kindled with excitement. It speedily subsided, however, into a deep and sullen gloom, and she continued—

"I scarce know myself, Julie—what I am, or what I may be; but my heart is as full of tumult, of suffering, of hatred, as hell itself. I will at least be free—my captivity in this magician's prison shall terminate—I *will* not endure it. It shall end soon, one way or another—I will liberate myself."

Lucille spoke with something more than passion—it was fierceness; and her gentle companion was filled with vague alarms. She had, as feeble natures often have, an instinctive appreciation of the superior energy and daring of her more fiery companion, and knew that she would, too probably, take some violent and irreparable step in furtherance of her resolution. It was, therefore, with feelings of anxiety and fear that she left her to the solitary influence of her own angry and excited thoughts.

Monsieur Le Prun did not arrive till night. As he and the Count de Blassemare rolled homeward, side by side, in his carriage, under the uncertain moonlight, between the lordly rows of forest-trees that, like files of gloomy Titans, kept perennial guard along the approaches of the chateau, or, as Lucille had not unaptly styled it, "the magician's prison," they talked pretty much as follows:—

"Le Prun, my good friend, you are jealous—jealous, by all the imps in true love's purgatory," said Blassemare:

"Not jealous, but cautious."

"A nice distinction."

"Why, when one has reached our time of life —."

"Ours! you might be my father."

"Well, I can't deny it, for nobody knows how old you are. But at my

years a man with a young wife must exercise precaution. *Parbleu!* we are neither of us fools, and I need not tell you that."

"Why, yes, we have had our experiences—I as a spectator—you as —"

"Of course—therefore this threatened irruption of frivolity and vice—"

"Say of youth and beauty; the other qualities—frivolity and vice—may coexist with age and ugliness, and therefore, harmlessly."

"Well, what you will, it does not please me. But under existing circumstances, with my application pending, you knew it was impossible to deny the Marchionesse her whim."

"Of course; and so for a single night the Chateau des Anges becomes a fairy palace. Well, what harm—you can't apprehend that a single *fête*, however gay and spirited, will—ruin you."

"Why, no; after all, it is, as you say, but a single *fête*, and then extinguish the lights, and lock the doors, and so the Chateau des Anges becomes as sober as before."

"And I wager a hundred crowns you will tell Madame Le Prun that you have given this *fête* entirely on her account."

"I thought of that," he replied, with a grin; "but it would not be wise."

"Why so?"

"Because it would make a precedent."

"And will you never again indulge her fancy for society?"

"By —, my good friend, *never*. She fancies she has a great deal of spirit, and will contrive to rule me; but she does not know Etienne Le Prun—she does not know him—I will treat her like what she is—a child."

"And she will treat you, perhaps, like —"

"Like what?"

"Like what you are—a bridegroom of seventy."

"If she dares. Ay, Blassemare, I have just as little trust as you in what conventionality calls the *virtue* of the sex. I rely upon my own strong will—the discipline I can put in force, and their salutary fears."

There was here a pause of more than a minute in the dialogue; each appeared to have enough to think of, and the carriage was driving nearly at a gallop under the funereal shadow of the dense and lofty trees. With

a fierce start, Monsieur Le Prun cried, suddenly—

“What do you mean?”

“I?—nothing.”

“Why do you say *that*?”

“What?”

“You said—Bluebeard.”

“Hey!”

“Ay!—what the devil did you mean by that?”

“Upon my soul I said no such thing,” said Blassemare, with a hollow, satirical laugh.

Monsieur Le Prun glanced over his shoulder once or twice, and then hummed to himself for a time.

“Seriously,” he repeated, “did you not call me by that name?”

“I!—no; I always call things by their name, and your’s is grey.”

“Hem!—what is he driving in this shadow for? Tell him to keep in the moonlight—one would think he wanted to break our necks.”

Monsieur Le Prun, it was evident, had become fidgetty and fanciful.

“A few minutes’ rapid driving brought the carriage to the hall-door of the chateau, and its wealthy, but, perhaps, after all, not very much to be envied, master conducted his familiar imp, Blassemare, into a salon, where supper awaited them.

“I don’t myself understand these things, Blassemare, but you will be my stage-manager, and get up the spectacle in the best style.”

“Why, yes. I don’t see why I should not lend a hand, that is to say, if nothing happens to call me away,” said Blassemare, who delighted in such affairs, but liked a little importance also.

“How soon is it to take place?”

“She said in about three weeks.”

“Ha! very good.”

And the Count de Blassemare was instantaneously translated, in spirit, among feu d’artifice, water-works, arches, coloured lamps, bands, and all the other splendours and delectations of an elaborate fête.

“I remember,” said Le Prun, abruptly dispelling these happy and gorgeous visions with his harsh tones, “when I was at school, reading about Socrates and those invisible demons that were always hovering at his ears; it was devilish odd, Blassemare. But to be sure those were good-natured devils; ay, that is true, and meant him no harm.”

“By my faith I forget all about it;

but what the devil connection have these demons, blue, black, or red, with your fête?”

“I sometimes think, Blassemare, you are a worse fellow than I am, for you have no qualms of conscience.”

“No qualms of stomach, no fumes of indigestion; as for conscience, it is an infirmity of which we both stand equally acquitted.”

“I did not speak of it in a good sense,” said Le Prun, gloomily; “it may be remorse or superstition, but I fancy the man who has none of it is already dead and under his coffin lid, so far as his spiritual chances are concerned.”

“Faith it is a treat, Le Prun, to hear you talk religion. When do you mean to take orders? I should so like to see you, my buck, in a cassock and cowl, begging meal, and telling your beads, and calling yourself brother Ambrose.”

“I have not good enough in me for that,” he replied, in a tone which might be earnest, or might be a sneer; “besides, I dare say that the grand *melange* of rapture and diablerie they call religion is altogether true; but *par bleu!* my good fellow, there is something more than this life—agencies, subtler and more powerful mayhap than those our senses are commonly cognizant of. I say I have had experience of this truth, and of them. You laugh! and I suppose will laugh on, until that irresistible old gentleman-usher, DEATH, presents you to other realities face to face.”

“Well, so be it. If they have faces, I suppose they have mouths, and can laugh, and chat, and so, egad I’ll make the best of them; it is one comfort, we shall all understand religion then, and need not plague our heads about it any further. But in the meantime, suppose we have a game of picquet?”

“Agreed! Call for cards, and by the time you have got them I will return.”

Le Prun took a candle, and opening a door which led through a passage to a back stair communicating with Lucille’s apartments, he directed his steps thither for the purpose of announcing his arrival, and ascertaining at the same time the state of his wife’s temper.

He tapped at the door, and having received permission to enter, did so, to



the manifest surprise of the occupants of the chamber, who had expected to see one of the servants.

Julie, who was in the very middle of a story about the Marquis de Secqville, her intended husband (to which Lucille was listening as she leaned pensively back in her rich fauteuil, with downcast eyes), suspended her narrative.

"Well, sir?"

"Well, madam?"

Such was the curt and menacing greeting exchanged between the Fermier-General and his wife.

"You appear dissatisfied," he said, after an interval, and having taken a chair.

"I *am* so."

"This is tiresome, *ma femme*."

"Yes, insupportably; *this*, and everything else that passes here."

"It appears to me you are somewhat hard to please."

"Quite the reverse. I ask but to mix in human society."

"You have here society enough, madam."

"I have absolutely none, sir."

"I can't say what society you enjoyed in the Parc de Charrebourg, madam," he began, in an obvious vein of sarcasm. And as he did so he thought he observed her eyes averted and her colour brighten for a moment. He did not suffer this observation to interrupt him, but he laid it up in the charnel of his evil remembrances, and continued—"I don't know, I say, what society you there enjoyed. It may have been very considerable, or it may have been very limited; it was possibly very dull, or possibly very delightful, madam. But if you *had* any society there *whatever*, it was private, secret; it was neither seen nor suspected, madam, and, therefore, you must excuse me if I can't see what sacrifice, in point of society, you have made in exchanging your *cottage* in the Parc de Charrebourg for a residence in the Chateau des Anges."

"Sir, I *have* made sacrifices—I have lost my liberty, and gained you."

"I see, my pretty wife, it will be necessary that you and I should understand one another," he said, tranquilly, but with a gloom upon his countenance that momentarily grew darker and darker.

"That is precisely what I desire," replied his undaunted helpmate.

"Leave us, Julie," said the Fermier-General, with a forced calmness.

Julie threw an imploring glance at Lucille as she left the room, for she held her uncle in secret dread. As she glided through the door, her last look revealed them seated at the little table: he—ugly, black, and venomous; she—beautiful, and glittering in gay colours. It was like a summer-fly basking unconsciously within the pounce of a brown and bloated spider.

"Depend upon it, madame, this will never do," he began.

"Never, sir," she repeated, emphatically.

"Be silent, and listen as becomes you," he almost shouted, with a sudden and uncontrollable explosion of rage, while the blood mounted to his discoloured visage. "Don't fancy, madame, that I am doting, or that you can manage me with your saucy coquetry or sulky insolence. I have a will of my own, madame, under which, by heaven, I'll force your's to bend, were it fifty times as stubborn as ever woman's was yet. You shall obey—you shall submit. If you will not practice your duty cheerfully, you shall learn it in privation and tears; but, one way or another, I'll bring you to act, and to speak, and to *think* as I please, or I'm not your husband."

"Well, sir, try it; and, in the meantime, I expect ——"

"What do you expect?" he thundered.

"I expect to receive the counterpart of this," she said, with deliberate emphasis, holding the magic vial steadily before his eyes.

For a second or two the talisman appeared powerless, but only for so long. On a sudden his gaze contracted—he became fascinated, petrified—his face darkened, as if a tide of molten lead were projected through every vessel—and a heavy dew of agony stood in beads upon his puckered forehead. With all this horror was mingled a fury, if possible, more frightful still: every fibre of his face was quivering; the hand that was clenched and drawn back, as if it held a weapon to be hurled into her heart, was quivering too; his mouth seemed gasping in vain for words or voice; he resembled the malignant and tortured victim of a satanic possession; and this frightful dumb apparition

was imperceptibly drawing nearer and nearer to her.

A sudden revulsion broke the horrid spell of which he was the slave; like one awaking from a nightmare conscience-stricken, he uttered a trembling

groan of agony, and with one hand upon his breast, the other clatched upon his forehead, he hurried, speechless, like a despairing, detected criminal, from the room.

#### IX.—THE UNTOLD SECRET.

Julie, who had heard high words as she traversed the apartments which lay *en suite*, paused in the lobby at the stair-head—a sort of *œil de bœuf*, to which several corridors converged, and with a lofty lantern-dome above, from which swung a cluster of rose-coloured lamps.

Here she sate down upon a sofa, ill at ease on account of the scene which was then going on so near her; and in the midst of her reverie, raising her eyes suddenly, she saw Monsieur Le Prun, the thick carpets rendering his tread perfectly noiseless, gliding by her with a countenance guilty and terrible beyond anything that fancy had ever seen.

Without appearing to see her, like a spectre from the grave he came, passed, and vanished, leaving her frozen with horror, as if she had beheld a phantom from the dead and damned.

With steps winged with hideous alarm she sped through the intervening chambers to that in which she had left Lucille.

She was standing with an ashy smile of triumph on her face, and in her hand was still mechanically grasped the queer little vial with its four spires of gold.

Monsieur Le Prun had recovered his self-possession to a certain extent by the time he reached the apartment where he had left Blassemare. But that observant gentleman did not fail to perceive, at a glance, that something had occurred to agitate his patron profoundly.

"Egad," he thought, "I should not be surprised if the girl were taken at disadvantage by his abrupt visit, and that the venerable Adonis saw something to justify his jealousy. A husband has no right to surprise his wife. Le Prun," he continued, carelessly aloud, "I wonder why Nature, who has been so bounteous to the sex, has not furnished husbands, like certain snakes, with rattles to their tails, to give involuntary warning of their approach."

Le Prun poured out a glass of cold

water and drank it. Blassemare observed, as he did so, that his hand trembled violently. The Fermier-General was silent, and his flippant Mercury did not care just then to hazard any experiment upon his temper.

"Blassemare!" he exclaimed, abruptly arresting his glass, and eyeing his companion with a sort of brutal rage, "I ought to run you through the body, sir, where you stand, for your accursed perfidy."

"What! *me*?—by my soul, sir, I don't understand you," he replied, at once offended and amazed. "Why the devil should you murder me?"

"You have broken your word with me."

"In what respect?"

"Exactly where it was most vitally needful to keep it, sir."

"Deuce take me if I know what you mean."

"You do—you *do*—a thousand curses! You *must* know it."

"But hang me if I do."

"You have suffered that *calumny* to reach her ears."

"What calumny?"

"She must have seen her."

"*Her*!—whom?"

"She must have spoken with her."

"Do say, plainly, what it is all about?"

"About that—that d——d woman, there, is *that* intelligible? She is at large, sir, in spite of all I've said—in spite of all you undertook, sir; and she has been filling my wife's ears with those hell-born lies that have been whispered to *you*, sir, and which it was your business to have suppressed and extinguished. By ———, Blassemare, you deserve my curses and my vengeance."

As he concluded, he struck the glass upon the table with a force that shattered it to pieces.

"Monsieur le Prun," said Blassemare, coolly, "I deprecate no man's vengeance, and fear no man's sword; but whatever be the ground of your present convictions, it is utterly falla-

cious. The person in question has never stirred abroad—you mean the sister, of course—since your marriage, except under close and trustworthy attendance; and the other—that you know is out of the question.”

“There has been mismanagement somewhere, or else some new device of infernal malice; I say the thing has been misconducted, with the same cursed blundering that has always attended that affair; and I had rather my wife were in her coffin than have seen what I have seen to-night.”

“What! in her coffin?” echoed Blassemare, with a sort of fiendish satire.

“Ay, sir, in her coffin!” said Le Prun, with a black defiance which made Blassemare shrug his shoulders and become silent.

The chill and the smell of death seemed to him to have come with those words into the room. But he would not on any account have betrayed his sensations; on the contrary, he pointed gaily to the cards, and looked a smiling interrogatory towards the Fermier. But that excellent gentleman was in no mood for picquet. He declined the challenge gloomily and peremptorily.

“*Ma foi!* you suffer trifles to plague you strangely,” said Blassemare, as they parted for the night. “What on earth does it signify after all? Thwart a woman, and she will strive to vex you—there’s nothing new in that; why should not Madame Le Prun share the pretty weaknesses of her sex. On the other hand, indulge her, and she will flatter as much as she teased before. You are too sensitive—too fond, and, therefore, exaggerate trifles. Good night.”

Monsieur le Prun withdrew, and Blassemare muttered—

“Remorseless old criminal; I shall keep my eye close upon you, and if I see any sign of the sort —”

He set his teeth together, smiled resolutely and threateningly, and nodded his head twice or thrice in the direction of the door through which the Fermier-General had just disappeared.

The violent explosion we have just described was not followed by any very decisive results. The Fermier-General and his wife had not been upon very pleasant terms for some time previous to the scene which had so fearfully agitated the millionaire; and whatever may have been the immediate

promptings of his anger, his temper had cooled down sufficiently, before the morning, to enable him to carry the matter off, like a man of the world, with a tolerable grace. Whatever change for the worse had taken place in his feelings towards his wife, he was able to suppress the manifestation of it; but, as we have said, their relations had of late been by no means cordial, and Monsieur Le Prun did not think it necessary to affect any warmer sentiment toward his wife, nor any abatement of the sinister estrangement which had been gradually growing between them.

Meanwhile the preparations for the *fête* proceeded at the Chateau des Anges upon a scale worthy of the rarity of the occasion, and the vastness of the proprietor’s fortune.

All these were carried on by Blassemare, who indulged his gallantry by consulting the beautiful young wife of the Fermier-General upon every detail of the tasteful and magnificent arrangements, as they proceeded.

Monsieur Le Prun had a special object in gratifying the great lady who had insisted upon this sacrifice. Blassemare had, therefore, a *carte blanche* in the matter. There were to be musicians from Paris, bands of wind instruments among the trees, galleys and singers upon the waters, illuminated marquees and fanciful grottos, feu d’artifice, and coloured lamps of every dye, in unimaginable profusion, theatricals, gaming, feasting, dancing—in a word, every imaginable species of gaiety, revelry, and splendour.

As these grand projects began to unfold themselves, Lucille’s ill-temper began to abate. Her interest was awakened, and at last she became pleased, astonished, and even delighted.

Now at length she hoped that the long-cherished object of her wishes was about to be supplied, and that she was indeed to emerge from her chrysalis state and enjoy, among the sweets and gaieties of life, the glittering freedom for which she felt herself so fitted, and had so long sighed in vain; and which, moreover, as the reader may have suspected, she desired also in furtherance of certain secret and cherished aspirations.

Monsieur de Blassemare found his æsthetic and festive confidences most encouragingly received by the handsome and imperious Madame Le Prun.

The subject of his consultations delighted her; and knowing well the close relation in which he stood with her husband, she perhaps thought it no such bad policy to secure him, by a little civility, in her interest. She little imagined, perhaps, engrossed as she was with other images, to what aspiring hopes she was thus unconsciously introducing the *Sieur de Blassemare*. That gentleman was proud of his *bonnes fortunes*; and the rapid chemistry of his vanity instantaneously transmuted the lightest show of good humour, in a handsome woman, into the faint but irrepressible evidences of a warmer sentiment of preference.

Perfectly convinced of the reality of the *penchant* he believed himself to have inspired, you may be sure the lively scoundrel was not a little flattered at his imaginary conquest. He debated, therefore, in his self-complacent reveries, whether he should take prompt advantage of the weakness of his victim, or pique her by the malice of suspense. He chose the latter tactique, and, with a happy self-esteem, reserved the transports of his confession to reward the longings and agitations of a protracted probationary ordeal.

Thus *Blassemare* was in his glory, superintending the preparations for a *fête*, which left him nothing in prodigality and magnificence to desire; enjoying, at the same time, the delightful consciousness of having placed, without an effort, the prettiest woman in France at his feet, and the *piquant* sense, beside, of his little treason against old *Le Prun*.

Thus matters proceeded; but, strange to say, while the evening for which all these preparations were being made was still more than a week distant, *Madame Le Prun*, whose impatience of even that brief delay had been unspeakable, on a sudden lost all her interest in the affair. Such, alas! is the volatility, the caprice, of women. The object for sake of which she had led poor *Le Prun* a dog's life for so long, was now presented to her, and she turned from it with indifference, if not with disgust. This would, indeed, have been very provoking to *Le Prun* himself, had he been just then upon speaking terms with his wife; but not happening to be so, and being in no mood to talk about her further to his gay familiar, *Blassemare*, he was wholly ignorant of those feminine fluctuations

of interest and of liking which *Blassemare* himself did not fully comprehend. The change was so abrupt as to excite his surprise. Her apathy, too, was unaccompanied by ill temper, and was obviously so genuine, that he could hardly believe it affected merely to pique him. We are disposed to think there was a powerful, but mysterious, cause at work in this change.

It was just about this time that one night, *Julie* having sat up rather later than usual, and intending to bid *Lucille* good night, if she were still awake, entered her suite of apartments, and approached her dressing-room door. She heard her rush across the floor, as she did so, and, with a face of terror, she emerged from the door, and stood before it, as if to bar ingress to the room.

*Julie* was disconcerted and agitated by this apparition, and *Lucille* was evidently, from whatever cause, greatly terrified. The two girls confronted one another with pale and troubled looks. *Lucille* was white with fear, and, alas! as it seemed to her companion, with the agitation of guilt. *Julie* looked at her all aghast.

"Good-night, *Julie*, goodnight!" she whispered, hurriedly.

"Good-night," answered she, "I fear I have interrupted—I mean, startled you."

"Good-night, good-night," repeated *Lucille*.

As *Julie* retreated across the lobby, she was overtaken by *Lucille*, who placed her hand upon her shoulder.

"*Julie*, will you hate me if I tell you all?" she said, in great agitation, as she hurried with her into her apartment.

"Hate you, *Lucille*! How could I hate my dear friend and companion?"

"Friend, oh yes, friend; what a friend have I proved to you!"

"Come, come, you must not let yourself be excited; you know *Lucille* are my friend, my only friend and confidante, and you know I love you."

*Lucille* covered her face with her hands and sobbed or shuddered violently. *Julie* embraced and kissed her tenderly; but in the midst of these caresses her unhappy friend threw her arms about her neck, and looking earnestly in her face for a few seconds, drew her passionately to her heart and kissed her, murmuring as she did so—

"No, no; she never could forgive me."

And so saying, she mournfully betook herself away, leaving Julie a prey to all manner of vague and perplexing alarms.

Whatever was the cause of Lucille's profound mental agitation, it was an impenetrable mystery to Julie. Blassemare obviously did not know what to make of it; and as the fête drew near without eliciting any corresponding interest on her part, Julie, who had observed with pleasure the delight with which at first she had anticipated the event, was dismayed and astonished at the change. As often as she had endeavoured to recall her to the topic so strangely approached, and inexplicably recoiled from, upon the occasion we have just described, Lucille repulsed her curiosity, or at least evaded it with entire and impenetrable success. Finding, therefore, that the subject was obviously distasteful to her, she forebore to return to it, and contented herself with recording the broken conversation of the night in question among the other unexplained mysteries of her life.

"Well, Lucille," she said to her one day, as they were walking upon the terrace together, and interrupting by the remark a long and gloomy silence, "you do not seem to enjoy the prospect of the gay night which my uncle has prepared, now that it approaches, half so much as you did in the distance."

"Enjoy it? no, no."

"But you longed for such an occasion."

"Perhaps, Julie, I had reasons; perhaps it was not all caprice."

"But do you not still enjoy the prospect?—surely it has not lost all its charms?"

"I say, Julie, I had reasons—that is, perhaps I had—for wishing it. I have none now."

"Well, but it seems to me it positively depresses you. Surely, if it were merely indifferent, it need not distress you."

"Ah, Julie, Julie, we are strange creatures; we know not ourselves, neither our strength nor our weakness, our good nor our evil, until time and combinations solve the problem, and show us the sad truth."

"It seems to me," said Julie, with a gentle smile, "you take a wondrous

moral tone in treating of a ball, my pretty sage; and notwithstanding all you say, I suspect you like a fête as well as most young women."

"Julie, when I tell you honestly I hate it—that I would gladly be hidden in the roof or the cellar of the loneliest tower in the chateau upon that evening, you will cease to suspect me of so poor a dissimulation. Honestly, then, and sadly, these crowded festivities I expected but a short time since with so much delight, are now not only indifferent to me but repulsive. I no longer wish to meet and mix with people; the idea, on the contrary, depresses, nay, even terrifies me."

"Lucille, you are hiding something from me."

"*Hiding!*—no, nothing—that is, nothing but my own thoughts, the images of my reflections; nothing, dear Julie, that it would not render you unhappy to hear. Why should I throw upon your mind the gloom and shadows of my own?"

"But perhaps your troubles are fantastic and unreal; and were you to confide in me, I might convince you that they are so."

"Julie, they are real."

"So thinks everybody who is haunted by chimeras."

"These are none. Oh, Julie! would I could tell you all. The agony of the relation would be in some sort recompensed by having one human being to tell all my thoughts to. But it cannot be; it is quite, quite impossible."

"This impossibility is also one of the imagination."

"No, no, Julie; the effort to repose this confidence would destroy *all* confidence between us. I have said enough—let us speak of other matters. My innermost grief, be it what it may, I must endure alone. Julie, it is a hard condition; but I must and will—alone."

Here they were interrupted by Blassemare, who gaily joined them, with a prayer that they would resolve a momentous difficulty by deciding upon the best site for one of his principal batteries of fire-works; and so with little good will they surrendered themselves for a quarter of an hour to the guidance and the light sarcastic conversation of the master of the revels, with whom, for the present, we shall leave them.



## X. THE FETE.

At length the eventful night arrived—a beautiful, still, star-lit night. You may fancy the splendour of the more than royal festivities. What a magnificent levee of gaiety, rank, beauty! What unexampled illuminations!—what fantastic and inexhaustible ingenuity of pyrotechnics! How the gorgeous suites of salons laughed with wit and mirth, and glittered with the brilliant crowd! How the terraces, arched and lined with soft-coloured lamps, re-echoed with gay laughter or murmured flatteries! What an atmosphere it was of rosy hues, of music, and ceaseless hum of human enjoyment! For miles around, the wondering peasants beheld the wide, misty, prismatic circle that overarched the enchanted ground, and heard the silver harmonies and drumming thunders of the orchestras floating over the woods, and filling the void darkness with sounds of unseen festivities. In such a scene all are in good humour—all wear their best looks. Each finds his appropriate amusement. The elegant gamester discovers his cards and his companions; the garrulous find listeners; the gossip retails and imbibes, from a hundred sources, all the current scandal; vanity finds incense—beauty adoration; the young make love, or dance, or in groups give their spirits play in pleasantries, and raillery, and peals of animated laughter; their elders listen to the music, or watch the cards, or in a calmer fashion converse; while all, each according to his own peculiar taste, find whatever pleases their palate best. Whatever is rarest, most fantastic—things only dreamed of—the epicurean connoisseur has only to invoke, and at a touch of the magic wand of Mammon, it is there before him. Wines, too—what-not, est-est, tokay, and all the rest, flowing from the inexhaustible tap of the same Mephistopheles, with his golden gimlet. All the demons of luxury riot there, and at your nod ransack the earth for a flavour or a flask; and place it before you, almost before your wish is uttered. It is, indeed, the Mahomet's paradise of all true believers in the stomach, and worshippers of Bacchus. Thus in a realised dream all eddies on in a delicious intoxi-

cation, and each is at once the recipient of enjoyment and the dispenser of good humour, imbibing through every sense enchanted fare, reflecting smiles, and radiating hilarity. Each, indeed, becomes as it were a single glowing particle in the genial and brilliant mass, and tends to keep alive the general fire, from which he derives and to which returns at once light and geniality. It is admitted that he who has discovered the grand arcanum, and has the philosopher's stone in his waistcoat-pocket, is, so to speak, *ex officio* a magician. But M. Le Prun had no need of any such discoveries. He had the gold itself, and was, therefore, a ready-made magician, and as such was worshipped accordingly with an oriental fanaticism.

Monsieur Le Prun had, like other favourites of fortune in the latter days of the monarchy, purchased his patent of noblesse. Every body knew that he was a *parvenu*; and rumour, as she is wont in such cases, had adorned his early history with so many myths and portents, that Niebuhr himself could hardly have distinguished between the fable and the truth. It was said and believed that he was a foundling—a gipsy's son, a wandering beggar, a tinker. Others had seen him in rags, selling pencils at the steps between the Pont-Neuf and the Pont au Change. Others, again, maintained that he had for years filled the canine office of guide to an old blind mendicant, whose beat was about the Rue de Baubourg; and were even furnished with a number of pleasant anecdotes about his hardships and adroitness, while in this somewhat undignified position. Indeed the varieties of positions through which good Mother Gossip sent him were such, and so interminable, that a relation of half of them would alone make a library of fiction. But Fortune had consecrated this mean and smutty urchin. He stood now worshipped in the awful glory of his millions, pedestalled on his money-bags, gilded from head to heel; and what could the proudest noblesse upon earth do but forget and forgive the rags and hunger of his infancy, and come together, from the east and from the west, to drink of the cup of his enchantments, and

cry "Long live King Solomon in all his glory?"

"She is beautiful as a divinity," exclaimed the gallant old Marquess de Fauteuil, who had just completed an admiring survey of the fair Madame Le Prun.

"Pretty—yes; but she has the manners of a *petite moine*," said the Duchess De la Cominade, an old flame of the marquis, who, in spite of her marriage and her mistakes, conceived her claims upon his devotions unabated.

"And her little gossip, too, Le Prun's niece, is a charming creature—an exquisitely-contrived contrast. By my word, this place deserves its name—is it not truly the Chateau des Anges?"

"Who is that young person whom Le Prun is leading towards them? He is the only man I have seen to-night whose dress is perfect; and he looks like a hero of romances."

"That?—eh? Why that is the Marquis De Secqville."

"What! the horrid man who enslaves us all. I have not seen him for years—how very handsome he is!"

"Yes; and I fancy that melancholy air assists him very much in vanquishing the gentle sex. I once had a little vein of that myself."

"So you had," murmured the Duchess, with a tender smile of memory, and a little sigh. "But is it not a madness of poor Le Prun to present that terrible man to his handsome young wife?"

"He is to marry the niece—the affair is concluded. Poor little thing! she looks so frightened; see—a little fluttered pigeon of Venus—it becomes her very much."

Meanwhile Le Prun and the Marquis were approaching Lucille and Julie, who were seated together close to a window which opened to the floor, and admitted the soft summer air, charged with such sounds and perfumes as might have hovered among the evergreen groves of Calypso's island.

"He is coming," said Julia, "he is coming with my uncle."

"Who?" asked Lucille, looking coldly on the advancing figures.

"My—my fiancé, the Marquis de Secqville," whispered Julie, in trembling haste, blushing, and dropping her eyes.

"Oh, then, I must observe him carefully," said Lucille, with an arch smile.

"Do, and tell me honestly what you think of him."

"Ha! little rogue, I see you are not quite so indifferent as you pretend."

"My heart is indifferent—but—but he is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Hush! here he is."

"I have the happiness, madame, to present Monsieur le Marquis de Secqville, with whom, as you are aware, we are about to have the honour of being nearly allied."

So said Monsieur Le Prun, with a smile of conjugal affection, which may, or may not, have been genuine.

"I was not until now aware of the full extent of the honour and the happiness involved in that alliance," said the Marquis, with a glance of respectful admiration.

Madame Le Prun acknowledged this little speech with a slight bow, and a cold and haughty smile.

"You have been in the south lately?"

"Yes, madame, with my regiment, at Avignon."

"So he says," interrupted the Fermier-General, with a cunning leer; "but his colonel swears he never saw him there."

"Then either you or your colonel must be wrong," said Madame Le Prun, drily.

"No, no, madame; but Monsieur Le Prun likes a jest at my expense."

"Not at all," said Le Prun, laughing; "I protest D'Artois, his colonel, vows he has not seen him for six months at least."

"They are in a conspiracy to quiz me."

"Then you were at Avignon?"

"No such thing, I tell you; the fellow was about some mischief—ha! ha! ha!"

"He is resolved to laugh at me."

"Yes, yes, I say, he is a mischievous fellow—the most dangerous dog in France; and so shy that, by my word, it requires a shrewd fellow like myself to discover his rogueries."

"And so he deserves not only *all* my sins, but a great deal more."

"Stay—here is the Visconte de Charrebourg. Visconte, this is the

Marquis de Secqville, my future nephew."

The old Visconte looked closely and dubiously for a moment in the young man's face. The Marquis, on the contrary, seemed to have some little difficulty in suppressing a smile.

"But that I know I have not had the honour of meeting you before, I should — but no doubt it is a family likeness. I knew your father when he was about your age, and a very handsome fellow, by my faith. Is his brother, the Conte de Cresseron still living?"

The old gentleman drew the Marquis away before he had had time to pay his devoirs to Julie, who had shrunk at his approach into the background, and left the little group to themselves.

"What do you think of him?" whispered Julie, resuming her place by Lucille.

"He is pretty well."

"Monsieur le Marquis is a handsome man," said Blassemare, who at that moment joined them; and addressing Lucille, "You have seen him before?"

"I?—no. He has just been presented to me for the first time."

"And you think him —"

"Rather handsome—indeed, *decidedly* handsome; but, somehow, without attraction—his melancholy spoils him. But I forgot, Julie—I ask your pardon, my pretty niece, for criticising your hero. Remember, however, I admit his beauty, though I can't admire him."

There is no truth of which we have been reminded with such unnecessary reiteration, as the pretty obvious fact, that every human enjoyment must, sooner or later, come to an end. The *fête* at the Chateau des Anges had no exemption from this law of nature and necessity. Musicians, cooks, artists, and artisans of all sorts, gradually disappeared. At length the last equipage whirled down the great avenue, and a stillness and void, more mournful from the immediate contrast, supervened.

"The windows were closed—the yawning servants betook themselves to their beds, and the angel of sleep waved his downy wings over the old chateau. The genius of Blassemare was of that electric sort which is not easily unexcited. He could no more have slept than he could have

transformed himself into one of the stone Tritons of the fountain by which in the moonlight he now stood alone. Blassemare had had a magnificent triumph; so well-contrived an entertainment had never, perhaps, been known before; and like certain great generals, he felt desirous to visit the field of his victory after the heat of action was over.

Monsieur Le Prun was also wide awake and astir from other causes. No vein of Blassemare's excitement—not even jealousy, nor conscience, nor any mental malady—kept him waking. The cause of his vigilance was, simply, his late supper and an indigestion.

Now it happened that both these worthies were walking unconsciously almost side by side—Le Prun along the summit, and Blassemare along the base of the beautiful terrace which stretched in front of the windows of the chateau.

There was a little receding court which lay in front of Madame Le Prun's windows, which were furnished with a heavy stone balcony. On the side opposite was a high wall, which divided the pleasure-grounds from the wild, wooded park that lay immediately beyond, and in this was a door with a private key and a spring lock.

Now it happened that both Monsieur Le Prun and the Sieur de Blassemare, as they approached this point, amid the fumes of expiring lamps and the wreek of fireworks, heard certain sounds of an unexpected sort. These were, in fact, human voices, conversing in earnest but suppressed tones—so low, indeed, that were it not for the breathless stillness of the night they would have been unheard.

"Sacre!" muttered Le Prun, looking up like a toothless old panther.

"Ma foi! what's this?" whispered Blassemare, whose jealousy was also alarmed.

The sounds continued—the eavesdroppers quickened their paces. Le Prun was, however, unfortunately a little asthmatic, as sometimes happens to bridegrooms of a certain age, and, spite of all his efforts to hold it in, he could not contain a burst of coughing.

Its effect was magical. There supervened an instantaneous silence, followed by the dropping of a heavy body upon the ground, as it seemed, under Madame Le Prun's windows. The

descent was, however, unfortunately made; a dog, evidently hurt, raised a frightful yelping, making the night additionally hideous. Blassemare hurried up the steps, and at the top encountered Le Prun, running and panting, with his sword drawn. There was a sound, as of hastily closing the casement above the balcony—a light gleamed from it for an instant, and was extinguished—and, at the same moment, they beheld the dim figure of a man hurrying across the court, and darting through the opposite door, which shut with a crash behind him.

"Thieves! robbers!" shouted Le Prun, dashing at the door.

"Robbers! thieves!" cried a shrill voice of alarm from Madame Le Prun's casement.

"Horns! antlers!" halloed Blassemare.

"Robbers! robbers!"

"Thieves! thieves!"

The lady screamed, Le Prun bawled, Blassemare laughed.

"He is gone, however," said the latter, as soon as the explosion had a little subsided. "Suppose we get the key, madame. Please throw us your's from the window. I promise to pink the burglar through the body. Quick—quick!"

"Ay, ay," thundered Le Prun, "the key! the key!"

Madame Le Prun was too much excited to get it in an instant. She ran here, and flew there—she screamed and rummaged. Le Prun stormed. A key was at last thrown out, amid prayers and imprecations. How provoking—it was a wrong one. Another effort—a new burst of execration from Le Prun—another fit of laughter from Blassemare—more screaming and pressing from the window—and all accompanied by the sustained yelping of the injured lap-dog.

"Here it is—this must be it," and another key clangs and jingles on the ground.

Yes, this time it is the right key. The door flies open—Le Prun rushes puffing among the bushes. Blassemare sees something drop glittering to the ground as the door opens—a button and a little rag of velvet; he says nothing, but pockets it, and joins the moonlight chase.

It is all in vain. Le Prun, perspiring and purple, his passion as swollen

as his veins, knowing not what to think, but fearing everything, staggered back, silent and exhausted; Blassemare also silent—no longer laughing—abstracted, walks with knit brows, and compressed lips, beside him.

"Of course," said Blassemare, "you have the fullest reliance upon the honour of your wife?"

Monsieur Le Prun growled an inarticulate curse or two, and Blassemare whistled a minuet.

"Come, my dear Le Prun," he resumed, let us be frank; you are uneasy."

"About what?"

"Madame Le Prun."

"She is not injured?"

"No, but ——"

"Ah, she's in league with the thieves, maybe?" said Le Prun, with an agitated sneer.

"Precisely so," answered Blassemare, with a cold laugh.

"I know what you think, and I know what *I* think," replied Le Prun, with suppressed fury.

His suspicions were all awake; he was bursting with rage, and looked truly infernal.

"On the faith of a gentleman," said Blassemare, in a changed tone, "I cannot be said to *think* anything about the affair. I have my doubts, but that is all. We men are naturally suspicious; but, after all, there are such things as thieves and house-breakers."

Le Prun said nothing, but looked black and icy as the north wind.

"At all events," said Blassemare, "we men of the world know how to deal with affairs of this sort; so long as any uncertainty exists, put ostensibly the best possible construction upon it. Thus much is due to one's dignity in the eyes of the public; and in private we may prosecute inquiries unsuspected, and with the greater likelihood of success."

"I know the world as well as you, Blassemare. I'm sick of your tone of superiority and advice. I know when to respect and when to defy the world. A man can no more make a fortune without tact than he can lose one without folly."

"Well, well," said Blassemare, who was used to an occasional rebuff, and regarded a gruff word from his principal no more than he did the buzz of a beetle, "I know all that very well;

but you, robust fellows, with millions at your backs, are less likely to respect those subtle and delicate influences which sometimes, notwithstanding, carry mischief with them, than we poor sensitive valetudinarians, without a guinea in our pockets; and if you will permit me, I will, when I return to-day, sift the matter for you. I understand woman; it is an art in itself, though perhaps not a very high one. A careless conversation with Madame Le Prun will let me farther into the mystery, than a year spent in accumulating circumstantial evidence. You may rely on the result."

The Fermier-General uttered something between a growl and a grunt, which might or might not convey assent; and waving Blassemare towards the house, walked along the terrace alone, and sate himself down upon the steps at the further end.

The mental torpor which supervenes under sudden disasters was not, in the case of the Fermier-General, without its dreamy groups of ugly images in prospect. As the light broke, and the darkness began to melt eastward into soft crimson mists and streaks of amber, Monsieur Le Prun rose stiffly from his hard cold seat, and with the slow step of a man irresolute and oppressed with profound wrath and mortification, began to return homeward.

"Robbers!—thieves!" he muttered bitterly. "How glibly the traitress echoed the cry. The rascal Blassemare gave the true alarm—she did not echo *that*. D—— her, and d—— him. Robbers, indeed! Thieves!—very like. I know what they came a-thieving for. Upon her balcony—talking in murmurs—the candle extinguished in such a devil of a hurry—the ready cry of 'Thieves'—the spring door open for his flight—and the long delay to find the key. Bah! what proofs are wanting?"

He heard just at this point a cracked voice singing a gay love verse from an open window. He knew the voice; every association connected with the performance and the performer jarred upon his nerves.

It was indeed the Visconte de Charre-

bourg, some of whose early gaiety had returned with his good fortune. He had, such was the pride of his rich son-in-law, a little household of his own, and kept his state and his own exorbitantly early hours in a suite of rooms assigned him, through one of whose windows, arrayed in a velvet cap and gown of brocade, he was rivaling the lark and greeting the rising sun, and, while sipping his chocolate in the intervals, moved, with the nimble irregularity of idle and active-minded age, about his apartment.

"Well, sir, a pleasant affair this?" cried a harsh voice, interrupting his cheery occupation; and on looking round he saw the purple and sinister face of the Fermier-General looming through the window.

"What affair?" asked the Visconte in unfeigned astonishment, for he had been quite certain that his worthy son-in-law was quietly in his bed.

"Your daughter's conduct."

"What of her?"

"Just this—she is a ——;" and with the term of outrage, Le Prun uttered a forced laugh of fury.

"I cannot have heard you aright; be kind enough to repeat that."

There was a certain air of pomp and menace in this little speech, which drove Le Prun beyond all patience. He repeated the imputation in language still grosser. This was an insult which the ancient blood of the Charrebours could not tolerate, and the Visconte taunted him with the honour which one of his house had done him in mingling their pure blood with that of a "roturier." Then came the obvious retort, "beggar," and even "trickster," retaliated by a torrent of scarcely articulate scorn and execration, and an appeal to the sword, which, with brutal contempt (while at the same time, nevertheless, he recoiled instinctively a step or two from the window), the wealthy plebeian retorted by threatening to arrest him for the sums he had advanced. Le Prun had the best of it; he left the outraged Visconte quivering and shrieking like an old woman in a frenzy. It was some comfort to have wrapt another in the hell-fire that tormented himself.



## SNAP-APPLE NIGHT.

Carrigbawn, Allhallow-E'en, at Midnight.

MY DEAR ANTHONY,—If there is any zoological specimen more worthy than another of being hermetically sealed in a glass-case, or corked up in a bottle of spirits of wine, it is an old bachelor without bile or bitterness—one who is at the same time fond of children and of their grandmothers—the playfellow of the young, and the counsellor of the old—who flirts with young girls, and squires old ones—who can dance, play whist, drink tea, talk scandal, or ride a fox-hunt—who is all things to all men, and everything in the world to every woman. Just such a specimen is my good uncle, Saul Slingsby—the delight of all who know him for miles round—the grand projector of pic nics and steeple-chases—a steward at every subscription ball, and *croupier* at every club dinner. How Saul escaped matrimony is a marvel to every one, for he was a good-looking and a manly fellow. I think myself that he owed his safety to the immensity of his philogyny: the lover of all womankind could never afford to incarcerate his affections within the sphere of one of the sex. Had he lived in Turkey, he would have been the happy husband of a thousand wives. But he lives in Ireland, and is, therefore, a bachelor. The Slingsbys all cluster about Uncle Saul at all the great festivals, as bees about thyme flowers, or butterflies in a sunny meadow. He is the sole survivor of a multitude of younger brothers and sisters, and has a large ancient house all to himself—as large as his heart, and as ready as that heart to take every mother's son of us into its warmest corners, and cherish us with true parental love. Of course, we all eat our apples and nuts with him; and I set out this afternoon to form one of the many friends around his festive mahogany. The day was a delicious one for the season, grey, breezeless, and full of repose; a slight, thin haze had succeeded a sharp hoar-frost, and the sun shone out with a shorn splendour; but there was a cool healthiness in the air that braced the limbs, and sent the blood flowing brisk and joyously through the veins, under the stimulus of exercise. The trees were now showing their leafless branches, exposing to view the birds' nests, which erst the summer foliage had sheltered; while here and there an odd tree still struggled to keep its leaves against frost and wind; the horse-chestnut and the elm, with their rich, sunny umber; the brown beech, the deep russet-coloured oak. How silent was all around! The fields no longer rang with the merry laughter of the reapers and corn-binders; here and there a few men and women were digging out the scant crop of diseased potatoes, but the voice of gladness did not cheer their labour; the solitary ploughman drove his horses through the stubble, breaking the silence ever and anon with his plaintive whistle; the groves were not now vocal with warblings of birds, for the winds had been busy in their leafy haunts;

“The gusts of October had rifled the thorn,  
Had dappled the woodland, and umbered the plain,”

though at intervals the note of the blackbird and the thrush broke startlingly on the ear from some still sheltered dingle. But the little house-sparrow is still hopping and twittering and chirping, and rendered more bold by the sharp winds and the nipping frosts, he comes from the hedge, and picks up the grain at the barn door; or perching on threshold and window-sills, looks timidly into the cheery rooms, and watches the movements of the inmates; or sitting on the black thorn, “pipes plaintive ditties, with a low, inward voice, like that of a love-tainted maiden, as she sits apart from her companions, and sings soft melodies to herself, almost without knowing it.” I strolled along, full of pleasant fancies, and as I looked around me, and watched the lengthening shadows on hill and plain, the beautiful verses of Keble, written for this very season, came to my mind:—

“Why blow'st thou not, thou wintry wind,  
Now every leaf is brown and sear,  
And idly droops, to thee resigned,  
The fading chaplet of the year?”

Yet wears the pure aerial sky,  
Her summer veil, half drawn on high,  
Of silvery haze, and dark and still  
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.

"How quiet shows the woodland scene!  
Each flower and tree, its duty done,  
Reposing in decay serene,  
Like weary men when age is won.  
Such calm old age as conscience pure,  
And self-commanding hearts ensure,  
Waiting their summons to the sky,  
Content to live, but not afraid to die."

So musing, I stood, as the sun was setting, before the ancient entrance into Uncle Saul's demesne. In the apex of a semi-circle, which swept inwards from the road, rose two high, square, limestone pillars of rusticated masonry, surmounted by antique urns of the same material, but the stone, though unbroken and carefully preserved, had lost its original colour, and looked dark and weather-stained, and the tooth of time was visible in that appearance, which architects have denominated "vermiculated." From these piers swung an enormous gate of iron, the rails of which were all arrow-headed, and between the cross-bars you could see many a fantastic scroll, elaborately wrought, according to the fashion of by-gone times. At either side, the sweep of coped stonework was terminated by a pier, similar in style to those I have mentioned, beyond which stood a square, stone lodge, with a high slated roof that ran to a point in the centre, topped by a wooden ornament. I swung open one valve of the gate and passed up the long, straight, formal avenue of beech trees till I reached the house. My approach was not unnoticed, nor unannounced, for a multitude of dogs, of all sizes, ages, and species, broke out into a clamorous salutation, ranging through every note of the canine diapason, from the deep bay of the house-dog to the shrill, snappish challenge of the little, wiry-haired terrier. But I was a friend amongst that honest-hearted population, and the storm soon sank down to pleasant whinings and caressing gambols. And thus escorted, I mounted the flight of broad, stone steps that led to the door of one of those fine old mansions which are still to be seen in the interior of the country—none of your gingerbread things, that you see at Kingstown and Dalkey, Anthony, with their gables and gazaboos, and little windows stuck in all sorts of queer places in the roof—young Elizabethans, just come from nurse, with their white, shining faces, and flaring green-painted doors—but a noble, square pile of solid masonry, not ashamed to show its honest face without a mask of whitewash upon it, pierced with innumerable windows, too narrow, I admit, for more modern taste, yet large enough withal to afford a pleasant look out for a couple of young lovers (if they cared for a look out), and to let in sunbeams and air enough for the low-ceiled rooms within. Well, the door opened, and there stood the worthy master, with outstretched hand and smiling face, welcoming "the last of the Slingsbys," for all the others had arrived before me.

I shall not trouble you with an introduction to all the Slingsbys, nor detail all the good things that passed into our mouths or out of them during dinner. Imagine us, then, the last dish having disappeared, and the dessert laid on the table, sipping our wine and toying with the fruit in all the languid fastidiousness of sated appetite. If there is one half-hour in the twenty-four more delectable than another, believe me it is the half-hour that succeeds to a good dinner. If "the half-hour before dinner" is proverbially the most *triste* and formidable of the day, the half-hour after dinner is the most delightful. A delicious lassitude steals over the body. The beat of the pulse is full, regular, and tranquil, telling that every function plays smooth and cheerily, with as little creak or friction as the cranks and pistons of a steam-engine after the engineer has gone round them with his tin oil-kettle, and lubricated the joints and pivots. A pleasant haze rises around the brain, through which every external object is conveyed to the sensorium in *col  ur-de-rose*, and every thought is mellowed in the intellect. And surely our after-dinner half-hour was a happy one. Jest and banter went round gleefully; incidents of former merry meetings were remembered with a smile.

and the absence of some loved one, a participant of them, was noted with a sigh—aye, and a glistening tear in the eye of a fair sister or cousin! were the departed spirit watching about us, as I fondly and fully believe, those tears would be to it precious and holy. Then we had toasts and sentiments, and all the old-world fashions and gallantries of the good old times. At last some one drank to the health of Uncle Saul, coupled with the name of a once fair belle, to whom he was supposed, according to a tradition in the family, to have *almost* paid particular attentions, now a buxom widow of two defunct husbands, and as many comfortable jointures.

Saul was nearly overpowered with the roar of plaudits that followed, but he rallied with admirable dexterity. He returned thanks with great good humour for the intended honour, which he modestly declined availing himself of, and proceeded to make a "confession of faith" upon the subject of matrimony, by which he had always been guided. "I hold it," said he, "that where parents have discharged their obligations to the state by rearing up a very large family, some of their progeny may 'take it easy,' and not push population forward too rapidly. Now in such cases I think the good old adage of 'first come first served' entitles the eldest child to rely on his privilege of primogeniture, and claim exemption from the cares and responsibilities of married life. Upon this principle I have acted, and I have no reason to complain, nor has society either; for I have vicariously rendered to it all that it could reasonably demand, in the fine family of nieces and nephews around me (*great applause*). Besides, I am somewhat of Sir Boyle Roche's opinion. I don't see what posterity did for me that I should put myself to any trouble for posterity, who, I am certain, will be very inferior, physically and intellectually, to our ancestors. So convinced am I of the constant deterioration of our species, that I would infinitely prefer, were it in my power, to reproduce my grandfather, and so turn the progress of generation back upon its source, till, becoming better and better each move, we should at last come back to our first parents, who, I have no doubt, would agitate a 'repeal of the fall,' as folks now-a-days do a 'repeal of the Union,' and with as fair a chance of success. But come, it is time to be moving, as I see the bottle has ceased to do so. I hear the fiddle in the great hall, and they but want our presence to commence the sports."

We all took the hint, and followed Saul into the apartment he mentioned. It was a room of ample dimensions, with a large fire-place midway down it, in which peat and bog-wood were blazing with a rush of flame up the ample chimney that threw a strong red glare on the walls, and made the lights look dim and sickly. Two chairs were placed upon a table, which was drawn close to the lower-end wall, and on them were perched a fiddler and a piper, both of whom had their full complement of eyes and limbs (a thing somewhat unusual with such folk), and rather more than their full complement of strong waters within them (a thing not at all unusual in such cases). Farther up the room stood a huge tub filled with water, and from the centre of the ceiling hung the grand attraction of the night—the apparatus for the snap-apple—two cross-sticks, carrying on their points apples and candles alternately. At the other end of the room a table was well-furnished with nuts, apples, and other eatables; and upon a stool in the corner reposed a barrel of home-brewed ale, with a black-jack standing expectantly under the spigot. The servants were all in their best attire, and were standing respectfully to receive us, while two or three substantial farmers, with their wives and children, had come by express invitation to join in the merry-making. I shall not describe the games and sports of Allhallow-e'en to you, Anthony, though, alas! the time is fast coming when they shall be matters of history, and I know no place save this where they are still maintained in their integrity. I shall however leave to our ingenious and erudite friend, William Wilde, in some future pages of his "Popular Superstitions," to enlarge upon the subject; to tell you how the young maids steal out in the dark night to sow the hemp-seed, chaunting the spell—

"Hemp-seed, I sow thee,  
Hemp-seed, I sow thee,  
You that's my true love, come after and show thee;"

and then she looks fearfully over her left shoulder to see the form of him who is to be her true love; to describe the mystery of "turning the shift," and the more

daring and unholy tampering with the fiend in the spell of "reeling the yarn," and saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Let me, however, linger a moment over the pleasant and innocent pastimes of snapping apples, burning nuts, diving for money, fortune-telling and forfeits, singing songs, and telling stories, to say nothing of dancing and love-making, the former to be found at every Irish gathering, from wake to wedding—the latter at every gathering in every land since the world began. May it so continue till the world's end: indeed, the world will run a great chance of ending when this pleasant custom falls into disuse.

At a signal from Uncle Saul the sports commenced, and we were all hard at work in no time. I don't mean to inform you, dear Anthony, what feats I performed—whether I caught the apple or the candle, what pretty girls I danced or flirted with, or burned as sweethearts, or how they behaved when subjected to that fiery ordeal. Fancy yourself for a moment beside me (would that you were so in reality), and look around the festive scene. See that strong, young fellow: he is the best man in the country round at throwing the sledge, and yet he cannot for the life of him catch the apple from the cross, though his great jaws open wide enough to encompass a pumpkin. There he goes again with a dash as if it were made of granite, but the apple has turned only the faster from him, and the avenging candle comes swift upon him, covering his chops with grease and smut, and singeing his whiskers, and so he retires from the vain pursuit, for the laugh is loud against him. What chance have you, my pretty little maiden? the apple is too large for your mouth, and the flaring candle will blister that downy cheek if you fail. Well, she is trying, nevertheless. May Venus and Pomona befriend her! A mischievous rival has sent the swing twisting round like lightning. "Fair play! fair play!" cries many a manly voice; but the sly little one waits quietly till the string is now twisted almost to its utmost, and the swing is going round slower and slower, just before it changes its revolution and uncoils the cord. There now she pushes forward her little head as gently as a spaniel puts out his nose to a lady's caressing hand, and the cunning little thing has coaxed off the apple, no body knows how, but there it is triumphantly between her red lips, looking as if it had grown together with them from the one stem. Well, leave them to their sport, and watch that girl who is binding up her rich black hair in a hard knot on the back of her head, before she dives for the shilling. Pop, in goes her head, but she raises it quickly out again with a sob and a cry, for the water has rushed into her mouth and eyes, and well nigh choaked and blinded her; and now she lets loose her long hair, which falls down her neck and shoulders dripping with the sparkling drops, and reminding one of a mermaid, with her tresses decked with sea gems. This is a difficult feat, and few adventure it, but many are content to "bob for apples" instead; so let us pass on. You see now, "on the floor," two of the best dancers in the province at reel or jig; and the "*musicianers*" are playing a jig, whose galvanising powers would set a dead bear dancing. *Sagart na m-buataise*—"the priest of the boots," or, as it is commonly called, "the priest in his boots." There's footing for you, dear Anthony! Talk of polkas and mazurkas, boleros or tarantulas, quadrille or cotillon, I aver there is nothing in the world to equal an Irish jig, in the way of saltation. Mark with what exquisite accuracy the time of the air is kept by the beat of the foot, the swing of the body, the motion of the hands, and the snap of the fingers. How they "humour the tune," giving expression to every change and tone of sentiment. With what an air of bold gallantry, mingled with coaxing drollery, the young man flings his arms about the girl, as he twirls her round till her tiny feet are well nigh lifted off the ground. How coquettishly she disengages herself, and, with a look half shy, half sly, retreats as he advances. How disdainfully she flounces round, while, imitating her example, he turns on his heel with a nonchalant air that would do credit to one of your first-rate town puppies. I aver, my dear Anthony, that an Irish jig is the perfection of dancing, the poetry of motion, the drama of the feet; and if you can shew me anything to compare with it, either in lordly saloons or on village greensward, then will I, Jonathan Freke Slingsby, burn my quill, break my lyre, and retire into a monastery of Trappists for the rest of my life. There now, the dance is over, and the young couple, somewhat flurried, sit down to recover their breath. Hush! look at that dark-eyed fellow,

with the brown hair and black silk kerchief tied loosely round his neck, mark how he clears his throat with a cough, and stares with all his might at the ceiling, though there is not so much as a fly creeping on it. That's the surveyor, our "primo tenore;" he's going to give us a song—listen.

## THE RAKE'S APOLOGY.

## I.

Now hush! dearest Kathleen, give over  
Upbraiding a lover so true;  
I swear, though you say I'm a rover,  
My heart is still faithful to you.  
Then where is the use in your doubting,  
Or breaking my heart with your sighs;  
Those sweet lips were not made for pouting,  
And anger will spoil your mild eyes.

## II.

The world, dear, is given to railing,  
God forgive 'em that call me a rake;  
'Tis yourself that's the cause of my failing,  
For I love the whole sex for your sake.  
Sure 'tis pride of you makes me a rover  
To wake, and to dance, and to fair;  
I'm still trying at each to discover  
A girl with yourself to compare.

## III.

And so, just in making 'the trial,  
I'm forced still to touch and to taste;  
Though 'tis hard, there's no good in denial,  
An hour from beside you to waste.  
But their beauties leave no more impression  
Than calm waters take from the breeze;  
Sit down now, and hear my confession,  
I'll make a clean breast at your knees.

## IV.

Ellen Bawn has a fine neck and bosom,  
But her waist feels so tightened and *quare*;  
Rose has bright eyes, but still I don't choose them,  
When you gaze in them long they've a stare.  
Mave looks shapely and plump—'tis all dressing,  
And Nora's lips please one at *first*,  
But then they wo'n't do for much pressing,  
They're so ripe you're afraid that they'll burst.

## V.

So now, all experiments over,  
I come back more faithful and true;  
And I vow, on the word of a lover,  
There's no girl half so perfect as you.  
Then, Kathleen, cheer up, and believe me  
I'll love you whatever betide;  
One word, and that fair hand just give me,  
I'll wander no more from your side.

Bravo! bravo! That's a real old Irish air, and a fine one, too; 'tis called "Shaun Staal," and a great favourite over the country. But we must now inspect the nut-burning; and I shall expound to you, as we look on, the manner in which auguries are taken in this mystery. A lad or a lass who wishes to learn



if his or her lover will be fickle or faithful, places two nuts on the bar—one : represent the person making the experiment, the other the selected sweetheart. If the nut cracks, or jumps off the bar, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it blaze or burn, the lover will be true; and if the nuts burn both together, this is the omen the happiest of all, for the parties are sure to be married. Look closely into the faces of the young people, who are clustering anxiously round the fire at this simple divination, and you cannot fail to read the heart's history in the blush, the sigh, the eye sparkling or dimmed, the brow bright or clouded. There, too, is a love episode at the far end of the room. See that young pair, who, thinking only of themselves, know not that others' eyes are upon them. The old woman is telling them their fortune upon the cards; and a bright : it is, if we may conjecture from the happy glance of the girl and the triumphant air of the young man. But I hear Uncle Saul's voice, calling cheerily—"Come, Jack Bishop, 'tis the surveyor's call, and he has knocked you down for a song. You know Jack, Anthony, and have often heard him; and I need not tell you that, besides his great good-humour and dramatic power, he has one of the finest voices, which he manages with exquisite skill and taste, and what is very rare with great singers, is the most obliging fellow in the world.

"With all my heart, Saul," was Jack's ready answer; "I'll give you a song of Jonathan's, to a beautiful air of Terence Magrath's—a real modern antique 'tis called—

#### "MARY OF THE CURLS."

##### I.

As oak-leaves, when autumn is turning them sere,  
Is the hue of my own Mary's beautiful hair;  
And light as young ash-sprays, that droop in the grove,  
Are the ringlets that wave round the head that I love.

##### II.

Dear Mary! each ringlet, so silken and fine,  
Is a fetter that round my poor heart you entwine;  
And if the wide ocean I roamed to the west,  
It would still draw me back to the maid I love best.

##### III.

Like stars that shine out from the calm summer sky  
Are the glances that beam from your melting blue eye;  
Your lips red as poppies, your cheeks bright as morn;  
And your bosom and neck white as blossoms of thorn.

##### IV.

The stars may shine down on the whole world at night,  
But your eyes, Mary, dear! should give me all their light.  
Let the poppies and blossoms be plucked by who will,  
If those dear lips and bosom be kept for me still.

##### V.

Not more sportive and light is the young lambkin seen,  
'Than your foot in the dance on our own village green;  
And my fond eye still wanders wherever you move  
'Midst all the maids seeking for her that I love.

##### VI.

The winter is past, and the Shrovetide is nigh;  
Dear Mary! no longer be cruel or shy.  
I've a home to receive you, a hand to sustain,  
And a heart that will love you while life shall remain.

Jack Bishop's song was received with plaudits. When the surveyor, who was a great traveller, and a very learned individual, stepped forward and said—

"I beg your pardon, Master Jonathan; but I am thinking that's not just all out your own composing!"

"Why not?" said I.

"Because, sir, 'tis mighty like an ould song they sing in the county Clare, called 'Máire na gCíab,' which signifies in the English vernacular, 'Mary of the Curls.' I remember only the first verse of it now:—

‘U Máire níl cara nua éab  
Náé zemeal go dhan ar mo éiríobé.  
Jr dá rnáfaínní an fáinníze ríar  
Sur cara oíre, bá mian hom aríir.’

I think you'll allow, sir, there is a very remarkable resemblance to the first verse of your song."

"Maybe so," said I.

Jack Bishop enjoyed my confusion most maliciously, but Uncle Saul covered my retreat by wishing all a pleasant night, and so we retired to the drawing-room.

"Jonathan," said my uncle, when we were all seated, "you should never pawn off a translation as an original." ["Nor an original as a translation," slyly interposed Jack Bishop, *sotto voce*.] "And so I sentence you to compose a song, 'Stans pede in uno.'" ["Like a goose," whispered Jack.] "And I will give you as much time as the girls will consume in singing a glee."

There was no use in disputing the point, or pleading innocence; so I slipped into a corner, and addressed myself to my task. Meantime three fair girls, daughters of my deceased Uncle Sampson, who had recently finished their education at a first-rate fashionable establishment in Dublin, and learned all sorts of pretty airs, both in the way of singing and otherwise, after sundry declarations that they were quite out of voice, and encouraging entreaties from their mamma, and some impatience on the part of Uncle Saul, went over to the piano-forte, and turning over the leaves of the music-book, *accidentally* happened upon a glee, which I make no doubt they had been practising all morning. Here it is:—

#### FAIRY GLEE.

##### I.

When the stars are dim in the darkling sky,  
Ere the young moon looks from her bow'r on high,  
And the wind-sprite howls on the clouds that fly  
Through the dreary waste of night—  
We watch the meteor's fitful beam  
On the dark-flowing streamlet's bosom gleam,  
Or feed with vapour the Wisp's cold flame,  
And follow its treacherous flight.  
We watch in the stream  
For the meteor's beam,  
Or feed the Wisp's light  
And follow its flight,  
'Till the first beams of day  
Chase us away,  
'Till the first beams of day  
Chase us away.

##### II.

But soon as the moon, in her full orb'd pride,  
Shines down on the vale and mountain's side,  
And deep in the streamlet's silver tide  
Her beams of light are seen—

We dance all night long on the moon-lit glade  
 To the nightingale's song in the thicket's shade;  
 And the sward that our footsteps lightly tread  
 Makes the fairy-ring on the green.

We dance all night long  
 To the nightingale's song,  
 And our footsteps are seen  
 In the ring on the green,  
 'Till the first beams of day  
 Chase us away,  
 'Till the first beams of day  
 Chase us away.

You may be sure the young ladies' singing was praised in all the conventional phrases which are current in drawing-rooms. "Very sweetly sung, indeed—charming air," &c., &c. "Pray, young ladies," said Uncle Saul, "to what class of composition may that song belong?" "Indeed, uncle," said Matilda, the eldest, "I do not know; we got it in manuscript from a friend." "'Tis the composite order of musical architecture," said Jack Bishop. "Like enough," said Saul. "And now, where is Jonathan? is he ready to pay the penalty imposed upon him?" "Well, I suspect he is," said Jack; "I have been watching him in the corner these twenty minutes, and, to judge from the great abatement of his facial grimaces, and the comparative repose of his eye-brows, I should say he is on the point of a happy delivery. Oh, there goes another twitch; no doubt 'tis the agony of the last hard rhyme. 'Juno Lucina fer opem obsecro.' How do you find yourself now, Jonathan?" "As well as can be expected," said I. "Here's the babe." "What shall we christen it?" "Let's call it—

"ALLHALLOW-E'EN."

I.

October is dying;  
 Chill winds are sighing  
 Sadly the bare, sapless branches between;  
 Night, from her dark wings,  
 Hoar, frost, and mist flings  
 Over the brown fields on Allhallow-E'en.

II.

Shoot bolt and bar, now,  
 Leave no door a-jar, now,  
 Draw o'er the casement the curtain's thick screen;  
 Heap logs on the fire till  
 The flame burns higher still,  
 And roars up the chimney on Allhallow-E'en.

III.

Circle the hearth-stone  
 Each friend and dear one,  
 We'll sit where of old our forefathers have been;  
 Bring chalice and flagon,  
 The night shall not lag on  
 'Mid the time-honoured pastimes of Allhallow-E'en.

IV.

The cross lightly turns,  
 The flame brightly burns  
 Of the candles, the rosy red apples between;  
 Then come boys and girls,  
 Look sharp as it twirls,  
 And play at snap-apple on Allhallow-E'en.

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## XIII.

Clear a space in the middle!  
 For bagpipe and fiddle  
 Invite men and maidens to jig and to reel;  
 And footing it featly,  
 The lasses trip neatly,  
 And the young men cut capers with toe and with heel.

## XIV.

There are charms for the bold heart,  
 The glass for the old heart,  
 To-night let no cold heart amongst us be seen;  
 Let strong waters and ale flow,  
 The song and the tale go  
 Around our bright hearth, upon Allhallow-E'en.

## XV.

So gaily pass over  
 The last of October,  
 Perhaps, we may ne'er so enjoy it again;  
 'Twill be sweet to remember  
 When wake, next November,  
 Our happy hearts' muster on Allhallow-E'en.

Amongst the company was a little man, whom nobody seemed to know, yet he made himself very much at his ease. I first noticed him in the great hall, watching the dancers with a quiet wonder through every evolution: inspecting the divers for shillings, and mechanically opening and shutting his mouth, as if registering each snap at the apple on the twirling-cross; and all the while he spoke not a word, nor moved from his seat near the fire, till he followed us back on the invitation of Uncle Saul. Let me describe this little man for you. I will begin with his head. In shape, it resembled a pear, with the larger end downward, which was represented by a pair of fat, juicy cheeks, that hung over a white cravat, wrapped pudding-wise around his thick, short neck. His eyes were round, and somewhat protruding, with a leaden, sleepy stare; his forehead rose conically, and bald, and over his whole face was a flush that spoke eloquently of London porter; while here and there an erubescant pimple bloomed out, whose parentage was, beyond all question, a dash of brandy, or "cold without." His body was punchy and corpulent, and covered with a yellow waistcoat, surmounted by a blue coat, with brass buttons: dark inexpressibles clothed his upper limbs, and leggings of the same colour were buttoned over his lower. "Come, Mr. Tupps," said my Uncle Saul, "what will you take?—this is excellent whisky, or perhaps you prefer the brandy." Tupps brightened up. "The brandy, if you please, Mr. Slingsby; I rayther prefer it—they say 'tis good for the stomach. No sugar, thank you, sir, but just a little shade of cold water." The name "Tupps" at once solved the mystery of the little man's presence, for Saul had told me that he sold his wool in the morning to a Lancashire buyer of that name; and the little gentleman's dialect now assured me that I had the professional wool-gatherer before me.

Songs, sentiments, charades, and forfeits, having each in turn contributed to the general entertainment, at length some mischief-loving spirit put it into the heart of Saul to tamper with Mr. Tupps' taciturnity. "Mr. Tupps, the company are waiting for your song." "Well, I'm sure, sir," said Tupps, "I don't know now as how I ever sung a song in my lifetime." "Salt and water for Mr. Tupps," cried Saul. "Nay, nay, Mr. Slingsby, if a toast or a sentiment will do ——" "Well, then, Mr. Tupps, pray let us have it." Tupps replenished his glass, turned up his eyes to the ceiling, and then looking pleasantly round him, said, as he raised his glass, "'A dry fleece and a wet skin.' Gentlemen and ladies, your very good healths—all." A roar of laughter followed this professional sentiment. But Saul was at the little man again. "Upon my word, Mr. Tupps, that's being rather hard on the graziers; I think, however, that you are entitled to rely upon it in mitigation of punishment, and we shall be contri-



to dispense with one-half of the penalty. Which will you prefer, the salt or the water?" "That's Hobson's choice, sir; I'm blest if I know which to choose. Well, sir, I'll tell you a story, if you please." "Bravo!" said Saul. "Now, then, Mr. Tupps, we're all attention."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Tupps, after he had cleared his throat with a cough, and then moistened it with a gulp of brandy-and-water, "I shall relate to you an adventure which once befel myself in this country, and which I shall ever look upon as a most extraordinary and providential escape. It is now over six years since I was travelling one evening in the West of Ireland, on my way to the fair of Ballybeg, which you all know is a great wool fair. There was no regular conveyance to the town, and I had hired a car at the village where the stage-coach had set me down. The road was wild and lonely, winding through a mountain-gorge, and I confess that I did not feel altogether at my ease as I sat with my back defencelessly turned to the tattered wretch who drove me, and to whom a guinea would be sufficient temptation to knock me on the head. I had a considerable sum of money about me, and my mind involuntarily recurred to all the stories of murders and robberies in Ireland, which one reads of every day in the papers. One hears a great deal, gentlemen, about 'the good old times,' but, for my part, I think that in many respects they might better be called 'the bad old times.' Roads were bad, travelling was bad, inns were bad. A man could not travel a hundred miles on his lawful calling in less than two or three days, and was obliged to take pistols and blunderbusses, and the Lord knows what, about him, as ten to one he would fall in with some Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin by the way, who was sure to ease him of his purse, and might slit his throat into the bargain. But give me our own times—they are the real 'good times,' Free-trade, a big loaf, fine inns and railroads; ay, the railroads, gentlemen, they are the grandest invention of the age. A man can now travel his couple of hundred miles between breakfast and dinner, without losing his time changing horses every ten miles, or his money paying guards and coachmen. And then, you're so safe. To be sure you sometimes run the risk of being walked into by a runaway train, or blown up by a bursting boiler; but what is that compared to the danger which one often was in, even when I was a boy, of being encountered by highwaymen on some lonely common, having your pockets turned inside out, and your brains blown about your ears before you had time to bless yourself. He would be a smart, as well as a bold fellow, now-a-days, who would hop over a railway-fence of a dark night, and step into the middle of the line to lie in wait for the train, and bid it 'stand and deliver,' as it comes tearing down upon him, puffing smoke and spitting fire. Well, gentlemen, to come back to my story, I was amusing myself with such pleasant thoughts as these, and, to confess the truth, they did not help much to make my mind easier. The sun had set, and the night was coming on very dark. Occasionally we passed some fellow loitering on the road side—I'm sure no good purpose brought him out at such an hour—and the driver, which I thought very suspicious, was sure to know him, and salute him with 'God save you, Mick,' or 'Good night, Paddy.' At last, just as we turned an angle of the road at a little grove of fir-trees, two men jumped out over the ditch and ordered the driver to stop. I desired him to whip on as fast as he could, but the rascal drew up his horse in a moment. Now, ladies, you can fancy that this was enough to make any man nervous. They were stout, wicked-looking young chaps, with big sticks in their hands; and I could see, dark as the night was, something sticking out of the breast of one of their coats, that I could swear was a pistol. 'How many miles is it to Ballybeg?' asked the fellow with the pocket pistol. 'Just two from the cross-roads below there, your honour,' replied the carman. 'Well, my lad, you must give us a lift in—the gentleman will make no objection.' 'Och! not the laste in life sir,' said the rascal, without as much as asking my leave—'Up with ye, gentlemen.' So up they got and no mistake, the fellow with the pocket-pistol beside me, and the other beside the driver. I'm blest if I was not all over in a swither when I felt the fellow's breath upon me, and knew how completely I was in his power. Well, he soon began to question me, asking where I came from, what was my business, and where I meant to stop for the night? You may be sure I gave him as little information as possible, and I never felt more relieved in the whole course of r

when we drew up at the inn at Ballybeg. The house was a small one, and it was very crowded, so I could with difficulty get accommodation, being obliged to take a bed in a double-bedded room. As I came back to have my bag fetched up, I caught a sight of the two fellows who travelled with me in conversation with the car-driver, and I heard him say, 'Oh never fear, them sort of chaps has money enough in their pockets, I'll be bound, if a body could only get a sight of it ;' these were the very words, for I shall never forget them. Well, I went into the travellers'-room, and having got a bit of something comfortable for supper, and a glass or two of grog—they had no brandy in the house, gentlemen—I went up to my bed-room. I don't know how it was, but I felt very nervous and uncomfortable, for I couldn't get the thoughts of the two ill-looking fellows out of my head. At last I went to bed, but I took care to put my pocket-book under my pillow, and left the candle lighting. I might as well have not gone to bed, for I could not get a wink of sleep; and I no sooner closed my eyes than I fancied the chap with the pocket-pistol was fumbling under my pillow for my pocket-book. I continued tumbling and turning in this way, I don't know how long, but I'm sure it could not be far from midnight, when the door opened, and what was my horror to see the two desperadoes entering on tip-toe. They looked about the room, and one of them stepped up to my bed-side and peered into my face. I pretended, you may be sure, to be fast asleep, but I saw him plainly enough give a knowing wink and a smile to the other, and whisper, 'The very man, by Jupiter, and he's fast asleep.' He then examined the window, and I have no doubt in the world they intended to have got away through it after having robbed me. The other fellow had his back turned to me, but I saw him taking the pistol from his breast and lay it on the table. 'That driver is a prime lad,' said he, 'I got a full charge of the right sort from him.' 'That's lucky,' said the other, 'and now to business; the house is quiet, and 'tis just the time for taking notes.' Ladies and gentlemen, I felt that the critical moment which was to decide my fate had arrived. I seized my pocket-book, sprang out of bed, and flinging my inexpressibles across my arm, I darted out of the door, which I closed after me, and gained the kitchen, I know not how, in safety. My first notion was to fly from the house, but the rain was coming down in torrents, and I would be certain to lose my life if I went out half-naked in the wet and cold. Fortunately I saw a settle-bed in the corner which was unoccupied. I locked the door, stirred the fire, and threw myself in the settle, holding my pocket-book in one hand and my inexpressibles in the other, to be prepared for any emergency. Strange to say, I fell asleep, in spite of all my endeavours to keep awake. At length I was aroused by a violent knocking at the door, and a woman's voice calling out, 'The divil take you, Lanty, what's come over you at all, to be locking yourself in that-a-way? Open the door, I tell you.' I rose, and found the day had just broken; so, slipping on my inexpressibles, I opened the door, and the housemaid bolted in upon me. 'Wisha, the divil take —— Oh, the Lord between us an' harm! who are you at all?' cried the girl, starting back. I explained to her that I had come down to sleep in the kitchen, as I had a great objection to occupy a room with strangers, and begged her to step up to No. 15, and fetch me my clothes. Off she went, and returned in a few moments with my apparel, saying, 'Why, sir, there's nobody at all in the room; the two gentlemen that slept in the big bed went away just now.' Well, you may be sure I felt thankful for my extraordinary deliverance from the villains who, it was plain enough, had decamped before any one was stirring, having the fear of the bridewell before their eyes. I returned to the room and finished my sleep; but I thought it the wisest course to say nothing about what happened in the night, as the landlord might say I was injuring his house, and bring me into trouble. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I think you will agree with me in saying this was a very singular adventure."

During Mr. Tupps's narrative, his auditory were all attention; but had any one looked at Bishop or myself they would have seen amazement depicted on every feature of our faces. Jack now advanced towards Mr. Tupps, and, beckoning me forward, we stood before him. Looking fixedly in his face, Jack said, "Pray, Mr. Tupps, did you ever see us before?" The little man looked long and bewilderedly in our faces. At length he said, "Well, I'm blest now—no, it

can't be—yes, it is. Why, upon my credit, you are very like the fellows—ahem ! I beg pardon, the individuals—who thought to—a—a—who travelled into Ballybeg with me.” “The very identical fellows, Mr. Tupps, as you are pleased to call us—wicked-looking fellows—ill-looking dogs. Eh? sir.” “Well, but, gentlemen, I really did not know you were present; besides, you had terrible beards and whiskers then, and you wore no shirt-collars. But, indeed, I can't understand the thing at all. Were you not really highwaymen?” “Pray, sir, say that again,” said Jack, looking most comically ferocious; “I did not exactly hear the word you made use of.” “Nay, sir, I mean no offence, I assure you; but, perhaps, you'll be so kind as to explain the matter, for I'm blest if I know what to think.” “That's easily done. My friend and myself were making the tour of the western counties on foot, and were fortunate enough to meet your car, so as to get a ‘lift’ into Ballybeg. The only room left at the inn was the one in which we were all put, and having paid our bill at night, we were off in the morning by daybreak. I confess we were quite unable to account for your bolting so suddenly out of the room, but we thought you had been asleep, and had gone out in a fit of somnambulism.” “Well, well, but what do you say about your conversation with the car-driver?” “Why, he was complaining that you declined to give him any gratuity.” “And so I did, because he took you up without my leave. What did you mean by saying that the driver had given you a charge of the right sort?” “Oh, the fellow was grateful for a few shillings we gave him, and put me in the way of filling my ‘pocket-pistol’ with some genuine potheen whiskey.” “Dear, dear! how strange. Well, there's but one thing more which, if you can clear up, I shall admit that I wronged you. Why did you say that it was just the time for taking notes? Can you deny that you said these very words, sir?” “Ha! ha! ha!” shouted Bishop, “Mr. Slingsby must explain that to you; he is answerable for having unkenelled you.” “That I will,” said I. “You must know, sir, that we were in the habit of keeping a journal of our tour, and made it a practice to note down whatever had occurred to us worthy of remark during the day. I assure you, Mr. Tupps, you occupied a very considerable portion of our diary that night.”

The shame and confusion of Mr. Tupps was now complete. I thought he would have sunk into the earth. At length Uncle Saul, in pity to his sufferings, came to the rescue. “Upon my word, Mr. Tupps, I do not at all wonder at your having fallen into the mistake you did. I am sure I should have been very much frightened if I were in your place. You showed admirable presence of mind to decamp with your baggage, and in good order. And now I will give you a song myself, and you must all fill your glasses to pledge me in the toasts and join in the chorus.”

## I.

Here's to those round our bosoms entwining,  
The sun-light of life's cloudy sky—  
Woman's smile, and the light ever shining  
That flashes from beauty's bright eye.  
Her glance, like yon bright ray, which beaming  
Illumines our goblet to night,  
Shines down o'er life's tide darkly streaming,  
And soon it runs sparkling in light.

## CHORUS.

Here's to those round our bosoms entwining,  
Woman's smile, woman's eye brightly shining;  
Long may love's rosy fetters, entwining,  
Be wound round our hearts, as to-night.

## II.

Here's to those we see smiling around us  
To night o'er our deep-flowing bowl,  
To whom friendship has sacredly bound us;  
Here's to each dear-loved friend of our soul

Yes, the friends that still fondly will cheer us,  
 Like moon-beams when sinks the sun's ray,  
 When the dark night of sorrow draws near us,  
 And the sunshine of love fades away.

## CHORUS.

Here's to those we see smiling around us ;  
 To whom friendship has sacredly bound us ;  
 When the dark night of sorrow has found us,  
 May we still find them true as to-day.

## III.

Here's to those in climes distant delaying,  
 Bright gems from our crown rent away ;  
 May their spirits still round us be straying,  
 Till they cheer us again with their ray.  
 Not in sadness, but hope, o'er the number  
 Of the fond and the true that have died,  
 Breathe one sigh—may they wake from their slumber,  
 To find us once more by their side !

## CHORUS.

Here's joy to the bright eyes that cheer us ;  
 And a pledge to the friends that are near us ;  
 Fond remembrance for those who can't hear us,  
 And a sigh o'er the true that have died !

So ended our "Allhallow-E'en," and I am again at home in my sanctum ; and as it is "just the time for taking notes," I have indicted this somewhat lengthy epistle to you, dear Anthony, to show you that there is some remnant of the good old fashions still lingering amongst us. And now good night—I might almost say good morning : for the hand of the dial is close to midnight. I wish you and Maga a happy November.

Thine, as always, dear Anthony,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

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ALISON.\*

It is ever the fate of genius to be in advance of its age—too often to be rewarded only by its neglect or its censures. Galileo in the dungeon of the Inquisition was no unapt type of high intellect persecuted by the dull-sighted many. When Divine wisdom often failed to obtain a hearing on earth, genius in the creature cannot look to fare better. "Go up, bald head!" has not seldom been the cry of the would-be wise of the Gentiles, as it was of the children of Israel. Disasters have come upon nations, ruin to empires, not because there was no voice to warn, but no wish to listen—not from the absence of wisdom, but from its neglect. Who listened to Demosthenes, when he strove to save Athens from her blindness? Did not six generations neglect the warnings of the great Sobieski, ere Poland fell? Who listened to Burke, when with prophetic eye he scanned the future of the French Revolution, and in the brilliance of the meteor beheld the gathering of the storm? Yet Burke lived to hear his *éloge* begun, and posterity has completed it. Nations live faster, as well as longer, now than in ancient times; the increased vigour of the species hurries on society from stage to stage; and in the rapidity with which disaster follows error, and retribution crime, we not only behold the means by which Providence now preserves the nations by purifying them, but by which wisdom and virtue are rewarded, folly and

passion punished, in the lifetime of a single generation. An erring people now no longer escapes misery by handing it over to posterity; the impostor or deluder rarely reaches his grave unmasked; the Present seldom bequeathes a golden idol which the Future finds to be brass. This is a comforting assurance to the honest and wise, a benefit to the species, a terror to evil-doers, a warning to fools. The day of dupes, the reign of folly, is shortened; and if men still go astray (as assuredly they ever will) it will not be from the mists of ignorance, but from the allurements of passion. Time, now-a-days, speedily winnows error from truth, and falsifies theories and predictions in the lifetime of their authors.

There is no more difficult task for genius than to detect in their secret springs the issues of future events. This can only be attempted after scanning keenly and widely the pages of history, and generalising from an extensive view of the workings of human passion; and the attempt is never successful, save when seconded by transcendent natural abilities. The mere fact of the reprinting of Mr. Alison's political essays proves that he possesses this prescient faculty in a very high degree; and when we examine them in detail, the coincidence of events with his predictions is marvellous. The fact that all these essays were written for the monthly press,

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\* 1. "History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815." By Archibald Alison, LL.D. Fourteen Vols. 8vo. With Portraits. Edinburgh and London: 1849-50.

2. "Essays, Political and Miscellaneous." By Archibald Alison, LL.D. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1850.

most of them of course hastily, still further heightens our admiration for the accuracy of his views and the ability with which they are developed. We have nothing similar in our language: they stand forth alone in the world of letters. We have recently had reprints of critical and historical essays of first-rate excellence, but in the department of politics, not one. Among the published selections of articles from the *Edinburgh Review*, no series of political essays has found a place. Praised to the skies on their first appearance, not unfrequently changing the politics of Government, they have nevertheless been left behind by the march of the world. Time has weighed them in his balance, and found them wanting.

"Open one of the political essays of the Blue and Yellow, which were read and admired by all the world thirty or forty years ago, and what do you find? Loud declamations against the continuance of the war, and emphatic assertions of the inability of England to contend at land with the conqueror of Continental Europe; continual reproaches of incapacity against the Ministry who were preparing the liberation of Spain and the battle of Waterloo; ceaseless assertions that the misery of Ireland was entirely owing to misgovernment—that nothing but Catholic emancipation, and the curtailment of the Protestant Church were required to make that island the most happy, loyal, and contented realm, and its Celtic inhabitants the most industrious and well-conditioned in Europe; loud denunciations that the power of the Crown had 'increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;' lamentations on the evidently approaching extinction of the liberties of England, under the combined action of a gigantic war expenditure and a corrupt selfish oligarchy; strong recommendations of the speedy abolition of slavery in our West India Colonies, as the only mode of enabling our planters to compete with the efforts of slave sugar-states. Time has enabled the world to estimate these doctrines at their true value; and amidst great efforts at bolstering them up, subsequent times have quietly consigned them to the tomb of all the Capulets."<sup>\*</sup>

Besides their prescient sagacity, what is well worthy of remark in Mr. Alison's political essays, is their eminently practical nature. Not a plan which he proposes, not a remedy which he suggests, but bears the stamp of efficacy and

simplicity. Well versed in the affairs of men and in the functions of civil administration, no crude theory or speculative plan escapes him; and he makes his views as intelligible to others as they are manifest to himself. One would think he had been Premier for as long a period as he has been Sheriff—although, in these days, we fear this is but a doubtful compliment. Of his intimate acquaintance with the science of government and the actual state of the nation, these volumes furnish redundant proof. Not to mention his splendid essays on Parliamentary Reform and the British Constitution—as to the sagacity of which the last eighteen years have been one long sad commentary—we would say to a sceptic, look at his article on Crime and Transportation. Does he not lay bare the fearful progress of crime amongst us as with the scalpel of the anatomist, and probe the devouring gangrene with the skill of a Cooper? When and how has Government, with all its gigantic aid from commissions and committees, ever attempted to legislate for this monster malady? The attempt has never been seriously made. Arrest it by secular education!—as well arrest the Thames with sand. The spectacle of crime multiplying ten times faster than the population, and every seventh person in these islands a pauper, hanging a dead weight on the arm of Industry, should rouse one and all to the portentous aspect of the future. He who can read that essay, and still shut his eyes to the crime accumulating in the heart of the State, and sapping the foundations of its prosperity, would not be convinced though one rose from the dead; he who can imagine a simpler or more effectual series of alleviations than is there set forth, had better divulge it. Or look at his essay on Direct Taxation. Could the present errors of the income-tax be more convincingly exposed, or the true principles of the system more clearly explained? What a depth of sagacity, what a practical knowledge of politics and human nature, in his reasons for extending the property-tax to a lower class than it now affects!—not merely for justice-sake, as at present all property under £200 a-year is virtually exempted; not for the sake of any

\* "Alison's Essays,"—Art., *Macaulay* Vol. iii., p. 681.

great addition to the revenue, but *in order to interest the majority of the nation in opposing its undue extension.* Without such a safeguard, he says, and says most truly, this tax will become an insidious engine of confiscation. The Ten-pounders, paying nothing to it, will selfishly urge on its progressive increase, till the whole landed aristocracy will be despoiled to gratify the urban constituencies. He shows how this tax ought to be lowered one-half upon *income*, and suggests a feasible plan for the delicate operation of rating professional men. He shows how heavily the present tax bears upon landlords and the agricultural classes—among other reasons, because they cannot possibly conceal their revenue; while commercial men and capitalists can do so readily, and actually do so to an enormous extent. His words are especially worthy of attention at the present moment, when the removal of the Income Tax is about to be discussed in parliament, and when our whole system of taxation imperatively calls for reconsideration, and a re-adjustment of its burdens. Finally, look at almost the last article in his third volume, “Free-Trade Finance and Reform,” dated April and May, 1850. Could there be an abler elucidation of the present state of the country, or a more crushing exposure of the numberless errors and flimsy fallacies of the Whig Ministry? We would gladly transcribe, for the enlightenment and discomfiture of that owlish party, his graphic picture of the prostration of Britain under Liberal misgovernment. But the passage is too long to be extracted, and will not bear curtailment. “Future ages,” he says, in concluding it, “will ask what were the devastating wars, the stunning calamities, the loss of provinces, the severance of colonies, which inflicted such deep and irremediable wounds on the British nation, during these memorable periods; and they will be answered, it was thirty years of unbroken peace at home, a series of brilliant colonial conquests abroad, and *ONE SYSTEM.*” We likewise pass over, with regret, his counter-picture of what we might have been under other government, in order to make room for a warning that should interest even the dumbest ear.

“To the modern rulers of the British nation, to the constituents of the majority of the House of Commons, to buy cheap and to sell dear is the great object of ambition. They have gained the first—let them see whether they will secure the last. Let them see whether, amidst the ruin of the agricultural interest, and the declining circumstances of all trades which are exposed to the effects of foreign competition, they, the *sellers* of commodities, will make their fortunes. If they do, it will be a new era in society; for it will be one in which the trading class amass riches in consequence of the ruin of their customers.

“There is no monitor, however, to nations as to individuals, like suffering. Let Free Trade, therefore, have a fair trial. Let the shopkeepers see what benefit they are likely practically to gain by the ruin of their customers. They have the government in their hands, for they have the appointment of a majority in the House of Commons. The agricultural interest, the colonies, the shipping interest, the small manufacturer, are, to all practical purposes, disfranchised. Let the trading classes, then, feel the effects of their own measure. These will be such that they cannot continue. Ere long a change of policy, and probably of rulers, will be forced upon Government by the universal cry of suffering. But let them recollect that it is *their* measures which are now upon trial; that theirs will be the responsibility if they fail; and that, if the empire be dismembered and the national independence lost, theirs will be the present loss, and theirs the eternal infamy.”\*

The whole essay is a proof that we have “fallen upon evil days,”—a melancholy confirmation of the saying of the old senator, when he sent his youthful heir one day to the council board—“My son, I would have you learn *with how little wisdom a great nation may be governed!*”

But circumscribed as we are in our limits, it is less Mr. Alison's politics that we mean to review, than the general character of his writings, and his peculiarities of mind and opinion. We find these fully developed in the recent issue of his History and Essays; so that we need not enter upon any examination of his brilliant “Military Life of Marlborough,” and various works on social and political economy, further than to state that they all bear the same impress of profound reflection and vivid and vigorous thought. His Essays are a splendid supplement to his His-

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\* “Essays,” Vol. iii. p. 716-717.

tory, and the two combined exhibit his intellect in all its breadth and beauty. Though the latter work, constructed for immortality, will ever surpass its successor in general favour, because treating of a subject of permanent and universal interest, it is difficult to say to which the palm is due for intrinsic excellence. Our own taste inclines us at present to prefer the Essays—perhaps because they possess the charm of novelty, which frequent perusal has taken from his greater work. But in this we rather indicate a predilection than offer an opinion. If magnitude of conception and talent in the execution awaken our admiration in the History, the variety of natural gifts and extent of acquired knowledge will no less surprise us in the Essays. Surpassing those of Jeffrey—who, not widely learned, seldom original, moreover never gives one the feeling that he is in earnest, or deeply impressed with his subject; unlike those of Sidney Smith, whose vigorous and sparkling wit was chiefly expended on topics of ephemeral interest; possessing all the profound philosophy of Mackintosh, with ten times his pictorial powers and consequent popularity; rivalling Macaulay himself in ancient and modern lore, but inferior to him in condensation of ideas and arrangement of details, Alison surpasses him in the variety and grandeur of the subjects he discusses, and in the elevation of mind and grasp of intellect with which he treats them. In some respects these two great writers are remarkable contrasts. Macaulay, supreme in miniature-painting, exquisite in the selection and use of his colours and in the management of details, is unrivalled in the Historical Essay, or in delineating a memorable event or a particular era. Alison, excelling in breadth and grandeur of style, negligent of details, yet guided by exquisite art, is supreme on the extended canvas of History. Alison is a Michael Angelo, without his gloom; Macaulay combines the beauty of Raphael with the minuteness of the Dutch school. The erudition of both is amazing; but Alison's is the more varied. The style of the latter is free, flowing, vigorous; of the former, elegant exceedingly, but marked with care. Both are poetic in temperament—both at times rise to the highest flights of eloquence; but in earnestness and power the palm rests with Alison.

Macaulay addresses himself to the everyday world; Alison to the higher qualities of our nature. The former uses gossip frequently and systematically, to give piquancy to his narrative; Alison rarely, and only to depict character. No historian represents, in an equal degree with Macaulay, the average ideas, feelings, and political wants of the English people; he hits, without falling below or flying beyond, the popular mark; and his admirable sense and tact, and clear, business-like, yet brilliant style, confer on his works unbounded popularity. He is the representative of the Present; Alison is the advocate of the Future.

It is a difficult task, in those days, for a man to work out for himself fame as a first-class author. The great works of former genius overshadow all mediocre attempts at immortality; and the public is ever chary of placing a new statue in their temple of High Art. Amusing works rise into notice like soap-bells, and glow for their day in the rainbow hues of popular favour; but elevated works, which aim at nothing less than an eternity of fame, encounter a very different reception. Whenever such an *aut Cæsar aut nullus* appears, he is received with the cold eye of distrust. Reputations already made are endangered, old opinions threatened with subversion. Critics fear to err; and it is safer to censure than to eulogise—to point out blemishes, than give verdict on the whole performance. In such cases, the public never dissent from the critics *at first*; and, *laudatores præteriti*, are always ready to back their censures and unfavourable comparisons. Mr. Alison, when the first volumes of his History appeared, was a man unknown to public fame. Though a staunch Conservative, his name was not identified with that of his party. No party organs praised his work while yet in embryo—no flourish of trumpets hailed its *début*. It did not spare the errors of his own party, and it was felt as a mortal stroke by his opponents. He wrote, too, against the spirit of the times. It was during the fervour of Reform that the early volumes of his Conservative History appeared; and both then and since, his opinions have run counter to those of the majority of the nation. Independent in spirit and conscious of his powers, he did not surrender one iota of his convictions for the sake of catch-



ing the popular gales; and he has lived to reap the recompense. He worked for enduring fame, and he has obtained his reward even in the present generation.

In all his writings Mr. Alison emphatically condemns the time-serving principle of expediency, ever too popular with mankind; and in his History he loses no opportunity of exhibiting the cheering truth, that national virtue ever triumphs in the end. His application of religion as a test to the conduct alike of nations and individuals, has been called the very salt of his great work; and it forms a sure, unwavering guide amid the mazes of conflicting opinions. His impartiality is unquestioned; and he not only gives the truth, but the whole truth. Everything has at least two sides, and Alison gives both. He knows well that the same man may be made a villain or a demigod, the same age be painted black or white, and with equal truth, by a one-sided sketcher, and that the only way to keep the reader right is to show him both views. He is of too elevated a nature to take any interest in the gossipry of scandal, and has no love for pulling down the great characters that stalk through his pages, by needlessly recounting their peccadilloes. Frailties he knows are everywhere—no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; and he never makes his pages piquant with scandal when he can render them elevating by noble examples. In his delineation of character, he metes out eulogy and censure with discriminating hand. There is a natural tendency for a grand impression to absorb all minor ones, and it is an error into which men of warm feelings, like Mr. Alison, are very apt to fall; but the care with which he avoids this is not less remarkable than honourable to him. Such calm discrimination, indeed, is indispensable in the delineation of real life, where peculiarities of the most opposite description are not unfrequently found united in the same person. Human nature is a bundle of contradictions, which the comprehensive powers of pen can alone depict. The utmost skill of the brush or the chisel fail in the attempt. They can only seize an hour of a lifetime, one phase of the strangely-changing soul; and whoever represents living men

thus, represents them defectively. In his dealing with such mixed characters, Mr. Alison follows the method indicated by Shakspeare:—"As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoiced at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and *death for his ambition.*"

"We shall not," says Mr. Alison, in reviewing Macaulay's History of England, "in treating of the merits of this very remarkable production, adopt the not uncommon practice of reviewers on such occasions—we shall not pretend to be better informed on the details of the subject than our author, nor set up the reading of a few weeks or months against the study of half a lifetime. We shall not imitate certain critics who look at the bottom of the pages for the authorities of the author, and, having got the clue to the requisite information, proceed to examine, with the utmost minuteness, every particular of his narrative, and make, in consequence, a vast display of knowledge, wholly derived from the reading which he has suggested. We shall not be so deluded as to suppose we have made a great discovery in biography, because we have ascertained that some Lady Caroline of the last generation was born on the 1st October 1674, instead of the 8th February 1675, as the historian, with shameful negligence has affirmed; nor shall we take credit to ourselves for a journey down to Hampshire to consult the parish register on the subject. As little shall we in future accuse Macaulay of inaccuracy in describing battles, because, on referring, without mentioning it, to the military authorities he has quoted, and the page he has referred to, we have discovered that at some battle, as Malplaquet, Lottum's men stood on the right of the Prince of Orange, when he says they stood on the left; or that Marlborough dined on a certain day at one o'clock, when, in point of fact, he did not sit down, as is proved by incontestable authority, till half-past two. We shall leave such minute and Lilliputian criticisms to the minute and Lilliputian minds by whom alone they are ever made. Mr. Macaulay can afford to smile at all reviewers who affect to possess more than his own gigantic stores of information."\*

This is well said, and doubtless owes not a little of its pungency to the waspish attacks with which his own writings have been assailed. All errors should be noted by reviewers, both small and great, even for the benefit of the au-

\* "Essays," vol. iii. pp. 644-5.

thor himself—and such criticism Mr. Alison and all worthy authors will hail with satisfaction; but to infer general inaccuracy from casual error, is to exemplify in sober life the old fable of the fault-finding fly on the cupola of St. Paul's.\* It would have been more than human, if so extensive a work as Mr. Alison's History had been immaculate—if no slip of the memory or pen had occurred during its composition; but every successive edition has been weeding them out; and this present edition may challenge the closest scrutiny to detect even a trivial error. It is after the closest scrutiny, and painstaking comparison with earlier editions, that we thus speak in its favour. New authorities, such as the *Memoirs of Chateaubriand*, *Lamartine's Girondins*, the concluding volumes of *Thiers' History*, &c., have been consulted;—fresh maps have been added to the magnificent atlas which illustrates the work, and a gallery of beautiful and authentic portraits adorns its pages;—many of the battle-scenes have been retouched,† and additional light thrown on that most puzzling of great engagements, the battle of Waterloo. The index continues in its former state of perfection; and a noble chapter of Concluding Reflections has been added, which closes the History with profound and original observations on the grand features of national politics and the general progress of mankind.

Many illustrious men have neglected their genius in youth—many more do not become aware of possessing it till that fleeting seed-time of future glory is past for ever. "Amid my vast and lofty aspirations," says *Lamartine*, "the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius—to the aspira-

rations of intellectual enjoyment!" Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh; many a noble nature has walked to his grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe—for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence. But no such echo of regret can check the aspirations of our author. Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in all that relates to lofty religious feeling and the admiration of art, and in not a little concerning the grand questions of national politics, his youth was well tended; and almost ere he emerged from that golden dreamy period, he had embarked on the undertaking which was to be the mission of his life, his passport to immortal fame. Among the dazzling and dazzled crowd whom, from all parts of Europe, the fall of Napoleon in 1814 had attracted to the French metropolis, was a young Englishman, who, hurrying from his paternal roof, arrived in time to witness the magnificent pageants which rendered memorable the residence of the Allied Sovereigns and armies in Paris. Napoleon had fallen, the last act of the revolutionary drama seemed to have closed; and on the Place Louis XV. assembled Europe and repentant France joined in the obsequies of its earliest victims and holiest martyrs. It was in the midst of those heart-stirring scenes, that the first inspiration of writing a history of the momentous period then seemingly closed, entered the throbbing breast of that English youth—and that youth was Alison. Ten years of travel, meditation, and research followed; during which the eye and the ear alike gathered materials for his great undertaking, and the mind was expanding its gifted powers preparatory to moulding these materials in a form worthy of the great events to be narrated, and of

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\* Mr. Alison, in one of his beautiful essays on Art, when remarking that the tendency of genius is to beget genius in others, quotes illustratively the instance of the youthful Correggio, who, on beholding the works of the "Caracci," exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" The works of *Raphael* we think it should have been, for Correggio lived *before* the Caracci. The value of the illustration, of course, is no ways affected by this slip; but what a theme for vituperation it may yet furnish to some of his critics! The puny attacks of some of these gentlemen remind one of gnats trying to sting an elephant; and their frequency can only be accounted for by the maxim of the great Dr. Johnson, that "whoever attacks established reputations, is certain to find readers." A recent writer on "*Alison's Fallacies about the Fall of Rome*," winds up a flimsy and vainglorious article by remarking, that *perhaps he had been wasting space in disproving Mr. Alison's classical knowledge!* If the above slip had caught his eye, he would doubtless have demonstrated, with equal "logic," that our author knows no more about Art than a bagman!

† The account of the battle of Bautzen might still be improved.

the high conception which the youth longed to realise. Other fifteen years of composition were required ere the History was brought to a close, and the noble genius of its author awakened the admiration of Europe.

Strange as it may sound in unreflecting ears, we attribute much of the success of Mr. Alison's History to his imaginative powers. In a voluminous work, where a thousand trivial occurrences must be recounted, and many dry subjects discussed, it is imagination alone that can carry the reader through the mass of details—that can float Truth down the flood of Time. It is the peculiar faculty of imagination to clothe whatever it touches with beauty, yet without derogating from reality. The sunbeam adorns the spray of the waterfall with rainbow hues, without altering its nature; the author may paint his subject in lively colours without injuring the justness of the outline. "We cannot too often repeat," says Madame de Staël, "that imagination, far from being an enemy to truth, brings it out more than any other faculty of the mind," &c. &c. It is the highest quality of art; and it is of as much use to the historian as to the writer of romance: nay more, for with the latter, dry matter can be rejected—with the former, it must be retained and made interesting. This is the great difficulty in large histories—the narrative must be made interesting, yet kept real. Without this, the utmost powers of intellect and research will be displayed in vain—wisdom that nobody reads is lost.

But more than this is requisite to the successful writing of history: Art must mould the materials which research has collected and imagination adorned. The principles of proportion must be steadily kept in view; otherwise sameness will weary, progress be unmarked, and the reader be perplexed to discern what is trivial from what is important. If equal light be thrown upon all parts of a picture, the effect is ruined. It is this fault which mars the great historians of France. The justly celebrated writers of the graphic school of History, which arose in that country after the Revolution, have, almost without exception, fallen into this mistake. In the effort to avoid the tame apathetic narrative of former

historians, they have glided unconsciously into the opposite error; in the desire to be interesting and picturesque, they have finished all parts with the same minuteness, and have thus destroyed the perspective. Look at Michelet, and even the great Sismondi. Their narrative is admirably clear and graphic, but there is a want of subordination and exaltation of events: all are treated in the same minute careful style. Or else, in the author's desire to be truthful and truthful-like, he quotes largely from old chronicles or modern state papers, and smothers the interest of his narrative by a mass of foreign matter. Of the thirty volumes of Michelet's *Histoire des Français*, about one-half are taken up with quotations of this kind, an error which not only clogs the narrative, but breaks the unity of the performance. Look at Thiers. In describing the circumstances of the Tennis-court Oath—the locking of the Assembly doors against the deputies—the conduct of the captain on guard—the deputies' intentions of forcing from him the pass-word, and the very proper advice of Bailly to let the good-natured fellow alone—all are given so minutely as to make them appear of as much historical importance as the taking of the oath itself. In history, the general thread of the narrative should be (as it always is in Hume and in the old Classic historians) clear but unambitious—it must be kept in the shade; events of secondary importance must rise into half light; while a flood of radiance should be thrown upon the grand crises of the history. It is on such parts that the author should lavish his highest powers, and on such only. He must know not only where to be prodigal of his genius, but where to refrain.

On our first perusal of the History, we were astonished at the effect it produced on us; it had all the charm of romance, as well as the durable interest of history. The soul of the poet was felt in its scenes of grandeur or misfortune; the hand of the painter sketched the thrilling adjuncts of the battlefield; the spirit of the soldier breathed in the narrative of charging armies and heroic exploit; the eloquence of the orator spoke to us in his perorations; the eye of the general pointed out the manœuvres that lost or won a kingdom. All this, and a great deal

more, we felt, in common with others, before we got half through the work; but it was not till repeated perusals had made us familiar with it, and given us the power of analysing so extensive a work, that we came fully to appreciate the merit of the author, by discerning the grand plan upon which he worked. It is founded on a systematic application of those principles of relief and proportion which we have already declared indispensable in all high art; and when once discovered, it can be traced throughout every portion of the History. The ten years which he spent in preparation were not spent in vain: before he put pen to paper the plan was complete in all its details—the chart of his History was already laid down minutely—the clue of Ariadne was prepared, which was to lead him unembarrassed through the “mighty maze” of the Revolutionary contest. The heroic mood cannot always be sustained; the ardour of the battle-field, or the breathless struggle of parties, will pall if long continued: the mind requires as much relief in a long history as the eye seeks and finds in the varying hues of nature. “Whenever I am particularly dull,” said Sir Walter Scott, “be assured it is not without an object;” and on all occasions Mr. Alison takes excellent advantage of this principle of our nature. Chapters on the great questions which rose into notice during that period, give variety to the work; as each new nation enters the arena, a condensed view is given of its past history and present resources; and even the driest topics lose somewhat of their dryness from the position they occupy,—generally filling up some pause in the contest, some lull of history, bordering on and relieving some dreadful strife of nations. Linked to his well-connected narrative, are the brilliant episodes upon the rise of our Indian Empire, the American war, and the South American revolutions; completing the history of that first-born and mightiest of revolutions which, cradled in France, enthroned in Europe, spread its arms to the uttermost parts of the earth.

If we examine our author's critical Essays, we shall see with what care he has sought out the true principles of the art of history in the works of others—if we turn to his History, we will see how successfully he has em-

bodied them in his own. Art is as discernible in his great work as in the masterpieces of painting and the drama. On the approach of a decisive battle, for instance, we first see the hostile armies scattered, perhaps, in cantonments, and the plans of their chiefs; we then see them draw rapidly together, and sweep towards one another like lowering thunderclouds. The unimportant preliminary combats of the manœuvring hosts are dismissed in a sentence; and the narrative glides on unbroken and swift—

“The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.”

While the rival hosts slumber around their watchfires, on the night before the battle, a paragraph indicates their respective advantages, force, and valour, and the weighty issues hanging on the soldier's arm. Then comes the battle—a vivid startling picture, that makes the heart beat faster; then the pursuit, the efforts of the pursuer and pursued—the surrender or the armistice. The reader feels the approach of a Borodino or a Leipsic with unfailing prescience; and from that instant the interest never flags—the author never draws bridle till the battle is won and its fruits reaped.

Mr. Alison has permanently placed history on a level with the fine arts, and under the mask of nature, has reared the most artistic monument that this or any other country has ever produced. In the nature of his subject, he has a great advantage over the immortal work of Gibbon. The Decline and Fall of Rome, most interesting to classical readers, most instructive to the philosopher of all ages, is too far removed from us by time, difference of civilization, antagonism of religion, to awaken our deepest sympathies,—especially in an age when generosity and imagination, the higher parts of our intellectual and moral being, are kicking the beam in the popular balance of utilitarianism, and when the momentous interest of present questions, present convulsions, is driving the memory of all others from our thoughts. But the interests at issue in the narrative of Alison come home to every heart; they are peculiarly those of present times—our fathers or ourselves took part in the contest he describes. Democracy, scepticism, ma-



chinery—these are the prominent characteristics of the present age; and he shows us the era in which they all began. His work forms a magnificent portal to the Present; it contains a key to the strange characters which the passions of men are now writing upon the earth—those hieroglyphics of which the writers themselves know not the meaning, but which seem to speak to us of sorrow rather than of joy. In another respect, too, Mr. Alison's subject was a happy one, for it gave to his History the rare but unrivalled charm of unity of interest. The period of not quite thirty years which it embraces, beheld the development and extinction of one idea, the French Revolution; and in the changing fortunes of the war all the balanced interest of a poem is experienced. It is a prose epic of the mighty struggle between Religion and Infidelity—an epic, in which the nations of Europe are first seen grovelling in selfishness; next, crushed in suffering; rising at length purified, and striking to the ground their fell oppressor. In which France, exulting in successful violence, fearing neither God nor man in her strength and passion, feels amid her triumphs the iron entering her soul, and, prostrate at last, owes her life to the clemency of her former victims.

There is a mistake which persons casually referring to his History for information are apt to fall into. Wishing for full details of some minor occurrence, they are greatly disappointed to find it recounted *en passant* in half-a-dozen lines; and with fretful impatience they fancy that the work is less perfect than it ought to be. What would they have? Evidently not a history, but an encyclopædia of history, or a *Biographie Universelle*, with every event or life fully detailed under separate heads, and which they would be the first to toss away in disgust; or at the best, a work like the laborious annals of Guicciardini, which, though abounding in excellent passages, is quite unreadable by any but a bookworm.\* A little reflection would quickly convince them of this, and would reveal to them a beauty where at first they

saw only a defect. The author's forethought has extended even to the mechanical parts of the work; and if we would see with what care and art it has been composed, a single glance will suffice. All extraneous matter, however interesting—especially decrees, treaties, statistics—is thrown into the footnotes or appendix; even the dates are often eliminated from the text; and the narrative flows on unbroken—its brilliant reflections and splendid achievements glittering on its surface “like stars on the sea.” You find a sentence, perhaps, running thus: “Early in June the fleet, consisting of ten sail of the line and twenty transports, sailed from Portsmouth, and after a stormy and tedious voyage, at length cast anchor off Vigo, and next day the disembarkation commenced.” There is no precise date given; but in the margin you find, opposite the beginning of the sentence, “June 2,” and at its close, “June 10–11.” Why not incorporate these dates? you say. Even in the single sentence supposed, such incorporation would be no improvement; without giving one reader in a hundred any information he cared about, it would encumber the sentence, and distract attention from the simple facts of the narrative. But in the case of a condensation of events, where a single paragraph gives a dozen minor actions or treaties of a campaign, the thing would be intolerable: one would see little else than the names of the twelve months, and at least as many stumbling-blocks of figures. This trivial matter tends to illustrate the many and far greater difficulties which, unperceived by the general reader, beset the path of the historian.

In order to exhibit the charming and graphic narrative which has rendered the History deservedly so popular, we extract a passage hitherto unnoticed by reviewers—the death of Duroc, the early and attached friend of Napoleon. It happened on the day after the battle of Bautzen. The Allied forces, worsted, but in unbroken array, were retreating with great skill and steadiness, leaving nothing behind. Evening was setting in. Irritated at seeing his prey escaping,

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\* An offer of pardon is said to have been made to an Italian galley-slave on the condition of his *reading through* this work; but the prisoner rejected the offer, considering his work in the galleys the lighter slavery of the two.



Napoleon hastened to the advanced posts, and soon fifty thousand men pressed closely on the retiring foe, and the cavalry of the Guard was let loose in pursuit. It was all in vain. "What!" cried Napoleon, "after such a butchery, no results—no prisoners? Those fellows there will not leave us a nail; they rise from their ashes. When will this be over?"

"The balls at this moment were flying thick around him, and one of the Emperor's escort fell dead at his feet. 'Duroc,' said he, turning to the Grand Marshal, who was by his side, 'fortune is resolved to have one of us to-day. Some of his suite observed with a shudder, in an under-tone, that it was the anniversary of the battle of Esling and the death of Lannes. The melancholy anticipation was not long of being realised. The enemy retired to a fresh position behind the ravine of Makersdorf; and Napoleon, who was anxious to push on before night to Gorlitz, himself hurried to the front, to urge on the troops who were to dislodge them from the ground which they had occupied to bar the approach to it. His suite followed him, four abreast, at a rapid trot through a hollow way, in such a cloud of dust that hardly one of the riders could see his right-hand man. Suddenly a cannon-ball glanced from a tree near the Emperor, and struck a file behind, consisting of Mortier, Caulaincourt, Kirgener, and Duroc. In the confusion and dust, it was not at first perceived who was hurt; but a page soon arrived and whispered in the Emperor's ear, that Kirgener was killed, and Duroc desperately wounded. Larrey and Ivan instantly came up, but all their efforts were unavailing: Duroc's entrails were torn out, and the dying man was carried into a cottage near Makersdorf. Napoleon, profoundly affected, dismounted, and gazed long on the battery from whence the fatal shot had issued. He then entered the cottage, and ascertained, with tears in his eyes, that there was no hope. 'Duroc,' said he, pressing the hand of the dying hero, 'there is another world where we shall meet again.' Memorable words! wrung by anguish even from the child of Infidelity and the Revolution. Finally, when it was announced, some hours afterwards, that all was over, he put into the hands of Berthier, without articulating a word, a paper, ordering the construction of a monument on the spot where he fell, with this inscription:—'Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the Palace to the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, struck by a cannon ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend.'

"Napoleon pitched his tent in the neighbourhood of the cottage where Duroc lay, and seemed for the time altogether overwhelmed by his emotions. The squares of the Old Guard, respecting his feelings, arranged themselves at a distance; and even his most confidential attendants did not for some time venture to approach his person. Alone he sat, wrapped in his grey great-coat, with his forehead resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, a prey to the most agonising reflections. In vain Caulaincourt and Maret at length requested his attention to the most pressing orders. 'Tomorrow—everything!' was the only reply of the Emperor, as he again resumed his attitude of meditation. A mournful silence reigned around; the groups of officers at a little distance hardly articulated above their breath; gloom and depression appeared on every countenance; while the subdued hum of the soldiers preparing their repast, and the sullen murmur of the artillery-wagons, as they rolled in the distance, alone told that a mighty host was assembled in the neighbourhood. Slowly the moon rose over this melancholy scene; the heavens became illuminated by the flames of the adjoining villages, which had fallen a prey to the license of the soldiers; while the noble bands of the Imperial Guard played alternately triumphant and elegiac strains, in the vain hope of distracting the grief of their chief. Could the genius of painting pourtray the scene—could the soul of poetry be inspired by the feelings which all around experienced, a more striking image could not be presented of the mingled woes and animation of war—of the greatness and weakness of man—of his highest glories, and of his nothingness against the arm of his Creator."\*

We do not add a word of comment—the scene is for ever engraven on the reader's heart. No wonder that such a narrative has called forth the enthusiastic admiration of all Europe.

Style, in authors of original genius, is always worthy of attention; for with them at least, whatever it may be among the pigmies of literature, it is a development of their mental character—it reveals some phases of the author's intellectual temperament. Style, in fact, with them, is THOUGHT; it is their greatest characteristic; it is more peculiarly theirs than their opinions, and more permanently so; these may change with access of information, but style changes rarely, never without an extensive change in the moral being of the author. Thus we see Mr. Alison's

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\* "History of Europe during the French Revolution," vol. xi. 393-395.

style as completely formed in his Essays written in 1819\* as in his latest compositions. His knowledge, in the interval, must have increased incomparably, his intellect grown wider and profounder; but the style remains unchanged: it is a reflex of his mental temperament. Let us consider its character.

A logical style—a style addressing itself to the pure reason, and eliminating every superfluous word—is admirable in the exact sciences; because there, all passion being excluded, the mind acts easily to the height of its natural powers. The highest eloquence cannot express equality better than the mute sign of algebra; the figures of poetry are wasted in proving the axiom that the whole is greater than its part. But when prejudices are to be overcome—when feeling and imagination must be appealed to—when a certain emotion is to be excited in the breast of the reader, or a picture painted on his mind's eye, the case is widely different. Then the thought must be clothed with beauty or terror to arrest the mind, and the vigour of earnestness must send it home to the heart: feature after feature, colour after colour must be added, till the scene rise before the imagination. Terseness, admirable quality as it is, in such circumstances often defeats itself. It is seldom that the heart starts at once from indifference into deep feeling in a moment: in the mimic world of literature or the stage, never. Emotion must run long in one channel before it acquires the velocity of passion. Like the streamlet issuing from its quiet cradle in the mountain lake, its early movements are languid and slow; it is when slope after slope has been descended, when wave after wave has risen and dashed against its leaders, that the flood sweeps onward in irresistible might. Similarly, in the moral world, it is a stunning succession of griefs that makes the strong head reel and the weak heart break; it is drop after drop of burning gall that works up man to madness; it is when wave after wave dashes over our soul that we cry loudest to Him who alone can save us. Hence, all writings that most powerfully affect the heart are based on this principle of iteration, of working upon an emotion till it seizes

the whole soul—on the knowledge that bare truth can never pierce human indifference, that it must be arrayed in the hues of imagination ere the heart takes note of its presence—that in fine, in the words of Napoleon, “It is imagination that rules the world.” All impassioned authors write thus instinctively. Ardent and vivid in their conceptions, they seize the most striking view of their subject, and make the lightnings of genius to play around it, till, bright and burning, it stamps itself durably upon the reader's soul. Such is the style of Alison, especially in his Essays, where the freer nature of the subject allows fuller scope to the natural ardour of his mind. THE IDEAS OF TRUTH IN THE LANGUAGE OF IMAGINATION, that is the grand feature of his style. The structure of his sentences is very pleasing and readable—free and flowing, exquisitely natural, vigorous. Composition evidently costs him no effort; and his manuscript—rapid, gliding, angular, scarcely exhibiting a single crasure or interlineation—corroborates the supposition.

Taking as our text the Essays as now published, and the present edition of his History, there is but one blemish with which we can honestly charge his composition—and that is, an occasional deficiency of arrangement in details. The train of thought does not always progress so steadily as it ought; some links in the chain of ideas might be transposed with advantage. The arrangement of his paragraphs, of his leading thoughts, is always excellent; it is the development and illustration of these in his sentences, that is sometimes defective. His meaning in such places is never in the least degree obscure, never feeble in expression: it is not that his inferences or illustrations are in their wrong place—they come most naturally; but they are not always in their *best* place. This is, perhaps, being hypercritical, in criticising an author so voluminous as Mr. Alison; and it is so unquestionably in regard to the Essays, composed in “hot haste”—and in which the animated and unstudied style of the author, the sole source of the blemish, forms no small part of their charm. In them we see him writing as naturally, as

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\* See the Essays on Robert Bruce, the Tyrol, and National Monuments, in vol. ii.

free from care, as if the eye of a critic were never to light upon his pages—as if he were condensing his own thoughts for his own behoof. He must have an extraordinary consciousness of power, justified, indeed, by the reality. In the most varied and most difficult subjects, his style ever tells us of a man who has no fear of going wrong—who trusts implicitly to the dictates of his head and heart—and who, assured of the truth of his ideas, takes no care in trimming and polishing them; he trusts their form to the impulse of the moment. We would gladly have seen less of this blemish in his History, yet what else could one expect? It was a work of extraordinary compass; its opinions—nay, many even of its facts—were sure to be canvassed in every corner of the country. It took him five-and-twenty years to compose it as it stands; was it to be expected—nay, was it to be desired—that its completion should be delayed for some half dozen years longer, when the casualties of life might any day terminate the career of its gifted author, and leave the mission of his life unfinished? They only who have had a similar task in hand can conceive with what deep-felt emotion he must have laid down his pen at last, and thanked his God who had given him health and strength to complete it! What aspirations, what depressions must have traversed his spirit in those long years of composition! How often must his perseverance have been nigh giving way under the heart-sickness of hope deferred! Verily, they who enter upon the labour of a lifetime, with all its chances of interruption and failure, need an enthusiastic and enduring heart.

Judging from some passages, Mr. Alison is as aware of this, the only blemish of his History, as any of his critics can be; and the present edition is superior in this matter to its predecessors. But the defect will never be entirely remedied by its author. "Perhaps no man living," says an unsparing political antagonist, "could have done greater justice to the subject, although writers hereafter, profiting by his toil, may improve upon his work." Never was there a work so extensive in which the blemishes could be so easily removed without affecting its spirit or features. All the varied elements—all the many-coloured stones for the edifice are there,

in their proper proportions and in their proper places: a little clipping and polishing is alone wanting to make it, not only a *monumentum ære perennius*, but a lasting model of perfection. But perfection of power and of finish were never possessed by one person. A Homer or a Michael Angelo never exhibits the delicate finish of a Virgil or a Raphael. It is not that the union is absolutely incompatible, but morally it is so. There is an obstacle opposed to it in the temperament of original genius. An artist of great originality generally seeks after Power, in some degree at the expense of Beauty. Moreover, he is averse to retouching or recasting his works. His mind takes delight in successive creations, but chafes under the task of amendment. However much to be lamented, the fact is unquestionable. "It would be a fine thing," says M. Ponsard, "if a poet were to arise who would correct Shakspeare by Racine, and compliment Racine by Shakspeare." But can eclecticism in art, in aspiring after the fusion of heterogeneous elements, do more than effect an imperfect soldering between qualities which exclude or neutralise one another? To borrow part of one system and part of another—to wed, for example, the ornate grace of Racine to the energetic nudity of Dante, to temper the turbulent and fantastic buffooneries of Aristophanes by the melancholy gaiety of Moliere,—is such an attempt desirable, or such a union possible? Certainly the attempt will never be made by second-rate genius. Originality implies unity. All the grand epochs of intellectual creation, all the great monuments of art, attest this. A man may excel in many diverse pursuits, but his *mode* of excelling is the same in all. He can be supremely great only when following the master-impulse of his nature. There never was a *perfect* artist; and, to the end of time, men must learn to avoid the faults of genius, while they strive to imitate its excellencies.

As a specimen of what Mr. Alison *can* do, we would point to his splendid dissertation on Parliamentary Reform,—written at the time the famous Bill was under discussion,—where we see his clear, flowing, manly style resting on a no less perfect development of thought, the ideas succeeding each other in the best order—at once a monument of political wisdom and a

model for the highest efforts of essay-writing. But if we would learn to what perfection arrangement of details can be brought, turn to the pages of Macaulay. That great writer excels in the lucid *progression* of ideas, and in the concision and symmetry of his sentences: each of these is rounded and put into its place with a care and finish truly marvellous—which in his *Essays* is exceedingly beautiful, but becomes almost painful in his larger work. Such a style is of incalculable importance in the prominent parts of his narrative, but we cannot help thinking its *constant* use a blemish in an artistic composition; for it tends to destroy that *relief* which is so grateful to a reader's mind, and that *subordination of events* which is so helpful to his intellect.

Physiologists have discovered that, when food is given in a highly concentrated form, much of it is lost, and that bulk as well as nutriment is required ere food is easily and economically assimilated by the stomach. In like manner, when great terseness and condensation of ideas is practised by authors, a great portion of their wisdom and beauty is lost, for nine out of ten readers will not pause over the sentences long enough to extract their full import. Thus also, an artificial style—a style in which ornament and fancy overlay simplicity—is much more fatiguing to a reader than a natural one; for, in the former, ideas are presented to the mind in a guise to which it is unaccustomed. Elaboration itself may become irksome. We know no author, living or dead, who can equal Lamartine in the minuteness, delicacy, or gorgeousness of his finishing; yet we defy any man to read twenty pages of his beautiful *Voyage en Orient* without a sense of weariness. We must estimate works not only by the quan-

tity and value of their contents, but by the shape in which they are presented to us; and the more nearly this fulfils the natural aim of the work, the nearer it comes to perfection. A dictionary of dates is meant for reference, but the primary object of a history is to be read; and over and above all research, and impartiality, and philosophic acumen, we require that such works be composed in a style most acceptable to the reader's mind. Accordingly we hold that Alison's style of composition is admirably adapted, is the most suitable of all, for large works. If a page of his contains *fewer* ideas than a page of Macaulay's, it certainly contains *larger* ones; this is both a greater sign of genius, and gives more of grandeur and simplicity to his works. And we conceive that it is Macaulay's lucid arrangement of details which gives him his only advantage over his grander rival.\* In expressing this opinion, we take no account of their political principles. It would be idle for us to enter on such a discussion: for all we could say here, the partisans of each would continue as bigoted as ever. Indeed, argument in politics is at all times a feeble engine of conviction; experience and self-interest are the only sure winners of proselytes.

Mr. Alison is evidently a man of great ardour of feeling, and he pours forth his ideas rather with the impetuosity of oratory than in the measured tone of didactic composition. He is the most rhetorical writer of the present day; and his eloquence is of the highest kind—figurative, splendid, and convincing. Indeed so often does this style recur, that we are tempted to name it as his chief peculiarity. His whole *Essays* are tinged with it; and in many parts—for instance, the five or six opening pages of his “*Carlist Struggle in Spain*”—the language is

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\* We conclude our remarks on this subject by quoting the opinion given on a somewhat similar case by Mr. Leitch Ritchie,—himself a writer of great elegance, and of whom it may justly be said “*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*.” It occurs in a review by him of Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*:—“Sir Walter Scott's being ‘the least quotable for sententiousness or wit, or any other memorable brevity, in the whole circle of illustrious writers,’ is not a defect in his literary character, as Mr. Hunt seems to consider it. Scott was an artist—that is the whole secret. His efforts were directed, not to minute points of the picture, but to the general effect. He was more a writer of epics than of epigrams. The very rapidity with which he wrote shows his possession of the subject, while it necessarily involves a want of attention to the finish and nicety of details.” There is more of the epigrammatic and antithetic in Alison than in Scott; yet Mr. Ritchie's remarks on the great novelist's style aptly corroborate our opinion in regard to the historian's.



pure oratory. As a specimen of this description of writing, and of his powers as a public speaker, we extract the peroration of a speech delivered by him at a dinner in Glasgow, in 1839, given to the first colonists who left the Clyde for New Zealand. After some remarks on the astonishing progress of mankind from the ferocity and ignorance of barbarism to the benefits and enterprises of civilisation, he thus concludes :—

“Those marvellous changes do indeed enlarge the circle of our ideas, for they carry us back to primæval days, and the first separation of the different races of mankind upon earth. For what said the Most High in that auspicious moment, when the eagle first sported in the returning sunbeam—when the dove brought back the olive branch to a guilty and expiring world, and the ‘robe of beams was woven in the sky which first spoke peace to man?’—‘God shall increase Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.’ God *has* multiplied Japhet, and well and nobly has he performed his destiny. After conquering in the Roman legions the ancient world—after humanising the barbarism of antiquity by the power of the Roman sway and the influence of the Roman law, the ‘*audax Iapeti genus*’ has transmitted to modern times the glorious inheritance of European freedom. After having conquered in the British Navy the empire of the seas, it has extended to the utmost verge of the earth the influence of humanised manners, and bequeathed to future ages the far more glorious inheritance of British colonisation.

“But mark the difference in the action of the descendants of Japhet—the European race—upon the fortunes of mankind, from the influence of that religion to which the Roman Empire was the mighty pioneer. The Roman legions conquered only by the sword: fire and bloodshed attended their steps. It was said by our own ancestors, on the hills of Caledonia, that they gave peace only by establishing a solitude—‘*ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*’ The British colonists now set out with the olive branch, not the sword, in their hand; with the cross, not the eagle, on their banners. They bring not war and devastation, but peace and civilisation around their steps; and the track of their chariot-wheels is followed, not by the sighs of a captive, but by the blessings of a renovated world.

“‘He shall dwell,’ says the prophecy, ‘in the tents of Shem.’ Till these times that prophecy has not been accomplished: the descendants of Shem—the Asiatic race, still hold the fairest portion of the earth; and the march of civilisation, like the path of the sun, has hitherto been from east to west. From the

plains of Shinar to the Isles of Greece—from the Isles of Greece to the hills of Rome—from the hills of Rome to the shores of Britain—from the shores of Britain to the wilds of America, the progress of civilisation has been steadily in one direction, and it has never reverted to the land of its birth. Is, then, this progress destined to be perpetual? Is the tide of civilisation to roll only to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and is the sun of knowledge to set at last in the waves of the Pacific? No; the mighty day of four thousand years is drawing to its close; the sun of humanity has performed its destined course; but long ere its setting rays are extinguished in the west, its ascending beams have glittered on the isles of the eastern seas. We stand on the verge of the great revolution of time—the descendants of Japhet are about to dwell in the tents of Shem—civilisation is returning to the land of its birth, and another day and another race are beginning to dawn upon the human species. Already the British arms in India have given herald of its approach, and spread into the heart of Asia the terrors of the English name, and the justness of the English rule. And now we see the race of Japhet setting forth to people the isles of the East, and the seeds of another Europe and a second England sown in the regions of the sun. But mark, gentlemen, the words of the prophecy: ‘He shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.’ It is not said Canaan shall be his *slave*. To the Anglo-Saxon race is given the sceptre of the globe; but there is not given the lash of the slave-driver, or the rack of the executioner. The East will not be stained by the same atrocities as the West; the frightful gangrene of an enslaved race is not to mar the destinies of the family of Japhet in the Oriental world. Humanising, not destroying, as they advance; uniting with, not enslaving, the inhabitants with whom they dwell, the British race may be improved in vigour and capacity in the Eastern hemisphere, and the emigrants whom we see around us may become the progenitors of a race destined to exceed the glories of European civilisation, as much as they have outstripped the wonders of ancient enterprise. Views such as these arise unbidden at such a moment as the present, and they promise to realise the beautiful anticipations formed forty years ago by the Bard of Hope—the Poet-Laureate of New Zealand—who appears, in this instance, to have been almost inspired by the spirit of prophecy :—

“‘Come, bright Improvement! In the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;  
Thy handmaid, Art, shall every wild explore,  
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
On Zealand’s hills, where tigers steal along,  
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song;  
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk;  
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,  
And shepherds dance at summer’s opening day;



Each wandering gen'us of the lovely glen  
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;  
And silence mark on woodland heights around  
The village curfew as it tolls profound.\*

There is a striking resemblance in many places between the style of Alison and that of Dr. Croly. Particularly when comparing the essays of these gifted writers which adorn the pages of the periodical press (thus composed under similar circumstances), we find in both the same rhetorical rhythm, the same earnestness and fervour, the same telling use of antithesis; and in both we see a peculiar elevation of mind and grandeur of ideas, ever guided by the light of Divine Revelation. Nay, even in things military a common sympathy unites them. The brilliant author of "Salathiel" glows with animation while depicting the iron progress and matchless skill of the Roman Legionaries; and never does he appear to greater advantage than when his narrative rings with the clash of spear and morion, with the shock of charging squadrons and the roar of red artillery. It is ever so with chivalric and enthusiastic minds. Alison and Croly, Scott, Aytoun and Macaulay,—men trained to peace from their youth upwards, and warm and gentle in heart as philanthropy could desire,—have never been surpassed in martial composition, and exhibit the fire of the soldier as remarkably as even the distinguished military annalist of the Peninsular War.† There is a dread majesty in war which fascinates their spirits. It stands before them, clothed, indeed, in terrors, but still the grandest embodiment of Power and Genius that ever stalked over earth—the arena on which heroism and self-devotion are forced into their noblest forms. Moreover they were born or grew up within its purple shadow, and it has left its tint on the many-coloured tablets of their hearts.

But images in greater frequency and beauty start up before the mind of Dr. Croly. He is not only a poet in heart, but a poet developed; he not only feels the principles of beauty within him, but he has found the endless counterparts of them in the external world of nature and of man; and no sooner does his soul see beauty than

his eye beholds a physical form that can illustrate the viewless emotion. We find no great variety of imagery in Mr. Alison. He seems to have made a vocabulary of similes and illustrations when he first began the literary career; and the objects which then presented themselves to his mind as types of his ideas, have now become so blended with those ideas that no sooner does the one rise to his mind than it calls up by association the other also. He is never *recherché* in his imagery; often striking, his similes are always plain; he picks them up instinctively as he hurries along, and uses them not for their beauty, but for perspicacity and force. His use of figurative language (a little excessive, by-the-bye, in the first editions of his History) frequently reminds one of Homer. As in the epic bard of Greece, the figures are always apt and unlaboured, with little variety—the same figures recurring whenever similar ideas are expressed. Figurative expressions abound, curt similes are frequent, and he often quotes remarkable sayings of remarkable men with the happiest effect; but he never shows any tendency to allegorical writing, or to that species of anecdotal illustration, which—sometimes quaint and apt, sometimes degenerating into lifeless conceits—is often beautiful, but never vigorous. He is too earnest for it. It does admirably in light literature, but is rather out of place in elevated works, where dignity and earnestness are expected by the reader. A man who has time to hunt for conceits or *recherché* analogies, cannot be much impressed with his subject; and whenever an author is in *sang froid*, so is his reader.

The best excuse for any blemishes in Mr. Alison's writings is, perhaps, the true one: he has little time to polish his details. He has a legacy of original thought to bequeath; he feels within him a fountain of fresh thoughts ever gushing impatiently to flow forth into the light of day; and it is to set free these fountains that he writes. We do not say that he is impelled by an irresistible desire to benefit his fellow-men, for we believe that there is more

\* "Essays," vol. ii. pp. 672–674.

† Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, whose exquisite battle-scenes must be familiar to our readers.

of grandiloquence than of truth in such phrases. By a beautiful law of Providence, the means most conducive to the happiness of our race are precisely those which best confer happiness on the individual: each one most effectually promotes the well-being of the species when he discharges his duty to himself, when he acts in accordance with the lofty tendencies of his nature. It is to satisfy the immortal essence within that all great men write and act in the world. All high genius is impelled outwards; it demands to take form, to go forth into the world, irrespective of consequences, irrespective of whether it be smiled or frowned on, whether it be hailed as a prophet or derided as a dreamer. To take form and go forth is ever its imperious desire: the inner voice is only hushed by the exit of the crier. Let no Utilitarian, proud of a false system, let no Materialist, glorying in his deadening creed, preach to the Poet that he is deluded, and that he would do better to spin calico and win gold, than weave, amid solitude and neglect, the rainbow fancies that flit in mingled storm and sunshine through his soul. Genius cares not for the offerings of Earth or the meed of Mammon: the syren voice of the world cannot reach him amid the music of the spheres; the paltry Present shrinks away before a deathless Eternity. There is a heavenly idol shrined in his heart; and at the sight of its beauty, at the call of its spirit-voice, all other fascination is forgotten. It is as real and far less perishable, as enthralling and far more noble an entity for him than the golden calf that wins the worship of the worldling. It is no fiction, that cry of the spirit to be born into the world. Sit down by yonder couch, where early Genius is dying, and behold the melancholy that clouds that young brow. Whence comes it? He is leaving no dear ones behind; his existence has been made happy rather by the mind and soul that God gave him, than by the sweet links of human life or the world's smile. Yet a shadow is resting on the warm springs of life, and it is another hand than Death's chilling them; the fountains of youth are troubled, but not at the coming Spectre of the Grave. He tells you that he sees within, a world of bright forms that no eye but his has ever beheld; that he deemed it the mission of his life to paint that lovely spirit-

land in fadeless colours; but that now he is passing vainly away, that the sights and sounds of that fair world are vanishing even from him, and that, when his eye is quenched, they will fall back into the void, and pass irrecoverably away like a forgotten dream.

Grand and original in his conceptions, knowing that it is in the possession of these that he differs from other men, and that it is such basis alone that makes fame buoyant above the floods of time, Alison is negligent of details. His whole strength is centred on his ideas. It is to give them that he writes. Enthusiastic in spirit, confident in his powers, he plunges into his subject as a war-horse leaps into the mêlée; and a flood of ideas, and energy unfailing, bears him unfaltering through. Yet what a marvellous beauty in those sentences! Expletives may be heaped, repetitions oft recurring; yet the effect of the whole is in the highest degree charming. Vivid in idea, dramatic in delineation, poetic in temperament, he rivets and enchants the mind of his reader, and hurries him along as if through the pages of romance. Once warmed in his subject, his eloquence is irresistible; the tide of oratory bears the reader ceaselessly onwards. Earnestness is the great power for moving the hearts of men; it is earnestness that makes thought contagious; it is this which constitutes the magnetic power of public speaking. When Kemble, on being asked what he thought of the elder Kean, answered, "Sir, he is terribly in earnest," he not only correctly discerned the source of that fiery actor's influence over his audience, but proclaimed the key to success in all the arts that aim at moving the heart of man. Alison is always in earnest. The reader feels in a moment that not a word of that admiration, of that censure, of that warning, of that counsel, but comes from the writer's heart. His sentences are not constructed with the careful elegance so enchanting in some gifted writers, where every thought is polished ere it is placed in its setting,—still less with that dead beauty, where poverty of thought strives to conceal itself under perfection of form. But there is a *life* in his writings such as no others can rival; the result of a gifted, original mind, conscious of its powers, and pouring forth its thoughts fresh as they flow from

their fountains of beauty, ardent and glowing as the lava from its source of fire. In his warnings to kings, rulers, people, you seem to listen to the voice of a prophet; in the enthusiasm of his eulogy, in the fervid eloquence of his perorations, you hear his heart speaking.

Although no stranger to the sciences of matter, intimately conversant with the life of nature and the heart of man, Mr. Alison never enters on the domain of pure science. His mind possesses the clear-seeing powers of logic, as is manifest in his delicate unravelling of the web of history, and tracing to their source the complex causes which originate the revolutions of nations. But his cast of thought is heroic, not material; it is less logical than poetic; or rather, the logical process in his mind is lost to view under the superimposed beauty of imagination. This union of opposite qualities, rare in second-rate men, seems to be almost universal in minds of the highest order. Napoleon, that most wonderful of men, was a proficient in the exact sciences, yet every thought sprang from his lips in the fervid colours of poetry. His was the soul of Asia linked to the intellect of Europe; his language burned with the intensity of his thoughts; and his bulletins, his speeches, his conversations resembled less the language and ideas of real life than the fervid declamation and glowing images of the drama. Genius, says Dr. Johnson, is great natural parts accidentally turned to some particular pursuit, and can be directed at will to any others. The general voice of history, and the closer testimony of biography, confirm the remark. Michael Angelo was poet, painter, sculptor, architect, and in all sublime; painting and architecture, poetry and philosophy, met in Leonardo da Vinci; mathematics, wit, and imagination were equally developed in Pascal; Cæsar would have been great in anything; Napoleon was unrivalled in the cabinet as in the field; Wellington, pre-eminently the first soldier of our times, has declared that his natural turn was for civil affairs—and any one acquainted with his career, from the governorship of Mysore downwards, will own that he did not miscalculate his administrative powers. A perusal of the writings of Alison, and still more, we doubt not, a personal knowledge of their author, would leave one in hesi-

tation as to what is his peculiar talent. If any one department of thought hold a more prominent place in his writings than others, this is rather an indication of its superiority in general interest and importance, than of any restrictive predilection in the author himself. War, politics, and the fine arts—the last especially a world in itself—he seems equally at home in them all; and he discusses with equal gusto and ability the “breaking of the line,” the principles of the drama, or the basis of a constitution. There can be little doubt that, had his career permitted of it, he would have left a high name in the annals of war. His military bent, as well as his military talent, is conspicuous in almost every chapter of his History. Admirable in his criticisms on strategy, he is not unknowing in the minuter science of tactics. Heroic in heart, chivalrous in spirit, he has in him the lofty daring of the Paladins of Charlemagne; of undaunted moral courage (still rarer gift), he would have stood, like Wellington at Torres Vedras, alone amid a sea of difficulties, unshaken beneath a load of responsibility. His fine person, tall and herculean, is made for command; and he possesses those advantages of nature, and gallantry of bearing, which never fail to sway the minds and win the hearts of the soldiery.

Like all men who have durably left a name in the annals of serious literature, Mr. Alison has immense powers of application. The mere reading he has gone through, exclusive of study and note-taking, appears to an ordinary person incredible. Two thousand volumes, and two-thirds of these in a foreign language, were the basis upon which he reared his great History; and the information on other subjects which he exhibits in his miscellaneous writings is not less extraordinary. Politics and history, novels and poetry, the drama and the arts, alike engage his attention. Every masterpiece of antiquity has been scanned by him—every remarkable Continental work undergoes his scrutiny. The literature of the day, the newspaper press of France and England, of America and the colonies, are ready to illustrate or corroborate his statements; and in his hands trade-circulars, blue-books, and parliamentary returns, become eloquent from the truths they unfold. With the eye and

the ease of genius, he instantaneously detects the results to which they point, and singles out at once from a mass of rubbish what will be of use to him afterwards. Regarding the varied monuments of his talents and industry, at one time we might fancy that his whole leisure from his professional duties was devoted to the classics of Greece and Rome, to the masterpieces of English, French, and Italian literature, or to the exclusive study of the fine arts: then again we see him, his great work uppermost in his mind, solely bent on history and the politics of nations; once more he seems to be wholly engrossed with the monthly and quarterly journals, and the daily emanations of the British and Continental press. Despite his official and literary engagements, he ever keeps abreast of the times, and is master of every subject as it rises into notice—almost, indeed, before it assumes a definite form. It is this immense general knowledge, joined to his candour and independence, which gives such great weight to his writings. It imparts a universality to his mind, before which prejudice cannot stand; and, seconded by a capacious mind, it gives a grandeur and variety to his conceptions unrivalled by any other writer. Yet there is nothing of the look of the hard student about him. His handsome face and person are redolent of vigorous health, and his air and manners tell rather of the world of fashion than of the seclusion of the study.

The art of criticism, which first sprang up in this country about half a century ago, may be said to have reached its highest perfection in Professor Wilson. Minute, marvellously searching and profound, and lightening the profundity of his reflections by a vein of the most genial humour—rivaling Jeffrey in delicacy, transcending him immeasurably in genius, originality, and power—that extraordinary man unites the loveliness of a poet's heart and fancy to the subtle analysis of the moral philosopher. His criticism, which restricts itself to art as depicted in literature, is of the widest range, from a single word or phrase up to the general character of a whole work. Often, with the brevity and brilliance which none but a poet may aspire to, he presents the essence or spirit of a work in a few sentences of exquisite beauty; condensing the

grand ideas, the airy thoughts of the author, into statue-like forms, the offspring of his own poetic creation. But it is minute criticism, it is brilliant analysis, that is his peculiar province: it is in his essay on "Byron's Address to the Ocean," or on the *time* of Shakspeare's tragedies, that his *modus operandi* is most characteristic: and in this no one can approach his throne. He stands without a rival at home or abroad; he reigns supreme as King of Critics.

In the writings of Alison, we behold another range, another style. He criticises the arts of colour and form as well as the creations of literature. The poet and the sculptor, the painter and the dramatist, the architect and the historian, stand side by side in his pages; and grand analogies are drawn, with exquisite discernment into character, between kindred professors of different arts. Thus one magnificent essay is devoted to Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo; another to Virgil, Tasso, and Raphael; in which admirable portraiture of these artists are given, and the genius characterising each group is shown to be homogeneous. The largeness of view habitual to Alison disqualifies him for minute criticism, or at least makes it distasteful to him. With second-rate artists he never meddles—he reserves his power exclusively for intellects of the highest order; and it is to the essence alone, not to the accidents, of their works that his criticism is directed. Fancy a spectator standing at sunrise on the summit of the Brenner, or on one of the loftier heights of the Swiss or Tyrolese Alps. He overlooks the valleys and lesser heights that lie in dusk below, and fixes his gaze on the mountain-peaks that tower above their fellows, and which already the golden sun is lighting up like beacons for the world to gaze at. He is too far off to number the cascades that sparkle on their slopes, to criticise the varied hues of the woodlands, the fantastic cliffs, or the picturesque details of the dells. But he looks at their grand forms, their broad lights and shadows, their masses of colouring; and he compares one glittering peak with another, and points out the different qualities which excite or impair our admiration. It is thus that Alison uses his critical powers: in criticism, as in everything



else, it is largeness of style that characterises him.

In variety, his essays surpass any others with which we are acquainted. Politics, from the dawn of history downwards; history, in every age and country; painting, mediæval and modern; architecture, from ancient Athens to modern London; poetry, in all its masterpieces; the drama in all its ages; and last, not least, the fascinations of the stage—the splendid but fleeting triumphs of the tragedian.\* All these subjects he treats with exquisite freshness of thought and simplicity of manner. The merest tyro can understand his criticism; for it is based on no conventionalisms or subtle system, but on the feelings of the heart—on principles common to all mankind. “No man,” says Augustus Schlegel, “can be a true critic or connoisseur without universality of mind, without that flexibility which enables him to adapt himself to the peculiarities of other ages and nations, and, what ennobles human nature, to recognise and duly appreciate whatever is beautiful and grand under the external accessories which were necessary to its embodying, even though occasionally they may seem to disguise and distort it.”

This universality and flexibility are possessed by Alison. He does not set out with a Procrustean code, by which to gauge the varying works of art: we behold his principles growing under our eye, building themselves up in simple grandeur. Of course, from the nature of the Essays, his art-principles cannot be found assembled and arranged in any one place; they must be sought for through a dozen different articles; but even the greatest economist of time will have no reason to regret the extended perusal. He takes the monuments of art that have pleased men in all ages, he shows us the causes of that universal admiration, and presents as deductions the general principles of art.

Mr. Alison takes little pleasure in abstract speculations, and nowhere does he discuss the much-agitated

theory of Beauty; but we may gather, from the nature of his criticism, that he does not coincide with his father's views on this subject. That eminent writer on Taste held that Beauty depended entirely upon association, though he wavered a little on some points of detail. Lord Jeffrey adopted his principles, and subsequently carried them out vigorously and to their full extent, in his very clever but superficial essay on Beauty in the “Encyclopedia Britannica.” According to this doctrine, the universal celebrity of the masterpieces of Grecian art—say its architecture, for example—arises from the associations of strength and costliness, and of the noble race by whom they were built, which they excite in the beholder; and from the fact that mankind, for two thousand years, have been accustomed to admire them, and that we have been educated in the belief of their excellence from our cradle. Jeffrey even maintains that whatever a man *thinks* beautiful, is so; and that the Hottentot, who judges of beauty by bulk, shews as much taste in admiring an obese, thick-lipped negress as the Greek in extolling the proportions of his Venus. In fact, according to him, there can be no degrees, no standard of taste; every man is a law unto himself; and, as a corollary, he advises every artist of original genius to have two standards of excellence, one for himself, another for the public; to work at the former for his pleasure, but only at the latter for fame! Theorists are proverbially deaf to the whispers of experience, but certainly, to the eye of common sense, this looks very like a *reductio ad absurdum*. Happily, artists of original genius will not thus be led astray: the voice within them will be more powerful than the sophistry from without; the divine *afflatus* will keep them right. But Jeffrey's doctrines were calculated to startle men, and make them reconsider the subject; and now, unless we err greatly, the current of opinion has set in strongly the other way. No champion has yet entered the lists to throw down the old phantoms of error. A writer in

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\* Acting, in its highest branches, is not only one of the fine arts, but it is a combination of them all; and in his admirable essays on the British Theatre (which originally appeared in this Magazine), Mr. Alison has done service alike to departed genius and to future generations, by preserving an eloquent record of the most fascinating and most fleeting of human triumphs.



the *Westminster Review* lately assailed Jeffrey's theory of beauty, but he evidently halted between two opinions, and only proposed changing the theory of Association for the equally untenable and not very explicit one of *Interestingness*; but they are losing their hold on the public eye; and the remarkable experiments of that enthusiast in art, D. R. Hay, have practically demonstrated their worthlessness. To us the matter appears clear enough; the sense of beauty is entirely analogous to the moral sense of right or wrong—Conscience. And the theories of Association, Fitness, Interestedness, advanced in regard to the one, may be aptly paralleled by the Selfish, Utilitarian, and other systems broached in regard to the other.

With that spirit of generalisation of which we have already spoken,—that power of grasping the grand features of a subject, while rejecting its perplexing details; of discriminating the inherent from the accidental; of seizing the permanent amidst the ephemeral, which is the peculiar characteristic of genius alike in the speculations of philosophy and in the arts of beauty,—Mr. Alison traces the charm of all high art to a few great principles; though deficient in some of which, certainly beauty may still exist, but only in a lesser degree. In Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," for instance, the unity of interest, as he remarks, is perfect; the whole characters and action of the poem are in harmony; the rescue of the Holy City from the Infidel is felt as the supreme object throughout. In Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," on the other hand, the interest is broken and lost in a mazy history of the adventures of errant knights: there is great beauty still, but it is beauty of parts rather than of the whole—the electric chain of interest is broken, and nothing can supply its place. In like manner he admires the witching dramatic creations of Metastasio, which appeal rather to the fancy than to the heart of the audience; but he tells you, notwithstanding, that they will never reach the fame of Shakspeare's dramas, in which the interest is ever and entirely human, in which the actions and passions are those of real life. In this most interesting and delightful form of

the Critical Essay—in this grand *comparative* style of criticism (if we may so call it)—Alison is as unrivalled as Professor Wilson is in profound and beautiful analysis.

As a specimen of this style of criticism, we extract the following *antithesis* of Dante and Homer:—

"Dante had much more profound feelings than Homer, and therefore he has painted deep mysteries of the human heart with greater force and fidelity. The more advanced age of the world, the influence of a spiritual faith, the awful anticipation of a judgment to come, the inmost feelings which, during long centuries of seclusion, had been drawn forth in the cloister, the protracted sufferings of the dark ages, had laid bare the human heart. Its sufferings, its terrors, its hopes, its joys, had become as household words. The Italian poet shared, as all do, in the ideas and images of his age, and to these he added many which were entirely his own. He painted the inward man, and painted him from his own feelings, not from the observation of others. This is the great distinction between him and Homer; and this it is which has given him, in the delineation of mind, his great superiority. The Grecian bard was an incomparable observer: he had an inexhaustible imagination for fiction, as well as a graphic eye for the delineation of real life; but he had not a deep or feeling heart. He did not know it, like Dante or Shakspeare, from his own suffering. He painted the external symptoms of passion or emotion with the hand of a master; but he did not reach the inward springs of feeling. He lets us into the character of his heroes by their speeches, their gestures, their actions, and keeps up their consistency with admirable fidelity; but he does not, by a word, an expression, or an epithet, admit us into the inmost folds of the heart. None can do so but such as themselves feel warmly and profoundly, and paint passion, emotion, or suffering from their own experience, not from the observation of others. Dante has acquired his colossal fame from the matchless force with which he has portrayed the wildest passions, the deepest feelings, the most intense sufferings of the heart. He is the refuge of all those who labour and are heavy laden—of all who feel profoundly, or have suffered deeply. His verses are in the mouth of all those who are torn by passion, gnawed by remorse, or tormented by apprehension;—and how many are they in this scene of woe!"\*

In the following sentences on Michael Angelo and Raphael, there is

\* "Essays," vol. ii. pp. 57, 58.

scarcely a word that is not equally applicable to himself and Macaulay :—

“Michael Angelo may truly be called the founder of Italian painting, as Homer was of the ancient epic, and Dante of the great style in modern poetry. . . . Notwithstanding all this, he had some defects. He created the great style in painting—a style which has made modern Italy as immortal as the arms of the Legions did the ancient. But the very grandeur of his conceptions, the vigour of his drawing, his incomparable command of bone and muscle, his lofty expression and impassioned mind, made him neglect, and, perhaps, despise, the lesser details of his art. Ardent in the pursuit of expression, he often overlooked execution. . . . The bold neglect of Michael Angelo is very apparent. Raphael, with less original genius than his immortal master, had more taste and much greater delicacy of pencil; his conceptions, less extensive and varied, are more perfect; his finishing is always exquisite. He is the Virgil of painting.”\*

In his History, the descriptions of the countries through which his narrative passes, and of the most remarkable cities which they contain, are admirably done, and impart great additional interest to the work; but for an illustration of his pictorial powers, we turn in preference to the less known pages of his Essays. The passage extracted (of which we can only find room for the beginning and end) exhibits a series of pictures—a moving diorama of some of the finest scenes in Europe, drawn from his personal recollection of their features, and redolent of the youthful ardour which filled his soul on first beholding them. He adds, in a note, that the impressions are still fresh on his memory as if he had seen them but yesterday; the vividness of his delineations makes the note superfluous. The passage occurs in an able essay on the British School of Painting, in which, after pointing out the marked inferiority of our artists to the Claudes and Poussins of former days, he asks—Are the beauties of the physical world worked up? Has Art already taken entire possession of Nature? Has not one of her charms been left unrifled—is there no scene still untrodden by the foot of the artist? Is there no feature, no expression, of her ever-shifting countenance yet to be portrayed?

“Ascend yonder rocky eminence, on whose embattled summits the gigantic columns of former days still stand, as if imperishable amidst the revolution of ages. The setting sun throws a flood of liquid gold over the exquisite remains; every niche in the cornice, every flute in the pillars, every projection in the sculpture, stands forth as sharp as if the sun shone for the first time on the inimitable work. Dim descried through the purple glow which the setting luminary throws over the distant landscape, the slopes of Hymettus catch his parting rays; gleaming through projecting mountains, the Gulf of Salamis is resplendent with light; while on the verge of the horizon the citadel of Corinth, the mountains of Peloponnesus, stand forth like giants in that sea of glory.

“Climb to the summit of that lofty peak, the grisly Craon, on the southern side of the valley of Aosta. It is the hour of noon: silence deep as death prevails in those lofty solitudes; not the flutter of an insect, not the wing of a bird, is to be heard in the dread expanse. Right opposite, face to face with the pinnacle on which you rest, stands the hoary summit of Mont Blanc: a precipice ten thousand feet in depth, furrowed by innumerable cliffs, bristling with innumerable peaks, descends from its snow-clad heights to the glacier of the Allée Blanche, which lies spread like a map at your feet. In still and awful solitude, the monarch of the mountains rears his head into the dark blue vault of heaven; a glittering mantle of snow covers his shoulders; the eternal granite has spread a rugged girdle round his breast; in peace and silence the summer sun sleeps on his bosom; even the thin clouds of an Italian sky hover at a distance from the resplendent throne. Drink! drink deep of the admiration at the matchless spectacle: life has scarce another similar moment of heaven-born rapture to bestow!”

“Switzerland! Switzerland! is your grandeur, then, surpassed by the rival beauties of the Tyrolese or Styrian Alps? Trust yourself to that frail skiff, and approach the foaming abyss where the Rhine is precipitated with matchless violence down the cliffs of Schaffhausen. St. Paul’s would in an instant be swept away by its fury. The waters which have passed the descent are tossed in wild and seemingly frantic agitation; even at a great distance, your bark trembles and cracks as it approaches the awful gulf; down, down comes the mighty mass of waters, shaking the earth with its fall, rending the air with its spray: thunder would not be heard at its foot; embattled nations would be scattered by its force.

“Is this the sublimest scene in Europe, and has water borne away the palm from fire in the production of sublimity? Ascend at night—

\* “Essays,” vol. ii. pp. 65, 66.

fall that black and scorched mountain, down whose sides the streams of recent lava have furrowed far and deep into the cultivation of man: you toil, you pant, as, amidst the stillness of a Neapolitan night, you painfully ascend the scorched and blackened steep. But hark! the mountain shakes, a rending sound succeeds, a report like the discharge of cannon is heard, and instantly the dark vault is filled with innumerable stars; and, as you pause at the fearful spectacle, a sharp rattle on all sides announces the fall of burning projectiles for miles around. Still advance, if your courage does not fail, and you may reach the summit of the steep ascent ere another explosion. Watch! watch!—the dark cone in the centre of the rugged summit, on whose sides the red embers are still glowing, begins to shake; it heaves—it bursts! A frightful volume of smoke is driven forth into heaven; right upwards does the fiery discharge spread from the gaping furnace; the Pyramids would be blown into the air by its violence. A thousand rockets are bursting in the heavens—perfect stillness for a few seconds succeeds; and then on all sides is heard the roar of falling stones over the dark and desolate slopes of the mountain.”\*

These are the tableaux of a poet: they are conceived in the true idealising, eclectic spirit of the highest landscape painting. All that is grand and beautiful is exquisitely portrayed—all that is common-place is eliminated. Not a word could be changed for the better, except, perhaps, one. The immense, awe-inspiring, snowy expanse of the glacier spread out like a *map*, does not please us—it is a common-place in the midst of grandeur—*like a frozen sea* would be better. Moreover, as in all high art, the elements of these enchanting pictures are few and simple: the dullest reader can easily figure them to himself. Mr. Alison could not paint in the minute and sentimental style of Lamartine—a true hymn of painting and poetry: where every leaf on tree and flower, every wavelet on the waters, all the hues of earth and sky, are copied so closely, that the artist has but to transfer the picture to his canvas; and where the poet discerns moral beauty in the beauties of nature, a spirit in lifeless matter, a language in the dumb forms of earth. But Lamartine overstrains, he strains perpetually the reader's mind in the effort

to realise the scenes described; and makes their perusal as hard a task for the imaginative, as a book on inductive science is for the logical faculty. Mr. Alison's temperament would not let him paint thus, and we do not regret it. When used frequently, it cloyes like a surfeit of jellies: in a novel, ninety-nine out of every hundred skip it over. It requires the interest to be well warmed before it is successful; it requires a strong *human* interest to carry one through minute descriptions of nature, even though these be the exquisite delineations of Lamartine. In this, as in criticism, as in history (and we cannot repeat it too often), it is grandeur of style that is natural to our author.

We have said that Mr. Alison is aware of the blemishes of detail that may be found in his works, and that these are attributable only to the rapidity of his execution, not to any deficient knowledge or erroneous views in regard to the principles of high art. His Essays furnish redundant evidence of this. We select the following passage, out of many, because it also exhibits the felicity and picturesqueness with which he illustrates his opinions. It is to be remembered, that, in all the fine arts, the grand principles of composition are the same:—

“The defect which runs through modern paintings, and renders them unfit to bear a comparison with the masterpieces of the Italian school, is, that they are either too general or too special—in technical language, breadth or detail has too exclusively riveted the artist's attention. They want that combination of minuteness of finishing with generality of effect, which characterises the scenes of nature, and is to be seen in the productions of all the artists who have risen to durable eminence in imitating her works. . . . There is a depth of shade, a minuteness of finishing, a perfection of detail, and, at the same time, a generality of effect about these old portraits, which rivets admiration through every succeeding age.

“Draw near to that inimitable portrait by Vandyke; it is a nobleman of the seventeenth century, a compeer of Charles I. The dark curls of the hair hang down on either side of the manly, but melancholy visage; handsome features, a Roman cast of countenance, an aristocratic air, bespeak the object of lady's love; armour glances beneath his rich cloak, a broad ruff surrounds his

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\* “Essays,” vol. ii. pp. 169-175.

neck, a brilliant scarf adorns his breast—every object in the whole piece is finished with the pencil of the finest miniature painter; while, over the whole, genius has thrown the broad and uniform light of its own illumination. You are captivated by that full-length portrait of a celebrated beauty in the galaxy of Charles II. The auburn locks, with playful grace, descend upon the exquisite neck and shoulders; the laughing eyes, the smiling lip, the arched eyebrow, tell the coquetry of youth and beauty; the envious veil half conceals, half displays, the swelling bosom; the delicate waist, clad in satin stomacher, tapes almost beyond what modern fashion can imitate, or modern beauty desire; the rich Brussels lace is portrayed with inimitable skill on the shoulders; every fold of the satin dress still shines with the lustre of day; the drapery behind, whose dark shade brings out the figure; the rich Turkey carpet; the white satin slipper and slender ancle, resting on a velvet stool; the little lap-dog, in the corner of the piece; the gorgeous jewels on the bosom;—are all delineated with the skill of the greatest master of still-life: it tells you that the fame of Sir Peter Lally stands on a durable foundation.”\*

No jealousy of another's fame ever stains the pages of Alison. In the *Essays*, as in his *History*, friend and foe are treated with equal justice, equal generosity. He has no bigotry of party, no prejudices but those of truth. He never claims for his own party any exemption from human frailties, never ascribes such frailties as the prevailing character of his opponents. It is not any superior disinterestedness of one party over another that he assumes as the basis of his opinions on Government—it is a balancing of interests; and when he lauds the old constitution of England, it is because under it ALL classes in the empire were duly represented—because the three powers of the Executive, Aristocracy, and Democracy were then strong enough each to arrest the abuses of the others, but not to usurp their powers; because under it Property was the ruling, Numbers the controlling power; and thus foresight was imparted to the national councils, and the interests of the many permanently arrayed to watch the abuses of the few; while his objection to Democracy is, that popular leaders are forced, by the short-sighted passions of the multitude, to sacrifice lasting future prosperity to fleeting

present advantages—and that, when Numbers are the governing power, selfishness is unchecked, and abuses accumulate, because the majority then benefit by them. The *oldest of Tories*, as the Americans have called Mr. Alison, few men have maintained so inviolate as he the principles of their earlier years; and this argues either the very highest powers of intellect, or the lowest: either the glance of the eagle, which looks through the dazzling darkness of the sunbeams and discerns the aspect of the veiled orb of light; or the pitiable blindness of the owl, which shuts its eyes against the glorious sun, and cries at noon-day, Where is it? To which of these classes the gifted historian of Europe belongs, we need not say. We only allude to his own remarkable consistency, in order to point out more effectively his liberality in this respect towards others. He never charges an opponent with inconsistency, save when selfishness, not conviction, has dictated the change; never but when expediency, not principle, is the ruling motive. He never employs the paltry weapons of party warfare; never fixes clamorously on the unguarded phrase of an opponent; never condemns a lifetime for an action, a party for an individual. With true knightly honour, he scorns to triumph in a poisoned lance, or even to take advantage of a broken girth. His combats are with sword and lance in the open lists and in the eye of day; he will not draw bow from an ambuscade.

He differs diametrically from the popular opinion of the past and present age in regard to the Perfectibility of mankind through the extension of knowledge and the amelioration of government; and from the prominence which he gives to his opinions on this subject, and the vital importance he attaches to them, he has made this antagonism to the spirit of the age one of his most remarkable characteristics. Granting the superiority of the present age in all material interests, in all the appliances of comfort and luxury, and that “a British tradesman is now better clothed, fed, and lodged than a Plantagenet baron”—granting that civilisation has progressed immeasurably since the days of the Crusades,

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\* “*Essays*,” vol. iii. pp. 164, 165, 166.



and that knowledge is indefinitely extending—he declares, once and again, that in many of the higher qualities of our nature we are far inferior to our forefathers. “*Audi alteram partem*,” he says. “Are we equally disinterested, magnanimous, and brave, with the nations or ages which have preceded us? Are the generous affections equally victorious over the selfish? Are the love of gain, the thirst for pleasure, the passion for enjoyment, so weak amongst us, that they could be readily supplanted by the ardour of patriotism, the self-denial of virtue, the heroism of duty? Would modern England have engaged in a crusade for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre? Would the merchants of London set fire to their Stock-Exchange or Capital, as those of Numantia and Saguntum did, to save it from the spoiler? Will Free-Trade Hall ever overflow with patriotic gifts, as the Bourse at Moscow did in 1812? We have laid out a hundred and fifty millions on railways, in the hope of getting a good dividend in this world: would we lay out one million in building another York Cathedral, or endowing another Greenwich Hospital?”\* He beholds in the very advance of civilisation, and in the midst of its benefits, an inevitable accession of corruption. Amidst accumulating wealth, he shows us aggravated poverty; amidst the increase of material comforts, he points to the growth of selfishness and the thirst for pleasure; in the extension of knowledge, a fresh impetus to passion, a brighter colouring to the seductions of sense; in the development of mere reason, an increase of scepticism. Evil mingles with good in all human affairs; and amidst the advantages of present times, he calls upon us to look on both sides of the picture; to be on the watch lest selfishness choke the higher part of our nature; and from the placid thrones of our wealth and pleasure, to cast a searching glance into the dark depths of vice and wretchedness that lie below—upon the level sea of misery upon which we float—upon the slaving or degraded millions in the heart of the Empire. Intimately acquainted with the sources of that crime and pauperism which are eating like a cancer into the vitals of the State, he warns us

earnestly and repeatedly of the extreme wretchedness, moral even more than physical, of our manufacturing population—of the rapidly increasing numbers and agony of those *classes dangereuses*, as the French have aptly named them; denounces the awful prevalence of intoxication amongst us, and calls for some public measure to check it—a measure of benefit incalculable, but labouring under that fatal objection with all time-serving Governments, unpopularity. Upon topics so momentous—so near to our author’s earnest heart, so vital to his countrymen—we cannot at present enter; but we beseech our readers to turn to the *Essays* themselves, and to ponder well the opinions there given of one who knows our present social condition better, perhaps, than any man in the kingdom.

Oratory in style, action in life, is the bent of Mr. Alison’s disposition. He is no dreamer—no weaver of theories, idly indulging his imagination. The real world, not the world of fancy or of metaphysics, is the home of his heart; it is the world of man, not of abstractions, that engages his attention. The earnestness which pervades his whole spirit is fatal to learned repose. The important truths that reveal themselves to his seer-like gaze, demand to be impressed upon the dull ears of others; the visions of the future that rise before him, urge him, as with the sound of a trumpet, into the *mêlée* of politics, there to seek or to shun their realisation. Of a disposition eminently healthy—with nothing of that morbidness of feeling which so often defaces genius—enjoying life and its beauties all the more for the elevation of his thoughts and lofty ardour of his conceptions; yet we can well fancy how deeply at times the iron enters his soul, when in solitude he contemplates the future of his country, and hears in the increasing clamours of Democracy, the pitiless cry of the hounds that are to devour the land that reared them; when, amidst universal vaticinations of golden prosperity, he hears in anticipation the crash of tower and bulwark—amid the shout of Patriotism detects the low chuckle of selfishness, and beneath the robes of Liberty beholds the gaunt Spectre of Ruin! But let him be con-

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\* “*Essays*,” vol. iii. p. 660.



soled, if indeed consolation *can* come, when the Empire of England, the glory of the earth, seems passing away. He has done his part nobly; he has fought the battle from its opening to its close. Posterity, while accusing us, will do him justice; Posterity, cursing us with dying voice as the destroyers of our children, will look back with fond regret to him who strove to save her. In future ages, when England is fallen—when palace and manufactory, tower and stalk, are sinking into the dust, tenanted by slaves, or desecrated by the foot of the stranger—his warning words will be heard like a great voice amid the ruins. Truly was it said of old, *a prophet hath no honour in his own country*: yet it is a mournful fate when his divine mission, like Cassandra's of yore, only becomes manifest amid the ruins of his native land.

Not that Mr. Alison, as some fault-finders affect to believe, expects the speedy downfall of this mighty empire. Whatever grows great slowly, as he himself tells us, insensibly with the lapse of time, is certain to be of long endurance. It is alike the course of nature, and the moral of history. The river fed by a thousand rills cannot be suddenly checked in its career; the oak which a hundred years have been rooting in the earth, tosses its arms in defiance of the tempest's fury; the Coral Island, which for ages has been slowly rising through the azure depths of the Indian seas, stands forth at last, crowned with palms, radiant in beauty to the end of time. Britain has spread over the earth like a huge banyan-tree, dropping her roots in every quarter of the globe. Not even an earthquake could throw her at once to the ground; and even then, a hundred British states would live on when the parent trunk was sapless. But the prescient eye sees the end from the beginning; in the first step to ruin it beholds the advent of the crowning calamity; and it paints the danger vividly, that even the shortsighted may

see it and beware. The parent's grief may be deeper when first he sees the ineradicable consumptive spot tinging the cheek of his child, than when death at last takes the worn one from his sight to heaven. Mr. Alison is the prophet, as well as the advocate, of the Future. After a long and searching gaze on the Past—on the history of nations and kingdoms through four thousand years—he turns his thoughtful eye to the Future, and beholds centuries yet to roll, and nations yet to rise. The Empire of England, he knows, cannot be immortal; yet with stately sorrow he grieves over the blind folly of those who are hastening its doom.

Standing already on the pedestal of fame, Alison has not yet reached the zenith of his renown. Great reputations require time to ripen. Prejudices of old opinion, the jealousy of contemporaries, the passions of the multitude, ever veil for awhile the full blaze of a great man's glory; but from all these disturbing influences opinion is freed by the lapse of time. "The grave," says Alison, speaking of the fame of the mighty dead, and unconsciously foreshadowing his own—"the grave is the greatest of all purifiers. Literary jealousy, interested partiality, vulgar applause, exclusive favour, alike disappear before the hand of Death. We never can be sufficiently distrustful of present opinion, so largely is it directed by passion or interest. But we may rely with confidence on the judgment of successive generations on departed eminence; for it is detached from the chief causes of present aberration. So various are the prejudices, so contradictory the partialities and predilections of men, in different countries and ages of the world, that they never can concur through a course of centuries in one opinion, unless it is founded in truth and justice. The *vox populi* is often little more than the *vox diaboli*; but the voice of ages is the voice of God."

## LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MANAGER.

PRYNNE'S "HISTRIOMASTIX"—MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES"—HANNAH MORE'S TRAGEDIES—ON THE DECLINE OF THEATRICAL TASTE—BIBLIOMANIA—IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES—OF ACTORS IN GENERAL, AND THEIR SALARIES IN PARTICULAR.

GENTLE reader, have you ever met with a small, thick, very closely printed quarto volume, of 1006 pages, and a cubical form, entitled "*Histriomastix*; or, the Player's Scourge and Actor's Tragedie," written by William Prynne, Esq., Outer Barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and published by Michael Sparkes, London, A.D. 1633? If you have not (as the book is somewhat scarce), and should stumble on it in a catalogue, I recommend you to invest fifteen shillings, or even one pound sterling, in the purchase. It is a curiosity in its way, and worth placing on your shelves. But I by no means counsel you to waste your time, or exhaust your patience (as I did) in wading entirely through the ponderous compilation. A simple gleaning here and there will answer all purposes; and in the meanwhile I will tell you something about this "*Helluo Librorum*," or "*tremendous literary monster*," as D'Israeli aptly designates it.

The title is not original, but was suggested to Prynne by a play, published in 1610, by T. Thorpe, called *Histriomastix*; or, the *Player Whipt*. The author is unknown, and it does not appear that the play was ever acted. The object was to throw ridicule and contempt on the stage generally. Amongst other dramas, Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida* is evidently burlesqued.

The outcry against public amusements, in modern times, commenced in Spain, about the latter part of the sixteenth century, when Father Mariana, a Jesuit, published a book "*Contra Spectacula*," which he followed by a second treatise on the same subject. From thence it travelled into Italy, where it was fomented by Francisco Maria, a Sicilian monk, and the Jesuit Father Pietro Ottanelli. In England, the first battery was fired off by Stephen Gosson, in his "*Schoole of Abuse*, 1575;" his "*Playes confuted in Five Actions*;" and "*Ephemerides of Phialo*."

Then came Northbrooke's "*Treatise against Dicing, Dancing, Vaine Plaies, or Enterludes, &c.*, 1579;" A Second and Third Blaiste of Retraite against Playes, 1580; and Rainoldes's "*Overthrow of Stage Playes*, 1599." But all that they had written, with a great deal more, is to be found concentrated in Prynne's quarto, which was ushered into the world after a painful and protracted labour of seven years, four of which were consumed in printing.\*

This book has been quoted ever since by the antagonists of the stage as their standard authority; a "*murus aheneus*," or triple rampart of defence. In their eyes Prynne is a martyr of the first class, having suffered grievous penalties for his opinions. He was tried in the Star Chamber, found guilty, sentenced to be imprisoned for life, to pay a fine of five thousand pounds to the king, to lose both his ears by instalments, and to stand twice in the pillory at Cheapside and Charing-cross; which merciful sentence was executed in due course, with a few supplemental barbarities, suggested as a sort of codicil, by the accomplished Earl of Dorset. "I should be loth," said he, "he should escape with his ears, for he may get a periwig, which he now so much inveighs against, and so hide them; or force his conscience to make use of his unlovely love-locks on both sides. Therefore I would have him branded on the forehead, slit in the nose, and his ears cropped too."

It has been often supposed that Prynne was thus punished for abusing plays and players—a very egregious error. The Star Chamber took little heed of that part of the business, and cared not though every actor and dramatist in the annals of the world had actually been in the place where Prynne wished to consign them. But he had touched the members of that *righteous* court themselves, by ridiculing their morals, manners, and apparel; and, above all, had denounced Queen Hen-

\* D'Israeli, "*Miscell. of Literature*." Collier, "*Poet. Decameron*."

rietta Maria, the consort of Charles I., in good set phrase, for acting and dancing in some of the court masques, "with sinful levitie and in unseemly vesture." For the libel against her (a true libel be it understood) the sentence was pronounced.

Certainly, he should have been arraigned before something resembling a court of justice, and his sentence might have been sufficiently severe, without running into cruelties more becoming Red Indians than civilized gentlemen. But his book can never be received as an authority by candid reasoners. It goes far beyond prejudice, and even passes fanaticism. He may be forgiven for lecturing the queen—she required it; or for lashing the actors—there were licentious rogues amongst them in those days; but there is no excuse for his garbled quotations, pretended authorities, distorted conclusions, and endless plagiarisms. All these are literary sins of no small magnitude.

At least two-thirds of Prynne's book is fairly copied, without acknowledgment, from preceding labourers in the same field, or made up of extracts from early writers, whose reputed works, in many cases, are at least apocryphal, if not exploded altogether. This practice has been continued, as if by a species of hereditary privilege, in the pages of Jeremy Collier, Bedford, and some more modern disciples of a similar school; and enlarged to such an extent, that we may apply to them in general, what the Marquis Maffei says of father Daniel Concinna in particular—"The work of this worthy churchman is, in substance, a huge compilation of all that has been written in other days, by many writers, against lascivious theatres; so much so, that if the pages he copied from other authors were withdrawn, his work would dwindle to much less than half its present size." It is exactly so with the volume of Prynne. Reduced to its *original* matter, the florid quarto shrinks into a slim duodecimo; thus reminding us of the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, who used to roll on the stage burly and plump as an alderman, but, when stripped of the traditionary waistcoats, glided off more thin and attenuated than the starved apothecary. It

is one thing to quote opinions in support of our own, or to appeal to them as corroborative evidence, but it is quite a different affair to appropriate, wholesale, the offspring of another's brains, without admitting his right of parentage. This is, in plain fact, robbing on the high-way of letters, and ought to be dealt with accordingly.

An instance or two, selected at random, will show the value of Prynne's deductions. "Ex uno disce omnes." He tells us, p. 545:—"Some fathers well observe that St. Paul, writing to Philemon to provide a house or lodging for him (Epist. to Phil. v. 22), would have such an house as was not neere the Theatre, or place of public enterludes, whither lascivious persons running did follow all filthy things, lest its filthy vicinage should make it detestable." The words of the Apostle in the Epistle to Philemon are simply these:—"But withal prepare me also a lodging." There is not another syllable on the subject. The rest is supplied by the imagination of the commentator, and on this well-proved hypothesis we have the following sound conclusion:—"Certainly if it were not meete for an eminent apostle to dwell near to playes or play-houses, for feare their lewde vicinity should make his habitation detestable to Christian auditors who resorted to it, much more unseemly is it for a penitent Christian (who must abstaine not onely from evill itselfe, but likewise from all the appearances of it) to resort to playes and play-houses themselves, which are farre more noxious, more contagious than the houses neere adjacent to them."

A little further on he says, pp. 550, 551:—"We see St. Paul himself expressly excommunicating and casting out of the church all stage-players and play-haunters, whether male or female, till they shall utterly renounce their profession, and take their everlasting farewell of stage-playes." These words he puts into the mouth of St. Paul, on the authority of what are called "the Constitutions of the Apostles," as recorded by Clemens Romanus, but which are now repudiated even from the works of Clemens himself, and were no more written by St. Paul or any other of the Apostles,

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\* Maffei, "Trattato dei Teatri Antichi e Moderni."

than they were by Jeremy Collier, Johnny Styles, or Prynne himself. In a few pages beyond, p. 565, he contradicts all this with admirable consistency, as follows :—"No canonical Scripture doth condemn stage-players in precise terms."

Prynne's mistakes in chronology are sufficiently ludicrous. "Cyprian," he says, p. 546, "was *seconded* by Tertullian in his opinion against playes;" by which it would appear that Tertullian was the later writer of the two: whereas, it is certain that he preceded Cyprian as an author by nearly forty years, and that Cyprian, when he applied himself to the daily study of his works, used to say, "*Da mihi magistrum*." To say that a writer who follows and repeats an opinion, is seconded by him who first propounded it, is sheer nonsense. The crowning absurdity of Prynne is to be found in the following passage, p. 714, "*Histriomastix*," which is so rich that I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it. It would be almost incredible, but there it actually stands for the edification of the curious :—

"If we desire any precedents of Christian Emperours, Princes, Magistrates, we have not only the examples of Noah, Melchisedech, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, Solomon, Hezekiah, Josiah, with other Godly Patriarchs, Kings, and Princes, recorded in the Scriptures for our Christian imitation; who were so farre from cherishing, from approving Enterludes, Mummeries, Masques, or Stage-playes, either in their Pallaces, Courts, or Kingdomes, (as too many princes have done,) that we never read in Scripture, nor in any other story whatsoever, that they were so much as once *experimentally* acquainted with them."

It would have been difficult, indeed, for these godly patriarchs and monarchs to have given countenance or encouragement to what was invented many hundred years after they were gathered to their fathers. As easily might they have delivered opinions on a compass, a printing-press, a gasometer, or a steam-engine. On this amusing passage Sir R. Baker, who replied to Prynne in a treatise called "*Theatrum Redivivum*," thus humorously remarks, pp. 62, 63 :—

"What was ever heard more ridiculous

than to make it an argument against plays, because Noah, Melchisedech, Abraham, and the Patriarchs, are never read in Scripture to have approved plays? Or, as his elegancy expresseth it, to have been experimentally acquainted with them? As absurdly as if one would prove that *guns* are no good weapons in the wars, because Joshua, Gideon, David, and the ancient warriors, are never read in Scripture to have used *guns*, or to have been experimentally acquainted with them."

Again, p. 96, "Where Prynne," says Baker, "hath entitled his book a 'Tragedie of Actours,' he should, if he had done right, have entitled it a 'Comedie of Errours.'" And in perfect accordance with this conclusion, we close our remarks on "*Histriomastix*;" not without surprise that modern writers should be found, of tolerable reputation and undamaged intellects, who quote seriously from this *rudis indigestaque moles*, or try to build a rational argument on such a rickety foundation.

In the year 1649, some mischievous wag of the day, published a small quarto pamphlet of eight pages, entitled, "Mr. William Prynne, his Defence of Stage-Playes, or a Retractation of a former Book of his called *Histriomastix*." This was merely a hoax upon Prynne, and a burlesque imitation of his style; but it moved his wrath exceedingly, and he forthwith fulminated a counter manifesto on a huge broadside sheet, something like a posting bill, designated, "The Vindication of William Prynne, Esquire, from some scandalous Papers and Imputations newly printed and published to traduce and defame him." These two are amongst the scarcest of printed documents, such as our friend Dominio Sampson would mark "with four *rrrr*, signifying *rarissimi*." They are as difficult to be met with as the tract of Servetus, for which he was burnt at Geneva, and of which only one perfect copy is certainly known to be in existence.\*

After twice cropping of his ears, heavy fines, confiscations, pillory, and long imprisonment, with many vicissitudes of fortune and much change of opinion, Prynne contrived, after all, to render himself useful at the restoration of Charles II., who in return made him Keeper of the Records in the Tower,

\* In the National Library at Paris.

which office the king said would keep him quiet, as his time would be occupied in abusing the Catholics. It did keep him tolerably quiet, and he enjoyed his "*otium sine dignitate*," till his death in 1669. His learning was immense, but crude and comfortless, unprofitable to society, and of little use even to the proprietor. He wrote nearly two hundred volumes, large and small. What a fearful penance it would be to read them all! No won-

der that he figures prominently in D'Israeli's list of "authors who have ruined their booksellers." The greater part of his works were in Sion College. When that library was almost entirely consumed by fire, the huge tomes of Prynne were sedulously rescued; I suppose, from the idea that folios *must* be valuable; as the Dutchman said, "he knew his uncle was a great poet, for he had written a book as big as a cheese."

#### MILTON'S "SAMSON AGONISTES."

SAMSON AGONISTES is undoubtedly a very grand composition, laboured with the utmost care, and closely following the style of Æschylus, the severest as well as the earliest of the great tragic poets of Greece. It is, as the author intended it to be, a dramatic poem on the pure classic model, admirable in the closet, but quite unfitted for the stage, as the stage has been regulated since the revival of letters; not even divided into acts or scenes. In the year 1741-2, it was altered and adapted for representation in the Theatre Royal, Aungier-street, Dublin, then under the management of the younger Elrington. The performance never took place, though a vast outlay must have been incurred for the intended experiment. The only theatrical annalist who alludes to it is Baker, in his "*Biographia Dramatica*," where we find the following passage:—

"I remember to have seen in the possession of a gentleman in Dublin (one Mr. Dixon), an alteration of this poem, said by

himself to be his own, so as to render it fit for the stage; and the same gentleman also shewed me a bill for the intended performance (which was, through some dispute among the proprietors of the theatre, entirely laid aside), in which, from the number of the characters, and the apparent strength to support them, it appeared to have been cast to the greatest advantage possible; every performer of importance, whether actor, singer, or dancer, having somewhat allotted to them towards the illustration of it. This representation, if I mistake not, was intended for the year 1741-2."

Some years ago one of these identical play-bills came into my possession, I forget through what channel. To all who are curious in these matters, the document is an interesting one, perhaps *unique*, and certainly worth preserving. It is printed entirely in red ink, rather exceeding the usual size, and with the three principal characters in large letters; a distinction by no means so recent as some people imagine.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

*By particular Desire, and Encouragement of Several persons of Quality,*

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN AUNGIER-STREET,

On Monday the 15th of March, 1741-2, will be presented a celebrated

TRAGEDY CALLED

#### SAMSON AGONISTES.

Written originally by the sublime Milton. Now first reviv'd in an entire new Method and Manner, and adapted to the Stage.

The Part of SAMSON to be performed by MR. ELRINGTON.

DALILA ... .. by MRS. PASQUALINO.

HAVILA ... .. by MRS. CIBBER.

|                                                       |                  |     |                   |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------------------|-----|-------------------|
| Manoa, Father to Samson, by                           | ...              | ... | Mr. Bridges.      |
| Harapha, a Giant-like Philistian Lord                 | ...              | ... | Mr. Layfield.     |
| Raphael, a princely Seraph, Samson's Angel            | ...              | ... | Mr. Sparks.       |
| Uriel, Angel of the Sun, Destroyer of the Philistines | ...              | ... | Mr. Bardin.       |
| Arba, an Anakim, Governor of Gaza                     | ...              | ... | Mr. Isaac Sparks. |
| Anab }                                                | Philistian Lords | ... | { Mr. Thompson.   |
| Debir }                                               |                  | ... | { Mr. Price.      |



|                                                |     |                                      |     |     |                        |
|------------------------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------------|-----|-----|------------------------|
| Herauld                                        | ... | ...                                  | ... | ... | Mr. Balter.            |
| Amiel                                          | {   | Danites, Friends to Samson           | ... | {   | Mr. Watson.            |
| Gemalli                                        |     |                                      |     |     | Mr. Richard Elrington. |
| Shuham                                         |     |                                      |     |     | Mr. Barrington.        |
| Madon, High-Priest of Dagon, Idol of Palestine |     |                                      |     |     | Mr. Fra. Elrington.    |
| Johab, Second Priest                           |     | ...                                  | ... | ... | Mr. Dyer.              |
| Zemar                                          | {   | Young Noblemen of Gaza               | ... | {   | Mr. Giles.             |
| Hamath                                         |     |                                      |     |     | Mr. Lew. Layfield.     |
| Jaalam                                         |     |                                      |     |     | Mr. Harvey.            |
| Adah                                           |     |                                      |     |     | Mrs. Reynolds.         |
| Ana                                            | {   | Philistian Ladies, Friends to Dalila | ... | {   | Mrs. Baily.            |
| Hadattah                                       |     |                                      |     |     | Mrs. Moreau.           |
| Messenger                                      |     |                                      |     |     | Mr. Rob. Layfield.     |
| Arota                                          |     |                                      |     |     | Mrs. Elmy.             |
| Arsia                                          | {   | Wood Nymphs                          | ... | {   | Miss Martin.           |
| Grand Shepherd                                 |     |                                      |     |     | Monsieur Moreau.       |
| Grand Shepherdess                              |     | ...                                  | ... | ... | Mademoiselle Chateauf. |

Officers, Guards, &c., attending in the Procession, and Triumph, dispos'd to the best advantage.

The MUSICK compos'd for the Purpose: With Overtures, &c., of MR. HANDEL's, and Singing by MRS. CIBBER, Mademoiselle Chateauf, &c. viz.

*First Song*—(in the Play) Beginning, "Bright Dalila, that in the Prime of Youth," &c., by Mrs. Cibber.

*Second Song*—"O'er the smooth enamel'd Green," &c., by Mademoiselle Chateauf.

*Third Song*—"Nymphs and Shepherds," &c., by Mrs. Cibber.

*Fourth Song*—"O Nightingale," &c., by Mrs. Reynolds.

*Fifth Song*—Chorus, &c., "Mortals all with gladsome Mind," &c., by Mrs. Cibber, Mademoiselle Chateauf, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Baily, Mr. Giles, Mr. Dyere, &c.

With a new PROLOGUE on the OCCASION, to be spoken by MR. ELRINGTON, as Genius of the IRISH STAGE.

And an EPILOGUE by MRS. CIBBER.

*With the following Entertainments of Dancing, in and between the Acts, viz:—*

#### ACT I.

In the Interlude, a Grand Ballet, by Monsieur Moreau, Mademoiselle Chateauf, Mrs. Moreau, Mr. L. Layfield, &c.

#### ACT II.

A French Peasant, by Mrs. Oates.

#### ACT III.

La Provençal, with a Minuet, by Mademoiselle Chateauf.

#### ACT IV.

A Spanish Entre, by Monsieur Moreau and Mrs. Moreau.


#### ACT V.

A Scotch Dance, by Mr. Oates.

*At the End of the Play a new Tambourine, Morisco Dance, by Mademoiselle Chateauf.*

\* \* The Boxes, Stage, and Lattices, to be laid together at a British Crown;  
Pit 8s. 8d.; Middle Gallery 2s. 2d.

\* \* Places to be taken only of Mr. Foxhall, Box-keeper; and Tickets to be had at the Printer's hereof; Mr. Ershaw's, Bookseller, on Cork Hill; Mr. Hoey's in Skinner Row; Mr. George Faulkner's in Essex-street; and at Lucas's, the Globe, Bacon's, and Meath-street Coffee Houses.

 N. B.—Not only Mr. Addison, Steele, Tickel, Parnel, and several other of our most eminent writers, have honoured the AGONISTES with the highest encomiums, but the late learned and polite Prelate, Dr. Atterbury, sometime Bishop of Rochester, in his letters to Mr. Pope, has expressed himself in a most singular manner in its favour, viz—"That he thought it to be written in the very spirit of the antients, and capable of being improv'd, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragick Poetry." The judicious Mr. Warburton also observes, that "this Tragedy is a perfect piece; and as an imitation of the antients, has, as it were, a certain gloominess mixed with the sublime, which shines very serenely." And Mr. Steele, "That it serves, at once, to fill the mind with pleasing ideas, and good thoughts;" therefore presumed, at this time, to be worthy of the regard and encouragement of the Publick, more especially as the greatest care has been taken, amidst the Grandeur and Magnificence of the Scenery and Machinery, the Musick, Singing, and other

Decorations, to enliven the Performance, to let nothing appear but what really *has*, or *may seem* to come from the Pen of the Sublime Author, as "our Language sunk under him," being unequal to that Greatness of Soul which furnish'd him with such glorious Ideas.

The House will open at Three, and the Curtain rise precisely at Six o'clock, pursuant to a positive resolution of the Proprietors (at the Instance of the Nobility), made for that purpose.

LONG LIVE THE KING.

Dublin: Printed by A. Reilly, at the Stationers' Hall, on Cork-hill.

This is a verbatim copy of a veritable play-bill in the year 1741-2. Puffing seems to have been quite as well understood then as it is now, but the patience of the Dublin lieges must have far exceeded anything *we* have any notion of, if they would have sat three mortal hours from the opening of the doors to the rising of the curtain, without a *ruction* or two in the pit, and a faction-fight in the gallery. The "*Garry-owen*" and "*repale*" shouts were not even in embryo, but they had the racy, indigenous *fun* in all its glory, which went out with the whiskey, and we fear will never enliven us again. When we recollect that Milton's poem has only five characters, and the chorus, with scarcely any action, save what is related, and no mechanical accessories whatever, we are at a loss to decide how much, or rather, how little of the original would have been retained in the strange gallimaufry which the bill announces. Had Milton assisted at the representation (as the French call it) he would have been sorely puzzled to recognise his own offspring.

The attempt to bring *Samson Agonistes* on the stage appears very extraordinary and very hopeless. What could have induced the manager to think the elements of success were there? Did he calculate on the name of Milton? If so, his judgment failed him: the muse which inspired "*Paradise Lost*," though powerful in the epic, is *weak* in the dramatic character. *Samson Agonistes* has strength in thought, and poetry in diction. Nervous and sublime, purely classical in construction, and strictly correct in the unities of time, place, and circumstance, why, it may be asked, should not this noble drama be successful on the stage, when we have so recently seen the *Antigone* and *Iphigenia* listened to by admiring thousands, with rapt attention and breathless interest? The answer is ready. Because the subject is even more remote and less congenial to the common sympathies of humanity: de-

ficient in action, and therefore essentially undramatic. Being taken from Scripture, there is a religious solemnity inseparable from it, more suited to an oratorio than a tragedy; and above all, the interest lacks the absorbing charm of female heroism.

Managers, at all times, have had recourse to strange, out-of-the-way expedients to excite the flagging zeal of the public, and draw the million to the theatre. Hence the introduction of horses, elephants, lions, dogs, and even monkeys. But it is not fair to lay the whole blame of this on the ill-starred speculator, who must pay his salaries on Saturday, and whose natural good taste often revolts against the course necessity compels him to adopt. If legitimate talent ceases to attract, it is something to find even a Belgian giant or a General Tom Thumb to retreat on and supply the deficiency. Who in his senses would lay out a large sum on a vapid spectacle, if the sterling ore of Shakspeare or Sheridan maintained its current value? Many able writers and ardent lovers of the stage have thought differently, and have penned eloquent essays to show that the managers depreciate the national taste, that the decline of the stage is entirely owing to their obtuseness, that they pander to a depraved appetite, and that the public never fail to crowd the theatre when truth, passion, and nature are placed before them. Alas! all this sounds well in theory, but reduce it to practice, and the sandy basis of the opinion soon shows itself. For a time, indeed, the premises may be borne out by the conclusion, but the insatiate thirst after variety wearies even of perfection itself. The manager who tries to lead or reform the public, will gain the honours of martyrdom long before he accomplishes his object.

Whitehead, when Poet Laureat, absolutely went so far as to apostrophise Garrick in a laudatory Ode as follows:—

"A nation's taste depends on you,  
Perhaps a nation's virtue too."

Garrick, although a very voracious in swallowing flattery, had been too long a manager not to know better than this. How he must have laughed in his sleeve at the hyperbolic nonsense. No one ever questioned the classical attainments of John Kemble, or his love for the legitimate drama, yet it was under his management at Covent-Garden that the live horses were first introduced. A real elephant, and the renowned Newfoundland dog, "Carlo," had already preceded them on the boards of old Drury. Carlo appeared in a spectacle written expressly for him by Frederic Reynolds (the celebrated writer of a hundred successful but ephemeral comedies), called "The Caravan; or the Driver and his Dog." His performance electrified the audience, and his attraction restored the affairs of the theatre, then on the verge of dissolution from a long run of ill success. On the first night, when the piece had concluded, Sheridan rushed on the stage from his private box, in a frenzy of delight, shouting wildly "My preserver!—my preserver!—I must embrace my preserver!" Reynolds stepped forward, thinking, of course, it was the author

he demanded,—"No, no!" cried Sheridan, pushing him aside, "I don't mean you—I want the dog! the dog!" And all this occurred, not in these degenerate times, but at the very epoch which oratorical actors, at fund dinners and other theatrical symposia, are fond of designating "the *palmy* days of the drama!" The Aristarchi of 1811-12, the discerning few, the limited circle of scholars and artists, all paid due homage to the studied taste and cultivated genius of the Kembles, who gave a living identity to the creations of Shakspeare; but the treasurer discovered that Blue Beard, Lodoiska, Timour the Tartar, and the Horses were the magnets that drew the most money, and the hapless manager was compelled to use the aid of these degenerate auxiliaries. He heaved a groan or two, bitterly; but the exchequer was imperative. Dr. Johnson was right to a letter when he said, the stage must follow, but cannot control, the humours of the day, or the caprices of fashion:—

"The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,  
And we who live to please, must please to live."

#### HANNAH MORE'S TRAGEDIES.

HANNAH MORE, as all the world knows, was an excellent woman, a devout Christian, and a valuable writer. In her youth she was an enthusiastic admirer of Garrick, intimately acquainted with his family, and, of course, a frequenter of the theatre. She wrote three tragedies—*Percy*, *Fatal Falsehood*, and *The Inflexible Captive*—which were acted in London with little success, and have long since been consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets." They are not likely to be disinterred from that ample and well-stocked repository. As she advanced in life, and became serious and thoughtful, her early opinions changed. She

convinced herself that the stage was opposed to the true interests of religion, and wrote an essay to that effect, which she prefixed to a re-publication of her tragedies. That she was sincere in her views admits of no doubt, but if she had put forth the essay alone, and withdrawn the tragedies, her arguments would have been less open to objection. A little of the latent vanity of authorship prevailed, and she was thus driven to maintain that it was lawful to read a play, but criminal to act one—a refinement of casuistry very intelligible.

This essay is often quoted by the opponents of the stage as "a very clear

\* Carlo was, in truth, a very extraordinary quadruped, and deserves to be remembered. It was not quite so common then, as it is now, to call for a great performer after a success-hit, but still it was done sometimes; and in the case of Carlo the call was unanimous, and repeated night after night. He had, however, his own notions on the subject, and threats nor blandishments could induce him to "smell the lamps" after his nose was fixed. In this dilemma, it was said, the authorities dressed up a sapient-looking mastiff, the property of Jack Bannister, at that time stage manager, in the exact costume of Carlo, with brass collar duly inscribed; and sent him on, like a second Antipholus or Dromio, to receive the night-plaudits. He departed himself with becoming gravity, and certainly proved the most ingenious double ever yet contrived by managerial expediency.

and conclusive piece of reasoning." The authoress says, "There is a substantial difference between seeing and reading a dramatic performance," as reading "produces no ruffle of the passions, no agitation of the senses." Here are two erroneous positions included in as many short sentences. One, as regards the effect or excitement that reading may produce; and the other as regards the advantage or injury of excitement in itself. Sir Philip Sidney thought differently from Hannah More. "I never read," said he, "the old Poem of 'Chevy Chase' without feeling my blood stirred, as it were, by the sound of a trumpet." Do not thousands laugh or weep over a book, as the course of the story becomes humorous or pathetic? Have not many timid persons gloated over "Tales of Terror" and "Authentic Ghost Stories" at night, till they were afraid to go to bed, or even to look behind them? Have not licentious novels and irreligious tracts been often put down by law, because they tend to make libertines and unbelievers? And how could this be if "reading produces no ruffle of the passions, no agitation of the senses?" If Hannah More's opinion be carried out, and applied generally (the only fair way to try its value), it is better to read a sermon than to hear it preached; which is not only opposed to general conviction, but would tend to make the ministry superfluous, and nullify the power of eloquence. If anything, no matter what, is good in itself, and useful to society, that which sets forth its qualities in the strongest light is *best*. If it be bad, it should be suppressed altogether, and is equally unfit to *see* or *read*. Plays, according to this ingenious authoress, even the best plays, inculcate false honour, erroneous love, unsound morals, and notions of religion entirely hostile to Christianity. For these reasons plays are not fit to act or see, but still they may be read. "To read a moral play," says she, "is little different from reading any other innocent poem, the dialogue form being a mere accident, and no way affecting the moral tendency of the piece." It is difficult to consider as an accident what forms a designed and characteristic ingredient. That she looked on her own productions as coming within the list of moral plays or innocent poems is evident, or she would not

have appended them to the essay in question. Let us examine *Percy*, the best of the three, the only one that has obtained any notoriety, and see how far it is exempt from or liable to the objections the authoress herself endeavours to establish. The heroine, to oblige her father, has married a man she has no love for, while devotedly attached to another. She is not actually criminal, but still cherishes her first affection. The lover returns from the crusades; the husband becomes infuriated with jealousy on discovering him within his precincts, and challenges him to mortal combat; having previously sworn his knights on an oath, "confirmed by every rite religion bids," to administer a bowl of poison to his wife in case he should fall. The lover is killed, the lady goes mad on receiving the news, and swallows the poison in her insanity. The husband throws himself on his sword *more Romano*, and the unfortunate father, who has caused all this mischief, by rather an overstrained exercise of parental authority, is left to bury the dead, and closes the play with one of those "little tame tags of morality," which Miss Hannah More in her essay so emphatically condemns. We have here an irregular passion, intemperate jealousy, unchristian courage exercised in a fatal duel, and leading to two suicides; comprising as much false love, false honour, false morality, and false religion, as either Prynne, Collier, or Styles could desire to find in a single tragedy. Volumes of objections have been written against *Douglas*, because it contains three or four passages in which *fate* is substituted for *providence*, and honour set above religion; these are blemishes in a very superior composition, but as compared with the faults of *Percy*, mere motes in the sunlight. *Douglas* keeps the stage, and will always be admired as combining the elements of a beautiful poem and an effective play, while *Percy*, having neither of these recommendations, is neglected and forgotten. Some thirty years since there was an attempt at its revival, but not even the transcendent powers of Miss O'Neill could give it interest or a permanent position on the boards. On this occasion Hazlitt observes: "It is not easy to forgive Hannah More for making us feel for the first time that Miss O'Neill could be monotonous. We were heartily

glad when the play was over. From the very construction of the plot it is impossible that any good can come of

it till all the parties are dead, and when this catastrophe took place the audience seemed perfectly satisfied.

#### ON THE DECLINE OF THEATRICAL TASTE.

THE following letter appeared in a Dublin newspaper, called *The Public Register, or Freeman's Journal*, on the 12th of December, 1780. From this it is evident, that many of the same causes which operate now so detrimentally against the theatre, and a similar apathy on the part of the higher classes, existed in full force seventy years ago. The evils complained of are not altogether of modern growth, nor were they exclusively peculiar to the Irish metropolis. It is a recorded fact that Garrick, in the height of his reputation, acted at Drury-lane to a receipt of £3 17s. 6d. : and this was the proximate cause of his continental tour. The general state of his health was the alleged reason, but his actual complaint was what is technically called "The Box-book fever!" Truly, theatres are very paradoxical institutions. Where one succeeds, five at least are unproductive; yet the world can scarcely dispense with them. They continue to exist, increase, and multiply, and will continue to do so, while civilisation extends, and the human mind is constituted as it is at present. Still, there is an unceasing outcry, that the taste for the drama has declined, that its temples are deserted, and that the "good old days" of this, as of almost everything else, have gone by, and will return no more. Nevertheless, speculation in this line is more active than ever, regardless of admonitory failure. No sooner does one manager subside into nothingness, than another and another supplies his place, interminable as the line of Baniyas, and each, like the heads of the hydra, growing out of the destruction of his predecessor. There are curious and complicated causes involved in all this, which the keenest ingenuity would be puzzled to unravel. A whole library of controversy, and very much of controversy too, has been written to prove the good and the evil, the social advantage and the moral certainty of the art dramatic. With its abuses and

Many are of opinion that the cause is not yet determined, but vibrates as a pendulum, between the conflicting arguments. It is almost as perplexing as the problem of Sir John Cusins's silk stockings. A sort of interminable suit in chancery, which, in common with most matters resting more on opinion than on fact, will probably remain for ever *sub judice*, to be decided on either hand as men are swayed by their reason, their passions, or their prejudices. The searching inquiry leaves the question a sort of "Historic Doubt," to be classed with the virtues of Richard the Third, the innocence of Queen Mary of Scotland, the identity of Pizarro, Warbeck, the Man in the Iron Mask, or the author of Junius.

Much of what is contained in this letter applies as directly in 1850, as it did when written, in the days of our grandfathers, in 1780. The conclusion will strike even the most inattentive reader:—

#### "To the Committee for conducting the Free Press."

"GENTLEMEN,—In the most flourishing days of Greece and Rome, dramatic entertainments were encouraged, and delighted not only by the young and the vulgar, but by the sages, philosophers, and historians of antiquity. The stage was the seat of liberty and virtue.

"Is there not, then, a presumption, when this school of manners shall be deserted, taste and true elegance will be lost—or a relish for inferior amusements and pleasures take place?

"In polished countries, particularly, the drama is countenanced by the respect and presence of the great, and in late years in Ireland, it hath almost become a fashion to attend theatrical performances. Hence the taste of persons is kept high, and hath been called in question as to the influence of their amusements. As it is well said, that this is indifferent to the passing and instructive of all our amusements has been occasioned by the exertions of the performers, or a well-regulated system, within these few years, we have the best actors that could be procured



at most exorbitant prices, their book of rates (like Sir John Falstaff himself) being out of all compass!

"What was the consequence? Mrs. Abington swallowed up almost the whole profits, and before she had performed six nights, the receipts lessened apace. Mr. Henderson, with two or three theatrical aides-de-camp, played to £30 houses; and last season, Mrs. Barry's second or third night (if I am rightly informed) produced but about £17. In such circumstances, what more could any manager have done? He had risked his all, and nearly ruined himself. This, not to name his own merit, gave him the strongest title-deeds to the public support. Is he not, also, as an actor, admirable in both the sock and buskin? And with truth it may be said, he in some sort is a company in himself.

"The writer of this would not be considered as a party man; nor will he in the smallest degree be benefited by either the success or the ruin of the stage. Yet he cannot but on this occasion pay the tribute of praise to Mrs. Daly's excellence; nor does he thus detract from Mrs. Cornely's uncommon merit. The industry and promising powers of Mr. Daly likewise claim regard; and not to say that his company is respectable, were want of candour and justice.

"But waving all such considerations, I wish success to both; and sincerely hope that rivalry may promote what single efforts could not.

"Should we now inquire into the causes of the drama having been so shamefully neglected, perhaps the following are some of the principal, viz.:—'The advance of luxury, and frequency of splendid domestic feasts. Nor are dances, drums, routs, card-parties, and particularly gaming assemblies, to be forgotten.' To the attendants at such places, probably, dramatic exhibitions are too sober and sentimental. In what is called a parliament winter, political affairs and discussions, with late sittings, take up time and attention, to the great hurt of the theatre. So many dancing schools, likewise, having been opened in the evening, besides private balls, and the bottle, draw off numbers.

"To restore, therefore, the stage to its former dignity and usefulness, a regular plan of operation will be necessary; the most vigorous exertions will be requisite. His Excellency has set a most laudable example, and is entitled to much praise for the countenance he has uniformly given to the

drama. It is hoped that in the present decline of the stage, a generous Irish public will prevent its annihilation. It is said, his Grace the Duke of Leinster, and the Dublin Volunteers, are to bespeak a play, and appear at the theatre in their uniform. Did other corps follow the salutary example, it would prove the happy means of diffusing life and spirit through dramatic exhibitions, as well as of assisting manufactures and the national spirit.

"In a little plan of this sort such plays might be ordered as would promote the glorious cause of freedom and love to our country. Besides this, did our nobility and gentry, or ladies of distinction and high rank, bespeak such plays as should be agreeable, and in rotation exert their interest, it could not but be attended with the best effects. It would evince their good sense, and regard to Irish prosperity; for should our amusements become mean, or cease to exist, it might send persons of taste and fashion to reside in other countries. Surely the lovers of literature, the patrons of genius, and of merit, should at present unite to make one generous, effectual effort in such a cause—a cause, greatly important, and of more consequence than is generally imagined.

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glad when the play was over. From the very construction of the plot it is impossible that any good can come of

it till all the parties are dead, and when this catastrophe took place the audience seemed perfectly satisfied.”\*

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\* Hazlitt on the Stage, p. 182, Ed. 1818.

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"What was the consequence? Mrs. Abingdon swallowed up almost the whole profits, and before she had performed six nights, the receipts lessened apace. Mr. Henderson, with two or three theatrical aides-de-camp, played to £80 houses; and last season, Mrs. Barry's second or third night (if I am rightly informed) produced but about £17. In such circumstances, what more could any manager have done? He had risked his all, and nearly ruined himself. This, not to name his own merit, gave him the strongest title-deeds to the public support. Is he not, also, as an actor, admirable in both the sock and buskin? And with truth it may be said, he in some sort is a company in himself.

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petite, which "grows by what it feeds on." I have purchased my experience of this matter rather dearly, having at one period occupied much time, and laid out more money than I like to think of, in forming a select and curious library. My books formed my chief solace and amusement during many years of an active and unprofitable professional life. The pressure of pecuniary difficulties forced me to part with them, and taught me practically, though not pleasantly, the vast distinction between buying and selling. It was something to see placarded in imposing type, "Catalogue of the valuable and select library of a gentleman, containing many rare and curious editions." But alas! the sum produced was scarcely a-third of the intrinsic value, and less than half of the original cost. There have been instances—but they are "few and far between"—where libraries have been sold at a premium. Take for an example the collection of Doctor Farmer, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, singularly rich in Shaksperian authorities and black-letter lore, which produced above £2,200, and was supposed to have cost the owner not more than £500. Many were presents. When you get the character of a collector, a stray gift often drops in, and scarce volumes find their way to your shelves, which the quondam owners, uninitiated in bibliomania, know not the worth of. I once purchased an excellent copy of the quarto "Hamlet," of 1611, of an unsuspecting bibliopolist, for ten shillings; my conscience smote me, but the temptation was irresistible.\* The best copy in existence of the Caxtonian edition of Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," fol. 1483, one of the rarest amongst printed books, when found perfect, was purchased by a Dublin bookseller, at Cork, with a lot of old rubbish (in 1832), for a mere trifle, and was sold afterwards for more than £800. It is now in the celebrated Spencer Library at Althorp. For some time after the sale of my library I was very miserable. I had parted with old companions, everyday associates, long-tried friends, who never quarrelled with me and never ruffled my temper. But I knew the

sacrifice was inevitable, and I became reconciled to what I could not avoid. I thought of Roscoe, and what he must have suffered in the winter of life, when a similar calamity fell on him, and he was forced by worldly pressure to sell a library ten times more valuable. I recollected, too, the affecting lines he penned on the occasion:—

"TO MY BOOKS.

(By W. Roscoe, on parting from his Library.)

"As one, who, destined from his friends to part,  
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again ere while  
 To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,  
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;  
 Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,  
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile  
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toll,  
 I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;  
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,  
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,  
 And all your sacred fellowship restore;  
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,  
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,  
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them; the mere possession is a fantasy. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads anything but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village, and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don't *steal*!—a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority.† If your friends are churlish and won't lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can't even subscribe, still you can *think*—you must try to remember what you *have* read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did in old Chaucer's tale. You'll save your eyes, too; and when you get beyond forty-five that point is worth attending to. After all, what do we collect for? At most, a few years' possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, "That is good drink, if a man could only stay by it." So are rare and curious libraries good

\* This small and dingy volume, originally published at sixpence, has sold for £12!

† "This borrow, *steal*—don't buy."—*Vide* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

things, if we could stay by them; but we can't. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and china go, too; and are knocked down by the smirking, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poulterer wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, whilst you are writhing in unspeakable agony.

Don't collect books, and don't envy the possessors of costly libraries. Read and recollect. Of course you have a Bible and Prayer-book. Add to these the Pilgrim's Progress, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron (if you like), a History of England, Greece, and Rome, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and Napier's Peninsular War. A moderate sum will give you these; and you possess a Cabinet Encyclopedia of religious, moral, and entertaining knowledge, containing more than you want for practical purposes, and quite as much as your brains can easily carry. Never mind the old classics; leave them to college libraries, where they look respectable, and enjoy long slumbers. The monthly periodicals

will place you much more *au courant* with the conversation and acquisitions of the day. Add, if you can, a *ledger*, with a good sound balance on the right side, and you will be a happier, and perhaps a better read man, than though you were uncontrolled master of the Bodleian, the National Library of France, and the innumerable tomes of the Vatican into the bargain.

Don't collect books, I tell you again emphatically. See what in my case it led to—"one modern instance more." Collect wisdom; collect experience; above all, collect *money*—not as our friend Horace recommends, "*quocunque modo*," but by honest industry alone. And when you have done this, remember it was my advice, and be grateful.

What I say here applies to private collecting only. Far be it from me to discourage great public libraries, which, under proper arrangements, are great public benefits; useful to society, and invaluable to literature. But as they are regulated at present, fenced round with so many restrictions, and accessible chiefly to privileged dignitaries, or well-paid officials, who seldom trouble them, they are little better than close boroughs, with a very narrow constituency.

#### IRELAND'S SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES.

In the whole history of literary forgery, there is nothing more remarkable, and at the same time more amusing, than this attempt of W. H. Ireland. How he must have chuckled and laughed, while he wondered at the credulity of his learned victims! Even the solemn Parr fell into the snare, though he afterwards recanted savagely, and called it a sacrilegious imposition, when the tide turned and the imposture became palpable. It is astonishing how many literary men of "note about town" were taken in on this occasion, including Dr. Warton, and others of similar calibre. One learned pundit actually fell on his knees, in devout adoration, kissed the precious relics, and "thanked Heaven he had lived to see that day." When the tragedy of *Vortigern* was accepted by Sheridan, and put in rehearsal, Mrs. Siddons had misgivings, and "backed out" of the heroine, which was sustained by Mrs. Powell. John Kemble, who played the hero, had a laboured speech about death, which was expect-

ed to convulse the audience, but not, as it did, with laughter. They were getting tired and impatient, and began to suspect they were "sold," when the fatal line occurred—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

Kemble, who saw how matters were going, and was heartily tired of the task which his managerial position had imposed on him, gave this line with an unmistakeable emphasis and expression, which settled the business. There was an end of *Vortigern*; though, with all its sins, worse imitations of Shakspeare have passed current. It has long been the fashion to cry down Ireland as a common swindler and impostor. It is clear that at first he had nothing in view beyond a trick on his father; a very unjustifiable one, no doubt. Still a son taking a liberty with the weakness of his father, is very different from a knave speculating to make money on the credulity of the world; but which the offender in this case had no idea of, until the world itself fed and expanded his notions, by



its eager and wide-mouthed gullibility. Hear what he says himself in his "Confessions":—"I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity." The mischief was twofold. The son was not only discarded by his father, but the elder Ireland was accused unjustly of aiding and abetting in the fraud; whereas he was clearly victimised, though he never could get rid of

the ruinous imputation. As far as regarded the public, they deserved to be hoaxed, and the wise heads who helped to dig the pit they fell into, and were afterwards ashamed of their own folly, would have shown more sense as well as more charity, if they had forgiven the deception for its bold ingenuity, and laughed at, instead of persecuting, the lad of nineteen, who had so successfully played off a clever trick on them.

#### OF ACTORS IN GENERAL, AND THEIR SALARIES IN PARTICULAR.

IN all ages successful actors have been an uncommonly well paid community. This is a substantial fact which no one will deny, however opinions may differ as to the comparative value of the histrionic art, when ranked with poetry, painting, and sculpture. The actor complains of the peculiar condition attached to his most brilliant triumphs—that they fade with the decay of his own physical powers, and are only perpetuated for a doubtful interval through the medium of imperfect imitation—very often a bad copy of an original which no longer exists to disprove the libel. In the actor's case, then, something must certainly be deducted from posthumous renown; but this is amply balanced by living estimation and a realised fortune. There are many instances of great painters, poets, and sculptors (aye, and philosophers, too), who could scarcely gain a livelihood; but we should be puzzled to name a great actor without an enormous salary. I don't include managers in this category. They are unlucky exceptions, and very frequently lose in sovereignty what they had gained by service. An income of three or four thousand per annum, *argent comptant*, carries along with it many solid enjoyments. The actor who can command this, by labouring in his vocation, and whose ears are continually tingling with the nightly applause of his admirers, has no reason to consider his lot a hard one, because posterity may assign to him in the Temple of Fame a less prominent niche than is occupied by Milton, who, when alive, sold "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, or by Rembrandt, who was obliged to feign his own death, before his pictures would provide him a dinner. If these instances fail to content him, he should

recollect what is recorded of "Blind Mæonides"—

"Seven Grecian cities claim'd great Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

No doubt it is a grand affair to figure in the page of history, and be recorded amongst the "shining lights" of our generation. But there is good practical philosophy in the homely proverb which says—"solid pudding is better than empty praise:" the reputation which wins its current value during life is more useful to the possessor than the honour which comes after death; and which comes, as David says, in the *Rivals*, "exactly where we can make a shift to do without it." To have our merits appreciated two or three centuries hence, by generations yet unborn, and to have our works, whether with the pen or pencil, admired long after what was once our mortal substance is "stopping a beer-barrel," are very pleasing, poetical hallucinations for all who like to indulge in them; but the chances are we shall know nothing of the matter, while it is quite certain that if we do, we shall set no value on it. Posterity, then, will be the chief gainers, and of all concerned the only party to whom we owe no obligations. The posterity, too, which emanates from the nineteenth century is much more likely to partake of the commercial than the romantic character, and to hold in higher reverence the memory of an ancestor who has left behind him £30,000 in bank stock or consols, than of one who has only bequeathed a marble monument in "Westminster's Old Abbey," a flourishing memoir in the "Lives of Illustrious Englishmen," or an epic poem in twenty-four cantos. I would not have it supposed that I depreciate the love of posthumous fame,

or those "longings after immortality," which are powerful incentives to much that is good and great; but I am led into this train of reasoning, by hearing it so constantly objected as a misfortune to the actor, that his best efforts are but fleeting shadows, and cannot survive him. This, being interpreted fairly, means that he cannot gain *all* that genius toils for, but he has won the lion's share, and ought to be satisfied.

Formerly the actor had to contend with prejudices which stripped him of his place in society, and degraded his profession. This was assuredly a worse evil than perishable fame; but all this has happily passed away. The *taboo* is removed, and he takes his legitimate place with kindred artists according to his pretensions. His large salary excites much wonder and more jealousy, but he is no longer exposed to the insult which Le Kain, the Roscius of France, once received, and was obliged to swallow as he might. Dining one day at a restaurateur's, he was accosted by an old general officer near him. "Ah! Monsieur Le Kain, is that you! Where have you been for some weeks—we have lost you from Paris?" "I have been acting in the south, may it please your Excellency," replied Le Kain! "Eh bien! and how much have you earned?" "In six weeks, Sir, I have received 4,000 crowns." "Diable!" exclaimed the general, twirling his moustache with a truculent frown, "What's this I hear? A miserable mimic, such as thou, can gain in six weeks double the sum that I, a nobleman of twenty descents, and a Knight of St. Louis, am paid in twelve months." *Voilà une vraie infamie!* "And at what sum, Sir," replied Le Kain, placidly, "do you estimate the privilege of thus addressing me?" In those days, in France, an actor was denied Christian burial, and would have been *roué vif* if he had presumed to put himself on an equality with a gentleman, or dared to resent an unprovoked outrage.

The large salaries of recent days were even surpassed amongst the ancients. In Rome, Roscius, and Æsopus, his contemporary, amassed prodigious

fortunes by their professional labours. Roscius was paid at the rate of £45 a day, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum of our currency. He became so rich that at last he declined receiving any salary, and acted gratuitously for several years.\* A modern manager would give something to stumble on such a Roscius. No wonder he was fond of his art, and unwilling to relinquish its exercise. Æsopus at an entertainment produced a single dish, stuffed with singing-birds, which, according to Dr. Arbuthnot's computation, must have cost about £4883 sterling. He left his son a fortune amounting to £200,000 British money.† It did not remain long in the family, as, by the evidence of Horace and Pliny, he was a notorious spendthrift, and rapidly dissipated the honest earnings of his father.

Decimus Laberius, a Roman Knight, was induced, or, as some say, compelled by Julius Cæsar, to appear in one of his own mimes, an inferior kind of dramatic composition very popular amongst the Romans, and in which he was unrivalled, until supplanted by Publius Syrus. The said Laberius was consoled for the degradation by a good round sum, as Cæsar gave him 20,000 crowns and a gold ring, for this his first and only appearance on any stage. Neither was he "alone in his glory," being countenanced by Furius Leptinus and Quintus Calpenus, men of senatorial rank, who, on the authority of Suetonius, fought in the ring for a prize. I can't help thinking the money had its due weight with Laberius. He was evidently vain, and in his prologue, preserved by Macrobius, and translated by Goldsmith, he laments his age and unfitness quite as pathetically as the disgrace he was subjected to. "Why did you not ask me to do this," says he, "when I was young and supple, and could have acquitted myself with credit?" But, according to Macrobius, the whole business was a regular contract, with the terms settled beforehand. "*Laberium asperæ libertatis equitem Romanum, Cæsar quingentis millibus invitavit, ut prodiret in scenam.*"‡ Good encou-

\* Plin. Lib. vii. cap. 39. Macrobi. Sat. Lib. ii. cap. 10. Middleton's Life of Cicero. Cic. Orat. pro Q. Roscio.

† Macrobi. Sat. Lib. ii. cap. 10.

‡ Macrobi. Sat. Lib. ii. cap. 7.

ragement for a single amateur performance!

Garrick retired at the age of 60, having being 35 years connected with the stage. He left behind him above £100,000 in money, besides considerable property in houses, furniture, and articles of vertu. He lived in the best society, and entertained liberally. But he had no family to bring up or provide for, and was systematically prudent in expenditure, although charitable, to the extreme of liberality, when occasion required. Edmund Kean might have realised a larger fortune than Garrick, had his habits been equally regular. George Frederick Cooke, in many respects a kindred genius to Kean, threw away a golden harvest in vulgar dissipation. The sums he received in America alone would have made him independent. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons both retired rich, though less so than might have been expected. She had through life heavy demands on her earnings, and he, in evil hour, invested much of his property in Covent-garden Theatre. Young left the stage in the full zenith of his reputation, with undiminished powers and a handsome independence. Macready is about doing the same, under similar circumstances. Liston and Munden were always accounted two of the richest actors of their day, and William Farren, almost "the last of the Romans," is generally reputed to be "a warm man." Long may he continue so! Miss Stephens, both the Keans, father and son, Macready, Braham, and others, have frequently received £50 a night for a long series of performances. Tyrone Power would probably have gone beyond them all, such was his increasing popularity and attraction, when the untimely catastrophe occurred which ended his career, and produced a vacancy we are not likely to see filled up.

John Bull has ever been remarkable for his admiration of foreign artists. The largest sums bestowed on native talent bear no comparison with the salaries given to French and Italian singers, dancers, and musicians. An importation from "beyond seas" will command its weight in gold. This love of exotic prodigies is no recent passion, but older than the days of Shakspeare. Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, thus apostrophizes the recumbent monster, Caliban, whom he takes for a

fish:—"Were I in England now (as I was once), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man—any strange beast there makes a man."

Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Taglioni, Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, *cum multis aliis*, have received their thousands, and tens of thousands; but, until the Jenny Lind mania left everything else at an immeasurable distance, Paganini obtained larger sums than had ever before been received in modern times. He came with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, a vast continental reputation, and a few personal legends of the most exciting character. It was said that he had killed his wife in a fit of jealousy, and made fiddle-strings of her intestines; and that the devil had composed a sonata for him in a dream, as he formerly did for Tartini. When you looked at him, you thought all this, and more, very likely to be true. His talent was almost supernatural; while his "get up" and "mise en scene" were original and unearthly, such as those who saw him will never forget, and those who did not can with difficulty conceive. The individual and his performance were equally unlike anything that had ever been exhibited before. No picture or description can convey an adequate idea of his entrance and his exit. To walk simply on and off the stage appears a common-place operation enough, but Paganini did this in a manner peculiar to himself, which baffled all imitation. While I am writing of it, his first appearance in Dublin, at the great Musical Festival of 1830, presents itself to "my mind's eye," as an event of yesterday. When he placed himself in position to commence, the crowded audience were hushed into a death-like silence. His black habiliments, his pale, attenuated visage, powerfully expressive; his long, silky, raven tresses, and the flash of his dark eye, as he shook them back over his shoulders; his thin, transparent fingers, unusually long, the mode in which he grasped his bow, and the tremendous length to which he drew it; and, climax of all, his sudden manner of placing both bow and instrument under his arm, while he threw his hands behind him, elevated his head, his features almost

distorted with a smile of ecstasy, and his very hair instinct with life, at the conclusion of an unparalleled fantasia! And there he stood immoveable and triumphant, while the theatre rang again with peals on peals of applause, and shouts of the wildest enthusiasm! None who witnessed this will ever forget it, nor are they likely again to see the same effect produced by mere mortal agency.

The *one* string feat I always considered unworthy of this great master of his art. It has been done by fifty others, and is at best but an imperfect exhibition on a perfect instrument; a mere piece of charlatanerie, or theatrical "gag," to use a professional term, sufficiently intelligible. There have been, and *are*, mighty magicians on the violin. Spagnoletti, De Beriot, Ole Bull (who, according to some, plays without any string at all), Sivori, Joachim, Ernst, Levey, &c. &c., are all in the list of great players; but there never was more than one Paganini; he is unique and unapproachable.

In Dublin, in 1830, Paganini saved the Musical Festival, which would have failed but for his individual attraction, although supported by an army of talent in every department. All was done in first rate style, not to be surpassed. There were Braham, Madame Stockhausen, H. Phillips, De Begnis, &c. &c.; Sir G. Smart for conductor, Cramer, Mori, and T. Cooke for leaders, Lindley, Nicholson, Anfossi, Lidel Herrmann, Pigott, and above ninety musicians in the orchestra, and more than one hundred and twenty singers in the chorus. The festival was held in the Theatre-Royal, then, as now, the only building in Dublin capable of accommodating the vast number which alone could render such a speculation remunerative. The theatre can hold two thousand six hundred persons, all of whom may see and hear, whether in the boxes, pit, or galleries.\* The arrangement was, to have oratorios kept distinct on certain mornings, and miscellaneous concerts on the evenings of other days. The concerts were crushers, but the first oratorio was decidedly a break down. The com-

mittee became alarmed; the expenses were enormous, and heavy liabilities stared them in the face. There was no time to be lost, and at the second oratorio, duly announced, there stood Paganini, in front of the orchestra, violin in hand, on an advanced platform, overhanging the pit, not unlike orator Henley's tub, as immortalised by the poet. Between the acts of the *Messiah* and the *Creation*, he fiddled "the Witches at the Great Walnut Tree of Benevento," with other equally appropriate interpolations, to the ecstatic delight of applauding thousands, who cared not a pin for Haydn or Handel, but came to hear Paganini alone; and to the no small scandal of the select few, who thought the episode a little on the north side of consistency. But the money was thereby forthcoming, every body was paid, the committee escaped without damage, and a hazardous speculation, undertaken by a few spirited individuals, was wound up with deserved success.

When the festival was over, the town empty, and a cannon-ball might have been fired down Sackville-street without doing much injury, Paganini was engaged by himself for a series of five performances in the theatre. For this he received £1148. His dividend on the first night's receipts amounted to £333 (*horresco referens!*) without a shilling of outlay incurred on his part. He had the lion's share with a vengeance, as the manager cleared with difficulty £200. The terms he demanded and obtained were a clear two-thirds of each night's receipts, twenty-five guineas per night for the services of two auxiliaries, worth about as many shillings, the full value allowed for every free ticket, and an express stipulation that if he required a rehearsal on a dark morning, when extra light might be indispensable, the expense of candles should not fall on him—a contingency which by no possible contrivance could involve a responsibility exceeding five or six shillings. In 1848, the second year of the famine, and the first of the rebellion which did *not* take place, the six performances of Jenny Lind in Dublin produced seven thousand pounds sterling, of which five thou-

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\* At one of the concerts during the festival, on two of the performances of Jenny Lind, on the night when George IV. came in state, and on several of the Command Nights of Lord Normanby, as well as on various benefits, this number has been exceeded.

sand eight hundred were paid to her and the parties with whom she was associated.\* In America, if the furor she has at present excited continues,

as is almost certain, for the next twelve months, her receipts will reach a sum sufficient to buy the fee simple of ten German principalities.

#### BLACKIE'S *ÆSCHYLUS*.†

THERE seems no very good reason for reading disquisitions on the principles of translation, unless a man is about executing some work of the kind himself, and wishes to receive instructions from a master in the art. Dryden's prefaces,

"Though writ at first for filling,  
To raise the volume's price a shilling,"

are an exception, as they are really very entertaining, and the principles of an art in which he excelled are, we think, more distinctly and successfully stated than in any other works we could mention. The genius of the language into which any work is to be translated, be that work prose or verse, and not that from which he translates, should guide the translator throughout. This seems so obvious that we can scarcely imagine it disputed; yet practically it is denied, and the forms of the original are for ever reproduced, when they ought to be disregarded altogether. Mr. Blackie is one of the most successful translators we know, and one of the most conscientious. He does what he can perfectly to master the entire meaning of his author, and having so done, to express it, and neither more nor less than it, in his own language, disregarding unimportant forms, and writing very often with all the power and vigour of one expressing his own original thoughts. There is, now and then, great and successful boldness, more often great beauty of expression. The style is always manly. It is perfectly an English style—we speak of the translation, not the prefaces and notes—with a dash of Scotch in it which in truth were better away: but it is really

a pleasant thing to meet so good a book.

Mr. Blackie defends himself for having written in verse, not in prose. Had he written in prose, we should as little think of looking at his book as at any other school-book, for with such books alone could it be classed—an imperfect help to a stumbling boy, to be used, thrown away, and forgotten. These prose translations have their use; the worst of them are better than bad verse, as making no pretensions; but the moment any pretensions are made for them their claim should be altogether ignored. Poor Smart, whose Horace has helped hundreds and thousands of schoolboys, was so thoroughly ashamed of having worked as a bookseller's hack in its production, that, having some talent in verse, he commenced a translation in metrical forms, in order to secure oblivion to his prose exploit. In vain: his verse-Horace has shared the fate of most of his verses, while his prose work promises to be as immortal as the generations of schoolboys. The book is useful as a spelling-book is useful; it is not, and ought not, to be named at all; and we cannot understand why it is that Mr. Blackie is led to discuss this question. Each of these classes of works are for their own purposes useful, but there is no object in comparing things so utterly unlike. The one, at best, is the appropriate work of the preterpluperfect schoolmaster; the other, at worst, the ambitious effort of an overgrown schoolboy.

Mr. Blackie's is, if we think of a translation of all the dramas of *Æschylus*, probably the best translation. Of the *Agamemnon*, we prefer Dr.

\* Let it not be forgotten that while the Swedish Nightingale has gained unprecedented emolument, her charities have been equally without parallel. In Dublin she gave £400 to various public institutions, and Mr. Lumley, with whom she was engaged, gave £200.

† "*Æschylus*; translated into English Verse, with Notes, Life," &c. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Latin Language in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Two vols. 8vo. London: J. W. Parker, 1850.



Kennedy Bailie's translation to any other, and next to him as a translator, or with him, we should place Harford. Our readers will probably feel pleasure in comparing some single passage in which the strength of the respective translators is tried, and we scarce know any furnishing so fair a test as that remarkable one, in which Clytemnestra describes the line of watchfires along

## ÆSCHYLUS.

ΧΟ. καί τίς τόδ' ἱξίκευτ' ἄν ἀγγέλων τάχος :

ΚΛ. "Ἡφαίστος, Ἰδης λαμπρὸν ἐκπέμπων σί-  
λας.

Φρυκτὸς δὲ Φρυκτὸν διῦρ' ἀπ' ἀγγάρου πυρὸς  
Ἰπιμπιν· Ἰδὴ μὲν, πρὸς Ἑρμαῖον λίπας  
Λήμνου· μίλαν δὲ πανὸν ἐκ νήσου τρίτον  
'Αθῶν αἶπος Ζηνὸς ἱξιδίξατο,  
ὑπερτιλῆς τι, πόντον ὥσπερ νωτίσαι,  
ἰσχυρὸς πορευτοῦ λαμπάδος, πρὸς ἠδονὴν  
πιύκη, τὸ χρυσοφειγγίς, ὥς τις ἥλιος,  
σίλας παραγγέλλασα Μακίστου σκοπῆς.  
ὁ δ' οὐ τι μίλλων, οὐδ' ἀφραδμόνως ὕπνῳ  
νικῶμενος, παρῆκεν ἀγγέλου μίρος·  
ἐκὰς δὲ Φρυκτοῦ φῶς ἐπ' Εὐρίπου βόας  
Μεσσαπίου φύλαξι σημαίνει μόλον.  
οἱ δ' ἀντίλαμψαν καὶ παρήγγυλαν πρὸς ὤν,  
γυαίας ἱρίκης θαμὸν ἄψαντες πυρί.  
σθίνουσα λαμπὰς δ' οὐδὲ πω μαυρομήνη,  
ὑπερθεροῦσα πιδίον Ἀσωποῦ, δίκην  
φαιδρᾶς σιλήνης. πρὸς Κιθαίρωνος λίπας,  
ἡγίρειν ἄλλην ἐκδοχὴν πομποῦ πυρός.  
φάος δὲ τηλίπομπον οὐκ ἠναίετο  
Φρουρά, πλὴν καίονσα τῶν ἱερμίνων·  
λίμνη δ' ὑπὲρ Γοργῶπιν ἱσηψεν φάος·  
ἔρος τ' ἐπ' Αἰγίπλαγκτον ἱξικόμενον,  
ἄτρυνε θισμὸν μὴ χατίζεσθαι πυρός.  
πίμπουσι δ' ἀνδραῖοις ἀφρόνῳ μίνοι  
φλογὸς μίγαν πάγονα, καὶ Σαρωνικοῦ  
πορθμοῦ κάτοπτον πρῶν ὑπερβάλλειν πρὸς ὤν  
φλίγουσαν· εἴτ' ἱσηψεν, ἴσ' ἀφίετο  
'Αραχναῖον αἶπος, ἀστυγίστεας σκοπᾶς·  
κάπνιτ' Ἀτρεϊδῶν εἰς τόδε σκήπτει στίγος  
φάος τόδ', οὐκ ἄπαππον Ἰδαίου πυρός.  
τοιεῖδε τοί μοι λαμπαδηφόρων νόμοι,  
ἄλλος παρ' ἄλλου διαδοχαῖς πληρούμενοι·  
νικᾷ δ' ὁ πρῶτος καὶ τελευταῖος δραμών.  
τίμαρ τοιοῦτο σύμβολόν τι σοὶ λίσσω,  
ἀνδρὸς παραγγέλλαντος ἐκ Τροίας ἱμοί.

## KENNEDY BAILIE.

"CH. What herald could such wondrous speed  
achieve?

CL. Hephæstus, his clear light from Ida send-  
ing.

Torch-fire from torch-fire, with successive  
gleam,

Sped hither: Ida to th' Hermæan crag  
Of Lemnos sends it: Jove's Athoan steep  
Caught the bright beacon from the island next,  
And speeds it in its onward strength, o'er-  
passing

The deep's broad bosom, harbinger of joy,

the coast, by which, in accordance with her preconcerted plan, she learns the destruction of Troy. The passage presents no difficulties, and is one of singular vigour and beauty in the original. Some of the effects it is impossible for any translator to exhibit, as the names of places have occasionally a meaning in the original language which is of course altogether lost in ours.

## POTTER.

"CH. What speed cou'd be the herald of this  
news?

CL. The fire that from the height of Ida sent  
Its streaming light, as from th' announcing  
flame

Torch blaz'd to torch. First Ida to the steep  
Of Lemnos; Athos' sacred height receiv'd  
The mighty splendor; from the surging back  
Of th' Hellespont the vig'rous blaze held on  
Its smiling way, and like the orient sun  
Illumes with golden-gleaming rays the head  
Of rocky Macetas; nor lingers there,  
Nor winks unheedful, but its warning flames  
Darts to the streams of Euripus, and gives  
Its glitt'ring signal to the guards that hold  
Their high watch on Mesapius. These en-  
kindle

The joy-denouncing fires, that spread the blaze  
To where Erica hoar its shaggy brow  
Waves rudely. Unimpaired the active flame  
Bounds o'er the level of Asopus, like  
The jocund Moon, and on Cithæron's steep  
Wakes a successive flame; the distant watch  
Agnize its shine, and raise a brighter fire,  
That o'er the lake Gorgopis streaming holds  
Its rapid course, and on the mountainous  
heights

Of Ægiplanctus huge, swift-shooting spreads  
The lengthen'd line of light. Thence onwards  
waves

Its fiery tresses, eager to ascend  
The crags of Prone, frowning in their pride  
O'er the Saronic gulf: it leaps, it mounts  
The summit of Arachne, whose high head  
Looks down on Argos: to this royal seat  
Thence darts the light that from th' Idæan fire  
Derives its birth. Rightly in order thus  
Each to the next consigns the torch, that fills  
The bright succession, while the first in speed  
Vies with the last: the promis'd signal this  
Giv'n by my lord t' announce the fall of Troy."

## HARFORD.

"CH. But what winged messenger the fact  
proclaimed?

CL. Vulcan, from Ida's top, in circling flame;  
Torch answered torch, till here the signal  
flew:

First Ida to th' Hermæan crag which crowns  
The sea-girt Lemnos; next the herald blaze  
Reached Athos, sacred seat of sovereign Jove.  
Triumphant thence, borne on the foaming  
waves,

Whose wreathing tops it tipped with lambent  
beams,

Sunlike, its radiance golden-bright despatch-  
 ing  
 To watch-tow'rs of Makistus. He, to sloth  
 Not yielding, nor by sleep ill-tim'd o'ercome,  
 Left not undone the messenger's part, but far  
 O'er the Euripus tide the torch-light speeds,  
 As signal of their task to those who on  
 Messapian heights kept watch. They recog-  
 nis'd  
 The sign, and sent it onwards, kindling  
 straight  
 Græa's heath-pile in answer. In full strength,  
 Undimm'd in splendor, bounding, the beacon-  
 light,  
 O'er the Asopus plain, like a glad moon,  
 To the Cithæron cliff-height, speedily rais'd  
 Of flame enkindling flame another course  
 Streaming in quick succession: nor disown'd  
 The light despatch'd to him from far the watch  
 There station'd, but with brighter still replied:  
 Glanc'd o'er Gorgopis then the blaze, the hill  
 Of Ægiplanctus tow'rs, and there bade meet  
 Observance to the watch-fire's law be paid.  
 They, to full might enkindling it, send forth  
 The beard-like flame, high-rear'd, in onward  
 course  
 Ardent to glance it o'er the headland height  
 The bay o'erhanging of Saronicus.  
 Impetuous then it bore it, till it reach'd  
 The height of Arachnæum, station-points  
 Neighbouring the city, and then strikes upon  
 The roof here of th' Atridæ this fair light,  
 No dubious offspring of th' Idæan flame.  
 Such were the laws observ'd me in due course  
 By the torch-bearers, each by each reliev'd.  
 To him alike who first, to him who last  
 Runs, is the prize awarded: such the proof,  
 The signal such, which, by my lord despatch'd  
 To me from distant Troy, I now announce  
 thee."

Th' advancing light, effulgent as a sun,  
 Poured on Macistus golden radiance.  
 Reckless of sleep, impatient of delay,  
 The fiery wonder moved—Euripus flamed  
 With bright illumined waves, Messapus thence  
 Caught the glad signal, and the stationed  
 guard,  
 Firing a heathy pile, the fervid blaze,  
 Transmitted onwards with augmented power.  
 The splendid conflagration wide diffused  
 The glad intelligence, and bounding o'er  
 Th' Asopian plain, bright as the full-orbed  
 moon  
 When at her noon of glory, lighted up  
 Cithæron's lofty head, enkindling there  
 Responsive zeal, and corresponding fires;  
 By generous rivalry the guard inspired,  
 Bid the fierce blaze, with ever-gathering  
 strength,  
 Hold on its course, Gorgope's marshy plain  
 Was all illumined: Ægiplanctus next  
 Wore on his giant head the crown of flame.  
 Up the proud, steep, whence to the eye ex-  
 pands  
 The gulf Saronic, next, the kindling power,  
 Shaking its fiery tresses, soared sublime.  
 Th' adjoining post, Arachne's craggy height,  
 It scaled, it reddened o'er; the light derived  
 From Ida's top thus finally diffused  
 Its beamy splendour o'er the royal house  
 Of the Atridæ: thus it reached our shores.  
 Torch kindled torch successive, but my heart  
 Of these the first and last most warmly hails."

## BLACKIE.

"CH. But how? what stalwart herald ran so fleetly?

CL. Hephæstus. He from Ida shot the spark;  
 And flaming straightway leapt the courier fire  
 From height to height; to the Herinæan rock  
 Of Lemnos, first from Ida; from the isle  
 The Athóan steep of mighty Jove received  
 The beaming beacon; thence the forward strength  
 Of the far-travelling lamp strode gallantly  
 Athwart the broad sea's back. The flaming pine  
 Rayed out a golden glory like the sun,  
 And winged the message to Macistus' watch-tower.  
 There the wise watchman, guiltless of delay,  
 Lent to the sleepless courier further speed;  
 And the Messapian station hailed the torch  
 Far-beaming o'er the floods of the Euripus.  
 There the great heath lit the responsive fire,  
 Speeding the portioned message; waxing strong,  
 And nothing dulled, across Asopus' plain  
 The flame swift darted like the twinkling moon,  
 And on Cithæron's rocky heights awaked  
 A new receiver of the wandering light,  
 The far-sent ray, by the faithful watch not spurned,  
 With bright addition journeying, bounded o'er  
 Gorgopus' lake and Ægiplanctus' mount,  
 Weaving the chain unbroken. Hence it spread  
 Not scant in strength, a mighty beard of flame.

Flaring across the headlands that look down  
 On the Saronic gulf. Speeding its march,  
 It reached the neighbour-station of our city,  
 Arachne's rocky steep; and thence the halls  
 Of the Atridæ recognised the signal,  
 Light not unfathered by Idæan fire.  
 Such the bright train of my torch-bearing heralds,  
 Each from the other fired with happy news,  
 And last and first was victor in the race.  
 Such the fair tidings that my lord hath sent,  
 A sign that Troy hath fallen."

This is a magnificent passage in the original, and Mr. Blackie's version is admirably true to its spirit. The passage in *Æschylus* is almost rivalled by one in Scott's "*Vision of Don Roderick*." The simultaneous rising of Spain against the French invaders is thus described:—

"But on the Natives of that Land misused,  
 Not long the silence of amazement hung,  
 Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith  
 abused;  
 For with a common shriek the general  
 tongue  
 Exclaim'd, 'To arms!'—and fast to arms  
 they sprung.  
 And Valour woke, that Genius of the Land!  
 Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,  
 As burst th' awakening Nazarite his band,  
 When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd  
 his dreadful hand!

"That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye  
 Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,  
 Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,  
 And from his brow the diadem unbound.  
 So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,  
 From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains  
 blown,  
 These martial satellites hard labour found,  
 To guard a while his substituted throne—  
 Light recking of his cause, but battling for  
 their own.

"From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,  
 And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;  
 Stately Seville responsive war-shot flung,  
 Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;  
 Galicia bade her children fight or fall,  
 Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,  
 Valentia roused her at the battle-call,  
 And foremost still where Valour's sons are  
 met,  
 Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet."

A passage in "*Drayton*," which Wordsworth has imitated,\* is cast in the same mould:—

"Which Copland scarce had spoke, but  
 quickly every hill  
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbour-  
 ing valleys fill;

Helvillon from its height, it through the  
 mountains threw,  
 From whom as soon again the sound Dunbal-  
 raise drew,  
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on the  
 Wendross went,  
 Which, tow'rd the sea again, resounded it to  
 Dent.  
 That Broadwater, therewith within her banks  
 astound,  
 In sailing to the sea told it to Egremound,  
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with  
 echoes loud and long,  
 Did mightily commend old Copland for her  
 song."

We may as well transcribe the passage from Wordsworth:—

"When I had gazed perhaps two minutes'  
 space,  
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 That ravishment of mine, and laugh'd aloud.  
 The rock, like something starting from a sleep  
 Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again!  
 That ancient woman seated on *Helm-crag*,  
 Was ready with her cavern! *Hammer-scar*,  
 And the tall steep of Silver-how sent forth  
 A noise of laughter: southern Loughrig heard,  
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone.  
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 Carried the lady's voice—old Skiddaw blew  
 His speaking trumpet!—back out of the  
 clouds  
 From Glaramara southward came the voice:  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head."

We return to "*Æschylus*." Our readers are aware that Grecian tragedy had its origin in the Bacchic hymn; its essential character was musical or lyrical. A story was, perhaps, first told in direct narrative, as in the Homeric hymns. Hymns sung by a chorus educated for the purpose, where narrative had once taken place of the mere description of the attributes of the gods—for praise, not prayer, was the ancient notion of a hymn—would almost certainly run into dialogue. Where the power of ventriloquism, or anything correspondent to it, existed,

\* See Coleridge's "*Biographia*," vol. ii. page 111.

we have always found the Matthewses and the Alexanders personating a mob of gentlemen, and never contented with telling a story in the first person. The temptation of having a number of performers—this the chorus supplied—made the growth of the drama from the original ode or hymn a thing all but certain. But through the plays of Æschylus the lyrical element still predominates; and if a reader does not at once feel this, his mistake probably arises from the circumstance that *Prometheus* is the first play of Æschylus which is generally read, and there the intensity of the passion overpowers the form altogether. We think of *Prometheus* alone, and the Oceanides and his other visitors are as nothing.

The Bacchic hymn is called by an ancient critic a "*circular* chorus," and this is interpreted to mean a hymn sung by a "chorus standing in a circle;" perhaps, as Mr. Blackie adds, "in a ring round the altar." The chorus originally consisted of fifty persons; these diminished to twelve, and afterwards increased to fifteen. "Such a chorus," says Mr. Blackie—

"Was the grand central trunk out of which the Attic tragedy branched and bloomed to such fair luxuriance of verbal melody. We shall now trace, if we can, the natural steps of progress.

"Let us suppose that the leader of a chorus, trained to sing hymns in honour of the gods, is going to make them sing publicly a hymn in honour of Ζεύς ἰσχυρός—Jove, in his benign character as the friend of the friendless, and the protector of suppliants. Instead of a vague general supplication, in the abstract style to which we are accustomed in our forms of prayer, what could be more natural than for a susceptible and lively Greek to conceive the persons of the chorus as engaged in some particular act of supplication, well-known in the sacred traditions of the people, whose worship he was leading, and to put words in their mouths suitable to such a situation? This done, we have at once *drama*, according to the etymological meaning of the word; that is to say, a represented *action*. The chorus represents certain persons, we shall say, the daughters of Danaus, fugitives from their native Libya, arrived on the stranger coast of Argolis, and in the act of presenting their supplications to their great celestial protector. Such an exhibition, if we will not permit it to be called by the substantive name of *drama*, is, at all events, a dramatised hymn; an ode so essentially dramatic in its character, that it requires but the addition of a

single person besides the chorus to form a complete action; for an action, like a colloquy, is necessarily between two parties—meditation, not action, being the natural business of a solitary man. Now, the single person whose presence is required to turn this dramatised hymn into a proper lyrical drama is already given. The leader of the chorus, or the person to whom the singing band belonged, and who superintended its exhibitions, is such a person. He has only, in the case supposed, to take upon himself the character of the person, the king of the Argives, to whom the supplication is made, to indicate, by word or gesture, the feelings with which he receives their address, and finally to accept or reject their suit; this makes a complete action, and a lyrical drama already exists in all essentials, exactly such as we read the skeleton of it at the present hour, in the *Suppliants* of Æschylus. To go a step beyond this, and add (as has been done in our play) another actor to represent the party pursuing the fugitives, is only to bring the situation already existing to a more violent issue, and not essentially to alter the character of the exhibition. Much less will the mere appendage of a guide or director to the main body of the chorus, in the shape of a father, brother, or other accessory character, change the general effect of the spectacle. The great central mass which strikes the eye, and fills ear and heart with its harmonious appeals, remains still what it was, even before the leader of the band took a part in the lyric exhibition. The dramatised lyric, and the lyrical drama, differ from one another only, according to the simile already used, as a tree with two or three branches differs from a tree with a simple stem. The main body and stamina are the same in each. The Song is the soul of both."

This is not alone the way by which critics have hypothetically conceived that the drama grew out of the "Goat-song," or Bacchic hymn; but we have historical evidence that such were the actual steps of the progress. Diogenes Laertius is quoted to prove the fact. "In the oldest times, the chorus alone went through the dramatic exhibition; then to give rest to the chorus, Thespis introduced one actor, distinct from the singers; Æschylus added a second, and Sophocles a third."

Of the chorus and choral ode, Professor Blackie speaks fearlessly and well; and we cannot serve our younger readers more than by directing them to his work for very accurate and well-digested information on the subject. On the choral dances, however, he becomes sententious and reserved. What! shall a grave professor discuss these

mysteries? There are in Scotland ecclesiastical authorities, that, in all probability, would be scandalised at an instructor of youth telling his class of such things, and, like the father of Jeannie Deans, insist that if dancing was good as an exercise, it would be best to have every one dance by himself. "Our sober, British, stern Protestant, and precise Presbyterian notions," says Mr. Blackie, "make it very difficult for us to realise this peculiarity of the Grecian drama, namely, that the dance constituted an essential part of it. Think of *Æschylus* as a dancing-master! And yet," says Mr. Blackie, "Athenæus tells us that the author of *Prometheus* really was a professor of the orchestric art, and a very cunning one, too." However, on this subject we are told by Mr. Blackie that he does not know much about it, and that though it would appear he is not quite satisfied with what Donaldson and Bœckh have said on the subject, he is not in a position to contradict them.

"With regard to *Æschylus*, in particular, I do not see how I should be acting in consistency with the testimony of Athenæus just quoted, if I were to assign such a small proportion of the choric performances to orchestric accompaniment, as Bœckh and Donaldson have done in their editions of the play of *Sophocles*, which the genius of Miss Faucit has rendered so dear to the friends of the drama in this country. It would be easy to show, from internal evidence such as Bœckh finds in what he calls the Orchestric Chorus, or *ὀρχήστριον* of the *Antigone*, that certain choruses of *Æschylus* are more adapted for violent and extensive orchestric movements than others. But I have thought it more prudent, considering the general uncertainty that surrounds this matter, not to make any allusion to dancing in any one performance of the Chorus more than another; contenting myself with carefully distinguishing everywhere between the anapaestic parts where the Chorus is plainly making extensive movements, and the CHORAL HYMN with regular Strophe and Antistrophe, which is sung when they are placed in their proper position in a square band round the *Thymele* (*θυμῖλη*), or Bacchic altar, in the centre of the orchestra."

We are delighted, in the midst of the old iron of scholiasts and commentators, to find that Mr. Blackie has his heart and eyes awake to what is better than any other comment on the ancient drama, and that he seems to

have admired Miss Faucit's *Antigone* and *Iphigenia* as much as ourselves. It is a comfort that in his revival of the ancient drama, Mr. Calcraft has been satisfied with the spoken chorus, and not set his crazy old men and women dancing in the character of Argive chiefs or Trojan captives, or Fates or Furies.

Tragedy was the creation of *Æschylus*. It is strange that it was not of earlier origin, considering the enthusiasm with which it was received, and the almost instant improvements which followed his first conversion of the ode into dialogue—improvements which, though introduced by *Sophocles*, *Æschylus*, in his later dramas, availed himself of. The gigantic world in which his conceptions were cast gave them even an air of probability. What was impossible to ordinary mortals, was natural, as it were, to demigods; or rather, we were removed from common life, and saw an enlarged and glorified humanity. Sufferings themselves became dignified by being sufferings inflicted directly by gods, and borne by more than men. There was the relief, too, of the heroes being, for the most part, the founders or ancestors of the ruling families of Greece. The heroic age had passed away; kingship had, to an extraordinary degree, ceased, without any adequate cause that has been detected, through almost all the communities of Greece; and we think it not impossible that the heroes and heroines of tragedy—the Agamemnons, the Clytemnestras, and the Cassandra—were thought of almost as the giants and Titans of old time. They were mighty—almost, like Kehama, almighty; but some old curse—some inherited evil for some unatoned ancestral crime—had held them entangled for ages in its inextricable meshes, or how could power like theirs be ever uprooted from the earth? There was no danger for the liberties of Greece in awaking sympathy for a race of beings removed altogether from the same place with the auditors whom the poets addressed. The old dethroned dynasties—the tyrants whom Greece abhorred and got rid of—were again recalled to this sort of dramatic existence. The vanity of the nation was gratified. The interval between the old heroic ages and that in which these magnificent dramas were first exhibited was bridged over, and a period with



which history feared to deal became, without injury to existing political institutions, a part of the national story.

What a wonderful thing was one of those ancient representations! The theatre was itself a religious temple; by no one of the audience was it ever forgotten that in the worship of their gods these splendid spectacles originated. Think of the vastness of one of these theatres, with the whole Athenian people, we may almost say, as the audience. No expense spared. The education of a people was the object and the result; and whatever Athens could bestow for such an object was wisely and abundantly given. Temples and palaces were exhibited in their own actual dimensions; the cloudless sky of Greece was overhead and around; the gods and heroes were not, as it were, imprisoned in a thing like what we call a theatre. Whatever sculpture, or painting, or music could do to illustrate or assist the noblest poetry that the world has ever produced, was profusely done. Had the poetry of the Greek dramatist not survived to our own time, it is probable that we should not have given credit to the fact of the highest poetry having been produced under these circumstances. We should probably have imagined it overpowered by so many accompaniments. We should, perhaps, have thought that the poet would shrink from descriptions of person or place, where the kindred arts of the sculptor and the painter seemed to render his description unnecessary; but the answer to all this is, that the strong sympathy of his audience acted on the poet like inspiration. While their admiration supported him, the fountain of his imagination never failed. Æschylus left sixty-six dramas, of which seven remain. Those of Euripides were numberless; numbers—too many—remain. The trilogy of the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephora*, and the *Eumenides*, is the greatest work of Æschylus. It was among his last. To us it seems to be written with calmer and more equal power than the *Prometheus*. The compass of thought is wider, though the passion is not so intense. *Prometheus* is, in truth, one great soliloquy, the few incidents that arise being but occasions of varying the tone in which Prometheus gives utterance to his feelings of having endured wrong from the tyranny of nature, or the power that

controls nature. *Prometheus* is an appeal from state religion to that sense of right written within the heart. Prometheus was a sufferer that typified such sufferings and such wrong as Socrates had to endure, and as is the reward of men's best benefactors—the givers of gifts for which society is not yet prepared. Still, in *Prometheus* there is something harsh and unsatisfying. We know that, in another drama of the trilogy of which *Prometheus* forms a part, Zeus and Prometheus are reconciled. This is difficult to imagine, consistently with the drama that we have. However, we have not now time for these speculations, and our business at the moment is with the Agamemnonian trilogy.

The first drama opens with a view of the palace of Agamemnon. The watchman who has been placed on the roof to watch for the fires which are to announce the destruction of Troy, beholds the expected light. His speech is joyous congratulation, and yet something of mystery is hinted at. "The masculine-minded" Clytemnestra is spoken of in a tone suggestive of doubt. The existence of palace secrets is intimated:—

"These walls, if they could speak,  
Would say strange things. Myself to those that know  
Am free of speech, to whose knows not dumb."

The chorus of Argive elders commences an ode, in which are related the causes of the Trojan war—Paris's violation of hospitable rites—the offence thus given to Zeus, the protector of the laws of hospitality—the vengeance of Greece, aided by the gods. The ode is interrupted by the chorus seeing the blaze of illuminations through the city:—

"But what is this? what wandering word,  
Clytemnestra queen, hath reached thee?  
What hast seen? or what hast heard  
That from street to street swift flies  
Thy word, commanding sacrifice?  
All the altars of all the gods  
That keep the city, gods supernal,  
Gods Olympian, gods infernal,  
Gods of the Forum, blaze with gifts;  
Right and left the flame mounts high,  
    Spiring to the sky.  
With the gentle soothings cherished  
Of the oil that knows no malice,  
And the sacred cake that smokes  
From the queen's chamber in the palace.  
What thou canst and may'st, declare;  
Be the healer of the care

That bodes black harm within me ; change it  
To the bright and hopeful ray,  
Which from the altar riseth, chasing  
From the heart the sateless sorrow  
That eats vexed life away."

The ode continues, and assumes a higher tone. The omens and auguries are related which attended the first fitting out of the armament that sailed for Troy. The omens intimate that Artemis is offended. She sends adverse winds ; and at last it is told by the prophet, who reads the will of the gods, that she is to be appeased only by human sacrifice—by the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter. We give Mr. Blackie's translation of this passage, not only for its own beauty, but that our readers may compare it with one which appeared in what we may be allowed to call a very instructive paper on *Æschylus*, in a late number of this journal.\* That translation was in somewhat more of a ballad tone than Mr. Blackie's ambitious version ; but we will not venture to determine to which the palm ought to be given. We, who are writing, do not happen to know who the author of the paper on *Æschylus*, which gave us very great pleasure, is.

" In vain with prayers, in vain she beats  
dull ears  
With a father's name ; the war-delighting  
chiefs

Heed not her virgin years.  
The father stood ; and when the priests  
had prayed,  
Take her, he said ; in her loose robes en-  
folden,  
Where prone and spent she lies, so lift the  
maid ;

Even as a kid is laid,  
So lay her on the altar ; with dumb force  
Her beauteous mouth gag, lest it breathe a  
voice

Of curse to Argos.  
And as they led the maid, her saffron robe  
Sweeping the ground, with pity-moving dart  
She smote each from her eye,  
Even as a picture beautiful, fain to speak,  
But could not. Well that voice they knew  
of yore ;

Oft at her father's festive board,  
With gallant banqueters ringed cheerly  
round,

The virgin strain they heard  
That did so sweetly pour  
Her father's praise, whom Heaven had richly  
crowned  
With bounty brimming o'er."

Clytemnestra now enters. In the magnificent passage which we have already quoted, she describes the series of signal fires by which the fall of Troy was announced. She uses language of exultation at Agamemnon's approaching return ; still here are dark hints of evil :—

" Their ships must brook  
The chances of the sea, and these being 'scaped,  
If they have sinned, the gods their own will claim,  
And vengeance wakes till blood shall be atoned."

Another ode follows, in which the chorus relates Helen's desertion of her husband, and its accompanying evils—the disaffection growing up against Agamemnon and Menelaus, from the loss of so many lives at Troy. The Furies are not to be appeased ; they watch their moment to take vengeance on the shedders of blood. For a hymn of gratulation on Agamemnon's return, there are strange cadences of woe for ever mingling with the song. This choral ode presents greater difficulties to a reader of *Æschylus* than perhaps any other passage in the whole range of the Greek tragic poets. The text is unfixed, and the best scholars differ on the general meaning of several passages so entirely, as to be in absolute contradiction with each other. When this is the case, there can be no great object in our giving any extract from Mr. Blackie's version of the ode, unaccompanied with verbal criticism carried on to an extent which would be inconsistent with a paper of the class we are writing ; but we may, in general terms, state that we differ from him, as we regard the lines which he has translated into a description of Menelaus after the departure of Helen, as being, in the poet's intention, a picture of Helen herself. The passage is one, however, which throws a translator on conjecture. Throughout the ode, however understood, there is a tone of sadness ill suited to a hymn of congratulation for Agamemnon's arrival. Evil is dwelt on as the character of all the past—evil, in the anticipations of the chorus, is plainly apprehended in the approaching future.

The message from Troy is as yet unconfirmed ; the signal fires are yet uninterpreted. On this subject all doubt is soon removed. A herald

\* Ante, page 115.

arrives. His rapture at again returning to his country after so many years of absence, and his invocation of his country's gods, for a moment delay his communication of the joyous event. We at last learn from him that Troy is captured, and that Agamemnon has returned. Still, as throughout every scene in this drama, woe is mingled with weal. He tells us of a storm that separated the ship in which Menelaus was from the rest of the Grecian fleet, and uncertainty hangs over his fate. This is the occasion of another choral ode, in which Helen is reproached with all the calamities which have followed every one in any way connected with her. The Fury, that watches to punish ancestral crime, is again and again dwelt on. Evidence is given in the tempest, and its wrath, directed against Menelaus, of the gods being yet unappeased. The woes of the house of Pelops are not at an end—the glory of Agamemnon is a thing that the gods may envy; for the gods, in the universal feeling of every ancient system of mythology, did envy man when in a state of high prosperity, and the proudest moment of life was the most dangerous. This thought is the under-current which determines almost all that the chorus say in addressing Agamemnon, and which is felt through his reply to them, and through his whole bearing. He claims no praise to himself—the destruction of the city was the act of the gods—was the determination of inflexible justice. It was the unanimous act of the gods—man was but their instrument. He receives the congratulations of the elders, but intimates that congratulations are not always sincere—that in his absence evils are not unlikely to have arisen in the city, and in the palace more especially, which it may become his first duty to correct or to punish. The envy, which under the circumstances it would seem to him impiety to attribute to the gods, is not unlikely, he thinks, to be the feeling of some of his household.

The conversation between Agamemnon and the chorus of Argive elders is held before he has yet descended from the car, in which he has returned. In long procession behind him are the slaves whom he has brought and the spoils which he has taken; and among them, in an elevated car, is Cassandra, the Trojan prophetess, the

daughter of Priam, then the slave of Agamemnon. At the close of Agamemnon's speech, Clytemnestra addresses not her husband, but the Argive elders, affirming immoderate love for her husband; yet still the language is as of one who has to defend herself against many imputations. This speech is skilfully rendered by Mr. Blackie, and with a just perception of the character of Clytemnestra, which he succeeds in impressing on his reader; and this is of more importance than any minute beauties of execution, and outweighs many of what less indulgent writers than ourselves might treat as arising in misconceptions of the precise meaning of his author.

Well, this deserted woman has suffered as never woman did from the absence of her husband. He has died hundreds of times, for she had an ear awake to every report; and every time his death was reported, she went and hanged herself, but her friends always cut her down. If Agamemnon might naturally expect to find his son at home, and did not, why there was a reason for that too. Disloyalty was growing up during his absence, and his son was safer anywhere than at home:

"Moved by these thoughts I parted with  
my boy,  
And for no other cause. Myself the while  
So woe-worn lived, the fountains of my grief  
To their last drop were with much weeping  
drained;  
And far into the night my watch I've kept  
With weary eyes, while in my lonely room  
The night-torch faintly glimmered. In my  
dream  
The buzzing gnat, with its light-brushing  
wing,  
Startled the fretful sleeper; thou hast been  
In waking hours, as in sleep's fitful turns,  
My only thought. But having bravely borne  
This weight of woe, now with blithe heart I  
greet  
Thee, my heart's lord, the watch-dog of the  
fold,  
The ship's sure mainstay, pillared shaft  
whereon  
Rests the high roof, fond parent's only child,  
Land seen by sailors past all hope, a day  
Lovely to look on when the storm hath  
broken,  
And to the thirsty wayfarer the flow  
Of gushing rill. O sweet it is, how sweet  
To see an end of the harsh yoke that galled  
us!  
These greetings to my lord; nor grudge me,  
friends,  
This breath of welcome; sorrows we have  
known

Ample enough. And now, thou precious head,  
Come from thy car; nay, do not set thy foot,  
The foot that trampled Troy, on common clay.  
What ho! ye laggard maids! why lags your task  
Behind the hour? Spread purple where he treads.  
Fitley the brodered foot-cloth marks his path,  
Whom Justice leadeth to his long-lost home  
With unexpected train. What else remains  
Our sleepless zeal, with favour of the gods,  
Shall order as befits."

Agamemnon declines the proposed honours. To tread on purple would but breed envy; to be honoured by such abject prostration as, from his reply to her speech, it would appear Clytemnestra offered—for she falls on her knees—is fit but for some barbarian king. It offends Agamemnon:—

"Such honours  
Suit the immortal gods; me, being mortal,  
To tread on rich-flowered carpetings wise  
fear  
Prohibits. As a man, not as a god,  
Let me be honoured. Not the less my fame  
Shall be far blazoned, that on common earth  
I tread untapestried. A sober heart  
Is the best gift of God; call no man happy  
Till death hath found him prosperous to the close.  
For me, if what awaits me fall not worse  
Than what hath fallen, I have good cause  
to look  
Bravely on fate."

Clytemnestra insists and argues, and he allows himself to be persuaded:—

"AGA.—Thou hast thy will. Come, boy,  
unbind these sandals,  
That are the prostrate subjects to my feet,  
When I do tread; for with shod feet I never  
May leave my print on the sea-purple, lest  
Some god with jealous eye look from afar  
And mark me. Much I fear with insolent  
foot  
To trample wealth, and rudely soil the web  
Whose precious threads the pure-veined  
silver buys.  
So much for this. As for this maid, receive  
The stranger kindly: the far-seeing gods  
Look down with love on him who mildly  
sways.  
For never yet was yoke of slavery borne  
By willing neck; of all the captive maids  
The choicest flower, she to my portion fell.  
And now, since thou art victor o'er my will,  
I tread the purple to my father's hall."

Agamemnon enters the house; Clytemnestra's language is that of even

boisterous exultation, and to Agamemnon's ear is intended to convey no other thought than of extravagant and boundless love; still to those who know or suspect the ongoings at the palace during his absence, her words fall in strangely with some uncommunicated purpose. Agamemnon and Clytemnestra have now left the scene to the Argive elders (the Chorus) and Cassandra. Cassandra remains silent, and the Chorus again sings. This chant is filled with yet darker intimations of coming evil. The prophet Chalcas, at the time of the armament being delayed at Argos, had uttered prophecies, the whole evil of which did not appear to be yet exhausted. Agamemnon had, no doubt, returned; yet there were misgivings. This incident of his treading on purple, and receiving something like the worship of a god, indicated the dangerous height of prosperity that the gods grudge to man. There are awful allusions to the shedding of blood and its inevitable consequences. The sacrifice of Iphigenia is probably thought of: a strange song rings in the ears of the Chorus—perhaps the echo of Chalcas's prophecy—perhaps forebodings, prompted by their own fears, of Clytemnestra's purposes; but, whatever be the purposes of fate, they are too dimly revealed to man to have any communication of them useful for the purpose of prevention.

In this state of fear and expectation the Chorus are, when Clytemnestra returns for the purpose of persuading Cassandra to enter the house. Her tone is wholly changed. When we last saw her, the success of her device against Agamemnon had inspired her with the language of almost intoxicate exultation. Her thoughts were all wrapped up in oriental imagery. This is more distinctly marked in *Æschylus* himself than in any of his translators. We wish we had some prose version by us, as it would in this way be easier to exhibit the contrast. We give Mr. Blackie's translation:—

"CR.—The wide sea flows; and who shall dry it up?  
The ocean flows, and in its vasty depths  
Is brewed the purple's die, as silver precious,  
A tincture ever-fresh for countless robes.  
But Agamemnon's house is not a beggar;  
With this, and with much more the gods  
provide us;  
And purple I had vowed enough to spread

The path of many triumphs, had a god  
 Given me such 'hest oracular to buy  
 The ransom of thy life. We have thee now,  
 Both root and trunk, a tree rich leafage  
     spreading  
 To shade this mansion from the Sirian dog.  
 Welcome, thou double blessing! to this  
     hearth  
 That bringest heat against keen winter's cold,  
 And coolness when the sweltering Jove pre-  
     pares  
 Wine from the crudeness of the bitter grape;  
 Enter the house, made perfect by thy pre-  
     sence.  
 Jove, Jove, the perfecter! perfect thou my vow,  
 And thine own counsels quickly perfect  
     thou!"

The perfect earnest of her purposes towards Cassandra makes her now express scorn of Asiatic manners. She tells her her duties as a slave: there is nothing of insult in her tone, till provoked beyond endurance by Cassandra's fixed silence. She retires, having failed to induce her by entreaties to enter the house. Cassandra is now left with the Chorus, and a scene of great horror follows. The past and the future rush on Cassandra's mind; the whole woes of the house of Pelops are crowded together before the mind and eye of the Trojan prophetess, and a passage, surpassing in the original anything that either Scott or Campbell have given us in their representations of prophetic frenzy treading on the bounds of actual madness, is exhibited to us by Mr. Blackie with very striking effect, and, for the most part, in a tone true to the spirit of his author. Cassandra's predictions include her own death, and, in defiance of the Chorus, she rushes into the house to be murdered. The cries of Agamemnon are heard, and the sacrifice is perfected.

The length at which we have stated the story of the *Agamemnon* renders it impossible for us to do more than to advert to the *Choephora*. In the *Choephora* Orestes accomplishes the death of his mother and of Ægisthus. His father is thus avenged; but no sooner has the deed been performed, than he is haunted by the Furies for the act. He is told that expiation is to be found in the Temple of Loxias, and he flies, hunted by the Furies, from the stage. Some moral reflections on the ancestral guilt, and the curses inherited by the third generation of his fated house, conclude the piece.

In the *Choephora*, the Chorus consists of Trojan captives, sent by Clytemnestra to offer libations on the tomb of Agamemnon; and hence the name of the play. The Eumenides, or Furies, who are the Chorus in the next number of the Orestean trilogy, give it its name. The student of the original here misses the assistance of Klausen, whose valuable edition of Æschylus was left imperfect by his death, and whose death was the greatest loss ancient literature sustained since that of Niebuhr.

The *Eumenides* opens at Delphi, with the Priestess of Apollo addressing the gods before ascending the prophetic chair. Having performed the customary rites in the vestibule, she enters the temple, but returns in horror, saying she has seen, under the central dome, a man—a suppliant, it would seem—clinging to the altar; his hands bloody, a drawn sword in one, and in the other a branch of olive wreathed round with wool; and round him, asleep on the sacred seats, a number of women—gorgons, or harpies rather. It is hard to conjecture what they are: harpies have wings, if old paintings may be relied on:—

"But these are wingless, black,  
 Incarnate horrors, and with breathings dire  
 Snort unapproachable, and from their eyes  
 Pestiferous beads of poison they distil.  
 Such uncouth sisterhood, apparell'd so,  
 From all affinity of gods or men  
 Divorced, from me and from the gods be far,  
 And from all human homes! Nor can the  
     land,  
 That lends these unblest hags a home, remain  
 Uncursed by fearful scourges. But the god,  
 Thrice-potent Loxias himself will ward  
 His holiest shrine from lawless outrage. Him  
 Physician, prophet, soothsayer, we call,  
 Cleansing from guilt the blood-polluted hall."

We lose sight of the priestess, and the interior of the temple is disclosed, to view. The Furies, whom the priestess has described, are still in the attitudes in which she saw them, and are still sleeping. Objects that she did not see are, however, exhibited to us. Gods are in conversation with the suppliant, and Apollo directs Orestes—he it is who has fled to his altar—to go to Athens, where just judgment will be rendered. Thus will he find an end to his troubles—

"Thou knowest that I, the god,  
 When thou didst strike, myself the blow directed."



Apollo gives him to the guidance of Hermes, and he leaves the temple while the Furies are still asleep. The shade of Clytemnestra rises, and awakes the Furies, who follow their victim. Apollo drives the Furies from the temple.

The Unities of Time and Place do not seem to have disturbed *Æschylus*. The unity of subject, the only one of these false gods of French criticism that has any meaning, is never forgotten, and we now find Orestes, after a considerable lapse of time it would appear, at Athens, in the Temple of Athena. They have pursued him over land and sea, and when he at last would rest in the Temple of Athena, he finds that his relentless followers have overtaken him. He pleads that he has, by his manifold miseries, been led to seek every form of expiation. To have slain a mother was a heavy duty imposed on him as the avenger of blood—of his father's blood—a duty which heaven exacted, and which he could not repudiate. The faded blood has been washed down by lustrations till the stain is gone; the social excommunication has been removed by the sprinkling of swine's blood; and he has held communings with his kind again. Time, that smooths all things, has smoothed the front of his offence; and he implores Athena, the goddess of the land where he now is, to rescue him. His prayers, he says, are uttered from unpolluted lips. The Furies still claim him; and, in a fearful chant, which has been imitated by Byron and by Goethe, devote their victim to agonies which the very language that describes them seems to have the strange power of inflicting and perpetuating. *Æschylus*'s translators here are by no means successful in giving a general notion of the effect, but the passages are in truth untranslatable. Potter and Blackie are each, in their own way, good; and each would be better, if Potter was not thinking of Gray, and Blackie of Byron. Athena appears; she hears the accusation of the Furies and Orestes's statement, and promises to appoint judges to decide the controversy. In a remarkable ode, the Chorus (the Eumenides themselves) augur the destruction of all society from this introduction of new laws, and new forms of trial. Obedience to the institutions of society will be now substituted for the powers of conscience and the voice of the gods within the

heart. The Furies will, however, curse on, and modern society will pursue its way; thus confusion will be introduced, and the unseen powers that before ruled the bosom will gradually lose their honours. The ruin of religion will be the necessary consequence of the existence of anything like settled law, and this intrusive examination into the real facts of a case before deciding it, which the goddess of wisdom would introduce. The Eumenides, in short, argue as if they were arguing at the Synod of Thurles, and really they very often seem to have the best of it, and at worst they have the power of excommunication to aid them. The trial goes on, and the Furies lose the day. The votes are equal, and Athena gives her casting-voice in favour of Orestes. The Furies become more and more furious; listen to their imprecations:—

"Curse on your cause,  
Ye gods that are younger!  
O'er the time-hallowed laws  
Rough ye ride, as the stronger.  
Of the prey that was ours  
Ye with rude hands bereave us,  
'Mid the dark-dreaded Powers  
Shorn of honour ye leave us.  
Behold, on the ground,  
From a heart of hostility,  
I sprinkle around  
Black gouts of sterility!  
A plague I will bring  
With a dry lichen spreading;  
No green blade shall spring  
Where the Fury is treading.  
To abortion I turn  
The birth of the blooming,  
Where the plague-spot shall burn  
Of my wrath life-consuming.  
I am mocked, but in vain  
They rejoice at my moaning;  
They shall pay for my pain,  
With a fearful atoning,  
Who seized on my right,  
And, with wrong unexampled,  
On the daughters of Night  
High scornfully trampled."

To feel the scene fully, we must remember the uncouth dress of the strange sisterhood; and in this we are aided by Mr. Blackie, who translates a passage from "*Diogenes Laertius*," quoted by Stanley:—

"Menedemus the cynic went to such fantastic excess as to go about in his dress of the Furies, saying that he was sent as a visitant of human iniquity from Hades, that he might descend again and report to the In-

fernal Powers. His garb was a dun-coloured tunic, reaching down to the feet, girt with a crimson sash; on his head an Arcadian cap, with the twelve signs of the Zodiac interwoven; tragic buskins, a very long beard, and an ashen rod in his hand."

In this dress, or something like it, did the gorgon-featured monsters appear, with some variety of costume, no doubt, for we have not here the torches nor the serpent hair.

Athena's calmness is more than a match for their violence. She succeeds in establishing her new college of the Areopagus; not, however, without a fair compromise with the Furies. Care is taken that places shall be found for them, in connection with the New College or Colleges, and that their worship shall be permanently provided for. She is afraid of their tongues, and she has considerable respect for their antiquity—

"Cast not the seed of reckless speech  
To crop the land with woe. Soothing the waves  
Of bitter anger darkling in thy breast.  
Dwell in this land this dreadful deity,  
Sistered with me. Where thronging worshippers,  
Henceforth shall cull choice firstlings for thine altars,  
Praying thy grace to bless the wedded rite,  
And the child-bearing womb. Then honoured so,  
How wise my present counsel thou shalt know."

Athena comforts them, as we understand her, by a promise of their being provided for by offerings at weddings and christenings, there not being, properly speaking, any State establishment for religion at Athens. A compact is at last entered into; and the Eumenides, now become somewhat civil, are exacting enough. They have considerable hopes of the actual conversion of Athens to theirs, the old worship. This would be somewhat better than keeping their own at Argos; and Athena even suggests something of the kind. A distinct promise is made to the representative of the old ways of thinking, that "without her no house shall rise to glory." And Athena adds—

"Him that reveres thee, shall my power protect.  
I will build up his house that honours thee."

The Fury who leads and represents the chorus at last relents, and utters a rather tame form of benediction, interrupted occasionally by the voice of Athena, continuing to soothe these goddesses, who have now become gracious, but who continue to be very ugly, and who, though but of yesterday in comparison of the celestial deities, have had from their birth the appearance of

age. The compromise is, however, at last effected—a sanctuary is found for the Eumenides, and the drama closes with a splendid procession of the Athenian people, conducting them to their appointed homes:—

#### EUMENIDES.

"Hail, yet again, with this last salutation,  
Ye sons of Athena, ye citizens all!  
On gods, and on mortals, in high congregation

Assembled, my blessing not vainly shall fall.  
O city of Pallas, while thou shalt revere me,  
Thy walls hold the pledge that no harm  
shall come near thee.

#### ATHENA.

"Well hymned. My heart chimes with you,  
and I send

The beamy-twinkling torches to conduct you  
To your dark-vaulted chambers 'neath the  
ground.

They who attend my shrine, with pious homage,

Shall be your convoy. The fair eye of the land,  
The marshalled host of Theseus' sons shall  
march

In festive train with you, both man and  
woman,

Matron and maid, green youth and hoary age.  
Honour the awful maids, clad with the grace  
Of purple-tinctured robes; and let the flame  
March 'fore their path bright-rayed, and,  
evermore,

With populous wealth smile every Attic rood,  
Blessed by this gracious-minded sisterhood.

#### CONVOY

(*Conducting the Eumenides in festal pomp to  
their subterranean temple, with torches in  
their hands*).

STR. I.—Go with honour crowned and glory,  
Of hoary night the daughters hoary,  
To your destined hall.

Where our sacred train is wending  
Stand, ye pious throngs attending,  
Hushed in silence all.

ANTIS. I.—Go to hallowed habitations,  
'Neath Ogygian Earth's foundations:  
In that darksome hall  
Sacrifice and supplication  
Shall not fail. In adoration  
Silent worship all.

STR. II.—Here, in caverned halls, abiding  
High on awful thrones presiding,  
Gracious ye shall reign.  
March in torches' glare rejoicing!  
Sing, ye throngs, their praises, voicing  
Loud the exultant strain!

ANTIS. II.—Blazing torch, and pure libation  
From age to age this pious nation  
Shall not use in vain.  
Thus hath willed it Jove all-seeing,  
Thus the Fate. To their decreeing  
Shout the responsive train!

We cannot at present accompany  
Mr. Blackie through the four remain-

ing dramas of *Æschylus*. That we think very highly of his book is plain from what we have said; and we have little doubt that, after reading the extracts we have given, our readers will agree with us. If we have anything to complain of, or to wish otherwise, it would be this: we think the advantage of English blank verse is, that it admits a much looser arrangement of words than any other metrical form, and we think it would be well if Mr. Blackie had availed himself more freely and frequently of this important element of power. We should wish, on the other hand, that in the lyrical parts of his work he had allowed himself to be fettered in some form of stanza, and not followed wherever an extravagant and erring rhyme chanced to lead. In the original the fixed recurrence of the same metrical forms at anticipated intervals is one of the charms of the versification; and we think had Mr. Blackie constructed some of the choral odes on the model of Gray's "*Bard*," or "*The Progress of Poesy*," it would have been better than the looser measures he has adopted. In the original the reasoning very often is detected in the most complex passages, by an examination of the metrical structure. When we have read over and over, with increasing doubt, some of the more difficult choruses, all doubt has been removed by a comparison of what, for convenience, we shall call a stanza, with that in correspondence with which it was framed. It has been to us almost as a key of the same kind that is furnished to a student of the Scriptures in Jebb's "*Sacred Literature*." This may seem fanciful, but we have little doubt of the importance of the suggestion to those who are anxious to learn the train of thought which has moulded the forms of expression, or been itself modified by the reaction of language. We are far from agreeing with Klausen in many things; but his editions of the *Agamemnon* and the *Choephora* are the best with which we are acquainted.

With the translations of *Æschylus* we are not well acquainted. Dr. Kennedy Bailie's *Agamemnon* is often very beautiful; so is Harford's; and Potter's, which the accident of our present task has led us to examine, is, considering it is three quarters of a century old, and was written before the late assiduous study of the Greek dramatists, a work of great merit. It is often

exceedingly graceful—now and then more so than any of its successors. In scholarship, too, Potter was unapproached by any fellow-labourer of his in the field of verse translation, except perhaps Dr. Bailie. But we must conclude, thanking Mr. Blackie for his very valuable work.

Mr. Blackie's prefaces and notes to the different dramas are very instructive, and, what we think much better, are very amusing. He is exceedingly good-humoured and good-natured, too, in all that he says of his predecessors in the business of editing and translating. It is pleasant to see the pet names by which, in his notes, he is fond of designating the old heroes and heroines. Still AG. and HAG. are strange abbreviations for Agamemnon and Co. CLY. and THY. is no proper way of writing Clytemnestra and Thyestes. HELL. is rather a disrespectful form of Helena, though, in this case, there may be something more than meets the eye, as in Symmons's translation of a passage which Mr. Blackie has dealt with not unskilfully, and in which there is a play of words on her name, which, in Greek, means "the taker," we have her called

"Hell of nations! heroes' Hell!  
Hell of cities! From the tissued  
Harem chamber-veils she issued."

"No one," says Symmons, "who understands the deep philosophy of *Æschylus*, and his oriental turn of thought, will suspect the play upon the name of Helena to be a frigid exercise of wit." This is as it is, and we shall be dumb as to our opinion of the matter; but the case is one, as far as the translator is concerned, for indulgence. Our poor friend Mangan, had he been dealing with the passage, would have thought there was no great difference between the Irish name Eileen-a-roon and some of the forms of "*αἴψα*" and "*αἰών*," and would have dashed us off a translation worth a dozen of Symmons's, in five minutes—something to this cadence—

Priam, thy pride is fallen;  
This is the Nell or knell—  
*Eileen-a-roon*.

The knell—of hell!—a belle; oh, yes!  
A bell—  
*Eileen-a-roon*.

Dread bells—dead knell—foretold  
Of old—how well!  
*Eileen-a-roon.*  
Alas! poor Nell!

HELL and NELL, then, is an excepted case, but we could not bear to hear Achilles himself—much less a gentleman with, no doubt, a northern accent—calling Patroclus PAT. And as to Cassandra, to call her either great CASS. or little CASS. is to call her out of her name, and reduce her very serious prophecies to a mere trick on the cards; besides that, the game is quite out of fashion.

"The printer chaps  
In paper caps"

should correct this, or be stript and whipt, like George Withers's Abuses.

"Thebes and Pelops, mighty line,  
And the house of Troy divine,"

even in these utilitarian days, might be printed, and at no great expense, at full length. We don't feel quite so much out of humour when the case is of moderns. It is very entertaining to see on what intimate terms he seems to be with the familiars who have been working for him. CON. DON. TIM. SYM. KLAU. PAU. PEN. KEN. WATT. POT. are the kind of fairy names which

we everywhere meet in his notes. These are the dead of old time, who have been working at Æschylus—

"Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand,  
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain,  
Inglorious on the plain."

But who in the world are they?—Has any one ever heard of them before? "Presbyter" is, we are told, "Priest" writ large—and these are the names of great men writ small—translators and commentators who are most of them dead, and whom their works have followed or preceded. Still they have been of great use to our author; in short we do not know how the "Goat Song" could have been accomplished without them; they are the Heinzelmen that do the translator's work while he is asleep.

Pleasant fellows these Heinzelmen are! and we wish we could get them to drudge for us, as we are told they did at Cologne, long ago, for butcher, and baker, and sausage-maker—for poet, and preacher, and professor, too, we have little doubt; but certainly for all those directly engaged, as the old tragedians and their company were, in the service of Bacchus, as well as the vintner and winecooper in Koppish's pleasant ballad:—

"The Vintner's case was as follows: His cooper  
Near an empty cask lay as drunk as a trooper.  
Poor devil! let him swill,  
Or sleep as he will,  
Booze he, or snooze he, his work goes on still.  
Their ease may the vintner and winecooper take,  
The Elves are active—the Elves are awake.  
They fly to their task,  
They sulphur each cask,  
They heave them with sledge,  
They fix them with wedge,  
They shake them, and stoop them, and leave them on edge.  
They place in the wine-vat the basket of wicker,  
And—in with the ripe grapes! and—out with the liquor!  
They pound and they beat,  
With fists and with feet,  
Crush! go the ripe grapes, as, frolicking, rollicking,  
Rave the mad mannikins blithe as the jolly king!  
They bruise and they smash,  
And they plash in the mash—  
They pour out the must, and are busy diluting it,  
Dabbling, and drugging, and squeezing red fruit in it;  
Wonderful fellows are they at transmuting it!  
When the Vintner and Winecooper come to themselves,  
Lo! the wine made and doctored, and all—by the Elves."<sup>\*</sup>

\* See "Sunderland's Poets of Germany," and THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, Vol. XVII., January, 1841, for Koppish's ballad.

## MARGUERITE DE VIENNE.

## A TALE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

At the time when our tale opens, towards the close of the year 1186, the palace occupied by the kings of Jerusalem wore a dreary and mournful appearance. Its walls, hung with black, testified to all beholders the presence of its dreaded inmate—Death. The nominal sovereignty of the infant Baldwin V. had been of short duration, and he had now followed his uncle and predecessor, the fourth Baldwin, to an untimely grave.

In a small antechamber in this dismal fortress-palace were seated two ladies engaged in earnest conversation. The elder was still in the prime of life, and had she not been placed in such immediate contrast with the freshly ripening loveliness of her companion, might well have been deemed beautiful in the extreme. Her massive black hair overshadowed a brow white as marble, finely developed, and intellectual in expression. Her figure, shrouded in its mournful drapery, far exceeded the average height of her sex, and her bearing, though perfectly feminine, was dignified and commanding. Her companion, who reclined timidly at her feet in an attitude expressive of deep dejection, was a young and singularly lovely girl. Her golden tresses waved luxuriantly, as they fell in clustering curls over her fair shoulders, softening the outline of her slender form. Her white dress, though simple in effect, was composed of rich and costly material, and was clasped by brilliant and dazzling jewels.

Marguerite de Vienne—for so the younger was named—having remained for some moments buried in thought, raised at last her fair head, and shaking back the curtain of rippling gold which concealed her delicate features, fixed on the elder lady her humid eyes, with an expression of loving entreaty well nigh irresistible.

“You at least will plead for me, dear lady,” she said. “I shall not allow myself to despair; I shall hope everything from your powerful intercession. Haughty as the Grand Master is, he must relent when you speak in behalf

of my dear Ibelin. Who can better vouch for his chivalrous daring and knightly prowess than Queen Sybilla; for in your service, lady, and in defence of the Holy Sepulchre, has he not already received many honourable wounds, and constantly put his life in peril?—who so well as you can recount his exploits on that memorable day when he rescued Count Guy de Lusignan from the scimitars of the Moslem, and restored your own loved lord unharmed to your arms.”

“I am not unmindful of my obligations to the Sieur de Balean,” said the elder lady; “neither would this be a time to forget them, even if I were so ungrateful; for I fear me, Marguerite, I shall need now more than ever the good swords and lances of all my servants, unless I shall consent to be in name only, and not in deed, Queen of Jerusalem. But we must act cautiously in this matter. For the present any interference with your guardian would be ill-timed, useless to you, and certainly fatal to my cause. The power and influence of the Grand Master of the Templars are too great to render it prudent in me to exasperate him at this critical juncture by advocating a love marriage for his ward, or thwarting, by any exercise of my queenly authority, his ambitious projects for you, my sweet Marguerite.”

“You are not wont, in your own case, to sacrifice love to ambition,” replied Marguerite, almost reproachfully; “even your maternal affection yields to a stronger conjugal attachment. Only think, dear lady, what would be your feelings if separated, and for ever, from the Count de Lusignan. Then I may appeal to your own heart, and successfully entreat you to prevent the total shipwreck of our hopes. Your slightest request is law, and you must triumph if you will only plead, as you alone can plead, for me and my dear Ibelin.”

Before Sybilla could reply to the entreaties of her young companion, the door of the apartment opened, and an attendant announced that the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Grand Master of



the Knights of the Temple awaited her majesty in the council chamber.

"I must leave you, dearest Marguerite, but not until I see that tearful face dimpled with smiles. Believe me, I shall prove your zealous advocate and true friend."

So saying, Queen Sybilla kissed the suffused eyelids of the gentle girl, and hastened to receive her exalted guests in the presence-chamber.

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As the dignified Queen entered the apartment, the two noble personages who had solicited an audience rose from their seats, and greeted her with the homage due to so gracious a lady, who, by the demise of the crown, had just become their sovereign. Sybilla declined the seat to which they would have led her, and kneeling devoutly at the feet of the venerable Heraclius, asked the Patriarch for his benediction.

"God Almighty bless thee, my daughter, and preserve to thee the throne which thy gallant predecessors wrested from the infidel, and guarded to God's glory with their trusty swords."

"Aided by the lances of Christendom and the knightly prowess of the military orders," added the Grand Master.

"Most assuredly," interposed Sybilla; "the Counts of Flanders were powerless else. Their representative now entreats, in defence of her hereditary rights, that efficacious aid from the Knights of the Temple to which her ancestors have been indebted for their sovereignty."

"The devotion to your cause, lady, of one member of the fraternity, is evinced by his presence here at this critical moment," replied the Grand Master, in a tone which proved that the flattering words of majesty had produced their intended effect.

"It is, in truth, a critical moment," added the Patriarch, "for a council assembles to-morrow, to fill the vacant throne of Jerusalem, by nominating a successor to the deceased Baldwin."

"Who dares to call the throne of Jerusalem vacant, while the mother, and sister, and daughter of her kings survives?" said the lady, haughtily. "I am the legitimate sovereign—the inheritrix of my son, my brother, and my father; and now, by my child's death, Queen in my own right."

"Your claim is undoubted," said the Grand Master, "had time consolidated this kingdom, and secured its descent in the lineage of the Counts of Flanders; but a century has not yet elapsed since the Holy Land was conquered from the unbelievers, and your ancestor elected to be its sovereign. Even so, your claim to this inheritance would not be disputed, were the Count de Lusignan less unpopular with our warlike nobles. It is the Count Guy who stands between you and the sceptre. The convening of this council in his absence is an evidence of the hostility with which he is regarded. Your stormy regency as Queen-mother will have prepared you for the conflict which awaits you. Raymond of Tripoli and Renaud de Chatillon have sworn that the count's wife shall never be their monarch. They call him—pardon me the expression—*faineant*; and declare that the Holy City, purchased from the infidel with their blood, will again fall an easy prey to the arms of Saladin, should Count Guy wield the sceptre of Jerusalem in your name, and armed with your authority."

"They are false traitors who dare so to stigmatise my noble husband," replied Sybilla, with warmth. "The ranks of the Crusaders have never numbered a more gallant knight than Guy de Lusignan."

"You speak but the truth, noble lady," said the Grand Master, interrupting her. "He is personally brave, though not so well fitted to command as many of those nobles who must call him 'master,' should you be acknowledged to-morrow Queen of Jerusalem. Were it otherwise, I should not now be here. But he is a brave and adventurous soldier, and with my aid in the field, and the wise suggestions of the Patriarch in the council, may hope to rule the state in safety and honour."

"We may reckon, therefore, on your strenuous support, when the subject is debated to-morrow?" asked Sybilla, anxiously.

"You will permit me, lady, to annex two trifling conditions as the price of my adherence," replied the Grand Master. "A voice in your councils for the venerable Heraclius; and for me, full permission to cement my power, by negotiating a matrimonial alliance for the Demoiselle de Vienne."

Sybilla started with painful emo-

tion ; the blood mounted to her cheek, and as suddenly receded.

"Ask from me any other reward, and it shall freely be yours; but do not ask me to sacrifice my poor Marguerite," said she, earnestly. "I have already pledged my word to intercede with you on her behalf. I would entreat your consent to her marriage with Ibelin de Balean."

"Impossible!" rejoined the Grand Master, contemptuously. "She is high-born, beautiful, and richly dowered—no unfit mate for royalty itself: she shall never wed an obscure and indigent knight."

"The *Sieur de Balean* is noble," said the Queen; "he shall not be indigent; for I will enrich him. He has a clear head and a bold hand, and only lacks opportunity to distinguish himself; and such must present itself sooner or later. He cannot long remain obscure in these stirring times."

"It cannot be," rejoined the Grand Master, moodily. "Think you, lady, that every worldly feeling is extinguished in this breast: that the self-renouncing vow of my order annihilates all earthly ambition? I may not, it is true, become myself the founder of a family, or transmit my name or possessions to direct descendants; but I can still enjoy the sense of power; and that power I am determined to strengthen and consolidate. Listen, then, to the frank avowal of my resolution. My ward shall marry as I will her, if by my vote Guy of Lusignan is to wear the crown of Jerusalem. Moreover, that vote shall not be given unless the other conditions I have named be acceded to. In a word, lady, I am necessary to you, and you must purchase my support on my own terms. An adverse vote from me to-morrow, and your deadliest enemy, Count Raymond of Tripoli, will be elevated to the throne which his faction have ventured to declare vacant."

"Methinks your Queen might claim more courteous language at your hands, sir knight," rejoined Sybilla. "A wife, were she even of low degree, would not brook to hear her husband mentioned so slightly as you have dared to speak of the Count de Lusignan."

"It is true, brother," interrupted the Patriarch. "You must ask pardon of the noble lady, or win it rather, by rendering her active and zealous service to-morrow."

"Gracious Queen, I ask forgiveness if I have spoken too boldly. Extend to me your pardon, and with it the trifling condition I have affixed as the price of my support—a vote in your councils, and Renaud de Chatillon lord of the hand of Marguerite de Vienne; and you shall find in me a powerful and influential ally."

"Renaud de Chatillon," murmured Queen Sybilla, with a sigh. "Alas! my poor Marguerite!"

"Madam, we wait your Majesty's reply," said the Grand Master, with something of impatience in his tone.

"Be it so, then," said the Queen: "if some one must be sacrificed, it shall not be you, noble Lusignan! Come, then, venerable sirs, since we are agreed that this election is to be secured in our favour, let us at once determine on a course to pursue to-morrow. A project has occurred to my mind worth your attentive ears; listen, then, and fear not that I shall be found wanting in anything that I may impose on myself. In this cause I am equal to all fortunes."

The Queen led her councillors aside, and in a deep recess of one of the windows of the Castle of David, disclosed her design.

A long and animated conversation ensued, and when the conference broke up, the lady left the apartment with the firm step of one who had decided upon her course of action, and was prepared to encounter every possible emergency.

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On the following morning the streets of the Holy City were thronged with the retainers of the puissant barons, met to deliberate on the choice of a successor to the defunct Baldwin. The most powerful noble in that assembly was Count Raymond of Tripoli. During the life-time of Baldwin the Fourth, who was the victim of incurable leprosy, he had wielded all the power of the State. When Sybilla's son, the fifth Baldwin, succeeded his uncle, the Count of Tripoli was compelled to resign the regency to the grasp of the Queen-mother, or rather that of her husband, the Count de Lusignan, for whom Raymond entertained strong feelings of aversion and contempt. He cast a haughty glance round the assembly as he entered the council-cham-

ber, and leaving to the others an inferior position, occupied, himself, the elevated dais, which he shared only with the venerable Heraclius.

The Patriarch was arrayed in full pontifical robes. His silvery hair and placid features contrasted as strangely with the perturbed countenances of those who surrounded him as did the clashing of their armour with his defenceless costume. All accorded to him, by their deferential demeanour, that respect which his age and office entitled him to claim at their hands.

The deliberations had scarcely commenced when the Queen-mother entered the apartment. Those who had escorted her paused at the threshold, while she walked alone and unattended through that martial throng, and placed herself on the elevated dais, between the Count of Tripoli and the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

"I present myself among you," she said, addressing the assembled nobles, "not to take part in your deliberations, but to receive from you the homage due to your sovereign; but as sovereign of so valiant and so proud a nobility, I desire to receive this crown, free."

As the Queen pronounced these words, Guy of Lusignan, heated and dusty from the road, entered the apartment; but the crowd of barons prevented him passing further than the middle of the hall. Sybilla seemed not to see her husband. She proceeded, turning to Heraclius

"Venerable Father, to you the Church has committed the power to bind and loose. I am now constrained by ties which fetter my queenly freedom. Holy Father, I am your suppliant, that you would unloose the knot which unites me to the Count de Lusignan. Great emergencies, such as the present, require great sacrifices. I am prepared to make any which may be essential to the safety of the State. The Holy City must be the paramount care of its sovereign: I would bestow, with my hand and crown, the right of defending it on that one of these assembled nobles who I believe would prove the most redoubtable champion of the Christian cause."

The reply of the Patriarch to this strange demand was lost in the buzz of astonishment which ran through the entire assembly.

"Sybilla! you—you to reject, to forsake, to betray me!" faltered Guy de Lusignan, as he forced his way from the position he had hitherto occupied, and stood by her side—his lips bloodless, his features convulsed by mental agony.

Sybilla turned from him, and buried her face in her hands, as if she could not bring herself to witness his sufferings. After a momentary pause, the Patriarch addressed him—

"The Queen has judged wisely, Count de Lusignan. The first duty of a sovereign is to provide, at whatever sacrifice of private feeling, for the safety of the State committed to her care. Jerusalem is threatened by the all-conquering Saladin. Unanimity in our councils is more than ever important, for without it we shall cease to exist as an independent nation, and fall an easy prey to our enemies. Queen Sybilla, your disinterested request is granted. By virtue of the authority committed to me, I annul this ill-assorted marriage."

So saying, the prelate drew forth his breviary, and while the assembly were lost in speechless amazement, proceeded, with deep solemnity, to pronounce the words of divorce.

The unfortunate husband, who had seemed at first stunned by this sudden and unlooked for blow, made a violent effort to leave the council-chamber, but the concourse was so great that he found it impossible to force his way through the nobles who crowded around him; actuated, perhaps, by the desire of increasing his misery by compelling him to be witness of his own degradation. Finding escape impossible, Count Guy resigned himself to his distressing position, though the pallor of his agonised countenance told plainly of the struggle within.

When the rite was concluded, a murmur of satisfaction arose among the nobles. Count Raymond of Tripoli looked and nodded approval; and when the Patriarch placed the circlet of sovereignty on the lady's head, and exclaimed, "Rise up Sybilla, Queen of Jerusalem!" no voices joined more loudly in the cry, "Sybilla! Queen of Jerusalem!" than his own and that of Renaud de Chatillon. "Sybilla! Sybilla! Long live Queen Sybilla!" was echoed on all sides, and the air was rent with acclamations, when that noble form stood erect before them with the

sparkling diadem on her regal brow. She acknowledged graciously the homage which greeted her, and then, as if oppressed with the weight of the crown she wore, removed it from her forehead, and supported the brilliant circlet in her hands.

"It is already too weighty for thee, my daughter," said the Patriarch. "Thou art now free; look round on these puissant nobles, and select one worthy to lighten the burthen or share it with thee."

The Count of Tripoli made a half movement forward. No sound was to be heard in that vast assembly.

"I am now, by the grace of God, a free Queen," said Sybilla.

"Frank and free in your own right, Queen absolute," cried the Count of Tripoli, bending on one knee.

"And I freely choose and elect for my consort," said the Queen, "a peer who is also frank and free, high, well-born, just, and valiant, and who ever was and always shall be by me frankly and faithfully well-beloved." And turning she stepped from the dais, and placed the glittering circlet on the head of Count Guy de Lusignan.

"And couldst thou, dearest husband of my soul, believe, even for a moment, that I could forsake thee?" she murmured, as Count Guy, in his sudden revulsion of feeling, oblivious of every consideration of time and place, clasped his wife in his arms, and imprinted a torrent of passionate caresses on her unresisting lips.

Loud applause, in which some exclamations of disappointment and indignation were mingled, succeeded from the body of the audience, for by far the greater number of the barons who had met there, determined to supplant the Count de Lusignan, now loudly commended the conjugal devotion of Queen Sybilla. The cold, proud, and haughty princess now stood revealed to them in her true character—a generous, tender, and loving wife. As she passed from the assembly, meekly leaning on her husband's arm, and clinging lovingly to his side, as if soliciting his manly support, she far more effectually engaged their loyalty than when she stood before them, claiming their homage, as from her subjects and vassals.

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Two days after the event we have

narrated, a brilliant cortege passed beneath the walls of the palace at Jerusalem. The Christian capital had gathered there her "beauty and her chivalry." Fair ladies crowded the balconies, waving their last adieux to husbands, friends, and lovers, amid the gallant band now sallying forth in martial pride to encounter the hosts of Saladin. Guy de Lusignan rode foremost, as leader of that bright array. His close-fitting armour of burnished steel glittered in the sunbeams, and the trappings of his charger were magnificent in the extreme. As he passed beneath the balcony where the Queen sat, he turned in his saddle and gallantly saluted her.

"How proudly he surmounts his noble steed," said Sybilla, turning to the Demoiselle de Vienne, who stood by her side. "Tell me, Marguerite, saw ye ever a more princely cavalier? And then, his form and face, so nobly moulded—such features might befit a demigod of old. Is it strange that my woman's heart beats with an undying and passionate love for my princely husband?"

"It is not strange to me," said Marguerite, musingly; and then added, with animation, "yonder comes my guardian; and look, look! dear lady, in his train my own Ibelin. May I not repeat to you your own question?" added Marguerite, archly, as a turn in the street for a moment concealed her lover, "and ask you, is it strange that my young heart should cherish its love for one so brave, so gentle, and so devoted to me as the Sieur de Balean?"

As she spoke, the Knights of the Temple, the Grand Master at their head, defiled past. This magnificent band formed the flower of the Christian army; and its leader glanced proudly at the long array which followed his banner, while he turned to salute the Queen, ere he passed through the gate of the city. By his side rode the youthful lover of our fair Marguerite. Unlike the rest of the troop to which he was attached, Ibelin de Balean was not arrayed in the peculiar dress of the order. It was evident that he was but a simple cavalier, though in close attendance on the person of the Grand Master.

In figure, the Sieur de Balean was tall, erect, and finely formed. His features, however, were irregular, though their expression was singularly pre-

possessing. His countenance was open and ingenuous, intelligent, frank, and animated. He did not wave his hand in token of recognition of his lady-love; but from the first moment he was within sight of the balcony where she stood, he fixed his eyes on her with a tender yet beseeching expression. It was a mute farewell—and their only one—for Marguerite knew not, until she saw him among the ranks of the Templars, and with his impassioned gaze, that her lover was leaving her for the battle-field. As he passed beneath the balcony, she dropped, as if by accident, a flower which she held in her hand. She saw that it had reached him for whom it was designed, for the *Sieur de Balean*, pressing it to his lips, placed it carefully in his breast; where, she doubted not, it would be cherished as a precious memorial of her who had bestowed it.

When the Christian host had left Jerusalem, and the excitement of the morning had given way to a monotonous calm, Marguerite de Vienne softly entered the Queen's private apartment. She was about to speak, but observing the expression of deep-seated dejection which was apparent on Sybilla's countenance, she paused, unwilling to intrude on the troubled mind of her friend her own hopes and fears.

"Why have you sought me?" said the Queen, abstractedly; "I would spend this night alone, without you even, dearest Marguerite."

"Forgive me for intruding on your solitude," said the young girl, gently. As she turned to leave the apartment, she bent over the mourner's chair, and pressed her lips affectionately to that marble forehead.

"Stay, Marguerite," said the Queen, clasping her in her arms. "My anxiety has made me selfish. I should remember that your happiness is scarcely less at stake than my own. Ask me what questions you desire—but it is needless; I know them already. You would inquire how it happens that your lover goes to Nazareth in the train of the Grand Master?"

"Or rather, I would thank you for pleading his cause with my guardian so effectually," said Marguerite. "Surely it is to your intercession that Ibelin is indebted for the opportunity—so long desired—of distinguishing himself in the field."

Sybilla coloured painfully, and did

not speak for some time. At last she replied—

"It was the Grand Master's own proposal that he should be attached to his suite: knowing Ibelin's desire for active service, I assented. But, oh! Marguerite, I should be cruelly disingenuous did I confirm your sanguine hopes by any words of mine—hopes which may possibly be excited only to meet with a still more bitter disappointment. I pray God I may be mistaken in these gloomy anticipations. You are young and hopeful—may you never experience the depressing disappointments, the cankering cares, the heart-sickness, which at times oppress my spirits; and, what is far harder to endure, the self-reproach and dissatisfaction, which never weighed on my conscience more heavily than at the present moment. Leave me, Marguerite, for I must wrestle with these feelings alone and unattended."

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The succeeding days and weeks passed in gloom and dejection with the inmates of the Castle of Jerusalem. The tidings which reached them from the absent leaders were indefinite and discouraging. Saladin's army had assembled in overwhelming force near the Lake of Tiberias. The Crusaders were not only inferior in numbers, but paralysed by apprehensions of treachery in their own camp. Guy de Lusignan wrote to his wife that his measures were thwarted on every possible occasion by the Count of Tripoli; more, as it appeared to him, from personal pique, than from any sincere desire for the common weal. From Renaud de Chatillon, also, whose aggressions had been the main cause of the war, he met with a vindictive opposition to every proposed arrangement. Whether these barons would prove unanimous on the field of battle was an all-important question, which Count Guy professed himself unable to solve. These dispatches from her husband did not lessen the anxieties of Queen Sybilla: she was tremulous with agitation when a knight, followed only by two attendants, demanded admission to the Castle, charged with details for the monarch's ear of the momentous battle of Tiberias.

"Your news, Sir Ibelin—favourable or unfavourable?" exclaimed Sybilla,



when a certain flush of astonishment at finding who was the bearer of this all-important intelligence had subsided.

"My tidings could scarcely be worse," he replied, in a mournful tone. "The Christian army is utterly discomfited."

"And my lord, does he yet live?" said the Queen, pallid as death, while she awaited his answer.

"I left Count Guy alive and well."

"But not dishonoured?—say only he is not dishonoured—say that he has not fled from the battle-field!" cried the Queen, impetuously.

"The honour of Count Guy of Lusignan is untarnished," rejoined Ibelin. "He proved himself a gallant soldier, though he is now a prisoner to Saladin. None have ever impeached his personal prowess; though his enemies accuse him of having contributed to this fatal defeat by his want of capacity for command. I do not believe these imputations. No man could combat successfully against concealed traitors in the camp, and with such the Count de Lusignan had to deal."

"Thank God! thank God! he is still my noble Lusignan!" said Sybilla, fervently. "But speak, Ibelin; I would hear full particulars of the fight."

"As we came in sight of the Sea of Tiberias," resumed the Sieur de Balean, "we perceived the Saracen chivalry drawn up in battle array upon the plain. The green standard of the Prophet announced that the enemy was led by Saladin in person. Our forces were exhausted with fatigue and thirst, for we had found the wells choked up and the cisterns broken on our march. Count Guy advised a movement which would have given us the command of a rivulet flowing at an hour's march on our right, and would have enabled us to give battle refreshed, and at an advantage. From this advice the Count of Tripoli dissented, adding taunts which I do not now care to repeat. The result of an unseemly altercation was, that we hurriedly prepared for immediate battle. Count Guy led the centre; the military Orders were on the right; Raymond of Tripoli and his Frankish lances on the left. Base and dishonoured traitor! scarcely was the battle joined, when he withdrew his force an arrow-flight to the rear, and throughout the engage-

ment remained an inactive spectator of the conflict."

"Despicable villain!" exclaimed Sybilla. "Is it thus a knight has stooped to avenge himself for the scorn of a woman! But proceed—proceed with the battle, Sir Ibelin."

"Of the battle, after this incident, I scarce can speak," said the knight. "My own personal adventures, afterwards, prevented my noticing the movements of the armies."

"Oh, tell us these also!" cried Marguerite, while the Queen cast down her eyes with a momentary embarrassment.

"Willingly, lady," said Sir Ibelin; "although the adventures of one poor knight, among those of the many renowned warriors, would be little worth recounting, were it not that it was my good fortune to cross swords with a very illustrious antagonist. In the thick of the *mêlée*, I found myself engaged with a Saracen cavalier, who pressed me so eagerly that, in a movement of the troops, we were left alone on the field. While thus engaged, my saddle-girths flew suddenly asunder, and I was at my opponent's mercy. Instead of pursuing his advantage, however, the Moslem warrior said to me, 'Sir, take thy life—Saladin shares not the honours of his conquests with a traitor groom.' One glance sufficed to assure me that my magnanimous adversary was the Sultan; and another, that I had been, indeed, traitorously practised on, not by my own squire, but by false Hugh of Acre, the squire of the Grand Master, who, under pretence of tightening my girths, had cut them well nigh through with his dagger, just before the charge was sounded!"

"How!" stammered Sybilla, "you would not hint, Sir Ibelin, that the Grand Master——"

"I know not how I have incurred the hostility either of the Grand Master (of his base squire I make no account), or of Sir Renaud of Chatillon," replied the knight, kindling with emotion as he spoke, "but the events which followed on the field of Tiberias have shown me that they are both my deadly enemies."

The Queen sat, pale, trembling, and silent.

"Scarce had I dismounted," continued Sir Ibelin, "and, after my courtesy to my generous antagonist,

had turned to lead my horse from the field, when the Count of Chatillon and the Grand Master, accompanied by a throng of knights and men-at-arms, retreating before a charge of the Saracens, galloped past. I saw Sir Renaud mark me, and point me out to the Grand Master—then detach himself from his side, and spur towards me. Believing that he came to my rescue, I would have met him with open arms; but with a furious countenance, and exclaiming, ‘What, villain, only unhorsed!’ he struck me, defenceless as I was, to the earth, and I knew no more till, after a long period of unconsciousness, I found myself extended on a couch in the tent of Saladin. My magnanimous adversary himself was by my side. He held to my parched lips a cup of delicious sherbet. The cool draught revived me, and I was enabled to sit up and look around. As I looked, the clash of armour was heard, and a body of Infidels entered the tent, bringing with them two prisoners. One was the *Sieur de Chatillon*—the other, Count Guy de Lusignan.”

“My dear lord!” exclaimed Sybilla, passionately.

“Both seemed exhausted, but overcome more by the sultry atmosphere and the fatigue of the recent combat than by any wounds they had received. Saladin turned from me to greet the new comers. His thoughtful courtesy was exhibited in the gracious manner in which he addressed the Count de Lusignan. He rather seemed to render homage to his captive than to be his victor. He motioned to the attendants to bring cooling fruits, and pouring out with his own hands a cup of the iced and sparkling beverage which had been so refreshing to me, handed it to the Count. Count Guy was about to quaff the longed-for draught, but at the moment he raised it to his lips he paused, and presented it to his fellow-prisoner—

“‘You are still more exhausted than I, noble Chatillon,’ he said. ‘You must drink first.’

“‘Not so,’ interposed Saladin, his countenance darkening terribly as he spoke; ‘this miscreant assassin eats not nor drinks in my tent. Let him, if he will, confess that there is no God but one God, and that Mahomet is his prophet. The turban shall alone protect his head from vengeance for the coward crime I this day saw

him attempt against a companion in arms.’

“The *Sieur de Chatillon* replied like a brave knight. He was my enemy, yet shall I do no wrong to his memory—

“‘I scorn thy false prophet, and shall die as I have lived, an unworthy soldier of the cross of ——’

“Before the sentence was completed, his head rolled in the dust, struck off by an attendant, at a mute nod from the Sultan. Observing our looks of horror and dismay, Saladin then said—

“‘This wretch was not worthy to live; for a bribe he would assassinate his comrade in arms, and for a bribe he would have betrayed *thee*,’ turning to the Count de Lusignan, ‘and thy entire army into my hands. But know that the Commander of the Faithful disdains to vanquish his foes by treachery: he would triumph only by dint of arms in a fair field. And now, Count de Lusignan,’ he continued, in a softened tone, ‘I must remove thee in honourable captivity to Damascus, while I lead my victorious forces to the siege of Jerusalem. In the meantime, I shall send by the hands of this young knight to offer its inhabitants liberal terms of capitulation. *Sieur de Bailean*,’ he then said, addressing me, ‘thou art free. Two squires shall be in attendance to escort thee. Make what speed you may, otherwise I may reach the devoted city before you. Tell its garrison that Saladin has sworn never to pause until the muezzin call the faithful to worship from every tower and church top of Jerusalem; but that he permits its inhabitants to evacuate the city, taking with them all their property and valuables; and in return for their peaceful surrender will guarantee them, at all times, free access, as pilgrims, to the Holy Sepulchre.’

“‘Sultan of the Saracens,’ I said, ‘am I to consider myself free to advise, and, if need be, to organise the defence of the Holy City?’

“‘Saladin,’ he replied, ‘does not grant his favours conditionally: you are free to act and to advise as you deem best. Say to the citizens, however, that their King is captive; the military orders all but annihilated; the Grand Master of the Templars dead on the field—he of the Hospitallers in chains; and Raymond of Tripoli fled to hide his shame in his castle by the sea, far from reach of any cry for aid

from Sion. Add also, that I shall be at their gates, at the head of troops flushed with recent victory, long before the tidings of the battle of Tiberias can reach Europe, or any succour arrive from Christendom. Say further, that I shall be a ruthless conqueror should they attempt resistance. And now, farewell !' He placed his signet as a safe conduct in my hand, and, ere I could do more than cast a glance of recognition towards the Count of Lusignan, I was hurried from his presence, and am now here to know your pleasure, gracious sovereign. Shall we or not defend Jerusalem in this extremity ?"

Sybilla, who had contended with varying emotions as Sir Ibelin's tale proceeded, put her hands to her temples, and for a short space sat silent ; then rising, she glanced from the palace windows over the objects sacred to so many exalted recollections, that lay below,—the Temple, the Street of Sorrow, the dome of the Holy Sepulchre covering the Mount of Calvary, and the very tomb from which Christ rose redeeming mankind from sin and death: her eyes filled, her form dilated.

"Abandon thee, Jerusalem !" she exclaimed, passionately ; "no, no, wicked as I have been, I may at least atone for my offences by finding a grave amid thy ruins ! Sir Ibelin de Bailean to you we entrust the defence of the Holy City. Here, take the pennon and baton of Count Raymond, our late marshal. May they now be borne by worthier hands, and may God prosper you in his own good cause. And to you Marguerite, my wronged, my gentle Marguerite," she cried, passionately embracing the young maiden, "to you, whom Heaven has saved from sorrows so unmerited, we entrust the task to encourage your own good knight in saving us all for long days of future happiness, if it shall please God to bless his efforts in this service with success."

A few weeks after the fatal battle of Tiberias, Saladin in person appeared before the beleaguered city. Sir Ibelin had spared no exertions to place it in a posture of defence. His enthusiasm had communicated itself to all classes of the citizens ; and on the first assault of the besiegers they were vigorously repulsed. Day after

day Queen Sybilla and her ladies appeared on the ramparts, to encourage the defenders by their presence ; but no enthusiasm could repel the slow but sure operations of the besiegers' engines, and more than one formidable breach already gaped in the outer rampart. Ibelin foresaw that an assault, which must be successful, was inevitable.

In this disastrous crisis Ibelin sought an interview with Marguerite de Vienne. Mournfully and sadly he encircled her in his arms.

"Dearest and only beloved," he said to her, "we meet now for the last time. When the shades of evening gather around us, I must leave you to head a sally from which few will return. There is no hope of success. God, for our sins, has hid his face from his inheritance ; but we must not fall ingloriously. If we die, we die fighting for the tomb of our Saviour, and our bones will repose in that hallowed ground which He trod while on earth ; where He also died and was buried, and rose again from the dead, as we, too, shall do. My doom is therefore an enviable one, and I sigh not for it ; but oh ! my Marguerite, *you* will be left, a prey to ruthless man. Captivity, or a destiny far worse than death, may await you. Now, indeed, I am almost unmanned ; now I am forced to shudder, and almost to weep."

"Speak not so mournfully," said Marguerite ; "Saladin, who has once spared your life, may again do so, or admit you to ransom, and I, my Ibelin, if I have neither skill nor strength to aid you, have wealth that might ransom a monarch at your command. Yes, we shall return to our own sunny Dauphiné when this impending conflict is over. Then no bar will exist to impede our union : my guardian's death has freed me from his authority, and I am at liberty to fulfil those vows plighted to you before your departure for the East, with the consent of my dear, lost parents. My possessions in France are sufficiently ample ; there we shall pass the rest of our lives, in our good castle, and among our faithful feudatories of Bois-Vienne."

"God grant it ! my Marguerite—though I dare not cherish such sanguine and too blissful expectations. May He who is the Father of the mourner be thy comforter in coming trials. May He watch over and shield thy unprotected

youth and innocence from every evil. One fond kiss, dearest, and then we part—but to be re-united—if not here, hereafter. I must now leave you, to organise our movements for the night. Meanwhile I would that you, our gracious Queen, and all the women of the city, should presently repair to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there to beseech God for the success of our enterprise. It is the only place of security where you can pass this eventful night, while the city will be deserted by its defenders. To-night old men and children alone will remain within the walls of Jerusalem."

As the evening approached, a mournful procession passed down the Via Dolorosa. It was headed by Queen Sybilla. With heads bowed, and hands clasped in fervent supplication, that portion of the inhabitants incapable themselves of bearing arms repaired to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The remains of the garrison, joined by all the male citizens who were fit for warlike service, assembled under cover of the walls, and prepared, in silence, for their last sally. At midnight the devoted warrior band marched forth silently, but with resolute steps through the gate of David.

Night closed in with unwonted darkness. The rumbling of distant thunder was heard, and soon a storm—terrific, because in that climate unwonted—raged over the dome which now sheltered the whole female Christian population.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was dimly lighted, except at the high altar, where Heraclius himself stood, arrayed in his full pontificals. Near him knelt the Queen, and by her side Marguerite de Vienne. A high-wrought yet calm excitement characterised this young girl, generally so timid and dependent. Now, while moans and audible sobs interrupted the sacred service, she and the Queen alone responded, without faltering, to the petitions of the Patriarch—

"Help, Lord, for our strength faileth."

"Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more?"

"Oh God thou hast cast us off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast been displeased; oh turn thyself to us again."

"Wilt not 'thou, oh God, who hast cast us off; wilt not thou, oh God, go forth with our hosts?"

"Oh God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps."

"The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven; the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth."

"Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them."

"We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us."

"How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry for ever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?"

"Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon thy name."

"For they have dishonoured Jacob, and laid waste his dwelling-place."

The roll of the thunder echoed their responses; and now, more dreadful than the thunder, the horrible din of war began to be heard. The crash and clamour momentarily sounded louder; still the litany proceeded—

"O remember not against us our former iniquities; let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us, for we are brought very low."

"Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name, and deliver us for thy name's sake."

Alas! in the midst of their supplications the besiegers and besieged together entered the city gates, the latter borne backwards by the overwhelming masses of the foe. Still the Christians contested every inch of ground, and at last gained the Church, whose walls now enclosed all that the world contained worth their defending. Here they fought indeed with desperation for the memorials of their religion, for their own lives, and the honour of their wives and children.

After raging furiously till near dawn of day, the conflict resulted in a temporary advantage for the Christians, and the attacking force fell back beyond the inner wall. Sir Ibelin had sought a moment's breathing space in the porch of the Sepulchre, when a message came from the Queen urgently entreating his attendance within the camp. Making his way through the throng of women,

he reached the steps of the altar where Sybilla stood, holding Marguerite de Vienne by the hand. "Dear and noble sir," said the Queen, "I have sent for you that I may now bestow the last and only gift that the world can confer;" and she placed the hand of her ward in his. Sir Ibelin knelt, and, in the presence of the weeping matrons and maidens of Jerusalem, the vows were pronounced and the benediction given which united him for ever with the lady of his love. Day broke as the hurried ceremony was ended, and the good knight, like a faithful soldier, returned to his post to do battle for his own wedded wife as well as for those of his fellow-citizens. In the porch he was met by the welcome sight of a flag of truce from Saladin; another glance at the overwhelming masses of Moslem troops, by whom every avenue was occupied, satisfied him that there remained no resource but submission to the Sultan's terms, whatever they might be.

The terms proposed by the magnanimous victor were unexpectedly favourable. The lives of the Christian inhabitants were to be spared, and permission granted to evacuate the city on payment of a moderate ransom; ten pieces of gold for each man, half that sum for each woman, and one talent for every child: those unable to pay the stipulated price, to remain in captivity. The only exception made to this general amnesty was the Christian commander.

"I accept the terms," said Sir Ibelin, "announce to the Patriarch, to the Queen, and to their companions, that they may come forth in safety."

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Saladin sat in the gate of Joppa while the weeping procession passed before him. It was, indeed, a strange and mournful spectacle. Women, with wild looks and dishevelled hair, severed from the children whose ransom they were unable to discharge; widows torn from the corpses of their murdered lords; gallant knights, feeble and tottering under their wounds, filed past with slow, reluctant steps, all loudly bewailing, as their chiefest calamity, the loss of the Holy City, purchased so recently at the cost of their blood and treasure. These pilgrims from every state in Christendom, who had for-

saken country, and friends, and home, for this land of their devout affections, passed for ever from the gate of the beloved city. Jerusalem, sanctified by so many touching recollections, the scene of their recent glorious achievements, was scarcely less dear to them than to the Israelites of old; and with no less deep and pious enthusiasm these hapless Christian exiles might exclaim—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Queen Sybilla and Marguerite were the last in this dismal procession. As they neared the gate of the city they exchanged a fond embrace. They were now about to part—Sybilla to proceed to rejoin Count Guy of Lusignan, who had been released from his prison at Damascus; Marguerite to return to share whatever fate might befall her lord.

"Wherefore dost thou turn back, damsel?" demanded Saladin. "The path of safety for such as thou is towards Joppa and the sea."

"This," replied Marguerite, meekly, "is the path of duty."

"What!" said Saladin—"art thou too poor to pay thy ransom?"

"If riches could ransom me, mighty king, the wealth of the fairest fief in France were at my disposal."

"Get thee gone, then, and enjoy thy rich fief in thine own country in peace," said Saladin.

"Alas! my lord," exclaimed Sybilla, returning, and casting herself in a flood of tears at the Sultan's feet, "what riches can purchase the love of such a husband as you ask this noble lady to leave behind her?"

"If her lord be sick or wounded, have ye not mules and litters? Beware how you remain, for the servants of the prophet are fierce from this malignant resistance of your commander."

"Alas, alas!" it is he himself who is her lord, and to whom she has been but this woeful morning wedded."

"This damsel wedded to the miscreant, and his own countess still living!" exclaimed Saladin, with an air of astonishment. "Nay, then, the Christians need no longer reproach us with our plurality of wives."

"My lord," said Marguerite, "Sir Ibelin de Balean is a faithful and pure



knight, and would not have pledged to me the hand belonging to another."

"I speak not of Sir Ibelin de Balean," replied the Sultan, "but of the wretched and wicked Raymond of Tripoli, who, after deserting his own liege king on the field of Tiberias, has here thrown himself, in I know not what spirit of double treason, into your unhappy city; and if this lady have wedded him, as you say, this morning, I grieve for her, for she and another shall be widows before noon."

"Noble king, send for the Christian commander," cried Sybilla; "we have had no commander here but the Sieur de Balean. Raymond of Tripoli has indeed deserted his king, his country, his city, and his God; where he has hidden his dishonoured head we know not. But let the Christian commander be brought forth: it will not be the first time he has experienced the generosity of Saladin."

At this moment a courier spurred up to the gate.

"Commander of the Faithful," he

cried, "we have been deceived: the castle of Tripoli is not deserted; Count Raymond still holds it with a force of a thousand infidels."

"What!—and is the traitor of Tripoli not within your walls, and was this brave defence made by this young knight?" cried Saladin, as Sir Ibelin was brought into his presence. "Valiant sir, your features recall to my memory all that happened in an encounter on the field of Tiberias and in my tent at Nazareth. You have used the freedom I gave you, like a brave warrior, to defend the city entrusted to your care. But rumour gave it out that those valiant sorties were headed by a traitor, with whom forgive me for having confounded your honourable name. Go!—you are free from my chains at least: let this lovely and faithful lady henceforward be your only gaoler."

So saying, Saladin joined the hands of Ibelin and Marguerite, and the pilgrim procession, now complete, moved onward in sorrow and joy.

## MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### OUR ALLIES.

I HAVE spent pleasanter, but I greatly doubt if I ever knew busier days, than those I passed at the Bishop's Palace at Killala; and now, as I look back upon the event, I cannot help wondering that we could seriously have played out a farce so full of absurdity and nonsense! There was a gross mockery of all the usages of war, which, had it not been for the serious interests at stake, would have been highly laughable and amusing.

Whether it was the important functions of civil government, the details of police regulation, the imposition of contributions, the appointment of officers, or the arming of the volunteers, all was done with a pretentious affectation of order that was extremely ludicrous. The very institutions which were laughingly agreed at over night, as the wine went briskly round, were solemnly ratified in the morning, and,

still more strange, apparently believed in by those whose ingenuity devised them; and thus the "Irish Directory," as we styled the imaginary government, the National Treasury, the Pension Fund, were talked of with all the seriousness of facts! As to the Commissariat, to which I was for the time attached, we never ceased writing receipts and acknowledgments for stores and munitions of war, all of which were to be honourably acquitted by the Treasury of the Irish Republic.

No people could have better fallen in with the humour of this delusion than the Irish. They seemed to believe everything, and yet there was a reckless, headlong indifference about them which appeared to say, that they were equally prepared for any turn fortune might take, and if the worst should happen, they would never reproach us for having misled them. The real truth

was—but we only learned it too late—all those who joined us were utterly indifferent to the great cause of Irish independence; their thoughts never rose above a row and a pillage. It was to be a season of sack, plunder, and outrage, but nothing more! That such were the general sentiments of the volunteers, I believe none will dispute. We, however, in our ignorance of the people and their language, interpreted all the harum-scarum wildness we saw as the buoyant temperament of a high-spirited nation, who, after centuries of degradation and ill-usage, saw the dawning of liberty at last.

Had we possessed any real knowledge of the country, we should at once have seen, that of those who joined us none were men of any influence or station. If, now and then, a man of any name strayed into the camp, he was sure to be one whose misconduct or bad character had driven him from associating with his equals; and, even of the peasantry, our followers were of the very lowest order. Whether General Humbert was the first to notice the fact, I know not; but Charost, I am certain, remarked it, and even thus early predicted the utter failure of the expedition.

I must confess the “volunteers” were the least imposing of allies! I think I have the whole scene before my eyes this moment, as I saw it each morning in the Palace garden.

The enclosure, which, more orchard than garden, occupied a space of a couple of acres, was the head quarters of Colonel Charost; and here, in a pavilion formerly dedicated to hoes, rakes, rolling-stones, and garden tools, we were now established to the number of fourteen. As the space beneath the roof was barely sufficient for the Colonel's personal use, the officers of his staff occupied convenient spots in the vicinity. My station was under a large damson tree, the fruit of which afforded me, more than once, the only meal I tasted from early morning till late at night; not, I must say, from any lack of provisions, for the Palace abounded with every requisite of the table, but that, such was the pressure of business, we were not able to leave off work even for half-an-hour during the day.

A subaltern's guard of grenadiers, divided into small parties, did duty in the garden; and it was striking to mark the contrast between these

bronzed and war-worn figures and the reckless, tatterdemalion host around us. Never was seen such a scare-crow set! Wild-looking, ragged wretches, their long, lank hair hanging down their necks and shoulders, usually barefooted, and with every sign of starvation in their features; they stood in groups and knots, gesticulating, screaming, hurraing, and singing, in all the exuberance of a joy that caught some, at least, of its inspiration from whisky.

It was utterly vain to attempt to keep order amongst them; even the effort to make them defile singly through the gate into the garden was soon found impracticable, without the employment of a degree of force that our adviser, Kerrigan, pronounced would be injudicious. Not only the men made their way in, but great numbers of women, and even children also; and there they were, seated around fires, roasting their potatoes in this bivouac fashion, as though they had deserted hearth and home to follow us.

Such was the avidity to get arms—of which the distribution was announced to take place here—that several had scaled the wall in their impatience, and as they were more or less in drink, some disastrous accidents were momentarily occurring, adding the cries and exclamations of suffering to the ruder chorus of joy and revelry that went on unceasingly.

The impression—we soon saw how absurd it was—the impression that we should do nothing that might hurt the national sensibilities, but concede all to the exuberant ardour of a bold people, eager to be led against their enemies, induced us to submit to every imaginable breach of order and discipline.

“In a day or two, they'll be like your own men; you'll not know them from a battalion of the line. Those fellows will be like a wall under fire.”

Such and such like were the assurances we were listening to all day, and it would have been like treason to the cause to have refused them credence.

Perhaps, I might have been longer a believer in this theory, had I not perceived signs of a deceptive character in these, our worthy allies; many who, to our faces, wore nothing but looks of gratitude and delight, no sooner mixed with their fellows than their down-

cast faces and dogged expression betrayed some inward sense of disappointment.

One very general source of dissatisfaction arose from the discovery, that we were not prepared to pay our allies ! We had simply come to arm and lead them, to shed our own blood, and pledge our fortunes in their cause ; but we certainly had brought no military chest to bribe their patriotism, nor stimulate their nationality ; and this, I soon saw, was a grievous disappointment.

In virtue of this shameful omission on our part, they deemed the only resource was to be made officers, and thus crowds of uneducated, semi-civilized vagabonds were every hour assailing us with their claims to the epaulette. Of the whole number of these, I remember but three who had ever served at all ; two were notorious drunkards, and the third a confirmed madman, from a scalp wound he had received when fighting against the Turks. Many, however, boasted high-sounding names, and were, at least so Kerrigan said, men of the first families in the land.

Our General-in-Chief saw little of them while at Killala, his principal intercourse being with the Bishop and his family ; but Colonel Charost soon learned to read their true character, and from that moment conceived the most disastrous issue to our plans. The most trust-worthy of them was a certain O'Donnell, who, although not a soldier, was remarked to possess a greater influence over the rabble volunteers than any of the others. He was a young man of the half-squire class, an ardent and sincere patriot, after his fashion ; but that fashion, it must be owned, rather partook of the character of class-hatred and religious animosity than the features of a great struggle for national independence. He took a very low estimate of the fighting qualities of his countrymen, and made no secret of declaring it.

"You would be better without them altogether," said he one day to Charost ; "but if you must have allies, draw them up in line, select one-third of the best, and arm them."

"And the rest ?" asked Charost.

"Shoot *them*," was the answer.

This conversation is on record, indeed I believe there is yet one witness living to corroborate it.

I have said that we were very hard worked ; but I must fain acknowledge that the real amount of business done was very insignificant, so many were the mistakes, misconceptions, and interruptions, not to speak of the time lost by that system of conciliation, of which I have already made mention. In our distribution of arms there was little selection practised or possible. The process was a brief one, but it might have been briefer.

Thomas Colooney, of Banmayroo, was called, and not usually being present, the name would be passed on, from post to post, till it swelled into a general shout of Colooney.

"Tom Colooney, you're wanted ; Tom, run for it, man, there's a price bid for you ! Here's Mickey, his brother, maybe he'll do as well."

And so on : all this accompanied by shouts of laughter, and a running fire of jokes, which, being in the vernacular, was lost to us.

At last the real Colooney was found, maybe eating his dinner of potatoes, maybe discussing his poteen with a friend—sometimes engaged in the domestic duties of washing his shirt or his small-clothes, fitting a new crown to his hat, or a sole to his brogues—whatever his occupation, he was urged forward by his friends and the public, with many a push, drive, and even a kick, into our presence, where, from the turmoil, uproar, and confusion, he appeared to have fought his way by main force, and very often, indeed, this was literally the fact, as his bleeding nose, torn coat, and bare head attested.

"Thomas Colooney—are you the man ?" asked one of our Irish officers of the staff.

"Yis, yer honour, I'm that same !"

"You've come here, Colooney, to offer yourself as a volunteer in the cause of your country ?"

Here a yell of "Ireland for ever !" was always raised by the bystanders, which drowned the reply in its enthusiasm, and the examination went on :—

"You'll be true and faithful to that cause till you secure for your country the freedom of America and the happiness of France ? Kiss the cross. Are you used to firearms ?"

"Isn't he ?—maybe not ! I'll be bound he knows a musket from a mealy pratie !"

Such and such like were the comments that rang on all sides, so that

the modest "Yis, sir," of the patriot was completely lost.

"Load that gun, Tom," said the officer.

Here Colooney, deeming that so simple a request must necessarily be only a cover for something underhand—a little clever surprise or so—takes up the piece in a very gingerly manner, and examines it all round, noticing that there is nothing, so far as he can discover, unusual nor uncommon about it.

"Load that gun, I say."

Sharper and more angrily is the command given this time.

"Yis, sir, immadiately."

And now Tom tries the barrel with the ramrod, lest there should be already a charge there—a piece of forethought that is sure to be loudly applauded by the public, not the less so because the impatience of the French officers is making itself manifest in various ways.

At length he rams down the cartridge, and returns the ramrod; which piece of adroitness, if done with a certain air of display and flourish, is unfailingly saluted by another cheer. He now primes and cocks the piece, and assumes a look of what he believes to be most soldier-like severity.

As he stands thus for scrutiny, a rather lively debate gets up as to whether or not Tom bit off the end of the cartridge before he rammed it down. The biters and anti-biters being equally divided, the discussion waxes strong. The French officers, eagerly asking what may be the disputed point, laugh very heartily on hearing it.

"I'll lay ye a pint of sperits she won't go off," cries one.

"Done! for two naggins, if he pulls strong," rejoins another.

"Devil fear the same gun," cries a third; "she shot Mr. Sloan at fifty paces, and killed him dead."

"Tisn't the same gun—that's a Frinch one—a bran new one!"

"She isn't."

"She is."

"No, she isn't."

"Yes, but she is."

"What is't you say?"

"Hould your prate."

"Arrah, teach your mother to feed ducks."

"Silence in the ranks. Keep silence there. Attention, Colooney!"

"Yis, sir."

"Fire!"

"What at, sir?" asks Tom, taking an amateur glance of the company, who look not over satisfied at his scrutiny.

"Fire in the air!"

Bang goes the piece, and a yell follows the explosion, while cries of "Well done, Tom," "Begorra, if a Protestant got that!" and so on, greet the performance.

"Stand by Colooney!" and the volunteer falls back to make way for another and similar exhibition, occasionally varied by the humour or the blunders of the new candidate.

As to the Treasury orders, as we somewhat ludicrously styled the cheques upon our imaginary bank, the scenes they led to were still more absurd and complicated. We paid liberally, that is to say in promises, for everything, and our generosity saved us a good deal of time, for it was astonishing how little the owners disputed our solvency when the price was left to themselves. But the rations were indeed the most difficult matter of all; it being impossible to convince our allies of the fact that the compact was one of trust, and the ration was not his own, to dispose of in any manner that might seem fit.

"Sure if I don't like to ate it—if I haven't an appetite for it—if I'd rather have a pint of sperits, or a flannel waistcoat, or a pair of stockings, than a piece of mate, what harm is that to any one?"

This process of reasoning was much harder of answer than is usually supposed, and even when replied to, another difficulty arose in its place. Unaccustomed to flesh diet, when they tasted they couldn't refrain from it, and the whole week's rations of beef, amounting to eight pounds, were frequently consumed in the first twenty-four hours.

Such instances of gormandising were by no means unfrequent, and stranger still, in no one case, so far as I knew, followed by any ill consequences.

The leaders were still more difficult to manage than the people. Without military knowledge or experience of any kind, they presumed to dictate the plan of a campaign to old and distinguished officers, like Humbert and Se-razin, and when overruled by argument or ridicule, invariably fell back upon

their superior knowledge of Ireland and her people, a defence for which, of course, we were quite unprepared, and unable to oppose anything. From these and similar causes it may well be believed that our labours were not light, and yet somehow, with all the vexations and difficulties around us, there was a congenial tone of levity, an easy recklessness, and a careless freedom in the Irish character that suited us well. There was but one single point whereupon we were not thoroughly together, and this was religion. They were a nation of most zealous Catholics, and as for us the revolution had not left the vestige of a belief amongst us.

A reconnaissance in Ballina, meant rather to discover the strength of the garrison than of the place itself, having shown that the royal forces were inconsiderable in number, and mostly militia, General Humbert moved forward on Sunday morning, the 26th, with nine hundred men of our own force, and about three thousand "volunteers," leaving Colonel Charost and his staff, with two companies of foot, at Killala, to protect the town, and

organise the new levies as they were formed.

We saw our companions defile from the town with heavy hearts. The small body of real soldiers seemed even smaller still from being enveloped by that mass of peasants who accompanied them, and who marched on the flanks or in the rear, promiscuously, without discipline or order. A noisy, half-drunken rabble, firing off their muskets at random, and yelling, as they went, in savage glee and exultation. Our sole comfort was in the belief, that, when the hour of combat did arrive, they would fight to the very last. Such were the assurances of their own officers, and made so seriously and confidently, that we never thought of mistrusting them.

"If they be but steady under fire," said Charost, "a month will make them good soldiers. Ours is an easy drill, and soon learned; but I own," he added, "they do not give me this impression."

Such was the reflection of one who watched them as they went past, and with sorrow we saw ourselves concurring in the sentiment.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE DAY OF "CASTLEBAR."

WE were all occupied with our drill at day-break on the morning of the 27th of August, when a mounted orderly arrived at full gallop, with news that our troops were in motion for Castlebar, and orders for us immediately to march to their support, leaving only one subaltern and twenty men in "the Castle."

The worthy Bishop was thunderstruck at the tidings. It is more than probable that he never entertained any grave fears of our ultimate success; still he saw that in the struggle, brief as it might be, rapine, murder, and pillage would spread over the country, and that crime of every sort would be certain to prevail during the short interval of anarchy.

As our drums were beating the "rally," he entered the garden, and with hurried steps came forward to where Colonel Charost was standing, delivering his orders.

"Good day, Mons. l'Eveque," said the colonel, removing his hat, and

bowing low. "You see us in a moment of haste. The campaign has opened, and we are about to march."

"Have you made any provision for the garrison of this town, Colonel?" said the Bishop, in terror. "Your presence alone here restrained the population hitherto. If you leave us——"

"We shall leave you a strong force of our faithful allies, sir," said Charost; "Irishmen could scarcely desire better defenders than their countrymen."

"You forget, Colonel, that some of us here are averse to this cause, but as non-combatants, lay claim to protection."

"You shall have it, too, Mons. l'Eveque; we leave an officer and twenty men."

"An officer and twenty men!" echoed the Bishop, in dismay.

"Quite sufficient, I assure you," said Charost, coldly; "and if a hair of one of their heads be injured by the populace, trust me, sir, that we shall take a terrible vengeance."



"You do not know these people, sir, as I know them," said the Bishop eagerly. "The same hour that you march out, will the town of Killala be given up to pillage. As for your retributive justice, I may be pardoned for not feeling any consolation in the pledge, for *certainly* neither I nor mine will live to witness it."

As the Bishop was speaking, a crowd of volunteers, some in uniform and all armed, drew nearer and nearer to the place of colloquy; and although understanding nothing of what went forward in the foreign language, seemed to watch the expressions of the speakers' faces with a most keen interest. To look at the countenances of these fellows, truly one would not have called the Bishop's fears exaggerated; their expression was that of demoniac passion and hatred.

"Look, sir," said the Bishop, turning round, and facing the mob, "look at the men to whose safeguard you propose to leave us."

Charost made no reply; but making a sign for the Bishop to remain where he was, re-entered the pavilion hastily. I could see through the window that he was reading his despatches over again, and evidently taking counsel with himself how to act. The determination was quickly come to.

"Mons. l'Eveque," said he, laying his hand on the Bishop's arm, "I find that my orders admit of a choice on my part. I will, therefore, remain with you myself, and keep a sufficient force of my own men. It is not impossible, however, that in taking this step I may be perilling my own safety. You will, therefore, consent that one of your sons shall accompany the force now about to march, as a hostage. This is not an unreasonable request on my part."

"Very well, sir," said the Bishop, sadly. "When do they leave?"

"Within half-an-hour," said Charost.

The Bishop, bowing, retraced his steps through the garden back to the house. Our preparations for the road were by this time far advanced. The command said, "Light marching order, and no rations;" so that we foresaw that there was sharp work before us. Our men—part of the 12th demi-brigade, and a half company of grenadiers—were, indeed, ready on the instant; but the Irish were not so easily

equipped. Many had strayed into the town; some, early as it was, were dead drunk; and not a few had mislaid their arms or their ammunition, secretly preferring the chance of a foray of their own to the prospect of a regular engagement with the royalist troops.

Our force was still a considerable one, numbering at least fifteen hundred volunteers, besides about eighty of our men. By seven o'clock we were under march, and, with drums beating, defiled from the narrow streets of Killala into the mountain road that leads to Cloonagh; it being our object to form a junction with the main body at the foot of the mountain.

Two roads led from Ballina to Castlebar—one to the eastward, the other to the west of Lough Con. The former was a level road, easily passable by wheel carriages, and without any obstacle or difficulty whatever; the other took a straight direction over lofty mountains, and in one spot—the Pass of Burnageeragh—traversed a narrow defile, shut in between steep cliffs, where a small force, assisted by artillery, could have arrested the advance of a great army. The road itself, too, was in disrepair, the rains of autumn had torn and fissured it, while heavy sandlips and fallen rocks in many places rendered it almost impassible.

The Royalist generals had reconnoitered it two days before, and were so convinced that all approach in this direction was out of the question, that a small picquet of observation, posted near the Pass of Burnageeragh, was withdrawn as useless, and the few stockades they had fixed were still standing as we marched through.

General Humbert had acquired all the details of these separate lines of attack, and at once decided for the mountain road, which, besides the advantage of a surprise, was in reality four miles shorter.

The only difficulty was the transport of our artillery, but as we merely carried those light field-pieces called "curricule guns," and had no want of numbers to draw them, this was not an obstacle of much moment. With fifty, sometimes sixty, peasants to a gun, they advanced, at a run, up places where our infantry found the ascent sufficiently toilsome. Here, indeed, our allies showed in the most favourable colours we had yet seen them.

The prospect of a fight seemed to excite their spirits almost to madness; every height they surmounted they would break into a wild cheer, and the vigour with which they tugged the heavy ammunition-carts through the deep and spongy soil never interfered with the joyous shouts they gave, and the merry songs they chaunted in rude chorus.

"Tra, la, la! the French is comin',  
What'll now the red coats do?  
Maybe they wont get a drubbin'!  
Sure we'll lick them black and blue!

"Ye little knew the day was near ye,  
Ye little thought they'd come so far;  
But here's the boys that never fear ye—  
Run, yer sows, for Castlebar!"

To this measure they stepped in time, and although the poetry was lost upon our ignorance, the rattling joyousness of the air sounded pleasantly, and our men, soon catching up the tune, joined heartily in the chorus.

Another very popular melody ran somewhat thus:—

"Our day is now begun,  
Says the Shan van voght,  
Our day is now begun,  
Says the Shan van voght.  
Our day is now begun,  
And ours is all the fun!  
Be my sowl ye'd better run!  
Says the Shan van voght!"

There were something like a hundred verses to this famous air, but it is more than likely, from the specimen given above, that my reader will forgive the want of memory that leaves me unable to quote others; nor is it necessary that I should add, that the merit of these canticles lay in the hoarse accord of a thousand rude voices, heard in the stillness of a wild mountain region, and at a time when an eventful struggle was before us: such were the circumstances which possibly made these savage rhymes assume something of terrible meaning.

We had just arrived at the entrance of Burnageeragh, when one of our mounted scouts rode up to say, that a peasant, who tended cattle on the mountains, had evidently observed our approach, and hastened into Castlebar with the tidings.

It was difficult to make General Humbert understand this fact.

"Is this the patriotism we have heard so much of? Are these the people who would welcome us as deliverers? Parbleu! I've seen nothing but lukewarmness or downright opposition since I landed! In that same town we have just quitted—a miserable hole, too, was it—what was the first sight that greeted us? a fellow in our uniform hanging from the stanchion of a window, with an inscription round his neck, to the purport that he was a traitor! This is the fraternity which our Irish friends never wearied to speak of!"

Our march was now hastened, and in less than an hour we debouched from the narrow gorge into the open plain before the town of Castlebar. A few shots in our front told us that the advanced picquet had fallen in with the enemy, but a French cheer also proclaimed that the Royalists had fallen back, and our march continued unmolested. The road, which was wide and level here, traversed a flat country, without hedge-row or cover, so that we were able to advance in close column, without any precaution for our flanks; but before us there was a considerable ascent, which shut out all view of the track beyond it. Up this our advanced guard was toiling, somewhat wearied with a seven hours' march and the heat of a warm morning, when scarcely had the leading files topped the ridge, than, plump! went a round shot over their heads, which, after describing a fine curve, plunged into the soft surface of a newly ploughed field. The troops were instantly retired behind the crest of the hill, and an orderly despatched to inform the General that we were in face of the enemy. He had already seen the shot and marked its direction. The main body was accordingly halted, and, defiling from the centre, the troops extended on either side into the fields. While this movement was being effected Humbert rode forward, and, crossing the ridge, reconnoitered the enemy.

It was, as he afterwards observed, a stronger force than he had anticipated, consisting of between three and four thousand bayonets, with four squadrons of horse, and two batteries of eight guns, the whole admirably posted on a range of heights, in front of the town, and completely covering it.

The ridge was scarcely eight hundred

yards' distance, and so distinctly was every object seen, that Humbert and his two aides-de-camp were at once marked and fired at, even in the few minutes during which the "reconnoissance" lasted.

As the General retired the firing ceased, and now all our arrangements were made without molestation of any kind. They were, indeed, of the simplest and speediest. Two companies of our grenadiers were marched to the front, and in advance of them, about twenty paces, were posted a body of Irish in French uniforms. This place being assigned them, it was said, as a mark of honour, but in reality for no other purpose than to draw on them the royalist artillery, and thus screen the grenadiers.

Under cover of this force came two light six pounder guns, loaded with grape, and intended to be discharged at point-blank distance. The infantry brought up the rear in three compact columns, ready to deploy into line at a moment.

In these very simple tactics no notice whatever was taken of the great rabble of Irish who hung upon our flanks and rear in disorderly masses, cursing, swearing, and vociferating in all the license of insubordination; and O'Donnel, whose showy uniform contrasted strikingly with the dark blue coat and low glazed cocked hat of Humbert, was now appealed to by his countrymen as to the reason of this palpable slight.

"What does he want? what does the fellow say?" asked Humbert, as he noticed his excited gestures and passionate manner.

"He is remonstrating, sir," replied I, "on the neglect of his countrymen; he says that they do not seem treated like soldiers; no post has been assigned, nor any order given them."

"Tell him, sir," said Humbert, with a savage grin, "that the discipline we have tried in vain to teach them hitherto, we'll not venture to rehearse under an enemy's fire; and tell him also that he and his ragged followers are free to leave us, or, if they like better, to turn against us, at a moment's warning."

I was saved the unpleasant task of interpreting this civil message by Conolly, who, taking O'Donnel aside, appeared endeavouring to reason with him, and reduce him to something like moderation.

"There, look at them, they're running like sheep!" cried Humbert, laughing, as he pointed to an indiscriminate rabble, some hundred yards off, in a meadow, and who had taken to their heels on seeing a round shot plunge into the earth near them. "Come along, sir: come with me, and when you have seen what fire is, you may go back and tell your countrymen! Serazin, is all ready? Well then, forward, march!"

"March!" was now re-echoed along the line, and steadily, as on a parade, our hardy infantry stepped out, while the drums kept up a continued roll as we mounted the hill.

The first to cross the crest of the ascent were the "Legion," as the Irish were called, who, dressed like French soldiers, were selected for some slight superiority in discipline and bearing. They had but gained the ridge, however, when a well-directed shot from a six-pounder smashed in amongst them, killing two and wounding six or seven others. The whole mass immediately fell back on our grenadiers. The confusion compelled the supporting column to halt, and once more the troops were retired behind the hill.

"Forward, men, forward!" cried Humbert, riding up to the front, and in evident impatience at these repeated checks; and now the grenadiers passed to the front, and, mounting the height, passed over, while a shower of balls flew over and around them. A small slated house stood half way down the hill, and for this the leading files made a dash, and gained it, just as the main body were, for the third time, driven back to re-form.

It was now evident that an attack in column could not succeed against a fire so admirably directed; and Humbert quickly deployed into line, and prepared to storm the enemy's position.

Up to this the conduct of the Royalists had been marked by the greatest steadiness and determination. Every shot from their batteries had told, and all promised an easy and complete success to their arms. No sooner, however, had our infantry extended into line, than the militia, unaccustomed to see an enemy before them, and unable to calculate distance, opened a useless, dropping fire, at a range where not a bullet could reach!

The ignorance of this movement, and the irregularity of the discharge, were not lost upon our fellows, most of whom were veterans of the army of the Rhine; and, with a loud cheer of derision, our troops advanced to meet them, while a cloud of skirmishers dashed forward, and secured themselves under cover of a hedge.

Even yet, however, no important advantage had been gained by us; and if the Royalists had kept their ground in support of their artillery, we must have been driven back with loss; but, fortunately for us, a movement we made to keep open order was mistaken by some of the militia officers for the preparation to outflank them, a panic seized the whole line, and they fell back, leaving their guns totally exposed and unprotected.

"They're running! they're running!" was the cry along our line; and now a race was seen, which should be first up with the artillery. The cheers at this moment were tremendous from our "allies," who had kept wide aloof hitherto, were now up with us, and, more lightly equipped than we were, soon took the lead. The temerity, however, was costly, for three several times did the Royalist artillery load and fire; and each discharge, scarcely at half-musket range, was terribly effective.

We were by no means prepared for either so sudden or complete a success, and the scene was exciting in the highest degree, as the whole line mounted the hill, cheering madly. From the crest of this rising ground we could now see the town of Castlebar beneath us, into which the Royalists were scampering at full speed. A preparation for defending the bridge into the town did not escape the watchful eyes of our General, who again gave the word "Forward!" not by the road alone, but also by the fields at either side, so as to occupy the houses that should command the bridge, and which, by a palpable neglect, the others had forgotten to do.

Our small body of horse, about twenty hussars, were ordered to charge the bridge; and had they been even moderately well mounted, must have captured the one gun of the enemy at once; but the miserable cattle, unable to strike a canter, only exposed them to a sharp musketry; and when they did reach the bridge, five of their num-

ber had fallen. The six-pounder was, however, soon taken, and the gunners sabred at their posts, while our advanced guard coming up, completed the victory; and nothing now remained but a headlong flight.

Had we possessed a single squadron of dragoons, few could have escaped us, for not a vestige of discipline remained. All was wild confusion and panic. Such of the officers as had ever seen service, were already killed or badly wounded; and the younger ones were perfectly unequal to the difficult task of rallying or restoring order to a routed force.

The scene in the market-square, as we rode in, is not easily to be forgotten; about two hundred prisoners were standing in a group, disarmed, it is true, but quite unguarded, and without any preparation or precaution against escape!

Six or seven English officers, amongst whom were two majors, were gathered around General Humbert, who was conversing with them in tones of easy and jocular familiarity. The captured guns of the enemy (fourteen in all) were being ranged on one side of the square, while behind them were drawn up a strange-looking line of men, with their coats turned. These were part of the Kilkenny militia, who had deserted to our ranks after the retreat began.

Such was the "fight" of Castlebar; it would be absurd to call it a "battle;" a day too inglorious for the Royalists to reflect any credit upon us; but, such as it was, it raised the spirits of our Irish followers to a pitch of madness; and, out of our own ranks, none now doubted in the certainty of Irish independence.

Our occupation of the town lasted only a week; but, brief as the time was, it was sufficient to widen the breach between ourselves and our allies into an open and undisguised hatred. There were, unquestionably, wrongs on both sides. As for us, we were thoroughly, bitterly disappointed in the character of those we had come to liberate; and, making the egregious mistake of confounding these semi-civilized peasants with the Irish people, we deeply regretted that ever the French army should have been sent on so worthless a mission. As for them, they felt insulted and degraded by the offensive tone we assumed towards them.

Not alone they were never regarded as comrades, but a taunting insolence of manner was assumed in all our dealings with them, very strikingly in contrast to that with which we conducted ourselves towards all the other inhabitants of the island, even those who were avowedly inimical to our object and our cause.

These things, with native quickness, they soon remarked. They saw the consideration and politeness with which the Bishop and his family were treated; they saw several Protestant gentlemen suffered to return to their homes "on parole." They saw, too—worst grievance of all—how all attempts at pillage were restrained, or severely punished, and they asked themselves, "To what end a revolt, if neither massacre nor robbery were to follow? If they wanted masters and rulers, sure they had the English that they were used to, and could at least understand."

Such were the causes, and such the reasonings, which gradually eat deeper and deeper into their minds, rendering them at first sullen, gloomy, and suspicious, and at last insubordinate, and openly insulting to us.

Their leaders were the first to exhibit this state of feeling. Affecting a haughty disdain for us, they went about with disparaging stories of the French soldiery; and at last went even so far as to impugn their courage!

In one of the versions of the affair of Castlebar, it was roundly asserted, that but for the Irish threatening to fire on them, the French would have turned and fled; while in another, the tactics of that day were all ascribed to the military genius of Neal Kerrigan, who, by the by, was never seen from early morning until late the same afternoon, when he rode into Castlebar on a fine bay horse that belonged to Captain Shortall of the Royal Artillery!

If the feeling between us and our allies was something less than cordial, nothing could be more friendly than that which subsisted between us and such of the Royalists as we came in contact with. The officers who became our prisoners were treated with every deference and respect. Two field-officers and a captain of carbineers dined daily with the General, and Serazin entertained several others. We liked them greatly; and I believe I am not flattering if I say that they were equally satisfied with us. "Nos amis l'enne-

mie," was the constant expression used in talking of them; and every day drew closer the ties of this comrade regard and esteem.

Such was the cordial tone of intimacy maintained between us, that I remember well, one evening at Humbert's table, an animated discussion being carried on between the General and an English staff-officer on the campaign itself—the Royalist averring, that, in marching southward at all, a gross and irreparable mistake had been made, and that if the French had occupied Sligo, and extended their wings towards the North, they would have secured a position of infinitely greater strength, and also become the centre for rallying round them a population of a very different order from the half-starved tribes of Mayo.

Humbert affected to say that the reason for his actual plan was, that twenty thousand French were daily expected to land in Lough Swilly, and that the western attack was merely to occupy time and attention, while the more formidable movement went on elsewhere.

I know not if the English believed this; I rather suspect not. Certes, they were too polite to express any semblance of distrust of what was told them with all the air of truth.

It was amusing, too, to see the candour with which each party discussed the other to his face; the French General criticising all the faulty tactics and defective manœuvres of the Royalists; while the English never hesitated to aver, that whatever momentary success might wait upon the French arms, they were just as certain to be obliged to capitulate in the end.

"You know it better than I do, General," said the Major of Dragoons. "It may be a day or two earlier or later, but the issue will and must be—a surrender."

"I don't agree with you," said Humbert, laughing; "I think there will be more than one 'Castlebar.' But let the worst happen, and you must own that your haughty country has received a heavy insult—your great England has got a *soufflet* in the face of all Europe!"

This, which our General regarded as a great compensation—the greatest, perhaps, he could receive for all defeat—did not seem to affect the Eng-



lish with proportionate dismay, nor even to ruffle the equanimity of their calm tempers.

Upon one subject both sides were quite agreed—that the peasantry never could aid, but very possibly would always shipwreck, every attempt to win national independence.

“I should have one army to fight the English, and two to keep down the Irish!” was Humbert’s expression; and very little experience served to show that there was not much exaggeration in the sentiment.

Our week at Castlebar taught us a good lesson in this respect. The troops, wearied with a march that had begun on the midnight of the day be-

fore, and with an engagement that lasted from eight till two in the afternoon, were obliged to be under arms for several hours, to repress pillage and massacre. Our allies now filled the town, to the number of five thousand, openly demanding that it should be given up to them, parading the streets in riotous bands, and displaying banners with long lists of names, doomed for immediate destruction.

The steadiness and temper of our soldiery were severely tried by these factious and insubordinate spirits; but discipline prevailed at last, and before the first evening closed in, the town was quiet, and, for the time, at least, danger over.

#### A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS.

Carrigbawn, Nov. 27, 1850.

MY DEAR ANTHONY.—I was strolling yesterday morning through my plantations, knife in hand, lopping off decayed branches, pruning irregular and excessive growth, and here and there consigning to the woodman’s hatchet some dead tree which, having now ceased to contribute its quota of ornament or utility, received its sentence—“Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?” dooming to a like fate some over-ambitious denizen, which struggled for an undue share of place and greatness in the woody republic, and crushed and bowed down its weaker companions, and robbed them of the free gifts of nature, the sun-light, and the air of heaven; the juice and fatness of the earth, the dew and the shower;—when I fell into a train of musing, as you know my wont is. Truly, dear Anthony, the man who spends his life “exempt from public haunt,” and converses much with others of God’s creatures than his own species, will learn a lore that the dwellers in cities know not of. He will “find tongues in trees,” and his spiritual sense will hear strange words, that never fall on the ear of flesh—words of knowledge, of reproof, of correction, of instruction in righteousness, for which these scriptures of God, written on the tablet of the earth, are profitable, even as is that “Scripture given by inspiration.” I have somehow got the habit, as every thoughtful, solitary man does, of making companions of the insentient things about me. I love to endue them with thought, and to fancy that they understand my sensations, and I theirs. Thus, I have my friends and favorites, ay, and my loves, too. I have my harem of flowers—beauties whose loveliness is not veiled from the light, but brightens and glows more and more in the sunshine—whose charms neither sate the heart, nor vitiate the soul. I have my community of plants and shrubs—my aristocracy of forest trees; and much pleasure and profit have I as I “consider how they grow.” The flowers speak to me of joy, and peace, and love; and their odorous breath whispers of purity of soul. The low-lying brooms, the laurestinas spreading along the ground, the laurels and hollies, with their thick, trim, shining foliage of ever-enduring green, tell of humility, and the well-ordered beauty of holy living. The oak shews forth the fortitude that stands before the storm; and, like the martyr of old, bends not to tribulation or trial, though it will fall rather than bend. The pliant sallow admonishes me of that gentleness of spirit that will “give place unto wrath,” bowing under the hand that buffets, and as it rises again, shewing no mark or memory of the smiter. The fir and the pine, green and warm

when the trees around them are sapless and bare, spread their sheltering arms above some tender nurselings, meet remembrancers of heavenly Charity. Then, Faith has its representative in the ash, that strikes its roots deep and clingingly even into the rock; and Hope in the hazel that drops its nut confidently into the earth; and Patience in the slow-growing and late-matured walnut. And the tapering larch that shoots right up to the light and the air, calls to mind the Piety of earnest souls that ever look and struggle up heavenwards. Have we not, too, trees that bear their fruit of righteous works, and others fruitless, but with their leaves abundant—mere professions and words of much promise; and the cankered heart, and the dead, withered branch, and the diseased or distorted limb, that must be cut off and cast away to insure the health or the beauty of the tree? If at any time I weary of the face of man, or chafe at his folly, I can betake myself to the woodlands, and hear the leafy things around whisper wisdom and truth as they bend their branches towards me, while I lean against their trunks with my book, and re-absorb the peace of God's nature:—

“For where  
I have my books  
I have old friends,  
Whose cheering looks  
Make me amends  
For coldnesses in men: and so  
With those departed long ago,  
And with wild flowers and trees,  
And with the living breeze,  
And with ‘the still small voice’  
Within, I would rejoice,  
And converse hold, while breath  
Held me, and then—come Death.”

A clattering of hoofs on the gravel attracted my attention, and I saw Uncle Saul's little post-boy, “Shawneen,” riding on his donkey at full canter down the avenue towards the house. I stepped forward to intercept him, but he flew passed me with unabated speed, notwithstanding his utmost exertions to bring the beast to a stand still. The animal, though but an ass, seemed to be a philosopher of the Baconian school, and having, according to the precept of his master, proposed to himself, in the commencement of his career, one great and final object, he pursued it steadily without pause or deviation; and so having left his own stable with the fixed determination of reaching mine, he was indisposed to fall short of his purpose, no matter what pressing solicitations were used to induce him. At length, however, Shawneen, by dint of sawing the bridle with both hands, contrived to turn the donkey right round: but with change of direction came change of purpose, and accordingly he set off again, wriggling his tail and sticking down his head with the evident intention of returning to his own apartments. This I was determined to frustrate, so I seized the bridle as he was cantering by me, and in a moment or two our united exertions were successful. After a few graceful retrograde movements, not unlike the backing of a steamer when she reverses her paddles, the donkey swung round to his moorings beside me. “Well, Shawneen, what's the matter?” The boy was too much “blown” to speak, but he pulled a letter out of his pocket and handed it to me. I opened the envelope, and in its fold were these words in my uncle's hand-writing:—“Good news—read and return, S.S.” The letter itself I perused with much interest: it was from my worthy godfather, Jonathan Freke, of New York, full of love and kindness: you can imagine the pleasure with which I read the following passage:—“Notwithstanding the great prosperity with which God has blessed me, and for which I humbly trust I am not ungrateful, I always pine for the dear friends from whom I have been so long severed; and I have never seen the return of Easter or Christmas that my heart did not yearn after them, and the wish arise that I were sitting in your hospitable mansion, dear Saul, in the midst of all whom I love. But the home-sickness has of late grown so strong upon me that I can no longer support it, and so I am winding up my affairs, and will leave the firm to younger hands, while I haste away to sit beside your hearth at Christmas, and grow young again

in the light of so many dear faces." I despatched the boy and fell into a train of sweet musing.—Thrice blessed and happy influences of that religion which accommodates its ordinances to the nurture of our social affections as it gives its graces to sustain our spiritual life—whose sabbaths recruit the body while they refresh the soul—whose festivals are not only spiritual rejoicings, but potent bonds to bind together the human family in the brotherhood of love! The Divinity of Christianity, had it no other proof, would stand confessed in this—that it is the most sublime, the most perfect, the most lovely social system that the world has ever seen, wondrously adapted to cherish and develope all that is good in man's nature, to repress all that is evil, to make him the best citizen, the truest friend, the tenderest parent, and the most duteous child. I hold it, therefore, to be an obligation, equally social and religious, to maintain in all their ancient integrity the joyous observances of those festive seasons; they are stages in the great journey of human life, when man pauses for a moment from the intent and absorbing selfishness with which each is pressing onwards, to forget self and to look lovingly on his brother. And pre-eminent above all others is the Festival of the Nativity. The wondrous event which it commemorates influences the soul with a grateful happiness, and opens the heart to the reception of all kindly affections. I love to see it kept in all its glory. I love it for its holy charities, for its humanising influences, for its generous cheer, its wassail bowl, the misletoe, the song, and the dance. I love it for the recollections of childish delight with which it is associated; but in chief I love it for this, that it brings back to home the feet that have been wandering away from it during the year—that it unites again in one common family those who have been scattered abroad amid strange scenes and in diverse pursuits, renovating the affections that distance or time may have weakened, drawing us all together round the one holy well of love, to drink of it and strengthen our hearts, and fill them with stores of kindness, that may sustain us when we go forth into the arid deserts of life.

There is something, to my thinking, profoundly affecting in the appearance of external nature with which Christmas is usually ushered in. Everything around is suggestive, as if by a wise arrangement, of the havoc which sin has wrought on the world. The earth—how unlike to the vernal glory of her primal sinlessness!—lies torpid and exhausted, stript alike of the verdure of spring, the bloom of summer, and the richness of autumn. With the shroud of snow upon her bosom, and the ice upon her heart beneath, she looks the emblem of physical death. And then it is—when the curse laid upon man is upon her, too, for man's sake—that He who had walked the bowers of Paradise in the majesty of a king and the benignity of a father, now revisits the earth, in her desolation and abasement, as a lowly feeble child; yet potent to reconquer His kingdom from the usurper, and to found a system calculated to revolutionise the world to its extremest limits.

The recollections of Christmas during my childhood are still the dearest and holiest memories of my life, and I cannot even yet recall them without mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. My eyes grow dim with tears, and my heart is stirred, when I call to mind four children, with impatient wakefulness, awaiting the dawn of morning, that they might dress and hurry down—stealing on tip-toe to the door of their parents' chamber—then artlessly singing their Christmas hymn; and, when it was ended, springing into the room with gay clamour, claiming their Christmas-boxes, and wishing a happy Christmas, and receiving the kiss and blessing. And those parents—where are they now? And we—where are we? One, the loveliest and meekest of souls, sleeps in peace, wearied of the world before it was well entered on; and the others have gone each his different way, and now meet but rarely; for we have no father's house to re-assemble us, and I often ask in thought, "Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?"

But ye, who still have that priceless blessing, a father's home, know that it is a holy temple to which all should, like the Jews of old, go up at seasons to worship. Make it the focal point to which all your hearts and feet, no matter how distant ye be, shall at seasons converge; where all your affections, like rays of light which the glass draws together, shall meet and commingle in a glow of love, intense and ardent. Let no cold philosophy sneer down for ye these honoured

festivities; nor let the children of a utilitarian age deem themselves wiser in their generation than their simpler sires, who failed not to call the annual muster-roll of glad hearts and joyous faces, to see that none were wanting in their places—that none had fallen away or lagged behind in the journey of life.

With such thoughts as these strong upon me, I sat down, dear Anthony, to tell you a tale which should illustrate what I have just written. The actors in it have all passed away from earth; but *you* will, perhaps, discover, under feigned names, one at least of them. I wrought at my pleasant employ till the early twilight surprised me, and after my solitary dinner I resumed my pen till midnight. This morning I was sitting, after a late breakfast, preparing my despatch for thee, dear Anthony, when a vision of a white pony and its rider dashed by the window, and in a few moments my cousin Abigail stood before me. I protest, Anthony, she looked very pretty. The flush of health, heightened by the morning air, suffused her brow and cheeks; her brown hair had escaped from beneath her gold-banded riding-cap of blue velvet; her eyes beamed laughingly as she laid her riding-wand across my shoulders; and her figure—well! well!—all I shall say is that a tight-fitting habit sets it off charmingly.—“What, Jonathan! so late at breakfast! Do, pray, bestir yourself; I want you to ride with me to ——.” Now, there is nothing more provoking or humbling to my vanity than the manner in which my fair cousins, one and all, treat me. I verily believe they think I was sent into the world for no other purpose than to minister to their gratification; and, worst of all, they actually practise flirting on me, as gentlemen practise shooting on a stuffed figure; and that, too, without the slightest fear that their little hearts may be endangered by coming within the range of my attractions. So I answered Miss Abigail, somewhat crustily—“Indeed, I shall do no such thing. I am very busy at present.” “Well, then, I shall wait till your business is finished. But what is this, Coz? Ah! I see you are writing one of your rigmaroles to your friend, Mr. Poplar! Come, let me see it!” She snatched up my papers, and prepared to spring out of the window. I captured her just in time, and punished her as young ladies should be punished, who make so free with young gentlemen.—“For shame, Jonathan! If you were not my cousin, I should say you were very rude!” Being both in fault, we came to terms, and I offered to read, if she would sit quietly and listen. So the girl sat down in my easy chair, and composed her features till they assumed an air of most demure sobriety. “Now, Jonathan, proceed. Take notice, I shall criticise you unmercifully.” Then I read my poem of

#### RAVENSCHROFT HALL.

’Twas a sweet summer eve. The flush of day  
Had paled from crimson to that nameless hue  
That tints the sea-shell. The still sultry air  
Was tempered by the gentlest breeze that crept  
Up from the sleeping lake, over whose face  
The grey, thin mist was hanging. A fair girl  
Sate in a casement, through whose open frame  
Bright-eyed and odorous flowers wreathed their heads,  
As though they gazed and breathed in kindred love  
On one as lovely and as sweet as they.  
She held a scroll, and ever as she read  
Her eyes looked gleeful, and a light, gay laugh—  
The music of a heart that knew no care—  
Rang out upon the night air.

From the lawn,  
Close clipt and green, that sloped in gentle swell  
Up to the window’s base, one stole with step  
Timid and noiseless, till he stood before  
The maid. Anon she raised her eyes—their light,  
Clear and unwavering, fell upon his face  
As sun-light falls on a deep-flowing stream.  
His brow flushed sudden, and his dark eye grew

Dilate and troublous ; then he looked away,  
 And his pale lips, with ill-assumed ease,  
 Essayed some common-place—I know not what—  
 Some word of greeting.

“ Ah ! dear Walter, welcome,  
 Thou’rt just in time to read these rhymes thyself.”  
 The stripling took the page, and sate him down  
 Beside the maiden, and he read this lay :—

TO ———

“ Why doth the pilgrim wander afar,  
     O’er parching deserts and trackless ways ?  
 Why doth he brave the elements’ war  
     In the reeling bark on the boiling seas ?  
 Why presses he onward, nor never delays—  
     Why smilingly hopes where others repine ?  
 ’Tis because he knows, with the evening’s rays,  
     He shall kneel in prayer at the long-sought shrine.

“ Why, in the cool and balmy air,  
     When the blue heavens beam in the star-lit night,  
 Does the softened savage sink down in prayer,  
     And worship all lowly each silvery light ?  
 Why does he raise his swimming sight  
     To those worlds that wander in endless space ?  
 ’Tis because he feels as they glitter bright,  
     That Divinity glows in each burning face.

“ When, wrapt in devotion, the pilgrim kneels,  
     Does he think that the saint new bliss acquires ?  
 Does he fancy the blessed more rapture feels  
     That his bosom gloweth with holy fires ?  
 Ah, no ! his humbler wish but aspires  
     At his angel’s shrine to offer his praise ;  
 ’Tis all his loving bosom requires—  
     To adore the saint—and retrace his ways.

“ When the savage bows down in the silent night,  
     And yields up to heaven his homage free ;  
 Does he think that the glittering orbs of light  
     More brightly shines since he bends the knee ?  
 Ah, no ! he deems not that such can be,  
     When, enraptured, he looks on the glorious skies ;  
 He but worships Beauty instinctively—  
     That beauty of Brightness that never dies.

“ Oh, fairest ! I pray thee ask me not then  
     Why my feet retread their well-known ways,  
 Why my true, fond heart returns again  
     To pour at the shrine of my love its lays ;  
 Or why I seek to live in the rays,  
     The melting rays of thy starry eye ;  
 Why gaze on the beauties thy face displays,  
     As beaming and soft as a summer sky.

“ At the lovely shrine of a lovelier mind,  
     With all of a Palmer’s holy zeal,  
 I bow to the innocence there enshrined,  
     Though thy bosom no glow responsive feel.  
 And, oh ! when the trembling glances steal  
     From thine eyes of light o’er thy features fair,  
 The thought that my bosom would fain conceal  
     They read—that my heart is burning there.”

“ In good sooth, dear Walter,  
 Thou’rt a brave rhym’ster for a youth so young ;



When thou art man I think thou'lt be a poet.  
 If thou can'st write so sweet without a love,  
 What wilt thou do when thou shalt have a mistress?  
 Beshrew me, should I ever have a suitor,  
 I'll make thee teach the swain such pretty strains  
 To woo me in withal."

The boy replied not, but his cheeks and brow  
 Paled with a sudden chill that sent the blood  
 Back on his heart, and made him faint and sick.  
 The maiden noted not the instant change  
 That her light words had wrought, for she had paused,  
 Pondering on some deep thought within her heart,  
 Then added, quickly, "Hast thou heard that Ralph  
 Has safe returned, and straightway will be here?  
 I marvel much if strange lands and new faces  
 Have dimmed the memory of dear old home.  
 Dear Ralph! he should be now well nigh a man,  
 Ay, and a brave one. How I long to see him!  
 Methinks, dear Walter, you are strangely moody——  
 Come, let us in unto our pleasant tasks——  
 I to my frame, and thou the while to read  
 'The wondrous music of the poet's song,  
 Delightful Tennyson. Where left we off?  
 Ah! I remember. 'Twas the talking oak  
 Of Sumner Chase, just where the maiden spies  
 Her own name carved upon his wrinkled rind.

" Oh, yes, she wandered round and round  
 These knotted knees of mine,  
 And found, and kissed the name she found,  
 And sweetly murmured thine.

" A tear-drop trembled from its source,  
 And down my surface crept.  
 My sense of touch is somewhat coarse,  
 But I believe I wept.

" Then flushed her cheek with rosy light,  
 She glanced across the plain;  
 But not a creature was in sight——  
 She kissed me once again."

Ran it not so, my brother?

Then the boy  
 Started as if a shrewd pang stung his heart,  
 And with a fierce and sullen rage he crushed  
 Within his hand the scroll wherein, with care  
 Most artful, he had poured his hot soul out  
 In a feigned verse, not daring yet to name  
 Her whom he loved, but aiming artfully  
 To move her heart the while; even as one skilled  
 In sounds of music, with his voice essays  
 To find the pitch of a sweet-stringed lute,  
 Then lists attentive if perchance the cord  
 Trembles responsive with congenial tone.  
 But he, poor boy, found no response, and so  
 He tore the leaf and strewed it in the air——  
 Offended, marvelling, sorrowful by turns,  
 The girl surveyed him till her blue eye swam  
 In moisture, that swelled o'er the reddening lid,  
 And glistened on the dark and taper lash;  
 But spoke she not. Remorseful and ashamed,

“ Alice,” he cried, “ forgive me this wild mood ;  
 Could'st thou my spirit read thou would'st forgive—  
 Being unread, I more forgiveness need.”  
 “ Nay, Walter, I do read thy heart, and plainly,—  
 Thou'rt somewhat chafed—confess it—that thy verse  
 Has not been praised with sighings, and ‘ Ah ! me's ’—  
 The tribute of such pretty love conceits.  
 Poets are all such vain and jealous creatures—  
 And why not thou ? But come, thou shalt not fail  
 Of minstrel's guerdon.”

Then she plucked a rose,  
 Full-blown and dewy, and with sportive hand  
 Showered the loosed leaves on Walter's brow ; but he  
 Turned sorrowful away, and with a sigh  
 Walked down the sloping turf, and passed from sight  
 Amidst the shadows of a laurel grove.

“ Well, my dear Jonathan,” said Abigail, “ I think your Alice must have been purblind. If any one were to make love to me in that fashion, I should find him out, I warrant me. For my part, I always think there is something very suspicious in a young gentleman reading poetry to a young lady.” “ What ! *always*, Abigail ? ” “ Oh ! no doubt there are cases where 'tis quite out of the question. But go on, Jonathan.”

Alice and Ralph, in the hot noon of day,  
 Paced a sweet alley where the birch, and oak,  
 And light-sprayed ashes, interlacing close  
 Their lofty branches in an arch o'erhead,  
 Shut out the sun-glare. Carolled wild the birds  
 Deep in the underwood, or on the heights  
 Of rocking branches, where they basked in light.  
 Alice and Ralph alone paced to and fro,  
 So silent both, that ye might hear the tread  
 Of their slow feet upon the shell-strewed walk,  
 Or the low chirping of the shrill cicada.  
 The young man gazed upon the gentle girl  
 Intent and long, as though his eyes would pry  
 Deep through her orbs into her heart of hearts,  
 And read the hived sweetness of her love.  
 She the while  
 Curtained her blue eyes with their fringed lids,  
 And gave not entrance to his passionate gaze.  
 Woman's defensive instinct ! like the flower  
 That closes quick its sensitive leaves if e'en  
 An infant's finger touch them.

And thus they walked, happy, yet ill at ease,  
 For they were lovers, though as yet no word  
 Of formal courtship told the young man's love.  
 But ere the shadows of the western hills  
 Stretched far into the vale at eventide,  
 Their hearts stood all confest. It skills not how—  
 By words, or something tenderer still than words—  
 'Tis the old tale—old, yet still ever new,—  
 The mode still varying, but the end the same,  
 In all times—in all places—in the halls  
 Of princes—in the peasant's lowly hut—  
 In crowded cities—in the lone savannahs—  
 The same mysterious, subtle, potent instinct,  
 That guided Adam in primeval bowers,  
 And shook with troublous joy the beating heart  
 Of his most beauteous God-gift ; and that now,

In this old, sin-stained and degenerate world,  
 Wakes in man's heart the one lone feeling left  
 That links him still to God, and makes him holy.  
 Mortal, beware how thou dost use this gift !  
 If with a reverent joy, a holy awe,  
 Thou entertainest in thy purest soul  
 This angel sent from God as unawares,  
 'Tis well, for thou art sanctified thereby ;  
 But if thou stain with one unhallowed thought  
 The crystal fount of that divinest essence—  
 If thou dost throw on that bright holy flame  
 Even but the thousandth part of aught that's gross,  
 Then dost thou grieve God's Spirit, quench his light,  
 And cause, it may be, even to go forth  
 From the heart's temple that thou hast defiled,  
 As erst from God's own face on Sion's Mount,  
 The dread decree—"Let us depart from hence."

"I protest, sweet coz., you discourse of love like a Methodist preacher. Why, this is a very biography of the passion from the days of Adam downwards. Who taught you all this love, pray? What do you know about flames and essences?" "Hush, hush, Abby; you must not talk lightly of what is above your comprehension. Hold your tongue, and listen."

The balmy breath of summer, now no more  
 Odorous with herb and flower, floats on the air.  
 The slanting sun shines with a tempered ray  
 On plain and woodland, and the reaper's hand  
 Hath gathered in the harvest. Ah, how swift  
 Have fled the weeks for Alice and her Ralph !  
 How slow to Walter ! Every day more shy  
 And moody grown, the boy now careful shuns  
 The converse once so loved—the book, the lute.  
 In vain hath Alice sought with soothing words  
 To win him back to his old sweet employ ;  
 For well she loved him with a brother's love,  
 And mourned to find, she knew not why, that love  
 Returned no more. Alas ! she had not read  
 His heart aright—else, had she surely seen  
 He loved too deep to give a brother's love,  
 Or be content with sister's ; so at length  
 She ceased to struggle with his waywardness,  
 The rather that her heart had now a joy  
 Dearer and more engrossing. Thus between  
 The two young brothers somehow something came  
 That cast its freezing shadow o'er their hearts ;  
 For Walter's words were proud, and short, and sharp,  
 And oftentimes with a stern and savage scorn  
 He spurned Ralph's wonted love ; and so  
 Their spirits day by day grew more apart  
 In sad estrangement.

Now upon a day  
 In the late Autumn, Walter and his sire  
 Sat on the terrace. And it chanced between  
 The aged elms that stretched in double row,  
 Alice and Ralph were walking—arm in arm.  
 Then the old man looked smilingly, and said,  
 "Has Ralph been telling thee about his suit?"  
 But Walter's face grew pale, and he replied,  
 "I do not keep Ralph's secrets."

"Well, my son,  
 I'll spare his blushes. He has wooed and won

Fair Alice, and will make her soon his wife.  
 I marvel little that the sweet girl gained  
 Ralph's heart so quickly. Who could live near her  
 And love her not?"

While thus the old man spoke,  
 Like a sharp arrow glancing from its course,  
 His simple words sank deep and woundingly  
 Into a breast he aimed not at. But he  
 Discernèd not the anguish of the boy,  
 Nor even dreamed that one so young as he  
 Should love like man. And so the father mused  
 A moment in sweet thought,—then smiling, said,—  
 "Strange! that the dearest wishes of my life  
 Are thus accomplished. When my best of friends,  
 Ralph Moreton, died in Florence, at his side  
 I stood, and in my arms I held a babe  
 Close to his glazing eye, that he might fill  
 His dying gaze with the loved miniature  
 Of one whose face he soon should see in Heaven.  
 When he had kissed and blessed the child, and I  
 Had given her to the nurse to bear her thence,  
 Ralph took my hand in his cold palm and said,  
 'Henry, my Alice soon will be alone;  
 Her mother and myself loved thee and thine,  
 And we commit our little one to thee.  
 Cherish her ever as if she were thine;  
 And when my godson, Ralph, shall be a man,  
 Perchance our ancient love will grow again  
 In their young hearts, and he will be to her—  
 What I have been to thee, my Mary!'

Then  
 I wrung his hand, but spoke not. Had I tried,  
 I should have sobbed aloud, and marred the peace  
 Of God then resting on the dying man;  
 For he had gently thrown his pale face back,  
 And turned his eyes towards Heaven; and I felt  
 That in that awful hour there stood by him  
 The spirit ministrant of her he loved,  
 Even as in life she oft had ministered.  
 And in the pauses of his quickening breath  
 I caught the hollow whisper of his words,  
 'Said I not well, my Mary?'—So he passed  
 (For thus my fancy ever loves to think)  
 To Heaven with her whose name was on his lips."

The old man ceased to muse aloud, but still  
 He mused in silence, for his thoughts had strayed  
 Away into the sad and shadowy past;  
 And when at length he waked up with a sigh,  
 And turned his moistened eye to seek his son,  
 He found him not—the boy had stolen away.

The day when Ralph and Alice were to wed  
 Drew quickly near; and but a week remained  
 For preparation. So it was arranged  
 That Ralph at midnight should speed up to town,  
 To set in order all those needful things  
 That worldly prudence and sage men of law  
 Environ spousals with. Alice and he  
 Had bade good night, but none was there to see  
 That sweet, sad parting; for his father sat  
 Poring o'er parchments in the library;  
 And Walter—as his wont was much of late—

Was absent, none knew whither, nor inquired.  
 Perchance in his own chamber, with his books,  
 Or wandering forth into the starry night.  
 And so the hours passed on, and silence fell  
 Upon the mansion. But a taper's light  
 Streamed from a lattice in a distant wing  
 Forth on the darkness, till its radiance fell  
 Upon the green, trim, holly's polished leaves,  
 And made them glint and flicker.

Hark ! A sound

As if of song comes forth upon the air,  
 Plaintive, yet passing sweet—and this the strain :

SONG.

The sun's last smile is beaming  
 Along the western main ;  
 And twilight's shades are streaming  
 O'er heaven and earth again.  
 Ah ! thus, 'mid tears of sorrow,  
 Thy farewell smile I see,  
 And think that ere to-morrow,  
 Thou'lt go from love and me.

But soon the mild morn smiling,  
 Shall cheer the glooms of night ;  
 So hope, my heart beguiling,  
 May soothe, though not delight.  
 And as her beams enlighten  
 Night's shades till morn appear,  
 May hope each sorrow brighten,  
 Till joy and thou be here.

Farewell ! each sun's declining  
 Shall bring sweet thoughts of thee ;  
 Each midnight moonbeam shining  
 Speak hope and peace to me.  
 For oh ! each daylight fading,  
 Each midnight hour told o'er,  
 Thy faithful steps is leading  
 To joy and me once more.

Unwelcome fell those sounds upon the ear  
 Of one who paced beneath with feverish brow  
 Bared to the night breeze. It was his own song,  
 With here and there a word put in or changed.  
 A "thee" for "me," thus made to speak the love  
 Of her *he* loved unto his happy rival.  
 What marvel that the thought nigh drove him mad,  
 To find that the fond creature of his brain,  
 That he had sent to watch and tend his love,  
 And whisper to her heart sweet thoughts of him,  
 Should thus work treason to him, and be used  
 To bear her love-sighs to another's heart !—  
 A fiend was roused within him at that hour,  
 That in a moment made him grow a man ;  
 And he strode back with a wild, stern resolve  
 To give his full heart vent, whatever might come.  
 The lamp-light shining through the half-closed door  
 Led him to where his father still remained,  
 But not alone, for Ralph had joined him now,  
 To say farewell at parting. Then the heart



Of the mad boy boiled o'er in words of rage,  
 And hate, and scorn, and high defiance, blent  
 With grief, and tears, and desperation—'till  
 Father and brother looked, amazed to hear  
 His strange, wild tale of passion. Ralph's calm eye  
 At length 'gan kindle; and to his quivering lip  
 Sharp words were rising. But his father saw  
 His mood, and back repressed him with his arm;  
 And thus to Walter: "Wretched, senseless boy!  
 How has this passion mastered thy young heart,  
 That thou should'st thus intrude upon the love  
 That thou didst know full well two saints in heaven  
 Have sanctified, and I, thy sire, approve.  
 Hence to thy chamber, Walter, and when next  
 We meet I look to find that thou hast chased  
 This childish phantasy from out thy brain."  
 Then Walter raised his eyes upon his sire,  
 And in his look was blent a host of feelings.  
 Once he essayed to speak, but shook his head  
 With a changed purpose, and retired. Ralph sprang  
 After his brother, with a brother's love,—  
 But Walter rudely shook him off and passed.

I saw that my fair auditress was about to speak, so I laid down my paper.  
 "This will never do, Jonathan. Two brothers in love with one girl, and one  
 of them not out of his round jacket. I never heard of such a thing except in  
 plays or romances. What will the critics say to it?" "I don't care a fig about  
 the critics." "'Tis unnatural——" "You know nothing at all about nature,  
 Abby. You're a little goose." "And you know very little about good breed-  
 ing, Jonathan; you're a great bear." I was getting the worst of it, so I took  
 to my reading.

Time, with his stealthy feet, had circled round  
 The sun seven times; Alice and Ralph had wed,  
 And two fair children blessed their happy home—  
 The home where Moreton and his wife had dwelt,  
 Some three hours' pleasant ride from the old hall.  
 But Walter—where was he? None ever knew,  
 Save that, at early dawn, upon that day  
 That Ralph had left the Hall, a youth was seen  
 Treading a sylvan pathway towards the coast,  
 Carrying a bundle, in a 'kerchief tied,  
 And slung upon a staff. Old Ravenscroft  
 Made search for him through the country round,  
 Instant and close, but tidings learned he none.—

Time, with his stealthy feet, was moving on;  
 And it was winter. Deeply lay the snow  
 Upon the glebe, and on the branching pines,  
 Bending their boughs to earth, in white festoons;  
 The sheep stood thronged beneath the sheltering hedge;  
 The finch and redbreast left the icy eaves,  
 And perched upon the casement. On the lake,  
 The crisping film was shooting from the edge  
 In crystal lancets. Thro' the chill, dry air  
 Redly, beyond the hill, the sun sank down,  
 And night came on the world. It was the eve  
 Of the Nativity. A pale, thin man  
 Sat dreamily before the cheery hearth  
 Of the trim parlour in the hamlet inn  
 Near Ravenscroft. A vision of the past  
 Rose up before him. Faithful Memory  
 Now marshalled forth in sad and pale array

Her dim procession, coming from the mist  
That hangs round infancy, then moving on  
Through youth and manhood, till the mimic train  
Ends in the foreground where the dreamer sits,  
And lo! his image fades into himself.  
And thus the sick man in his waking dream  
Saw first a child that played 'mid toys and flowers  
With a fair girl, his elder by two years;  
And then the boy would row her o'er the lake  
In his light wherry; or at noon of day,  
Within the weeping ash-tree's leafy bowers,  
Read brave tales for her. How some steel-clad knight,  
Riding thro' greenwood, rescued noble dames  
From thrall of giant. Then the sweet reward—  
A kiss from that dear sister on his brow,  
Disparting his brown curls with her fair hand.  
And next, the boy found out, half pleased, half grieved,  
That she was not his sister. For even then  
A strange wish stirred his young heart, and he thought  
The sister that he lost might be to him  
A more than sister. Then he grew more shy,  
But tenderer withal in his reserve,  
And nourished his young soul with solitude,  
With books and minstrelsy; and learned to shape  
His thoughts in music. But the unconscious girl  
Changed not as he; for still she spoke as wont,  
And called him brother.

Then from out the shade  
Stept forth another form—beautiful 'twas,  
And young, and manly; but the jealous boy  
Trembled with fear and anger, for it stood  
Between him and his love. Then all became  
Troubled and wild, and hurrying to and fro;  
For storm, and lightning, and the thunder peal  
Swept o'er the scene, and shook the mimic things,  
And made the lights grow dim and flickering,  
That memory lent to light the show withal.  
The storm and darkness passed, and with them, too,  
The phantom shapes—save one. It was the boy  
Crossing the sea, and seeking that great place,  
The mart of the wide world. Then toilfully,  
With resolution high, that would not fail,  
Still pressing onward, though oft beaten down.  
As the strong waves of the inflowing sea,  
Though crushed upon the rocks, and beaten back,  
Muster their force the more for the recoil,  
And ever more rush on, and rise at last  
High o'er the cliffs that broke them. So the youth  
Worked on and won his toilful way to fame,  
And grew familiar to the lips of men.  
For he had looked more deep into his soul,  
And held long converse with the subtle powers  
That swayed and shook his spirit. So he learned  
The mysteries of his own nature, till  
He made them ministers to work his will  
On other men as they had once on him—  
To stir the wells of feeling to their source,  
To agitate and soothe, make sad and grieve—  
To be to human souls what winds of heaven,  
And sun, and shower, and elemental fire  
Are to the soulless world of earth and sea—  
To be a *Poet*.

Thus it was the boy  
 Had risen to man—the rhymester to the bard;  
 But strength of body grew not with the one,  
 Nor in the other healthiness of soul.  
 The wounds of his young life were still unhealed;  
 And though the cautery had skinned them o'er,  
 Yet was the poison rankling still beneath,  
 Tainting his moral being. So his verse,  
 Trenchant and lofty, spared not vice or folly,  
 Nor much allowed for man's or woman's truth,  
 But shewed their failings with a master's skill.  
 And so the mind's unrest wasted the form,  
 And the slow fever of a morbid heart  
 Was wearing him away. But when the blasts  
 Of winter howled adown the gloomy streets,  
 And frost and sleet-shower pinched his weakly frame,  
 He left the town to seek a sunnier dwelling  
 In southern climates. Then the love of home,  
 Dormant, but not yet dead, within his breast—  
 A strong desire to see once more the haunts  
 Of happy childhood—led his steps aside  
 From his directer road. And thus it was,  
 That very boy—that man of the dim vision—  
 Now sate a-musing by the lone fireside,  
 On Christmas eve, within the hamlet inn.

The hours passed on unheeded—in the grate  
 The logs burned low, and smouldered white—the lights  
 Flickered within their sockets. From the tower  
 Of the quaint church rang out the hour of twelve.  
 And then the brattle of the sweet-tongued bells,  
 Clanging and clashing, pealed into the night  
 A joyous chime, to welcome Christmas in.  
 The stranger started, for those jocund tones  
 Rang on his heart as old familiar sounds,  
 Calling to mind the times when, as a boy,  
 He loved to chaunt those holy hymns of old,  
 Which saints and holy fathers of the Church  
 Have left as precious gifts to later times.  
 And as he lay upon his couch that night,  
 It seemed as though sweet voices in the air  
 Gave utterance to his thoughts in strains like these:—

“*Te laudum nullibus  
 Laudo, laudo, laudo;  
 Cantis mirabilibus,  
 Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo.  
 Gloria, sit gloria,  
 Amanti memoria,  
 Domino in altis,  
 Cui testimonia  
 Bantur et preconia  
 Coelicis a psaltis.*”

“In the name of wonder what is all that, most erudite cousin? It sounds very sweetly, but I understand as much about it as my pony, Ariel.” “’Tis Latin, Abby; part of an old Christmas hymn written by an Abbot of Livry in the days of old.” “Shocking! Jonathan; why this is flat heresy—Puseyism—Popery.” “My dear Abby,” said I, gravely, “it is neither one nor the other. I beseech you do not speak about what you do not understand, or I shall presently mistake

you for a controversialist. But listen; here is something to suit your comprehension."

*" Glory be to God on high!  
Christ is born to-day,  
Peace on earth, and charity,  
Christ is born to-day.  
Stars from heaven look wond'ring down  
On the Lord that left his throne;  
White-robed angels, golden-crowned,  
Strike their harps with joyful sound.  
Glory be to God on high!  
Christ is born to-day.  
Peace on earth, and charity,  
Christ is born to-day."*

Such was the holy Carol that, as day  
Dawned greyly upon night, fell on the ear  
Of the still sleeping stranger. Clear and small  
The trebles of young children raised the song,  
Meet heralds, they, of that most gracious Lord  
Who loved and took them in his sacred arms,  
And blessed them. Then the man's heart was touched,  
For he remembered, when a little child,  
How he and one he loved stole to the door  
Of his sire's chamber, and their Christmas hymn  
Sang reverently, then with joyous shout  
Cried, "Happy Christmas!" and "my Christmas-box!"

Upon a pleasant stretch of richest ground,  
That sloped from up the river, where the trees  
Grew thick in sheltering patches, rose a pile  
Ancient and massive: such as ye may see  
Still in their ruins, near that classic stream  
Where the third William battled for our isle,  
Bective, or Mellifont; those glorious fanes  
That reverently men reared in olden times,  
To shame the hovels that the rich man now,  
Casting his mites into God's treasury,  
Builds with a grudging hand and lukewarm heart  
To his Creator. Lofty nave and choir,  
With intersecting transept—high, square tower—  
Doorways, where from the clustering shafts upspring  
The pointed arch, and in whose deep recess  
Arch within arch in lessening span and height  
Rise from the frequent columns, shortening still  
As they retire, while all betwixt the shafts,  
And over the archivolts, run mouldings quaint,  
Zig-zag and toothèd, trefoils, leaves and flowers—  
The mullioned windows, in whose graceful sweep  
The rose evolves its intersecting curves  
In florid tracery, wherein is seen  
The gorgeous light of many-tinted glass—  
Buttress and parapet, and gargoyles quaint,  
Grotesquely leaning from the heavy eaves.—  
Beautiful Temples!—See that none profane  
Their solemn grandeur with the rites or forms  
That erring man, in superstitious times,  
Devised to cramp the freedom and the grace  
Of Christ's most holy Bride.

Within the shadow of a clustered shaft  
That bore the groined roof, the stranger leaned,

And heard the Christmas service of our Ghurch,  
 Her prayers, her psalms, her reverent thankfulness,  
 Her solemn jubilation, and the burst  
 Of her triumphant anthem, that proclaimed  
 "Glory to God, peace and good will to man ;"  
 And all around within that holy place  
 He saw glad faces ; and the love of God  
 To man was kindling in the heart of man  
 Love to his brother. One there sat alone,  
 Aged and bowed ; upon whose reverend face  
 Care and some secret grief had been at work.  
 The young man's eye sought out that aged face,  
 And gazed, and turned away, and gazed again ;  
 As though a spell forced him to fix his eyes  
 Upon a sight that wrung him.

All had gone

Forth from the church. The stranger lingered still  
 Amongst the aisles, and read upon the tombs  
 The records of the dead. What now to them  
 Were all the joys, the griefs, the things of life,  
 Save in so far as these to each had been  
 Probation to their souls for good or ill ;  
 Their wealth, their power, their pride, their loves, their hates—  
 All now were nothing, and had passed away,  
 Even as the toys fall out of children's hands  
 When sleep surprises them amid their sports.  
 And so he mused ; then turned his steps aside  
 To a low postern in the churchyard wall,  
 And passed into a wood-entangled walk  
 That led up to the Hall.

Alone, within the library, there sate  
 The same old man. 'Twas Henry Ravenscroft—  
 His eyes turned sadly to the mantel-piece,  
 Where hung against the wall a rod and flute.  
 In happier days, when Walter was a boy,  
 These had been his ; and now, save a few books,  
 They were the only memories of his child  
 The old man had to look on. Lovingly  
 And long he gazed upon them, till the tears  
 Blinded his vision. Then he looked around  
 With a woe-stricken eye through the lone room,  
 As if in search of some one. But he sighed  
 In disappointed hope, and shook his head,  
 And groaned, "Where art thou, Walter ?"

A sharp cry

Rang through the chamber, and a trembling man  
 Sank down before him, clinging to his knees,  
 And sobbed forth, "At thy feet, my father !"

Hours passed away—or it might be but minutes—  
 Sensations, not the sands, measure out time  
 Unto our spirits—and the sire and son  
 Lay each on other's bosom. Who shall tell  
 What words were spoke, or, harder still, what things,  
 Too great for words, were left unspoken—thoughts,  
 Long pent up in their souls—yearnings of love,  
 Sorrow, and joy, and penitence, and pardon ?  
 Who shall profane the sanctuary of their hearts ?  
 Not I. This only know I, when at length  
 Walter looked up, before his eyes there stood



A matron fair who leaned upon a man,  
And held a young girl's hand. Alice and Ralph,  
With joy and wonder moved, stept forth to meet him ;  
But Walter shuddered, and he pressed his hand  
Upon his eyes. Then Alice whispered low  
Unto the child, who softly stole to Walter,  
And took his hand, and looking lovingly  
Towards his face, said to him, " Uncle Walter,  
Mamma has told me oft that I should love you  
If I should see you ever, and I wish  
To love you now." But Walter drew his hand  
From the child's grasp, and she shrank scared away—  
Yet once again her mother whispered long,  
And sent her back. Then timidly the child  
Approached and said, " I'll tell you a sweet tale,  
How a great king once sent his only son  
Into a far-off land of wicked men,  
Who would not keep his laws. And how that son  
Was borne unto its confines in the hands  
Of the king's servants, on a cold wild night,  
When only one bright star shone out to guide.  
And the king's son, disguised in mean attire,  
Taught men to keep the law and love the king,  
And cease from strife, and be as brothers all,  
In love and charity. And how at length  
He told the people that he was the son  
Of their great king. How some believed his words,  
How all the rest reviled and scorned, and said  
' Thou art not the king's son.' Then how they beat  
And thrust him forth for dead out of the land—  
How he arose and went back to his father ;  
But ere he left his small believing band,  
He gave them a commandment : it was this,  
That they should love each other even as he  
Loved them and loved his father—nay still more,  
That as the king loved even the wicked men,  
And sent his son to win them back to duty,  
So should they love and bless their enemies—  
And how he told them if they so should love,  
The king would one day send for them to dwell  
In his own city evermore. And so  
He blessed them and departed."

Then the tears  
Trickled through Walter's long, thin fingers down,  
And fell upon the child, who, wondering, said—  
" Uncle, I did not mean to grieve you—pray, forgive  
And love me and us all."

The man bent down  
And caught the child into his bosom ; all  
The ice was melted round his heart ; he kissed  
The little one, then lifted up his voice  
And wept !—  
After a moment's pause, Alice and Ralph  
Stept softly up. He grasped his brother's hand,  
While she, disparting his thin hair, as erst  
When they were boy and girl, pressed her pure lips  
Upon his brow, and blessed him as her brother.

Walter departed not to sunnier lands :  
For the soft sunshine of the loving hearts  
That tended him brought health into his frame,  
And to his spirit peace. For Alice, now

His own dear sister, came to see him oft,  
 And brought her little ones to glad his heart.  
 So the old Hall was once again his home,  
 From which he wandered never; yet his voice  
 Went forth again into the world. But now  
 He sang of holier and of higher things  
 Than he had sung before of; for a change  
 Was wrought in him, complete and marvellous.  
 The Angel of Affliction had gone down  
 Into the dark Bethesda of his soul,  
 And troubled it. The Angel now was gone,  
 But the wave sent forth healing. So his fame  
 Grew wider and more lofty.

In time the old man died, and Ralph and Alice  
 Dwelt at the Hall; but Walter left it not,  
 Nor ever mated: he would not enshrine  
 Within the niche where once a saint had stood,  
 Another image. But his heart now clung  
 To her and hers with a most perfect love,  
 Tender and steadfast. Then it came to pass  
 That Ralph and Alice died, and Moreton's lands  
 Descended to their daughters; but the Hall  
 Was Walter's by inheritance. Then he  
 Suffered the children not to go from him,  
 For they were all now left for him to love;  
 So, with a father's care he cherished them,  
 And reared them up to opening womanhood.  
 Then he, too, passed away, and in his will  
 He left his nieces all—his name, his fame,  
 His books, and the old mansion. One request  
 Annexed he—that upon each Christmas morn  
 A choir of children should at dawn of day  
 Proclaim the Saviour's birth in Carol sweet,  
 Before the oriel window at the Hall.

Abigail pursed up her pretty little mouth into an expression of the most critical wisdom—"Hum—ha—well now—upon the whole."—"Admirable, my dear girl, you have uttered the soundest and most intelligent criticism I ever heard. Why, you have got the trick of it as perfectly as if you had been reviewing all your life." "Vous me trop flattez, Jonathan; still, after all, there's a moral in the tale."

"Yes, my dear Abigail," said I, "there is a moral in it, which you may carry away with profit, even though you should not remember a line of my poem. Let it teach you, and me, too, that we can never suffer the stormy passions of our nature to sweep over our hearts, without their blighting some green spot or withering some flower, which even the tears of sorrow or the sunshine of love may fail to restore to their full verdure and bloom. Let it teach you, and me, too, how sanctifying are all the domestic charities of life—how at seasons, especially that of Christmas, they solicit us to cherish them. They come to us, as the angels came to Abraham when he sat in the tent door. Ah! let us, like him, 'run to meet them,' and constrain them that 'they pass not away;' let us honour them and entertain them with the best cheer that we have, that so they may bring to us and to our household, love, and joy, and peace. And now, my dear cousin, you had better have a glass of wine and a biscuit after your early breakfast and canter; while I draw on my boots and prepare to squire you."

Well, my dear Anthony, I have now made up my despatch, and wish you "a happy Christmas"—a wish which, in its full sense, is thronged with the richest benedictions.

Your's in all times and seasons,

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

To Anthony Poplar, Esq.

## DARK MARGARET.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

## I.

We sit by the fire,  
 My poor old wife and I;  
 The fire burns slow, our hearts are low,  
 And the tear stands in the eye.  
 For our daughters three who are over the sea,  
 Far, far, in the wooded west;  
 One after one, our darlings are gone;  
 But our Mary we loved the best.

## II.

My brother's son  
 Sits in the chimney by us;  
 The staff of our age—hard, hard is the page  
 Of the lesson that keeps him by us.  
 For he longs to be free, to go over the sea,  
 Where his kindred have found their rest.  
 One after one, our darlings are gone,  
 But our Mary he loved the best.

## III.

Welcome, Margaret!  
 Dear Margaret, have you come?  
 Draw nigh to the fire, and tighten the wire,  
 And sing us a song of home.  
 For though heaven denies the light to your eyes,  
 Yet never were expressed  
 By the Harper King, sweeter strains than you sing,  
 And our Mary loved them best.

## IV.

Sit by me, Margaret,  
 Dear Margaret, sit by my side;  
 For you loved my dearest daughter, far o'er the world-wide water,  
 Who should have been our Patrick's bride.  
 Oh! sing me *her* songs, for my poor heart longs  
 To clasp her to my breast;  
 Though tears it will bring, yet my darling must sing  
 What our Mary loved the best.

## V.

You are there, Patrick!  
 I feel your breathing soft upon my cheek;  
 A tear is in your eye, and well your heart knows why;  
 You are there, I say, although you do not speak.  
 I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,  
 And homeward I am going to the west;  
 And I thought as I did pass I would sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"  
 That one you loved so well loved the best.

## VI.

Hark ! she sings.  
Tremblingly over the strings her fingers stray ;  
And the light that heaven denies to her clear but darkened eyes,  
Her wreathed smiles and dimpling cheeks betray.  
Oh ! it is our "*Colleen Dhas*," as her pleasant days did pass,  
Loudly lilting at the milking with the rest ;  
Soon, soon, alas ! in sighs and tears, she leaves our longing eyes—  
The Mary we all loved the best.

## VII.

No more, my dearest Margaret,  
Sing the "*Colleen Dhas*" no more ;  
For her father and her mother loved her more than any other,  
And her parting grieves them sore.  
You have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,  
And homeward you are going to the west ;  
Tell us all the country news, the merriest you can choose,  
To pleasure the old couple we love best.

## VIII.

I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,  
And homeward I am going to the west ;  
I will tell the country news, the merriest I can choose,  
To pleasure the old couple we love best.  
YOUR MARY HAS COME HOME—YOUR LOVED AND LOVING ONE,  
And here she comes to tell you all the rest !  
Now, Patrick, fill your glass, while I sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"  
With a welcome home to Mary, you love best !

Richmond Harbour, Longford.

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## THE MYSTIC VIAL; OR, THE LAST DEMOISELLE DE CHARREBOURG.

## XI.—JONQUIL.

BLASSEMARE, meanwhile, made his toilet elaborately, and by ten o'clock was in Paris. He stopped at the Hotel Secqville.

"Is the Marquis yet risen?" he asked.

"No;" he was in his bed; he had not retired until very late, and must not be disturbed.

"But I *must* see him, my good friend; his happiness, indeed his safety, depends upon my seeing him immediately."

Blassemare was so very urgent, that at length the servant consented to deliver a note to his master.

Rubbing his eyes, and more asleep than awake, the Marquis took the billet, and read—

"The Sieur de Blassemare, who had the honour of meeting the Marquis de Secqville last night at the Chateau des Anges, implores a few minutes' conversation without one moment's delay; by granting which the Marquis may possibly avert consequences the most deplorable."

Certain shocks are strong enough to restore a drunken man to sobriety in an instant, and, *a fortiori*, to dispel in a moment the fumes of sleep. In a few seconds the Marquis, in slippers and morning-gown, received Blassemare, with many apologies, in his dressing-room.

"A very slight acquaintance will justify a *friendly* interposition," said Blassemare, after a few little speeches of ceremony at each side; "and my visit is inspired by a friendly and charitable motive. The fact is—the fact is—my dear friend, that—your coat is torn."

"My coat torn!" repeated the Marquis, visibly disconcerted, while he affected surprise.

"Yes, the coat you wore last night. Ah! there it is—this blue velvet, with diamond button. La! Yes, there is the place. It was caught—ha, ha, ha!—in that cursed door; and, egad, as

one of Le Prun's confidential advisers, has got the piece in his possession ——"

"Psha! you are jesting. Why, there are more blue coats than one in the world."

"I know; but there is only *one* Marquis de Secqville. And as I happened, purely accidentally, upon my honour, to witness with my own eyes no inconsiderable part of his last night's adventure, it may be as well if he reserves his clever points of evidence for Monsieur Le Prun, should his suspicions chance to take an unfortunate direction."

"What adventure pray, sir, do you speak of?"

"Your interview with Madame Le Prun, your unfortunate descent from the balcony, your flight through the park-door, and the disastrous severance of a button and a specimen-bit of velvet from your coat—in short, my dear Marquis, you may, if you please, affect a reserve, which, indeed, I should prefer to a frank confession, by which, although I have nothing to learn, I should, in some sort, be compelled to regard your secret as one of honour; as it is, you know, I am free ——"

"No gentleman is free to compromise a lady's character by his insinuations."

"Nor by his *conduct*, my dear Marquis. But should he be so unfortunate as to have done so, he ought, in prudence and generosity, to seal as many lips as he possibly can."

"It seems, sir, to me that you have come to me with a cock-and-a-bull story, to establish an imaginary connexion between me and some stupid adventure, which occurred at the Chateau des Anges."

"And such being your belief, my dear Marquis, I have, of course, only to make my adieux, and relieve you from so impertinent an intrusion."

"Stay, sir. You are a gentleman; there are, perhaps, circumstances of suspicion. It is very embarrassing to



have a lady's name involved ; and—and—in short, sir, I ——”

He hesitated.

“ *What, sir ?* ”

“ I throw myself upon your honour ! ” said the Marquis, with an effort, and extending his hand.

“ You are right, my dear Marquis,” said Blassemare, accepting his proffered hand. “ You know I am Le Prun's friend ; and as there was no obligation of secrecy, till your own confidence imposed it, I should have been in a difficult position as respected him. I have now learned your secret from yourself—honour seals my lips ; and so, having put you upon your guard, and enjoined the extremest caution, at least for the present, I commend you to your presiding planets, Mercury and Venus. But you had better burn that tell-tale coat ; for there is not a shrewder fellow in all France than Le Prun, and 'gad you are not safe till it is in ashes.”

“ My dear Blassemare, be my friend ; quiet his suspicions. I shall one day tell you all ; only avert his suspicions from her.”

“ By my faith, that is more than I *can* do. Give me a line to her ; I must direct her conduct, or she will ruin herself. I know Le Prun ; it needs a skilful player to hide one's cards from him. I am a man of my word ; and I pledge my honour that Le Prun shall not have a hint of your secret.”

“ You are right, Blassemare. I can't see her without exposing her to risk ; do all you can to protect her from jealousy.”

“ Well, give me my credentials.”

Secqville wrote :—“ *Blassemare is the friend of Dubois ; Lucille may trust him.* ”

“ She knew me first by that name ; be careful not to risk losing the paper.”

Again they bid farewell, and Blassemare departed.

Blassemare's head was as full of strange images as the steam of a witch's chaldron. He had his own notions of honour—somewhat fantastic and inconsistent, but still strong enough to prevent his betraying to Le Prun the secret of which he had just made himself completely master. He was mortified intensely by the discovery of a successful rival where he had so coolly and con-

fidently flattered himself with a solitary conquest. He looked upon himself as the *dupe* of a young girl and her melancholy lover. His vanity, his spleen, and his guilty fancy, which, with the discovery of his difficulties, expanded almost into a passion, all stimulated him to continue the pursuit, and his brain teemed with schemes for outwitting them both, supplanting his rival, and gaining his point.

Full of these, he reached the Chateau des Anges—a sage, trustworthy, and virtuous counsellor for old Le Prun to lean on in his difficulties !

“ You did wrong, in my opinion, to unmask your suspicions to old Charrebourg,” said Blassemare, after he and Le Prun had talked over the affair.

“ But he has not seen my wife since, and *she*, therefore, knows nothing of them.”

“ Were I in your place, notwithstanding, I should see him again, undo the effect of what I had said, and so prevent his putting Madame Le Prun on her guard.”

“ You are right for once. I thought of doing so myself.”

Le Prun generally acted promptly ; and so he left Blassemare to his meditations. Framing his little speech of apology as he went along, he traversed several passages, descended a stair in one of the towers, and found himself at last at the lobby of the Visconte's suite of rooms. It was now night—and these apartments lying in the oldest part of the chateau, and little frequented, were but very dimly lighted. There was nobody waiting in the ante-room—the servant had probably taken advantage of his master's repose, or reverie, to steal away to the gay society of his brother domestics ; and these sombre and magnificently-constructed rooms were as deserted as they were dim.

Having called in vain, the Fermier-General lighted a candle at the murky lamp, and entered the Visconte's apartment. His step was arrested by a howling from the inner chambers that might have spoken the despair of an evil spirit.

“ Charrebourg ! Visconte ! Charrebourg ! ”

No answer—There was a silence—then another swelling howl.

“ Psha !—it is that cursed old cur,

I had forgotten him. Jonquil, Jonquil! come here, boy."

The old dog came scrambling along, and looking up into Le Prun's face, yelped strangely.

"What!—hungry? They have forgotten you, I dare say. What! not a scrap, not a bone! But where is your master?"

Le Prun entered the inner room, and the dog, preceding him, ran behind the fauteuil that stood at the table; and then running a step or two towards Le Prun, raised a howl that made him jump.

"Hey! what's the matter? But, sacre! there is something—what is this?"

There was a candle burning on the table, and writing materials. The Visconte de Charrebourg, who had evidently been writing, had fallen forward upon the table—dead. Le Prun touched him, he was quite cold. He raised the tall lank figure as well as he could, so that it leaned back in the chair; a little blood came from the corner of the mouth, the eyes were glazed, but the features wore, even in death, a character of sternness and dignity. He had fallen forward upon the fingers that held the pen, and the hand came stiffly back along with the body, still holding the pen in the attitude in which the chill of death had stiffened them. In this attitude he looked as if he only awaited a phrase or a thought of which he was in search to resume his writing.

"Dead—dead—a long time dead! how the devil has all this happened?"

And he looked for a moment at the old hound, that was sniffing and whimpering in his master's ears, as if he could answer him. Poor Jonquil! he has shared his master's fortune fairly—the better and the worse; for years his humble comrade in the sylvan solitudes of Charrebourg, and here the solitary witness of his parting moment. Who can say with what more than human grief that dumb heart is swelling! He will not outlive his old friend many days—Jonquil is past the age for making new ones.

Le Prun glanced at the letter, a few lines of which the dead man had traced when he was thus awfully interrupted. "Sir," it began "the family of Charrebourg, of which I am the unworthy representative, have been remarkable at all times for a chivalric and honourable spirit. They have maintained their dignity in prosperity by great deeds and princely munificence—in adversity, by encountering grief with patience, and insolence with defiance. Insult has never approached them unexpiated by blood; and I, old as I am, in consequence of what this morning——" here the summons had interrupted him.

"Intended for me!" said Le Prun, with an ugly sneer. "Well, he can't now put his daughter on her guard, or inflame her with the magnificent spirit of the beggarly Charrebourgs."

And so saying, he surrendered the chamber to the dead Visconte and his canine watcher.

## XII.—ISOLATION.

Blassemare kept his counsel and his word. He dropped no hint to Le Prun of his interview with the Marquis de Secville. His own vanity was at once mortified and excited by the discovery he had made. He was resolved to obliterate the disgrace of having been duped, by the reality of his meditated triumph. Love and war have much in common, a truth perhaps embodied in the allegoric loves of Mars and Venus. Certain, at least, it is, that in each pursuit all authorities agree that every stratagem is fair. Blassemare was not the man to rob this canon of its force by any morbid scruples of conscience; and having the courage

of a lion, associated with some of the vulpine attributes, and a certain prankish love of mischief, he was tolerably qualified by nature for the enterprises of rivalry and intrigue.

Le Prun brooded savagely over his suspected wrongs. He awaited with affected contempt, but a real and malignant anxiety, the verdict of Blassemare, who insisted upon deferring his interview with Madame Le Prun until some weeks had passed over the grave of that "high and puissant signor, the Visconte de Charrebourg."

It was nearly a month after the death of that old gentleman, when Blassemare, happening to meet Madame Le

Prun as she walked upon one of the terraces, dressed in so exquisite a suit of mourning, and looking altogether so irresistibly handsome, that, for the life of him, he could not forbear saluting, approaching, and addressing her. He was affably received, and the conversation, at first slight and indifferent, turned gradually, without premeditation on his part, but, as it were, by a sort of irresistible fatality, into that sombre and troubled channel whither, sooner or later, though not exactly then, he had determined to direct it.

"Monsieur Le Prun is unaccountably out of spirits, madame—I should say morose, ill-tempered. I almost fear to approach him."

"Is there anything to surprise one in that?"

"Why, no, considering his provocations."

"Provocations! what do you mean, sir?"

"Madame must pardon me. I happen to be in possession of some secrets."

There was a short pause, during which Madame Le Prun's colour came and went more than once.

"Will Madame Le Prun be so kind as to sit down here for a few minutes, and I will convince her that I have kept those secrets well, and that I am—I dare not say her friend—but the most devoted of her servants?"

Madame Le Prun sate down upon the marble couch that stood there, carved with doves and Cupids, and embowered, in the transparent shadows of myrtle, like a throne of Venus. Blassemare fancied that he had never beheld so beautiful and piquante an image as Lucille at that moment presented: her cheeks glowing, her long lashes half dropped over the quenched fires of her proud dark eyes; her countenance full of a confusion that was at once beautiful and sinister; one hand laid upon her heart, as if to quell its beatings, and shut with an expression half defiant, half irresolute—and the pretty fingers of the other unconsciously playing with the tendrils of a pavenche.

Blassemare enjoyed this pretty picture too much to disturb it by a word. Perhaps, too, there was comfort to his vanity in the spectacle of her humiliation; at all events he suffered some time to pass before he spoke to her. When he did, it was with a great deal of respect; for Blassemare, not-

withstanding his coarseness, had a sufficiency of tact.

"Madame perceives that I am not without discretion and zeal in her service."

"Sir, you speak enigmas; you talk of secrets and provocation; and while you affect an air of deference, your meaning is full of insolence."

It was plain her pride was mastering her fears. Blassemare thought it high time to lower his key. He therefore said, with a confident smile and an easy air—

"My meaning may be disagreeable, but that is chargeable not upon *me*, but on the *circumstances* of our retrospect; and if I am enigmatical rather than explicit, I am so from respect, not insolence. My dear madame, on the honour of a gentleman, I saw Monsieur le Marquis de Secville take his abrupt departure from your window—you understand. I not only saw him, but found and retained proofs of his identity, armed with which, I taxed him with the fact, and obtained his full confession. *Now*, madame, perhaps you will give me credit for something better than hypocrisy and insolence."

Lucille looked thunderstruck for a moment, then rising, she darted on him a glance of rage and defiance, and overpowered by the tumult within her, she burst into a flood of tears, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed in silence, almost hysterically.

Blassemare waited patiently while she wept on. Suddenly she looked full and fiercely on him, and cried—

"Perhaps you have told me falsehoods, and dared thus to trifle with me."

"I swear, madame, on the honour of a nobleman of France, I have told you the simple truth. De Secville did not venture to deny the fact; on the contrary, he confessed it frankly."

"Yes—I see you tell me the truth; it was base of De Secville!"

"Well, to say truth, I did think he might have kept a lady's secret better."

Blassemare was ready and unscrupulous; but all is fair in love.

"I am innocent!" she cried, with abrupt vehemence, and fixing her fiery gaze full upon him.

"Of course, madame."

"I say I am innocent, sir. Why do you say *of course*?"

"Because *I* never knew a lady yet who was otherwise than innocent."

She looked at him with a lowering contempt—he thought it *guilt*—for a few moments, then dropping her gaze gloomily, she murmured, in bitter abstraction—

"Yes, it was base of De Secqville; he ought to have perished rather."

"Egad," thought Blassemare, "my project prospers—she is at my mercy—and disgusted with the Marquis. I'm no general or she surrenders at discretion."

"De Secqville, madame, is a handsome fellow; but he admires nobody but himself. He has been all his life—and trust me, he is not quite so young as he pretends—a man of intrigue. He is not content with his *bonnes fortunes*, but he boasts of his conquests, and sacrifices reputations to his vanity. Such men are not to be trusted with impunity, or loved without disgrace. It is best never to have favoured them, and next best to discard them promptly."

He fancied his speech had hit the fierce temper of his auditor. He paused for a time, to let it work, and then, in a tone of profound humility, said—

"As for me, madame, if one so unworthy dare invite a passing thought of your's, I have but to ask your forgiveness; if I have said one word that gave you pain, I implore your forgiveness."

Here he sank upon his knee. Lucille was by no means as experienced in the ways of the wicked gender as many younger women. Blassemare looked very humble, and she took his humility in good faith. She looked on him then with a softened aspect, and the heart of the profligate beat thick with anticipated triumph.

"You have had, madam, in these recent transactions, signal proofs of my fidelity. The secret so lightly esteemed by De Secqville *I* would rather lose my last drop of blood than reveal to a living mortal. I am secrecy itself. Judge what I have endured. I have striven—how vainly my own heart tells me—to hide the sentiments of my soul from you, madame. I could see with comparative indifference the happiness of that rival whom the forms of law, and not the preference of the heart, had elevated; but judge how I could endure the fortune of an unworthy and

faithless competitor. Imagine, if you can, my despair. Compassionate, I conjure you, my misery, and with one relenting word or look of pity, raise me from the abyss, and see at your feet the happiest, as he is the most devoted, of mortals."

At the same moment Blassemare attempted to take Lucille's hand; it was, however, instantly withdrawn, and the back of it, instead, struck him in the face, with all the force of enraged and insulted pride.

"How dare you, sirrah, hold such language to me—how *dare* you? Another word, and I denounce you to my husband—ay, sir, *I*—to Monsieur Le Prun. I defy you."

Blassemare had started to his feet, very much astonished; his cheek tingling, his self-love stung to the quick. But he was too experienced in such affairs to indulge any tragical emotions on the occasion. He stared at her for a minute with an expression of absurd bewilderment. There was no very graceful *exit* from the undignified predicament to which he had, like a simpleton, reduced himself. Recovering his self-possession, however, he broke into a cold laugh, and said—

"Madame, I have misunderstood you with a vengeance; I pray you believe that you have misunderstood *me*. We now, however, thoroughly understand one another. I keep your little secret on condition that you keep mine."

Lucille deigned no answer; but the compact had, it seemed, been silently ratified by her, for Le Prun and Blassemare continued to be the best friends imaginable.

Blassemare was not vindictive, but he *was* exquisitely vain. He had a good-humoured turn for mischief, too; and, notwithstanding the repulse he had experienced, or perhaps, such is human perversity—in *consequence* of it—he was more than ever resolved to pursue his guilty designs upon the heart of Madame Le Prun.

His hands were, therefore, tolerably full; for he had not only this little affair to attend to, but to exercise his vigilance to prevent De Secqville's hearing of his breach of faith, and at the same time to confirm and exasperate, in furtherance of his own schemes, the suspicions of Monsieur Le Prun.

This latter task circumstances rendered an easy one, and Blassemare

executed it without giving any definite direction to Le Prun's inflamed jealousy. So far, indeed, was he from suspecting the identity of the criminal, that he brought De Secqville two or three times to sup at the Chateau des Anges, an act of temerity which excited Blassemare's anxiety and vigilance. That gentleman had therefore kept so close and constant a watch upon the handsome marquis, that he had not, upon any of these occasions, an opportunity of exchanging a single sentence with Madame Le Prun.

The occasional appearance of De Secqville at the Chateau des Anges was a sufficient proof that Blassemare had kept the secret with fidelity. Madame Le Prun, therefore, was far from suspecting that *he* was in secret the inspiring cause of that ominous restraint, the pressure of which she began to feel every day more and more severely. One by one her personal attendants were removed. Gradually she felt the process of isolation shrouding her from the eyes of her fellow-creatures. Her walks were prescribed and restricted; and with bitter resentment she perceived that she was subjected to the outrage of a systematic espionage. The face of M. Le Prun was always darkened with hatred and menace. Every day made his power more directly felt, and more nearly reduced her to his solitary, rare, and sinister companionship. At last a note, in M. Le Prun's hand, upon her table, announced in a few barbarous and insulting words that his niece Julie had been removed,

by his orders, from the contagion of a companionship unfit for innocence. This was to Lucille a frightful blow. Her solitude was now virtually complete. Her own old faithful servant, Marguerite, had been withdrawn; and a tall pale Norman matron, taciturn and sardonic, was now her sole attendant. It was plain, too, that M. Le Prun had gradually removed his establishment from the Chateau des Anges. The gay and gorgeous staff of servants and grooms had disappeared. The salons, halls, and lobbies of the vast mansion were silent as the chambers of a mausoleum—the outer courts still and deserted. She was becoming the prisoner of an enraged tyrant, alone, in the midst of an impenetrable and funereal solitude.

In fact, many prisoners of state enjoyed a great deal more liberty than she; for not only was she restricted to her own apartment, but confined to the range of the small court which lay immediately under her own windows.

The indignation and fury which these outrages inspired, by degrees gave place to something like despair and panic. With the exception of her ill-looking handmaid, and the no less sinister-visaged sentinel who stealthily watched her movements, and between both of whom a sort of ominous correspondence seemed to be carried on by signals, she had latterly seen no one, but at rare intervals the hated and dreaded apparition of Le Prun at a distance, and Blassemare once or twice.

### XIII.—THE ROSE-TREE.

One day Lucille was walking in the little court we have described, when the door of the park, which we have had occasion to signalise, opened, and Blassemare stood within a yard or two of her.

"Good-day, madam."

"Good-day, sir."

A glance at the attendant, who seemed to regard Blassemare as Le Prun's viceroy, was sufficient to cause her to withdraw to some distance, and affecting a light and easy air, which might well mislead the more distant observers as to the serious purport of his discourse, he continued—

"I am afraid madame is very unhappy."

"Truly, I am so."

"I fear she is also in *danger*."

She started as if a bolt of ice had pierced her heart. He had spoken in that word the secret fears of many a long night. How inexpressibly more terrible do our untold terrors become when they are spoken in our ears by the lips of strangers!

"Yes, madame, I say in danger. There are odd stories afloat about Monsieur Le Prun—they may be all lies, I don't pretend to say; for in truth I don't very well *comprehend* my friend Le Prun. But it cannot be hidden from madame, that when one wants to make away with an individual, the first step is to conceal them—



to cut them off from all intercourse with the world, and cause them to be forgotten. Madame understands me?"

"Yes, yes—oh, my God!"

"Madame must learn to command herself, if she wishes to prolong our conversation. We must *appear*, at least, indifferent. There are *spies* watching our gestures and countenances, though they can't hear our words."

"I will—thank you, thank you; but for the mercy of God, monsieur, will you suffer me to perish?"

"No, madame, if you will aid in your own deliverance. Will you fly with me to-morrow night?"

"If monsieur, for the charity of heaven, will undertake to act only as my brother and protector."

"By my faith, madame, I'll put myself under no conditions."

"Monsieur de Blassemare, have you no honour, no pity, no manhood? Will you be accessory to a *murder*? I will go with you on no other terms."

"I accept none, madame."

"You are a coward, sir, and a criminal."

"Madame might command at least, her countenance and her gestures; imitate me. You call me hard names; I'm prepared for them. Now listen; I won't accept your condition, because, if I did, I should keep my word; and, I tell you frankly, I won't despair, and I don't despair. But, madame, you shan't perish. What do you say to leaving the chateau with De Secqville?"

"Yes, *he* will agree to whatever I propose."

"I dare say."

"But when—how?"

"To-morrow night, at ten o'clock, through that door; a coach shall wait in the park. You know the well under the two chesnut-trees; there he will await you; don't fail—a moment late, and all may be lost."

"But—but how to evade the woman who watches me?"

"She shall be perfectly drunk."

"And the man?"

"Drunker still. Leave all details to me. There are more than one Argus besides these; but a man of resource is at home among difficulties. Watch at ten o'clock. When you see a light in the window of the small pavilion, all is prepared: you will find the door open."

Blassemare signed to the woman to approach, and said, as he bowed his adieu, in a louder key—

"I shall not fail, madame, to report to Monsieur Le Prun the unfortunate temper in which I have the honour to find you."

"And have the goodness to add, that I only regret my inability to repeat the same sentiments in his presence."

"Madame shall be obeyed."

So, with an air of affected defiance on the one side, and of sarcastic levity on the other, the two conspirators parted. Her protracted residence in the Chateau des Anges, gloomy and anxious before, had become absolutely terrifying since she had heard the dark and menacing insinuations used by Blassemare. The evening that followed that scene, the night, and the ensuing morning, seemed endless, filled with horrid images, and haunted by the hideous thought that the catastrophe might possibly anticipate the hour of escape, or that some one untoward chance might defeat the entire scheme, and leave her at the mercy of a more than ever exasperated tyrant.

As the day wore on, every incident appeared to her over-strained mind an omen of good or ill-success. Towards evening the sky became overcast, and finally an awful thunder-storm swept over the Chateau des Anges. Her heart sank within her at the inauspicious augury; but as the same tempest an hour later rolled over other regions, it left one trifling token of its passage, which, by a mysterious stroke of fate, was nearly connected with her destiny.

Poor Gabriel, his head full of chimeras, his heart of true love, was slowly walking through the woodlands of the Parc de Charrebourg, towards that haunted spot, the cottage in which the beautiful demoiselle had passed her happiest days, when the storm began to mutter over the rising grounds, and before he had made much way, the thunder burst above his head with fury, and in a little time the rain descended with such tropical violence as to arrest his further progress, under the dense canopy of a chesnut tree.

Here he waited until the thunder-clouds had quite passed away; and then, amid red glances of western sunshine, he resumed that pilgrimage, to him so full of melancholy, of ambition, and of tenderness.

"And now, dear, *dear*, Mademoiselle de Charrebourg, I come into your presence, to learn how it fares with you."

He took off his hat, as if expecting to see her looking as of old, from the window of her little room. From the plants that hung from the walls, and from the straggling bushes, the big raindrops were trickling, in the merry sunlight, like tears of joy. His heart was full as he turned the corner of the cottage, and entered the little bowling-green. But, alas! what a sight awaited him! The rose-tree, the emblem of his adored mistress, was shivered; the casement, and the wall, and roof, were shattered, and reduced to a mass of rubbish, by a stroke of lightning.

Gabriel had never felt real desolation before. He rushed to the wide chasm which now admitted the winds and rains of heaven to the shrine which his adoration and reverence had consecrated with a tenderness so absorbing. Oh! what ruin—what profanation—what an irreparable havoc of all his treasure! And the tree, too—gone, blasted. Tears of passionate despair rained from his eyes; he wrung his hands, he stamped, he raved, and "cursed his day."

In a little while, however, his thoughts took a different turn. From the material wreck they passed on to the dire significance which such portent might indicate.

"Yes, I came to see how she fares, and behold what I find—torn by storms—ruined—dead." He stooped, and took up a fragment of the rose-tree and kissed it.

"But the Chateau des Anges is not five leagues away. I will go there. I will go now. I will learn what all this means."

With this resolution he ran fleetly down the slopes of the park, now wreathed in the rising mists of night, towards the feudal village of Charrebourg, through which his path lay.

Breathless and eager, as if heaven were before him and all the fiends of hell at his heels, he sped through the darkening town, and did not slacken his speed until he was a full mile beyond it.

He had been so absorbed with the single idea that had seized upon his mind, that he was scarcely conscious of the objects he had passed or the speed at which he ran.

As he looked round upon the moon-

lit scenery among which he found himself, he felt for a moment stunned and perplexed; he slackened his pace and thought over his expedition. It lost none of its romantic fascination; he only wondered that he had not made a journey to the Chateau des Anges at least once in every week.

How beautiful the moonlight was! how soft the air! how enchanting the scenery! and oh what vague possibilities of glory and rapture might not be unfolded in the undeveloped future of this wild excursion!

It was fully a quarter past twelve when Gabriel reached the point, at which the road directly leading to the Chateau des Anges diverged from that which he had been hitherto travelling. Just as he did so a carriage and four, with two postillions and two mounted servants beside, came to a sudden stop within a few score paces of the pedestrian, and one of the men dismounting secured some part of the harness which had given way, and was getting into the saddle again when Gabriel arrived at the side of the carriage. He then made a momentary pause. In the brilliant moonlight every detail of the equipage was visible; the coach was dingy and battered, its principal colour blue, and covered, according to the fashion, with gilded arabesques in cumbrous relief, in which a curious dragon, with a barbed tongue and tail, was contending in a hundred repetitions with as many little cupids. Just as these details seized upon his imagination the window was suddenly opened, and a lady put out her head and in thrilling tones cried—

"Gabriel, Gabriel—save me, save me."

He saw Lucille's face; it was her voice that rang in his ears. He felt his strength multiplied a hundred fold. He would have, single-handed, fought an army in such a quarrel. With a cry of delight, that burst from his very soul, he sprang to the side of the carriage and grasped the door. Before he reached it, however, some one from within had drawn her away and shut the window close, and the horses being again in motion, and rapidly quickening their pace to a gallop, Gabriel ran by the side, tugging vainly at the door, until one of the mounted attendants spurring beside, seized him by the collar, and flung him headlong upon the road.

Stunned and giddy, he got upon his feet again, and staggered blindly after the whirling carriage, uttering threats and defiance as huge as ever were thundered from the lips of the renowned knight of La Mancha. All would not do, however; the cortege held on its way with whirlwind speed. Vainly Gabriel strained every sinew to overtake the coach. The fell enchanters rapt his peerless mistress from his eyes, and every moment the distance between him and them became wider and more hopeless. At last, breathless, exhausted, enraged, he was forced to give over the pursuit, after having maintained it for nearly three miles over the pavement of the long straight road.

It was on the high-way to Paris; thither he assumed they were bound, and there he resolved that night should behold him also. Sometimes running, sometimes walking with hurried strides, he steadily and rapidly pursued his way; his imagination every moment filled with the images of the strange golden dragons and cupids, and the pale, beautiful face of Lucille shrieking from among them for help.

"What then had befallen Lucille?" The reader shall hear.

The first symptom which assured her that Blassemare was at work in the realisation of this plot, was that her Norman woman, having stayed away longer than usual at her supper-time, returned with a very flushed face and dancing eyes, and altogether in a very hilarious and impertinent mood. For a long time, however, it appeared that the woman was only "pleasantly intoxicated," a state in which she would probably prove a more effectual check upon her plans of escape than in her ordinary condition. Spite of the seriousness of the issue, there was something inconceivably absurd in this distress. The woman was noisy, familiar, and sometimes indulged in a vein of menacing jocularities, the principal material of which was supplied from scraps of old Norman ditties. There was one in particular which had a specially grisly sound in the ears of the friendless and frightened young wife. It was about a *belle demoiselle*—

"Who lived all alone in a castle of brick,  
And all in the night-time this lady fell sick;  
She had eat of a berry that grew by the well,  
And black grow her features—her members they  
swell;  
This lady is poisoned and so she must lie,  
All stark in her bower with nobody nigh."

In the midst of this sinister merriment the woman suddenly became drowsy, and after a few ineffectual efforts to shake off the torpor that was overpowering her, sank into a profound sleep. This occurred in the anteroom, and, leaving the snoring amazon to the sole occupation of the apartment, Lucille hastened to the bed chamber, from which she commanded a view of the little pavilion in the window of which she was to expect the signal of escape.

It was quite dark; and with a heart palpitating so violently that she felt at times almost suffocating, she watched the hardly-discernible outline of the building from which the signal was to be displayed.

The wicked Norman was snoring under the influence of her narcotics; but to the accompaniment of her abominable drone what a hell of suspense did poor Lucille endure. At length, and not until considerably past ten o'clock, a light gleamed faintly and for an instant from the appointed spot, and then disappeared. It returned, however, and now shone steadily. The decisive moment which was to commence the adventure had arrived. She murmured an imploring prayer, and turned the bolt of the window which opened on the balcony. Horror of horrors! it was fast locked: a strong wire grating covered the outside, so that even had she ventured upon so much noise as would have been necessary in order to break the glass, she would in that have encountered a further obstacle, to her strength absolutely insurmountable.

She made up her mind to escape by the outer door of her suite of rooms, and to risk all on being able undetected to make her exit in that way from the house. But that door was also locked. She wrung her hands in an agony of distraction; but she did not abandon the enterprise. Encouraged by the lusty snoring of the woman she approached the fauteuil, where she lay rather than sat. She slid her hand into the sleeper's pocket, scarcely daring to breathe while she did so. The keys were not in it; and the woman turned with something like a start in the chair. Lucille recoiled on tip-toe, holding her breath, until she seemed again soundly asleep. She might have concealed them in her bosom; and with an effort of resolution Madame Le Prun stepped

noiselessly beside her and tried there. She was successful, but in drawing out the key her hand brushed slightly on the slumbering woman's face, and to her unutterable terror she started bolt upright in the chair, and stared with a wild and glassy gaze in her face. Lucille's heart died within her; she froze with terror; but the action was purely physical, the woman's senses were still slumbering; there was no trace of meaning in her face; and in a few moments she fell back again in the same profound sleep.

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#### XIV.—THE PALACE OF TERROR.

With this key Lucille opened the window of the balcony softly. The descent from this would at another time have appeared to her a matter of peril, if not impossibility; nerved, however, by the stake and the emergency, it was nothing: she was upon the ground. The park door she found, as Blassemare had promised, open. She was now amidst the misty shadows of the solemn wood. She knew the path to the well by which the two chesnut-trees grew, and with light and trembling steps ran toward the trysting place. The moon had just begun to rise, and afforded a wan light, as she reached the appointed spot.

She stood beside the well, almost frightened at the success of her adventure. A figure emerged from a thicket close by. It was that of a man in a huge red cloak, and with a great cocked hat, like that of a *gens-d'armes*. Could this possibly be De Secqville? He whistled a shrill summons as he approached, and she heard the sound of steps hurrying to the spot. She was full of fear, apprehensive of treason and danger. The gentleman in the cocked hat was now close to her. He had long black hair, descending upon his shoulders, a pair of shaggy eyebrows, and a preposterous pair of black moustaches. She asked, in a faltering voice—

“Who are you, sir?”

“An officer, madame, of the police; and you are Madame Lucille Le Prun, nee de Charrebourg, wife of Etienne Le Prun; and I arrest you in the King's name.”

“Arrest me!—why?—upon what charge?—who is my accuser?”

“By my faith, madame, I know not. My duty is, simply to arrest you, in the name of his Majesty, and to convey you to Paris. It is nothing very bad, I fancy. Perhaps you have made monsieur a little jealous, or so; but you know best.”

He spoke in a harsh, gruff voice, and

his hand rested upon her arm, so as to render escape impossible, while he addressed her.

“By what authority do you arrest me?—by what order?”

“By virtue of this *lettre-de-cachet*; you see, madame, signed by the minister of police.”

“I can't read it; there is not light sufficient.”

“*Ma foi*, madame, there is little sunshine at half-past eleven o'clock at night. I can't help that. Madame will please to come with us.”

Two men by this time had appeared close at hand; and Madame Le Prun, who much preferred one of the King's prisons to that in which her husband was absolute, accompanied her captors with a far better grace than under other circumstances she would have done.

Distant a few score steps, upon a sort of grass-grown road which traversed the park, stood the equipage which we have already described; and in a few seconds Lucille found herself seated beside the red cloak and mighty moustache, that held her in durance, jolting and rolling at a rapid pace along the moonlit scenery of the park.

“Where am I going?—to the Bastile?” asked Lucille, when a few minutes had a little recovered her from the stun and confusion of this adventure.

“Hum!—why, no, madame—not the Bastile; you are going to a convent.”

“A convent!—how strange! What convent?”

“That of the Sisters of Love and Our Lady of the Sparkling Eyes—an ancient foundation of royalty in the city.”

“I dare say; I never heard of it before;” and Lucille sank into profound silence.

After a considerable interval, she asked, with a tremulousness she in vain tried to conceal—

“There were some friends who were to have arranged my departure from

the place where you arrested me to-night—did you see them?"

"Oh, yes; there was the atribilious Marquis de Secqville and the handsome Conte de Blassemare. St. Imay arrested them about half-an-hour ago; *they* are gone to the Bastile."

Lucille sighed profoundly. She did not observe that the farouche officer in the corner of the coach was shaking with suppressed laughter. After a time he ejaculated, in a sepulchral tone—

"I strongly suspect their punishment will be dreadful. It is bad enough to conspire to steal away the wife of a respectable curmudgeon, madame, but to draw one's sword on the king's police!—*ma foi*, madame, that is another affair. If his Majesty's clemency be enlisted, notwithstanding, in their behoof, they may chance to get off with the galleys. It will be a dreadful sight to see that solemn De Secqville and that jovial Blassemare pulling one of those cursed long oars together, in red serge shirts, cursing Cupid and Monsieur Le Prun.

Lucille shrunk back into the obscurity of her corner. The officer could not discern how his brusque communication had affected her; but, after a short silence, he burst into an unrestrained peal of laughter. This unseasonable insolence incensed his prisoner. She felt, however, that she was at his mercy, and commanded herself; but she could not avoid saying—

"If the calamities of other people afford you entertainment, monsieur, I can congratulate you upon possessing an inexhaustible fund of amusement in the discharge of your odious and melancholy office."

"Amusement! entertainment!" he ejaculated, with another eclat of laughter, still more obstreperous. "I can't help laughing; but it is merely hysterical, on the faith of a gentleman. I laugh in proportion to my desolation. I could at this moment tear out my beard by handfuls through sheer despair. *Par exemple*, madame, *par exemple!*" And, with a frantic gesture and a roar of laughter, he literally tore off his huge moustache with both his hands, at a single pluck. "And my chevelure also, madame. See, here it goes—all for despair—hurra, hurra, hurrah! And my eyebrows—ay, they, too—*pa ma foi*—the eyebrows—there, presto—hurra, hurra!"

He shook and roared with laughter as he made these successive sacrifices, and, shifting his seat, so that the moonlight fell full upon him, cried, panting from exhaustion—

"Does not madame know me?—is it possible? Here I am—cloak, cocked hat, wig, all gone—in the proper costume of madame's fortunate and adoring deliverer."

So saying, Blassemare, for it was he, descended, as well as he could, upon one knee, and seizing Lucille's hand, pressed it to his lips.

"Monsieur Blassemare, you insult me, sir; you forget the conditions upon which I trusted myself to your care."

"Pardon me, there are no conditions. Madame will please to remember I would accept none."

At this moment the carriage stopped at the point where Gabriel was at that instant about to pass.

"Let me go, sir—I will descend. Open the door, I am free—I insist, I desire to leave the carriage."

"No, no—pray be tranquil—it is impossible."

"I will descend, monsieur."

"Madame, *you shall not.*"

He spoke with a good humoured and emphatic impudence which implied the most perfect resolution. A vague terror took possession of her. She rushed to the window, and Blassemare, with a gentle force, drew her back.

It was at that moment she saw Gabriel, and shrieked to him for help.

The coach was again thundering at a gallop along the highway. Lucille sank back in the corner, and wept with mingled anger and despair. Blassemare was not a ruffian, so he said, "Madam, calm yourself, I wish to treat you with respect; your suspicions wound me as much as your ingratitude. I hope, however, that both will vanish on reflection. In the meantime, I cannot consent to so insane a measure as your leaving the carriage. Your return to the Chateau des Anges is not to be thought of; you dare not go back; and pardon me, madame, I will not permit you to leave this carriage except for a place of safety and temporary concealment."

Lucille's haughty and fiery temper could hardly brook this hoity-toity assumption of authority. There was, however, an obvious vein of reason in what he said; and she saw, beside, the futility of contending with one whose



will was probably as strong as her own, and backed with power to make it effectual. She therefore maintained a moody silence, and Blassemarre, deeming it best to suffer her ill-humour to expend itself harmlessly, awaited better moments in congenial taciturnity.

Having got a relay of fresh horses upon the way, they continued their journey at the same furious pace, and at last they entered Paris. Passing through streets which hemmed her in, or opened in long vistas like the fantastic scenery of a dream, hurrying onward, she knew not whither, under swinging lamps, amidst silence and desertion, the carriage at last drove under a narrow archway into a sort of fore-court, over which a dark mass of building was looming, and through a second gateway in this, into an enclosed quadrangle, surrounded by the same black pile of buildings.

Here the carriage stopped, and one of the attendants, dismounting, rang a hall bell, whose deep sudden peal through empty vastness gave a character of profound desolation to the silence in which it was swallowed. More than once the summons was repeated, and at last a faint light gleamed upon the windows, and the door was timorously unbarred and opened. A hard-featured hag, in a faded suit of an obsolete fashion—the *genius loci*—received the party. She scrutinised Lucille with a protracted stare of audacious inquisitiveness, and when she had quite satisfied her curiosity, she led the way through several halls and lobbies up the great staircase, along a corridor, through a suite of rooms, upon another lobby up a second staircase, into a great dreary passage, through half a dozen waste and desolate chambers, and so at last into a room which had a few pieces of furniture at one end of it, and a log of wood smouldering and smoking on the hearth.

In truth it was a melancholy place, haunted by dismal reverberations and a death-like atmosphere—everywhere mildewed, faded, and half rotten with decay. It was a place where crimes might be committed, unrecorded and unsuspected—where screams would lose themselves in vacancy, and desolation and solitude would swallow up the ghastly evidences of outrage. Here was the fitting scenery for tales of preternatural terror or fiendish crime. Lucille felt her heart sink within her as

she entered this vast and awful labyrinth. But she felt that, be her destiny what it might, she had herself no power to mend it. What resource was left to her? Necessity retained her amidst the menacing solitudes of this half-ruined mansion.

Blassemarre left her to the care of the old crone, who, to judge from appearances, was hardly an improvement upon the ungracious attendant she had left at the Chateau des Anges. This hag had evidently the worst possible opinion of her guest, and took no pains to affect a respect which she was far from feeling. She contented herself with offering Lucille some supper, and this declined, showed her the bed-room that was prepared for her—a room of the same depressing vastness, and offering, in its shabby and niggard furniture, a contrast to its majestic dimensions.

Such as it was, however, it was welcome. Lucille was exhausted with the anxieties and agitations of the day, as well as with her late and rapid journey. Having examined the room with a fearful scrutiny, she succeeded in bolting one of the doors, and placed the only chair the room contained against the other: so that she might, at least, be warned by the noise, in the event of any persons forcing an entrance. She lay down without taking off her clothes, and leaving the candle unextinguished.

For a long time the excitement of her strange situation, and the alarms that environed her, chased sleep away, worn and exhausted as she was. After a while, however, fatigue began to confuse her thoughts with interposing visions. The dreary chamber faded from her view; her heavy eyelids closed; fantastic scenes and images chased one another through her wearied brain, and slumber stole gradually upon her, overpowering spirit and body with a sweet torpor.

From this profound sleep Lucille was disturbed by a peremptory knocking at the door of the room, which she had bolted. This was accompanied by violent and reiterated attempts to force it open. At first, these sounds had mingled with her dreams; but the noise of a struggle, the suppressed tones of a man's voice, speaking rapidly and fiercely, followed by one thrilling maniacal scream, which hurried away through the remote passages, until it either subsided, or was lost in distance,

called her up from her slumbers, trembling with terror.

Sleep was effectually dispelled, and, overcome with the horror of her situation, she wept, and prayed, and watched through the remainder of the night. In the morning she heard the old woman arranging the next room, and soon the voice of Blassemare. Emboldened by

the daylight, and confident that Blassemare, however insulting his designs, would at all events protect her from actual violence, she opened the door, and entered the outer chamber, looking so pale, haggard, and fear-stricken, that the *roué* himself felt a momentary emotion of compassion.

#### XV.—THE GRATED WINDOW.

"Monsieur de Blassemare," she said, abruptly, "I cannot remain here!"

"And why not, madame?"

"I have passed a night of terror."

"I should be happy to protect madame."

The significance of his tone made her eyes flash and her cheeks tingle; but she controlled her indignation, and said—

"I last night heard the sounds of violence and agony at my very door—in this apartment. Who was the woman that screamed? What have they done?"

"Shall I tell you?" asked Blassemare, with an odd smile.

"Yes, monsieur, who was she?" she persisted, her curiosity aroused by the pointed question of Blassemare.

"Well, madame, the person whom you heard scream at your door last night is Madame Le Prun, wife of the Fermier-General—the wealthy and benevolent owner of the Chateau des Angés, and your successful—*lover*."

"Wife—*wife* of Monsieur Le Prun!" she faltered, nearly stupified.

"Ay, madame, his wife."

"Then, thank God he has no control over me. I am free!—that, at least, is a happiness."

"Nay, madame, you will not find it so easy to satisfy our tribunals—you seem to have forgotten the necessity of *proofs*. In the meantime, you are *de facto* the wife of Monsieur Le Prun, and he will exert, according to law, the rights and authority of a husband over you."

"Monsieur de Blassemare, for God's sake, help me—help me in this frightful extremity!"

"Madame, the fact is, I must be plain with you. If I mix myself further in this frightful affair, as you justly term it, I must lay my account with serious perils. Men do not run their

heads into mischief for nothing; and, therefore, if I act as your champion, I must be accepted as your lover also."

"Oh, Monsieur de Blassemare, you cannot be serious!—you will not be so inhuman as to desert me!"

"By my faith, madame, the age of knight-errantry is over—nothing for nothing is the ruling principle of our own prosaic day. To be plain with you, I can't afford to quarrel with Le Prun for nothing; and, if you persist in refusing my services, I must only make it up with him as best I can; and of course you return to the Chateau des Angés."

"I can't believe, you, Monsieur de Blassemare; I won't believe you. You are a gentleman—kind, honourable, humane."

"Gad!—so I am, madame; but I am no professed redresser of wrongs. I never interpose between husband and wife—or those who pass for such—without a sufficient motive. Now, Monsieur Le Prun believes I have gone down to his estate at Lyons, but he will have intelligence of your flight to-day, and he will learn, in a few days more, that *I* have also disappeared. The fact is, my complicity can't remain a secret long. You see, madame, I must take my course promptly. It altogether rests with you to decide what it shall be. But you are fatigued and excited: don't pronounce in too much haste. Consider your position, and I shall have the honour to present myself again in the course of the afternoon."

She did not attempt to detain him, or, indeed, to reply. Her thoughts were too distracted.

Lucille, alone once more, became a prey to the terror of another visit from the so-called Madam Le Prun, whose ill-omened approaches had inspired her with so much terror on the night preceding.

The chambers looked, if possible,

more decayed and dilapidated by daylight than they had upon the preceding night. She went to the windows, but they afforded no more cheering prospect—looking out upon a dark courtyard, round which the vast hotel rose in sombre altitude—dreary, inauspicious, and colossal. The court was utterly deserted, and the gate leading from it into the fore-court was closed and barred. The Bastille itself would have been cheerful compared with this vast and fearful castle of solitude, or, as it might be, *worse*. The sense of absolute defencelessness added poignancy to her fears of a renewed visit from some ill-disposed denizen of the mansion; and her fears at last became so strong, that she ventured to leave the rooms where she had been established, intending to retreat to some part of the house where her presence might at all events be less certainly expected than where she was. Accordingly she was soon wending among all the intricacies and solemn grandeur of a huge and half-ruinous hotel. Descending, at last, a turret stair, she came to a small stone chamber, in which was a little grated window. Standing upon a block of stone, she looked through the strong bars of this little aperture, and perceived that it was but some six or seven feet above the pavè of a dark and narrow lane. She would have given worlds to escape from the prison in which she found herself, but the close, thick bars rendered all chance of making that a passage of escape wholly desperate.

As she looked wistfully through, a little ragged urchin came whistling carelessly along the lane, kicking a turnip before him.

She called the gamin: he was a shrewd monkey-faced fellow, with an insolent crafty eye.

"My good boy, here is a louis-d'or, as earnest of twenty more which I will give you, if you bring this safely to Monsieur le Marquis de Secqville, at the Hotel De Secqville, Rue St. Etienne, and conduct him hither."

"Hey, mademoiselle! it is a bargain. But how shall I know you again?—what is your name?"

"I am Madame Le Prun; but the Marquis will tell you where I am to be found. See, here is the note!"

She had written a few lines upon a leaf of her tablet. She tore it off, directed it, and then threw it out to the

boy, together with the promised coin. He ran away, chuckling and singing, upon his errand, believing his fortune made, and in an instant was out of sight.

Let us see how he fared.

As the demon of contrariety would have it, Monsieur Le Prun, almost insane with rage and spite, had, not five minutes before, dismounted at the Hotel de Secqville, to consult the Marquis respecting the flight of Madame Le Prun. He had certainly chosen his advisers well. The Marquis, as it happened, was out, and Le Prun, who, of course, had access under all circumstances to the interior of the hotel, established himself in the private apartment of De Secqville, awaiting his return.

While there, the servant brought in the pencil-note on which so much depended.

"It must be intended for monsieur," said the man, presenting it upon his salver, "for the messenger says it comes from Madame Le Prun."

"Hey!—ha!—let us see! Ten thousand devils, what is this!"

He read—

"Relying upon your professions of devotion, I implore of you to deliver me from a prison as terrifying as that of which my husband was the gaoler. The messenger, a little boy whom fortune has sent to me, will conduct you to this spot. I know not the name of the street, nor of the hotel. In the name of heaven lose not a moment!"

"LUCILLE."

Monsieur Le Prun descended the stairs, and was in the street in a second.

"Well, garçon, here I am—I've got the note—conduct me to the place."

"Ha, ha! then you are—the Marquis."

"To be sure I am. Here, boy, take this, and lead on."

He gave him a piece of money, and, following his little guide, Le Prun in less than half an hour reached the spot from which he had started.

"Bon jour, madame. I hope you have recovered the fatigue of your night's journey. You see I lose no time in hastening to bid you welcome."

So cried Monsieur Le Prun, with a sardonic grin upon his pale face, as he bowed to the horror-stricken girl, who still occupied the little window,

where she expected so different an image.

She fled from this spectre as if she had seen the Evil One incarnate. Flying wildly through the passages and chambers of the deserted house, she found herself on a sudden in an apartment furnished like an office, with shelves, desks, &c., and here Blassemare was sitting among a pile of papers. He started on seeing her, and she exclaimed—

“Monsieur Le Prun has seen me—he will be here in a moment.”

“*Here!*—where is he?”

“He saw me in the window, and spoke to me with furious irony from the street. For God’s sake, hide me. I feel that he will kill me.”

“Hum!—so. Gad, he *will* be here in a moment. I must meet him boldly—I have nothing for it but impudence. A few fibs, and, if the worst should come, my sword. But don’t be frightened, madame, he shan’t hurt *you*.”

Blassemare proceeded to the court, awaiting the advent of his incensed patron.

#### XVI.—THE WOMAN IN FLANNEL.

We must now, with the reader’s leave, follow Gabriel to Paris, where he arrived fully three hours later than the fugitive cortege. He wandered for more than an hour among the streets, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the coach with the blue panels, and the golden cupids and dragons so curiously interlaced; but we need not say how vainly.

Worn out with fatigue, hungry and cold—for the nights were now very chill—and without a sou in his pocket, poor Gabriel, having wandered for some hours among the streets of this great city, now emptied of all but its crime and destitution, at last found shelter for the night in an empty cask, which had served probably as a dog-kennel, in an open workyard into which he strayed. In this he made his bed with a few armfuls of shavings, and, spite of the cold, slept soundly till morning.

Had it not been for the charity of a poor woman, who gave him a piece of black bread, he might have starved. Refreshed, however, with this dainty, he prosecuted his rambles. Among other wonderful sights, he saw the splendid equipages of many of the nobility, drawn up in the street before the mansion of the minister, who was holding a levee. Fortune seemed to have directed his steps thither, for he saw a familiar face among the splendid throng who glided in and out at the great man’s portals. This was no other than the Marquis de Secqville, who was passing to his carriage.

“Oh, pray, Monsieur Dubois, monsieur, don’t you know me?”

So cried poor Gabriel in his eagerness, forcing himself to the front rank of the crowd.

“No, my good friend, no,” answered the marquis, hesitating and surprised; “I do not recollect you.”

“Don’t you recollect the park of Charrebourg, monsieur, and the boy who sometimes carried your game, Gabriel, who was so frequently your attendant?”

“Hey! by my faith so it is.”

“Well, but monsieur, I want to consult you about a lady who, I fear, is in distress.”

“Well, let us hear,” continued the marquis, feeling in his pocket for his purse, and smiling.

“It is Mademoiselle Lucille—that is, I mean, Madame Le Prun. You have heard of her, perhaps?”

The marquis could not restrain a start at the name; but affecting haste, he desired one of his servants to give the boy a cloak, and directing him to roll himself up in it, and jump into the carriage, he followed him thither, amidst the wonder and jibes of the crowd, and in a few minutes they were at the Hotel de Secqville.

The marquis, having learned all that Gabriel had to disclose, was utterly at fault as to what steps it was prudent for him to take. It was just possible that the removal of the lady from the Chateau des Anges might be a measure of Monsieur Le Prun’s. This seemed to him more than probable, and the hypothesis prevented his having recourse to the minister of police. He, however, lost not a moment in adopting such measures as the resources of his wealth enabled him to command. In the course of the afternoon he had nearly a score of paid agents, excellently qualified for the task, pushing their sagacious inquiries in every quarter.

He had promised to sup with some of the officers of his regiment, in the quartier de St. Thomas du Louvre, and he had there appointed his emissaries to meet him, having also directed Gabriel, whom he retained in his service, to call for him there, with a flambeau, at twelve o'clock.

Gabriel was destined to another adventure in executing these directions, simple as they were.

As he was on his way, he was suddenly set upon, in a deserted spot at the end of the Pont St. Michel, by four robbers. He brandished his flambeau, and shouted for help; but he was instantly disarmed, and a sword at his throat reduced him to silence. Disappointed of money, they proceeded to undress him with a running accompaniment of threats and curses, and in a trice had left poor Gabriel standing in his shirt, while they made good their retreat.

It was bitter cold, and, what made it worse still, rather windy; and after a few moments of hesitation, he began to retrace his steps towards the Hotel de Secville at the top of his speed. As ill luck would have it, however, this course led him unconsciously upon the track of the four brethren of the road, who, convinced that he was dogging them, turned about, and, with awful menaces and drawn swords, recommenced the pursuit with the most murderous designs.

Of course Gabriel had nothing for it but his fleetness of limb. He ran as fast as he could toward the Quai des Augustins. At that moment a coach was passing at a furious speed, and thinking of nothing but his safety, he jumped nimbly up behind.

He had distanced the thieves, and the sound of pursuit was no longer heard. The wind often whirled his shirt, his only covering, over his head, and he could not control its vagaries, for both his hands were engaged in retaining his position; and, indeed, so numbing was the cold, hardly sufficed for the purpose. Could anything more undignified or uncomfortable be imagined?

His teeth were chattering, his hands numb, his shirt sporting cruelly in the blast, yet, spite of his misery, he did not fail to observe, in the dull moonlight, that the carriage was blue, and decorated with gilded dragons and cupids in relief. It was, in short, he

could have no doubt, the very carriage which had conveyed away Lucille. Forgetting his nakedness, and even his cold, in the astonishment of this discovery, he awaited, with the intensest interest, the conclusion of an adventure which promised to furnish him with a clue to the present habitation of the concealed lady.

The carriage continued to drive at a furious rate, and having passed the College des Quatre Nations, it took the line of the Pont Rouge (now perfectly deserted), in the middle of which it came to a full stop.

Two gentlemen descended; they looked up and down the bridge to ascertain that all was quiet. One of them came so close that the plumed fringe of his cocked hat almost touched Gabriel, who was cowering as close as possible to escape notice. His surprise at their stopping at a place where there was no house or dwelling of any sort was soon changed to horror, when he saw these gentlemen carry a corpse out of the carriage, which, by its long hair, he perceived to be that of a female, and project it over the battlements of the bridge into the river.

They then re-entered the carriage, which again turning toward the Louvre, retraced its way. Was that pale corpse, with its long tresses, the murdered body of the fair and beloved Lucille? Were her assassins unconsciously harrying through the dark in company with him? Torture, despair, vengeance!

At the same mad pace this carriage drove through deserted streets, scarce encountering a human being—Gabriel still clinging to his position, and exciting many a strange surmise, as, half seen, he was whirled beside such stray passengers as were still abroad.

At length it turned abruptly—thundered through a narrow archway into a fore-court, and then through a second, into the dark quadrangle of the half-ruinous and vast hotel, to which we conducted Lucille.

Gabriel jumped nimbly to the ground, and, unperceived, glided into the shadow of the archway, intending to escape through the outer gate, and spread the alarm of murder. The door was, however, already secured, and hearing steps, he glided along under the shadow until he reached the open door of a stable, and climbing to the loft, found some hay there.



in which, nearly dead with cold, he buried himself.

Let us now follow Monsieur le Prun, whom we left in a high state of malignant frenzy, approaching the entrance of the desolate building.

"Ha!—Blassemare," he said, with a livid smile, the meaning of which was obvious, in reply to that gentleman's fearless salutation, "you have made good speed from the south. How goes all at Lyons? Come, come, the particulars?"

"I have not been there at all; I altered my plans; not without just reason. I have removed Madame Le Prun here; the fact is, I had reason to suspect a design to escape. It was nearly ripe; the *eclat* of such a thing would have been scandalous. I disorganised the whole affair, and have placed her here under your own roof; I had to use stratagem for the purpose, but I succeeded; she is still safe—the plot has failed."

"More than one plot, perhaps, has failed, sir," said Le Prun, with a look of lowering scrutiny; "I have exploded one myself. Let me see Madame Le Prun."

"Do you wish to see her?"

"Certainly—conduct me to her at once."

Blassemare, with a malicious smile and shrug, exclaimed—

"Well, monsieur, you shall be obeyed; let us proceed to Madame Le Prun, by all means."

He led the way: they ascended a staircase, Le Prun growing gloomier and gloomier at every step.

Smothering his malicious laughter, Blassemare glided past him, and opening a door exclaimed—

"Madame, a gentleman desires the honour of an interview; Monsieur Le Prun attends you."

Le Prun entered; a step was heard in a recess opening from the room, and

a form entered, before which he recoiled as from a malignant spectre.

"Is it *this* one or the other?" asked Blassemare, with much simplicity.

Le Prun did not hear him; he was astounded and overpowered in the presence of the phantom-like form that stood in its strange draperies of flannel at the other end of the chamber, eyeing him askance with a look of more than mortal hate.

"It is not fair to disturb such a meeting; the domestic affections, eh? had best be indulged in private."

So saying, Blassemare abruptly withdrew, and shut the door sharply upon the pair.

Roused by the sound, Le Prun attempted to follow him, but his agitation prevented his being able to open the door, and he cursed Blassemare from the bottom of his soul, in the belief that he had bolted it.

"So, face to face at last," she said; "for years you have escaped me; for years your agents have persecuted and imprisoned me. I heard of your courtship—aye, and your marriage, and rejoiced at it, for I knew it could bring you nothing but grief; accursed monster, murderer of my sister, attempted murderer of myself, seducer and betrayer of the girl you call your wife."

"I say, she is my wife," stammered Le Prun, recovering his voice.

"No, miscreant! that she cannot be; well you know that *I* am your wife."

"It is a lie; I have that under your own hand; it is a lie, a lie."

"And do you fancy that, because intimidated by a murderer, I signed the paper you speak of, the document has lost its force, and I ceased to be your wife? No, no; adulterer and poisoner that you are, I retain the right to blast you; you shall yet taste retribution; you shall perish by a bloody end."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### XVII.—CONCLUSION.

Blassemare read in Le Prun's countenance that there was an end of their connexion. He was, however, a man of resource, and whatever the loss involved in the severance, he was not dismayed. He made up his mind to quarrel with *eclat*, and sitting himself down upon the window-sill, laughed with a sardonic glee at the ren-

contre he had just brought about. In a little while, however, he began to wonder at its length, and after a while he was startled by Le Prun's voice calling him by name, and at the same time by a furious knocking at the door.

"Hey!—why don't you come here if you want me?" cried Blassemare.

"I can't—you *know*, I can't—you have locked the door."

"I've *not*—try it," replied Blasse-mare, coolly.

In a moment more Le Prun entered, trembling like a man in an ague, his face livid and covered with a cold sweat.

"That, that accursed fiend, she has—the murderess—she attempted my life—upon my soul she did."

There was some blood upon his hand, and more upon his lace cravat.

"What do you mean?" said Blasse-mare, growing very pale. "Why, why, you have not, great God, you have not hurt the wretched woman," and he grasped him by the collar with a hand that trembled with mingled fury and horror.

"It was *she*, I tell you—let me go—it was she—she that tried—by—— she had a knife at my throat—I could not help it—I'm ruined—help me, Blasse-mare—for God's sake, help me—what—what is to be done?"

Blassemare gave him a look of contemptuous fury, turned from him, and entered the chamber.

Le Prun stood like one stupified, stammering excuses and oaths, and trembling as if it were the day of judgment.

Blassemare re-entered, paler than before, and said—

"You cowardly, barbarous miscreant, you will answer for it here and hereafter."

"Blassemare, my friend—my dear friend—in the name of God, don't denounce me. You would not; no, you could not. I have been a good friend to you. For the love of God help me, Blassemare—save me. You shall have half my fortune; I'll stick at no terms. I'll make you, by —— the richest man in Paris. You shall have what you like—everything, anything—only help me in this accursed extremity."

For a long time Blassemare met his abject and agonized entreaties with a stoical scorn; at last, however, he relented.

The body was removed that night: and it is well known to the readers of old French trials, how wonderfully Providence supplied, by a chain of apparent accidents, an important witness in our friend Gabriel.

We left him buried in the hay of the stable-loft. We must pursue his adventure to its conclusion.

As soon as he had a little recovered the heat which was nearly extinguished, he got up, and finding an old piece of drugget, he wrapped it about him in the fashion of a cloak; and having looked in vain for any window opening upon the street, he climbed, by the aid of the joists, to an aperture in the half-rotten roof, and passing through it, crept like a cat along, until he reached the spout, down which, at the risk of his neck, he climbed. He was now safe in the public street. Picking up a sharp stone, he scratched some marks, such as he could easily recognise again, upon the gateway. He then knocked at a barber's shop, nearly opposite, where he saw a light, and asked the name of the street, and his route to the Hotel de Secqville.

The marquis had arrived before him; and his amazement at the strange attire of his retainer was changed to horror, when he learned the particulars of his adventure.

Not a moment was lost by De Secqville in applying to the police, and with an officer and a party of archers, he proceeded at once to the Hotel St. Maurice—for such was the name of the nearly ruinous building we have described. There they arrested Monsieur Le Prun, who was just emerging from the gate as they arrived; as also Blassemare, whom they surprised in his room. No definite suspicion, beyond the conjectures of De Secqville, had as yet attached to either of these gentlemen; but some expressions which escaped Le Prun, upon his arrest, were of a character to excite the profoundest suspicions of his guilt.

Blassemare instantly tendered his evidence, and in the course of it was forced to make disclosures very little creditable to himself. The old woman, Guertrude Peltier, who resided in the house, and had attended upon Lucille, was also examined, and a servant named St. Jean, a sort of groom, who had been a long time in Le Prun's service, also deposed to some important facts. This evidence, collected and reduced to a narrative form, was to the following effect:—

It seemed that, about twenty-four years before, Le Prun had privately married an actress of the Theatre ——, named Emilie Guadin. They had lived together—not very happily—by reason, as was supposed, of her violent temper.

Her sister, Marie Guadin, resided with them. After about four years it began to be rumoured that Monsieur Le Prun was about to be married to the widow of an immensely rich merchant of Bourdeaux. The strict privacy and isolation in which his wife and her sister were compelled by him to live, prevented the rumour from reaching them, and the circumstance of his existing marriage had been kept so strict a secret, that it was not suspected by any but the immediate parties to the ceremony.

Monsieur Le Prun, about this time, visited the country-seat where he had placed his wife and sister-in-law. He affected an unusual kindness towards the former; but he had not been there a week, when she became ill. A physician was called in, and appeared perplexed by the nature of her disease, which, notwithstanding his treatment, seemed to be rapidly gaining ground. As matters were in this state, one night Le Prun entered his wife's bed-room; her sister Marie was sitting at the further side of the bed, in the shadow of the curtains, which, as well as the unusual hour, prevented Le Prun's suspecting her presence. He looked stealthily round the room. His wife was sleeping, and with her face away from him, and a draught ordered by the physician was upon the table, waiting her awaking.

From a small vial he dropped some fluid into this, and was about to replace it, when Marie, nerved with terror, glided swiftly to his side, snatched the vial from his hand, and cried, in a thrilling voice—

“Emilie, awake! he is poisoning you!”

The sleeping girl started up, and at the same moment the vial, which in her horror Marie had flung from her hand, fell beside her, on the pillow. Le Prun was first confounded and speechless—then furious. He broke the glass that contained the medicine, and pursuing the girl to the further end of the room, seemed on the point of wreaking his fury upon her. He restrained himself, however, and having demanded the vial repeatedly in vain, went to his own room. The next day the physician did not attend, and in the dead of night the house was entered by thieves, some valuables were stolen, and Mademoiselle Marie

Guadin was found murdered in her bed in the morning.

The occurrence made a great *eclat*, and suspicions, from the taint of which he had never quite recovered, began to environ Monsieur Le Prun. His unhappy wife was now put under the severest restraint—from which, and, as was supposed, the partial effects of the poison, she became subject to temporary fits of insanity. By sheer terror, Le Prun extorted from her a written declaration, to the effect that she lived with him merely as his mistress, and that no marriage ceremony, or any contract of marriage, had ever been performed between them. It was about three months after these terrible occurrences that she gave birth to a male child. This child, it appeared, was removed after a few weeks from its mother, and placed in the care of a poor woman in the village of Charrebouurg, where, under the name of Gabriel, he, as we know, lived unrecognised, and himself unsuspecting his origin.

His mother had been a heartless, as she was a vicious and a miserable woman. Instead of the yearnings of maternal love, she regarded her innocent child merely as the offspring of that monster, whom she execrated and feared with a preternatural hate. If she looked upon him with any feeling more lively than that of indifference, it was with one of positive malice and antipathy.

Among his other employments of a delicate kind, Blassemare had charge of all arrangements affecting this person, of whom, for every reason, Le Prun hated even to hear. He paid, therefore, whatever was demanded on this account, with the sole proviso that her name should never be mentioned. On her removal, about a year since, from the country-house where she had been for so long a scarcely-unwilling prisoner, to the vast and melancholy Hotel St. Maurice, which had lately fallen into the hands of M. Le Prun, an accident to the carriage obliged them to arrest their progress for an hour at the village of Charrebouurg. She was brought into the park meanwhile, and there met with Gabriel, and subsequently, as the reader may recollect, with Lucille. Her she had armed with the hateful relic of her husband's uncompleted crime, conscious that

its exhibition would sow between her and Le Prun suspicion, fear, and enmity enough to embitter their lives. She had at first intended declaring all the truth, but feared the explosion of Le Prun's fury, and doubted, too, whether the girl would believe her. The rest the reader knows.

As there was no reason to doubt Blassemare's statement, and no actual suspicion attached to him, he was merely examined as a witness.

Le Prun is, we need scarcely remind the student of old French criminal cases, a celebrated name in the annals of guilt. Suspicion, by a strange coincidence, fell upon the servant whom we have mentioned, and this man having been, according to the atrocious practice of the civil law, put to the torture, confessed his having, at the instigation of Le Prun, murdered the unfortunate Marie Guadin, so contriving as to make it appear that the house had been entered and plundered by thieves.

A full confession, after condemnation, was extorted by the question, that dreadful ordeal, from Le Prun, who ultimately suffered the extreme penalty of the law, as every body knows, upon the Place de Greve.

That portion of Le Prun's immense property which was not appropriated by the crown, went, of course, to Gabriel, the peasant boy of Charrebourg. He purchased an estate near it, and was ultimately ennobled. His grandson, the Count de St. M——, distinguished himself in the Austrian service, and after the Restoration, obtained a dis-

tinguished position in the court of Louis XVIII.

The king remitted a large portion of the fine in favour of Julie and of Lucille. As, however, some grave suspicions were entertained by the advisers of his majesty both as to Lucille's avowed, and, as we know, *real* ignorance of the existence of Le Prun's first wife when she consented to marry him, and also as to her subsequent conduct in relation to De Secqville, the remission in her favour was coupled with a condition that she should take the veil. This was in effect a command; and Lucille entered a convent with a cheerful acquiescence in this condition which astonished all who knew the facts of her story.

Julie, of course, on learning the pre-engagement of De Secqville's affections, and being relieved from the influence which had hitherto held her to her involuntary engagement, demanded her freedom, and De Secqville, as may be supposed, offered no vexatious resistance to her request.

Julie, indeed, had never loved him, and consequently had little difficulty in forgiving Lucille her treason. Inspired by the example of her companion, she proved the sincerity of those professions which so few had believed in, by taking the veil on the same day with Lucille.

The astounding and mysterious adventure which, under these melancholy circumstances, closed the hazardous romance of Lucille's existence, would form in itself a story, too long, however, to be told in a single page.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE PAPAL PRETENSIONS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL's letter on the Papal invasion of England lies before us. We have read it with all the attention to which such a document is entitled, but, it must be confessed, without being able to share in the feelings with which the nation has welcomed it, or with those in which, the noble lord instructs his right reverend correspondent, it was written. The spirit which has taken possession of minister and people alike, seems to us effervescing rather than stable. It is an "ignorant impatience" (if we may be allowed to give a new application to that remarkable expression) of Romanism, rather than an intelligent appreciation of its constitution and character. In such a spirit there is more of temper than resolve;—the promise of safety is not contained in it.

The noble lord, prime minister of England, proclaims that "his alarm is not equal to his indignation." This denotes a state of mind in which we cannot sympathise; nor can we congratulate either the premier or the country on the predominance of his angry emotions. If he felt deeply for the nation, and thoroughly understood the genius of Rome, we firmly believe he would be less angry than alarmed, and we have no hesitation to avow that we shall continue to have fear of the noble lord, until we see proof that he has become apprehensive for his country.

Much has been said upon the encouragement which may have stimulated the Pope to an aggression which is now so passionately inveighed against. Much has been said, and idly said, respecting the parties upon whom the guilt of such encouragement should be charged. It is of little moment how this guilt may be apportioned—what amount of it shall be imputed to the followers of Sir Robert Peel; how much to the ultra-Tractarians; and how much to those who, for want of manlier and more consistent representatives of the name, are miscalled Whigs. We hate idle recrimination; it is the vice and the disgrace of conquered captives making sport for their oppressors. Evil as the days are, England is not fallen so low as *this* dishonour. She can yet hold her head high; can assert her rights, and vindicate her reputation. She can turn away from the squabbles of mortified partisans, and require of those whom she sets in authority to do the momentous duty which the crisis assigns to them.

The duty which Lord John Russell has chosen for himself is that of being angry at the insult which has been hazarded against the crown and dignity of his Sovereign. He would be contented to leave large masses of her Majesty's subjects exposed to the influence of Papal teaching, provided, only, that the emissaries of the Pope would labour in their vocation without making a parade of it.

"I not only," writes the noble lord, and with manifest satisfaction, "promoted to the utmost of my power the claims of the Roman Catholics to all civil rights; but I thought it right, *and even desirable*, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who without such help would have been left in Heathen ignorance. This," he continues, "might have been done, however, without any such innovation as that which we have now seen."

It certainly might; and it indicates some confusion and rashness in the Papal councils, or else gives portentous notice of a great increase in the Papal power, that the noble lord's dream of security and repose should have been broken in upon so rudely. But we would ask, now that the disturbance has been given, and, we would add, the menace uttered, will the noble lord persist in his abandonment of millions of the queen's subjects to the perils of being trained up at the mercy of that ecclesiastical system which has roused up into such a flame his indignant patriotism? We will give the premier and his supporters the benefit of that plea which sophists of the Church of Rome have contrived as an illusory mitigation of their doctrines of intolerance. Let the ministers and their adherents plead "invincible ignorance" as their excuse for past transgression and neglect. Let them plead that they believed the principles in which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics were pledged to train up the people confided to their



charge, were principles bearing the character, as well as the name, of religion. That plea is no longer available. Romanism has now openly avowed itself. The principles in which Roman Catholic priests are solemnly sworn to educate their people are not those which are to be learned in the written Word of God, but in the canons and the decrees of Popes and Councils. If the noble lord hold himself free from the duty of ascertaining what these principles are, ignorance will no longer be an excuse for him.

But why do we say "no longer?" Because, at the Synod of Thurles, the authorities in the Church of Rome in Ireland solemnly declared the nature of their mission, swearing that they receive, without any doubt, all that has been delivered, defined, and declared in the sacred canons and General Councils; that, without so believing, no man can be saved; and that, to the utmost of their power, they will inculcate the belief of this Catholic saving faith on all over whom their influence can be extended. Here is ample notice given to the nation what the Church of Rome purposes to do. If Her Majesty's ministers persist in remaining ignorant of what these purposes are, their infatuation is not less fatal, or more creditable, than that of the babe, or the brute, who closes its eyes, and thinks danger escaped by darkness, or than the embarrassed merchant, who, rather than look his liabilities in the face, suffers insolvency to come upon him unawares.

Ignorance can never again be urged in extenuation of a perseverance in error on the part of Her Majesty's ministers, which would now be unpardonable delinquency. We would not, however, stimulate them, had we the power, into any act that might savour of precipitation. We would no more urge them to act blindly against Romanism, than we would excuse the voluntary blindness in which they toiled most basely as its slaves. Let them become instructed, and let them instruct the nation. They know the engagements by which Cardinal Wiseman and his co-partners have bound themselves to do the Pope's work. They know the engagements which the Roman Catholic priests throughout the British empire have contracted to their own Church, and to Her Majesty's subjects. If these engagements are found to be compatible with the allegiance of British subjects, with the duties of Christian men, the public will rejoice in feeling, with the noble lord, that there is less to alarm than to irritate in the Papal aggression. If, on the contrary, it appear, that there are within the British realms six thousand educated men solemnly pledged to infuse into the hearts of those whom they can influence, intolerance, perfidy, and treason, the noble lord will hardly persist in thinking it desirable to betray even Irish immigrants, by consigning them to such teachers for their *religious* instruction.

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